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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

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NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1879.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER.

AT the Salon of 1872 the habitual visitors, who had hitherto passed by Jean Paul Laurens's pictures without so much as bestowing a glance on them, at last stopped to look. The young artist had that year two paintings on exhibition—"The Death of the Duke d'Enghien" and "Pope Formosus." Astonishment was at its highest; and critics, finding themselves in front of two scenes of history from a brush marked by a terrible energy, sounded, though reluctantly, their loudest trumpets. A painter had been born to us.

In his previous works Jean Paul Laurens had given proof of his skill in dealing with vast compositions, and of the exceptional vigor of his pencil. Yet we must acknowledge that his idea, wherein the artist's whole temperament is revealed, had never before been so thoroughly defined, or expressed with such plenitude of power, as in these pictures. In "The Death of the Duke d'Enghien" the soldiers in the ditches of Vincennes; the officer holding the lantern as he reads; the Prince leaning against the wall in an attitude of calm dignity—the entire scene, enveloped in the darkness of night, and thus assuming the odious character of an ambushade, was grasped, revealed, anathematized with avenging, blood-chilling ardor. The aspect of his "Pope Formosus" was not less terrifying than that of "The Death of the Duke d'Enghien." Formosus, exhumed by order of Pope Stephen VII., who was arraigned before a council as a usurper of the tiara; Stephen pointing out to the bishops assembled in a lower hall the remains of his abhorred predecessor; the dead pontiff's advocate seated in his chair, and hanging his head dolefully, having exhausted all his arguments; the enormous censer with perfumes burning in it—the whole of that frightful assemblage of men and things was studied, grasped, rendered with a rugged force rarely met with in our artists.

"There is in the 'Pope Formosus,'" wrote Théophile Gautier, "somewhat of that loathsome attraction, of that craving to peer into the invisible world, which may be satisfied in the contemplation of the dead bodies in Jean Valés Léal's 'Pourrissoir' at the Hospital of Seville, and a few sinister *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Spanish masters."

Since that time Jean Paul Laurens's path, at first narrow and beset with obstacles, has, by an uninterrupted series of successes, been cleared and widened, and he now occupies the front rank among the younger artists of the period. Yet, coupled with that name, which grows greater and greater at each successive exhibition, certain murmurings have been heard. Restless spirits, envious of the progress of a dramatic force in the accomplishment of its purpose, have accused the sturdy painter of "The Pool of Bethesda" of delighting in the somber spectacles of life, and paying court too assiduously to death. "When will he cease to show us dead bodies?" was the cry.

Vasari, in his "Lives of the most Celebrated Painters of the Renaissance," explains how many a work was achieved only by dint of minute and patient study; he searches into and scrutinizes the intimate relations and characters of the men, and is thus enabled to reveal the artists and their art in broad daylight. Jean Paul Laurens is an artist of wide grasp, and what Vasari realized for genius I will make my grateful task in behalf of a friend whose talent I saw spring into being, develop day by day, and reach at last the plane which I had expected it to attain.

I.

IN the midst of the treeless yet fertile grain-producing plains of Lauraguais the little village of Fourquevaux, situated as its name implies at the point of intersection of two small valleys,

resembles a delightful oasis in the desert. The surrounding country as far as the eye can reach is clothed with dense pastures, yellowing crops, or bristling stubble, according to the season; but here in the streets of the hamlet, acacias, plane trees, and lindens rear their heads above the calcined soil; while behind the château extends a spacious park covered with oaks and chestnut trees—almost a forest.

It was here that Jean Paul Laurens was born about the year 1838. His early childhood was spent in lacerating his feet among the thorny brakes of Lauraguais, enjoying the sweets of truancy, while his father and brother toiled in the fields beneath a scorching sun. His natural bent inclined him toward roaming, and impelled by that passion no less than by the desire to evade the schoolmaster's lessons, he frequently strolled far from the paternal roof. He once reached within sight of Toulouse, musing, singing, and sometimes praying.

His mother, whom he had known too little, had in her dying moments dropped from her hand on the bedside a small prayer book—"Livre d'Heures Romaines." That tiny volume the child took possession of, and secreted it in the depths of one of his pockets, capacious as a sack. Every morning he carried off the precious relic, and at noontide, when such of his comrades as he could entice to accompany him were overcome by fatigue, or surfeited with blackberries, whortleberries, or other species of fruit to be found on shrub or hedge, lay tranquilly napping among the brushwood, he, reclining on the grass beneath the slender shade of an almond tree, instead of giving himself up to the pleasures of the siesta, opened his book, and turning over the leaves one by one, scanned them with anxious attention.

A piece of faded ribbon marked the page at which his mother had closed the book to die. The poor woman had left off at the fifty-first psalm, the first verse of which begins thus: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness." To that final psalm the forlorn little fellow unceasingly turned back; it seemed to him that his mother had need of that prayer in order to gain entrance into heaven, and he repeated it over and over again times without number in her behalf.

One afternoon Jean Paul, while turning the leaves of the "Heures Romaines"—that inexhaustible store of sweet and tender emotions—spied a picture. Assuming an attitude of contemplation, he gazed eagerly on the print. It was a representation of the "Nativity": the Virgin with the infant Jesus on her knee; Joseph behind, and inclining forward, in order to see them; at a little distance three shepherds, who on hear-

ing the "good tidings" had hastened to the spot, and were prostrate, worshipping the Saviour; on the right a cow with magnificent horns and with outstretched neck, projecting her warm breath upon the cradle; and high overhead, near the roof of the stable of Bethlehem, angels on the wing.

Laurens, who had grown peculiarly excitable since his great bereavement, could not long bear the sight of that wretched print, engraved by one Jacques Berniquet for Barbou, a publisher of Limoges, from an original painting by Carl Vanloo; so hastily shutting the book he began throwing stones at his fellow truants, to get them to their feet, and endeavored to think no more of the picture. But the very next day, seated under the same tree, he returned to his dear torture, and after dwelling several minutes in contemplation of the picture which had thrown him into such a state of perturbation the day before, wonder of wonders! the lad, whose hand was scarce able to trace the letters of the alphabet, attempted to copy it.

Who had prompted him to an undertaking so audacious and extraordinary? No one. In attempting his first sketch in open nature, in the plains of Lauraguais, Jean Paul Laurens did but obey the voice which, long ere his time, in the arid wilds of Vespignano, had been heard by Giotto the shepherd tracing the profile of his goats upon the rocks—the imperative voice of his vocation.

But the "Livre d'Heures," examined, ransacked in every direction, was exhausted, and still the drawing fever continued unremittingly to prey upon our stripling from Fourquevaux. What now was he to do in the long, long, lonely days? Catching larks with nets, and linnets and goldfinches with birdlime by the springs, and other pastimes of the like kind, for which he had once had a great fondness, enticed him now no longer. Having observed in his prayer book an engraving containing some trees, and calling to mind a number of superb acacias that grew near the outskirts of the village, he forsook his comrades and hurried back again all alone in the direction of Fourquevaux. Once and again he essayed to transfer to a page of his two-cent copy book the beautiful flower-laden leaves of the acacias. But his endeavors were attended with mediocre success; and after a spirited persistence and oft-renewed attempts, he despairingly relinquished the task. In his mother's "Livre d'Heures" every line was clear, well defined, and finished; in nature, on the contrary, the ceaseless motion of the light and air caused the leaves to appear as if floating and hazy, and baffled all his efforts to seize them.

This humiliating helplessness chilled for a

while the ardor of his artistic instinct. For many a week his pencil and paper lay untouched and forgotten, and he betook himself once more to his rustic sports with a sort of rage, or sought to subdue the nascent restlessness of his spirit in protracted and aimless excursions across the country, returning to the paternal roof completely exhausted and destitute of energy and appetite.

But it was vain for him to renounce "making pictures," as he expressed it in his confidential chats with his schoolmates, and with his brother, his first admirer. Pictures alone filled all his dreams; his every thought was centered on pictures, from morning till night and from night till morning. If at nightfall, as he regained the little red-roofed cottage, he heard through the twilight shades a comrade's voice calling him to a game of hot-cockles, the angels in Vanloo's "Nativity" appeared to him flapping their wings and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." A picture immediately presented itself before his eyes, and, spite of his resistance, his overcrowded brain placed the figures and planned out the grounds of a confused sketch, faintly perceived as if in a dream, through the mysterious obscurities of sleep.

II.

ONE morning in May, 1851, slumbering Fourquevaux was aroused by a din of iron clanking, and people singing at the top of their voices, which caused the good folk of the little village, accustomed to music and songs as are all southern towns, to wonder whether it was an *aubade* or a *charivari*. In an instant the whole rustic population was on foot, bustling to and fro, and hurrying to the doors, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the Toulouse road, whence the sound of the unexpected concert seemed to proceed.

Down yonder in the light morning vapors, reddened by the sun's first rays, appeared three stalwart blades whose rounded mouths gave vent to a deafening clamor; and behind them a huge, shaggy-coated mule lazily dragging along a dislocated cart. Was it indeed a cart? That long pine case covered with repulsive daubings, and supported by a creaking axle, bore a certain resemblance to every possible species of vehicle—carryall, drag, wagon, truck—but could not with propriety be said to be the exact representation of any particular one.

The early troop marched through the village heedless of the suspicious glances showered upon them as they passed, and finally halted in front of the church. At that moment the astonished peasants, men, women, and children, fol-

lowed by the dogs of the place, rushed in one dense crowd to the spot, and surrounded the new-comers' wagon, mule and all.

"Fall back!" cried one of the strangers—a tall, awkward fellow with a bushy black beard.

"Who are you?" asked a native of Lauraguais, daring to advance a step nearer.

"I'm called *L'Italien*."

As he articulated these words he reached over to the cart and seized a rapier of formidable dimensions.

Fourquevaux took fright and fell back several paces.

Just then the church door was opened half-way, and a priest's nose was seen in the embrasure.

"Monsieur Antonio Buccaferrata! Monsieur Antonio Buccaferrata!" cried the alarmed ecclesiastic.

M. Antonio Buccaferrata executed a bow denoting the most profound respect; then, laughing, threw down the weapon among the heap of curious objects which his comrades were already engaged in removing from the vehicle.

"My friends," said the priest encouragingly to his disconcerted flock, "you have nothing to fear from these gentlemen; they were recommended to me by Monseigneur the Archbishop, and are come to paint the church. They are Italian painters, and have for a long time been working in different parts of the country."

Italian painters!

Sure enough, after a few days had elapsed, the walls of the choir of the modest church were surrounded with scaffolding, and our three itinerant artists ascending and descending long flexible ladders, wielding in their hands enormous brushes, and carrying overflowing pots of gray and brown liquids, or sometimes a fluid mixture of a golden-yellow color.

From his swaggering air on the scaffolding, the imperious tone in which he spoke, and the liberty which, contrary to all rules of propriety, he took of whistling from time to time an air as he worked, it appeared evident that this Antonio Buccaferrata—tall, slender, graceful in attitude and gesture—was the master of the troop, and that the two workmen who accompanied him were his assistants. These were the Pedroja brothers, Giovanni and Filippo, who brushed away with might and main at patterns of columns, affixed stars to the vaulted portions of the roof, illuminated an arm of the cross on the shoulders of Jesus on his way to Calvary, while Antonio, armed with the glorious palette forbidden to his followers, and grasping in his long, wiry fingers, not a brush for painting doors or shutters, but ten small, delicately pointed brushes, touched the heads, feet, and other nude portions of the fig-

ures carefully traced beforehand on the walls from vast cartoons.

Meantime our artists led a reserved life in the land of Lauraguais. Retained at work during the day, when evening came they retired to the first story of the vicarage, where the incumbent of the parish allowed them to lodge; nor were they ever seen loitering about the streets or in the taverns of the village. At most, they now and then sang of a night some lay of their native country, accompanying themselves on the guitar. At all this the good people of Lauraguais felt prodigiously provoked. Piqued at first, they by and by grew downright angry. Fourquevaux could have wished to chat and form acquaintance with those same strangers—in a word, know all about them. Often the Pedroja brothers, when they went for water to the village fountain, were interrogated by glib female tongues; but instead of gratifying the curiosity of any, they kissed the prettiest of the fair querrists with a stout good will, and scampered back to the church laughing to their hearts' content.

Fourquevaux, in a fury, not only because of being deprived of an opportunity of prattling a while with the new-comers—there is so little amusement in humdrum village life—but chiefly for the reason that they were not admitted to feast their eyes on the painting, which was carefully hidden from view from without by means of large sheets of canvas hanging from the vaulted roof—Fourquevaux burst at last into open insurrection. Taking advantage of the absence of the priest, whose authority might have held them in check, some fifty delegates from the rebel ranks went one day and knocked noisily at the church door.

Antonio Buccaferrata rushed to the porch.

"What do you want?" cried he.

"We want to see what you are doing."

"What we are doing is not finished yet."

"Let us see it as it is."

"We will not show it."

"Down with the Italians! Down with them!"

"Giovanni! Filippo!"

The two workmen hastened to their master's side. The mob fell back, terror-stricken at sight of the clothes and visages of the Pedroja brothers, besmeared with paint of every imaginable color—here a yellow gash, there bright-red spots resembling bleeding wounds.

"You shall not get in," said Buccaferrata, exceedingly pale.

"You shall not get in!" echoed Giovanni and Filippo, raising their clinched fists high in air.

There was a momentary silence. Both sides stood with eyes fixed upon each other, as if to measure their respective forces.

It was at that critical moment that a stripling

of possibly thirteen or fourteen issued from the group of peasants and walked up to Buccaferrata.

"Monsieur Antonio," said he, "please give *me* permission to see your pictures."

Amid the sullen murmurings of the crowd in revolt, the child's voice burst forth like a sort of music. The master painter, whose fixed, stern gaze was riveted on his enemies, lowered his eyes to look at the young peasant, a long, meager, puny creature; but upon that lank body, overstretched by too rapid growth, sat, between a pair of rather sharply defined shoulders, an admirably intelligent and animated head. Many of the early masters and a few of those of the Renaissance, Raphael and Leonardo among others, have given us a number of St. John the Baptists with curly hair arranged in minute ringlets; and this child of Lauraguais had the same crisp, golden locks, the same wild aspect as the locust-eater of Judea. The rugged forehead, heaving up into a pair of twin protuberances, as if the intensity of thought in that youthful brain sought to break through its prison walls, was singularly beautiful; and the eyes, gray, piercing, and mild, beamed with a sort of restrained enthusiasm. His figure, as he stood, was slightly curved forward, similar to a wheat stalk in his native fields bowing beneath the burden of a too heavily laden ear.

Buccaferrata, possibly endowed, spite of his lowly calling, with a mind capable of comprehending the character and nobleness of the human face, took pleasure in contemplating for a moment the graceful model before him.

"And what are my pictures to you, *bambino*?" said he at last.

"I'm so fond of pictures!"

"What is your name?"

"Jean."

"Jean Baptiste, doubtless?"

"No, Jean Paul."

"And your father's name?"

"Laurens."

"What do you do?"

"I go to school."

"Come in."

As the child crossed the threshold of the church, surrounded, enveloped by the three artists, the good folk of Fourquevaux suddenly grew calm—had they not in a certain degree had satisfaction?—and retired exultant with their half victory, and quite resigned to wait until they should be admitted to see the pictures when finished, entirely finished.

Mounted on the scaffolding, where all at once he found himself in full view of the master painter's work, our young peasant stood in speechless amazement. Ah, what a remove from

the "Heures Romaines"! Laurens, who has since drained the intoxicating cup of art enthusiasm to the dregs, both here among us and in Spain and Italy, does not remember to have ever experienced such an overwhelming sensation on any other occasion in the whole course of his life. Antonio Buccaferrata's fresco, rather daubed than painted, represented Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Last Supper." The child gazed with eyes dilated to their utmost extent, gazed unceasingly.

"Oh, this one!" said he, pointing to one of the figures in the group holding a purse eagerly clutched in one hand.

"That's Judas."

Then, after a few minutes of renewed contemplation, giving, so to speak, full vent to his overflowing soul:

"It's fine for all that," he murmured; "it is very fine."

Antonio Buccaferrata was touched with the child's ingenuous admiration.

"Would you like to be a painter?" he asked.

"Oh, if it were only my father's wish!"

"But is it your own wish? Is it your wish?"

"Yes, monsieur," he murmured, raising his red head so high that it appeared in bold relief against the open sky.

"We are just in want of an apprentice, master," hinted Filippo Pedroja.

"Where is your father?" proceeded Antonio.

"In the fields."

"And your mother?"

"Dead."

"Let us go and see your father."

The same evening Jean Paul Laurens was intrusted to Antonio Buccaferrata, and a few weeks later, having helped the Pedroja brothers to put the mule to the carryall, he set out from Fourquevaux with a sad but resolute heart, and eyes dimmed but dazzled with the light from within—the real light of vocation, which renders the future visible.

III.

IN 1851 there was in Toulouse, toward the extreme end of the *Grande-Allée*, at a place called the *Busca*, in the vicinity of the *Grand-Rond*, an inclosure surrounded by a low wall, in the center of which stood a mean-looking, tumble-down, worm-eaten, three-story dwelling. The brickwork side pillars of a high gateway, giving access to the interior of this species of deserted farmyard, had been worn away by sun and rain, and presented crevices wide enough to admit a pair of hands. A gust of wind—south wind, doubtless (*vent d'autan*, as it is termed by the people of Languedoc)—had carried away the top and one of the pillars, and as for the other, though with visible marks of decay in the shaft,

it still retained its gracefully turned head, surmounted by a green vase laden with wallflowers and poppies in full bloom.

Once within this shattered gateway, you had before you a spacious yard, as thickly covered with grass as a prairie; a few pomegranate trees at the opposite side; and 'to the left the dwelling, flanked by a flight of eight steps, rather dilapidated and tottering, but embellished with a not inelegant veranda, picturesquely tapestried with moss and all sorts of wall-creepers, thriving and in full vigor.

A pigeon house, an enormous, square, turreted structure, with small circular openings, and a very salient ledge, such a one as may be seen in any part of that country, reached above the roof, here and there riddled with holes, of the sorry tenement, similar to a tower of defense; and, though no longer the home of cooing doves, or inhabited by any members of the feathered tribe, imparted to the frail, crumbling fabric a strange, indescribable character, a mild and touching air of poetry. To complete the picture, it may be added that the weird silhouette of this country farmhouse rose in bold relief upon a background of dense verdure, the mingling foliage of elms and plane trees bespeaking the vicinity of the southern channel.

Such was the devastated farmyard, at once grimy and leaf-shaded, in which Antonio Buccaferrata's carryall finally halted on his return from Fourquevaux. The mule was unable to stand on his feet; and as for the men, worn out, too, with fatigue and heat, they sank down and stretched themselves luxuriously on the soft grass.

Young Laurens, who was not quite so tired—he had been permitted to ride now and then in the vehicle—bewildered to see his fellow travelers leave him all alone to lie down, looked around in every direction with stupefied surprise.

"Ah, it is you fellows!" cried a voice. At the same instant a tall, lean old woman, accoutered in a scarlet petticoat, with a white handkerchief fantastically arranged around her head, appeared on the uppermost step of the house.

"Taddeo!" she called.

"Nina!" was the reply.

The stooping figure of a withered old man, with a venerable beard, bending over a staff—a faithful image of Time leaning on his scythe, as certain painters have taken pleasure in representing him—made his appearance on the threshold of the dwelling.

Taddeo and Nina descended the steps and approached the vehicle.

"Eh, Misère, eh? Completely out of wind, are you not? Ah, *povero!*" muttered the old man, stroking down the reeking breast of the mule with his hand.

"Take off the bridle, man, instead of tormenting him," squeaked the lean old woman, as she unhooked the chains from the shafts.

"*Piano, Nina, piano!*" calmly murmured Taddeo. And he continued caressing the weary beast.

Misère, on finding himself disembarassed of his harness, began to browse the appetizing grass of the greensward at his feet.

"And what are *you* doing here?" inquired the hag with the red petticoat, gruffly accosting our stripling of Lauraguais.

"I am come to learn painting, madame," replied the terrified child.

"We do not require an apprentice. Go away!"

"Yes, madame," gasped the lad, almost out of his wits; "I'll go."

Horried at such a reception, he was about to set off in good earnest, when Antonio sprang from the grass where he was lolling, and seized him roughly.

"And where would you go, booby?" he howled.

"To my uncle Benoit's. . . . I have been in Toulouse several times before. . . . I know my uncle. . . . He's a printer. . . . He lives not far from here. . . . in the *allées Saint-Etienne*."

These broken sentences were delivered with lightning rapidity, and with that courage which fear imparts to children, and which closely resembles despair.

"I have you now, and I'll keep you!" said Antonio, without loosing his hold.

Then, applying a vigorous kick to the elder Pedroja, and another to the younger:

"Come, *le Roux!*" said he to Giovanni, whose bushy red hair was in a state of frightful disorder—"come, *le Noir!*" said he to Filippo, whose black locks, carefully parted by a white line, fell over his ears like a pair of raven's wings—"soup! soup!"

And following the footsteps of the master painter, who still kept his hold of the child, Taddeo, Nina, and the two Pedrojas moved forward in the direction of the house.

IV.

CHILDHOOD enjoys some adorable privileges, one of which is that it cannot possibly know misfortune to the full. The maturity of the brain, with the plenitude of power which it gives to the faculties, can alone bring us entire consciousness of the crushings of fortune.

Once stretched on a pallet of straw in a garret at the top of the solitary pigeon house of the *Grande-Allée*, Jean Paul Laurens, separated for the first time from his father, whom he loved tenderly, from his brother, the sharer of his pas-

times, and from his accustomed playmates, heaved one or two deep sighs as he thought of his snug little bed now empty in Fourquevaux; but ere long, spite of their tear-moistened lashes, his eyelids ceased to move, and he fell fast asleep.

When our young *artist*—on more than one occasion, while still in Lauraguais, Buccaferrata to encourage him had told Laurens that he would one day be an *artist* like himself—when our young artist opened his eyes he was not a little surprised to see in one corner of the vast, dilapidated, unfurnished apartment where he lay the master with his two workmen, and Taddeo and Nina too. The tiled floor of the room was literally hidden from sight beneath immense sheets of paper covered with figures and ornamental designs. When completely awake, the child viewed the scene, to him no less pleasing than novel, with eager curiosity. Now and then Antonio plunged his hand into a capacious portfolio much the worse for wear, and drew forth still another picture, and after honoring it with a hasty glance, cast it aside, giving at the same time utterance to a sturdy oath.

"You'll see, mother," said he at length, in a tone of ill humor, to Nina, who was holding up one side of the crazy portfolio—"you'll see that I shall not find in all this jumble any such thing as a 'Death of Saint Anne.'"

"And yet the *curé*, who was here yesterday," said Taddeo, "wants you to paint a *Saint Anne*, for a *Saint Anne* he must have."

"Quite natural," interposed Giovanni; "the name of his parish is *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*. . . . *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat!* Who does not know that? The sign of the *Cog d'Or*, kept by Gaspard Hortet, nicknamed the *Poultier*. . . ."

"Eh, *per Bacco!* Why not make a *Saint Anne* with this?" suggested Nina.

Taking up one of the scattered engravings, she placed before Antonio's eyes Titian's celebrated "Entombment."

Jean Paul, fascinated, rose gently to his feet, and bent forward, in order to obtain a better view.

"You understand, lad," pursued Nina, "instead of our Lord in the winding-sheet, you could put Saint Anne."

Antonio examined Titian's composition in silence.

"Besides that," said Taddeo, spreading out an enormous dusty roll of gray parchment, "here is the portrait, the genuine portrait of *Saint Anne*. Look!"

"O father, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Buccaferrata, who, never having visited the *Salon Carré* in the Louvre, did not know No. 481, one of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpieces, "The Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and Saint Anne." . . .

"All right!" he added, with an air of relief. "I shall be able to manage matters, and we can set out to-morrow for Ariège."

Ten hands quickly gathered up the scattered prints, and thrust them back into the portfolio; after which master and men, Taddeo and Nina, descended the pigeon-house ladder one by one.

The child remained astounded at the slight he had received from all these people. Certain it is that not one of their faces had been so much as turned toward him. So, then, he did not count in that house? And so much was made of him in his father's humble cot! He dressed himself with a heavy heart, his ears deafened the while with the noisy clangor of the hundred bells of Toulouse, between the peals of which he perceived at intervals the deep, solemn sound of a more distant bell, and his thoughts were on the way to Fourquevaux. It was a Sunday morning.

Our stripling, now more than a little discouraged, descended the ladder slowly round by round. When he reached the bottom he stood still. All at once his pale, sorrowful countenance brightened up. A cheering yet terrible thought occurred to him: What if he should run away? At that moment of anxious indecision a hand fell upon his meager shoulder. O joy! It was not a blow, it was a caress. Buccaferrata stood looking at him with a merry smile.

"I'm sure, my little lad," said he, divining his secret longings, "you would like to have a kiss from your uncle Benoît before leaving Toulouse?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Antonio," he stammered out, blushing, for he had been surprised in the act of entertaining an evil intent.

"Well, then, I will take you to his house. But first of all let us go to church."

They descended the *Grande-Allée*, crossed the *Grand-Rond*, and reached the church of Saint-Exupère in the *allées Saint-Michel*.

Uncle Benoît was exceedingly delighted to see his nephew, but his joy swelled to rapture when he learned from the lips of Buccaferrata that young Jean Paul would one day be a painter.

"An artist in my family! An artist in my family!" he repeated over and over again, all the while viewing the youngster over his spectacles with their two large round glasses like a pair of watch crystals.

Chance does at times effect a marvelously happy arrangement of human affairs. It so happened that that very noon—all Toulouse dines at noon—one of the professors from the School of Arts of that city was to dine at Uncle Benoît's house.

"He is a famous painter!" exclaimed the uncle.

"I know him well," said Antonio.

"What! you are acquainted with Denis?"

"I was model at the School for Children, just as Taddeo and Nina are still for old people."

The twelve strokes of noon resounded from the clock of Saint-Etienne's cathedral.

In stepped Denis. He was a man of about fifty, rather short than tall, with a head of hair resembling brushwood, sunken cheeks, and a careworn countenance. The long, slender points of his gray mustache hung lamentably down upon his withered, stony chin. But there was keenness in his glance.

"Are the *escargots* ready?" he asked, marching in a right line to the table.

"They are," replied Uncle Benoît, rubbing his hands together for very joy.

"And the green sauce too?"

"They are chopping the chervil."

"And the wine?"

"I have some *Narbonne*; with a good deal of body, to be sure, but by adding a little water—"

"Water! Go empty thy pitcher into the canal, where it may at least be of some benefit," interrupted the professor, in a declamatory tone. "Thinkest thou I fear thy *Narbonne*? If it be possessed of so much body, I shall have more body still. *Voilà!*"

He took a chair and sat deliberately down.

The host now introduced his nephew and Buccaferrata to his friend. Professor Denis plucked young Laurens rather roughly by the ear, which greeting was received with a wince, but did not elicit a cry; then perceiving Antonio:

"*Diable! diable!* my lad," said he, "you have grown like a weed since the time of my *grand tableau* of 'Jesus in the Midst of the Doctors.' As you now are, with your fine flowing beard and lusterless skin, you would make a magnificent 'Christ on the Cross.'"

A coarse platter of red earthenware was placed on the table; the boiled *escargots* formed a smoking mountain between the guests; and here and there the shriveled horns of the ill-starred mollusks protruded piteously from their brown and white shells delicately streaked with arabesques.

"Now then, my lads!" cried Professor Denis. And as he spoke, a number of the smoking gastropods rolled upon his plate with the grateful tinkling sound of so many walnuts.

"I must tell you, my friends," he went on, while with the aid of a sharp-pointed chip he dexterously dislodged the spiral-shaped bodies of the mollusks from their shells—"I must tell you that I have never been able to get *escargots* fit to eat elsewhere than in Toulouse. Nowhere else is sufficient care taken to have them fasting a long time before they are eaten; here alone is the sauce prepared to perfection. . . . Ah! the

sauce! What a world of poetry in the sauce! . . . Well may it be said—if you have *escargots de vigne*—‘The sauce is as good as the fish.’ Take the yolk of an egg; beat it up with some of our delicious southern oil; add . . .”

“A bottle or so from the snug corner,” broke in Uncle Benoît.

“Ah! right! Suppose we try your ruby *Narbonne* wine?” So saying, he poured out bumpers right and left, without forgetting himself. The glasses appeared so thick, heavy, and opaque, that one might have imagined they had been filled with ink.

“I say, old chum,” said Professor Denis to Uncle Benoît, who was wiping off the violet mustache made by the *Narbonne* on his fresh-shaved lip, his Sunday lip—“I say, old chum, here’s a rich color that will make amends for the sorry claret we have so often swallowed in Paris!”

“Paris?” said the other, staring inquiringly through the shining glasses of his spectacles.

“You were at Banardel’s printing-office, *rue des Mathurins-Saint-Jacques*; and I painting in the *rue des Marais-Saint-Germain*. By Jove! That was thirty years ago. . . .”

“Quite right. I was with Banardel, Monsieur Brosselard’s partner,” murmured the uncle, deeply affected with a host of reminiscences of his youth which came suddenly crowding upon his fancy.

“You were to revolutionize the typographer’s art in France by the invention of new machines; and I, Monsieur Ingres’s pet pupil, was to reform the art of painting. That was what we had to accomplish!”

“Yes, the famous machine, which I baptized the *Expéditive-Benoît*, with a paper-cutter and a folding-machine for newspapers. The draughts of all the different parts of the monster were made by you.”

“One Sunday, in the woods of Meudon, on Virginie’s cheerfully proffered lap. . . .”

“*Virginie la Blonde*, as you used to call her.”

“And what is now left of all those darling dreams, all those ambitious projects?” cried Denis with a sarcastic chuckle.

“Little, indeed. . . .”

“A purblind printer on the one hand; and on the other, an old dauber who has never been able to use his brush to account.”

“I should think, however, Monsieur Denis,” ventured Buccaferrata shyly, “that the ‘Jesus in the Midst of the Doctors’ . . .”

In his present bitter mood, this outspoken protestation, instead of soothing the painter’s ire by delicately tickling his self-pride, served but to nettle him the more.

“Will you be silent, imbecile?” he cried.

“What do you know about painting? *Parbleu!* Why not compare me to Raphael at once, with my ‘Jesus in the Midst of the Doctors’!”

He took his glass, which was full to the brim, and emptied it at a single draught.

Antonio Buccaferrata, though neither lacking in courage nor utterly destitute of the spirit of repartee, was completely overthrown and speechless. It was a professor in the school who had spoken, and the ex-model was all submission and respect.

“Then painting is very difficult?” suddenly inquired the clear, ringing voice of a child.

The Toulouse professor of arts shook his head, and then fixed upon the young peasant of Lauraguais, who had had the audacity to interrogate him, a pair of ferocious and searching eyes in which the fire kindled by the *Narbonne* was quite visible. Jean Paul was terrified and hung his head.

“Hold up your noddle, urchin, and let us have a look at you,” cried Denis in the same gruff tone of authority which he commonly used in the school.

The little fellow did not await a second bidding.

“Strange,” articulated the professor, pausingly, and as if soliloquizing—“strange, the resemblance of this little cub to a portrait that I have seen somewhere. . . . I remember the portrait was about the size of a hand, but it was an incomparable *chef-d’œuvre*.”

He flung his *escargot* pick upon the table, and, looking first at the child with a puzzled air, then, so to say, inwardly at himself, as if endeavoring to sift his confused recollections, he dropped into an attitude of complete immobility.

“*Parbleu!*” cried he at length, striking his forehead with his hand; “now I have it. . . . I saw that portrait five-and-twenty years ago in Florence, in the Borromeo gallery. . . .”

“A portrait of . . . ?” broke in Uncle Benoît, with eager curiosity.

“It was by one of the old masters, Signorelli, I think. . . .”

“A portrait of . . . ?” persisted the printer.

“Michael Angelo, when a child.”

Uncle Benoît, convulsed by the shock, allowed the *escargot* which he held to drop from his fingers, and laughed outright.

“There’s an old blockhead of a printer!” thundered the offended professor.

“What! You lose your temper because Monsieur Antonio compares you to Raphael, and yet you fearlessly declare that my nephew, Jean, from Fourquevaux, resembles Michael Angelo.” And the man of type laughed more heartily than ever.

“*Tonnerre!*” cried the old painter, striking a violent blow upon the table. “Do you think

that, because this child happens to have Michael Angelo's mask, he must necessarily possess his genius? Set your mind at ease on that score: your nephew may exhibit the pug nose of a great man in the middle of his face, and for all that be an imbecile like yourself."

"Denis! . . ."

"Denis Denis I cannot put up with it any longer. . . ." And, stretching both his arms menacingly toward his friend, he added, in a tone of wild despair that attested the aching of a deeply wounded spirit:

"Have I not forbidden you a hundred times to talk to me of painting? Why then will you do it? You well know that I would as soon have a dagger plunged into my heart. If I have missed the aim of my life, it's my own concern; but I will not be forever tortured on the gridiron—do you understand? . . . I have not been successful; so much the worse; that's nobody's business. In the absence of glory, the bottle still remains, *voilà!* . . . And now, to the devil with you all! . . . For my part, I take my leave of both *Narbonne* and *escargots*. . . Your humble servant! . . ."

Although staggering outrageously, he had gained the door before either Benoît or Buccaferrata could catch or restrain him.

"Good-by, Jean, be a good, obedient boy with Monsieur Antonio. . . . I am obliged to run after Denis: in his present condition he would think nothing of jumping into the Garonne." And Benoît disappeared.

The next few minutes found apprentice and master on their way back to the *Busca*. Toulouse was an endless scene of sunshine and dust, with folk in their best clothes hurrying to vespers amid the tumult of bells in full peal.

V.

IN such a Senegalian temperature as that of the month of August in this region, the journey from the *Grande-Allée* to *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat* seemed interminable. Not to mention numerous halts in shady places, where the clear waters of some refreshing brook glided beneath the trees, the travelers stopped, twice to pass the night and a hundred times to quench their thirst, at the various taverns which stud the road leading in a direct line from Toulouse to the Pyrenees.

It was not until about five o'clock on the afternoon of the third day after their departure, that Antonio Buccaferrata, the Pedroja brothers, and our young apprentice Laurens came in sight of the village where they were going to work. Just then, whether due to exhaustion or the emotion produced by the fragrant exhalations from the stable, Misère, having heard his master clapping

his hands with joy on descrying through a dark grove of walnut trees the steeple of Saint Anne's church—Misère, overcome with joy or fatigue, sank to the ground between the shafts.

"What! growing faint within sight of the manger?" said Antonio, applying such a persuasive lash of his whip as succeeded in bringing the animal to his feet again. . . . "To the wheels, my lads!" he added, addressing the men. And leading the mule by the bridle, while the Pedroja brothers vigorously pushed on the vehicle, he headed toward the inn of the *Cog d'Or*, a couple of gunshots distant from the hamlet.

This was not the first time that the Italians, on an *artistic tour*—to use one of Buccaferrata's ambitious phrases—had taken lodgings at the *Cog d'Or*, kept by Gaspard Hortet the Poulterer, *le Volaille*, in the *patois* of that part of the country; so that on entering the yard of the hostelry, encumbered as usual with cages well filled with hens, chickens, ducks, and geese, chirping, cackling, quacking, they were not a little surprised that neither Justine the maid nor Prosper the hostler came out to greet them.

"Hollo, Gaspard—ho there!" cried Giovanni.

Not a sound or motion was heard.

"What! is there nobody here?" inquired Filippo, turning toward the inn door, which was standing ajar.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!" shouted Antonio lustily, almost threateningly.

A head of bristling gray hair, with coarse, immovable, dark features, as if sculptured in a block of old oak, protruded through one of the lattices of the façade, immediately over the creaking, gibbet-like sign, *Au Cog d'Or*. Seen in the light of the setting sun, that façade, with its two low stories and its dusky, grayish tint, had rather the air of a deserted mosque than of a habitation for the living.

"Hush!" articulated the innkeeper, placing a finger on his lips. In an instant he had disappeared, and the window was shut again.

Meanwhile the Pedroja brothers and our apprentice had unyoked the mule from the wagon; and Misère, disembarassed of his collar and other trappings, and feeling already somewhat refreshed, had taken the way to the stable.

"How eager you are to get at your provender, old hairy-coat!" said Buccaferrata, stopping him. "Hold on a moment. How can we tell what Gaspard means by his 'Hush'? . . . Ah!" he pursued, apostrophizing the *Volaille*, who had by this time made his appearance at the inn door, "must one starve to death here in front of your well-stocked cages?"

"Don't shout so, Monsieur Antonio, if you please. Hush!"

The master painter glanced inquiringly at

Gaspard Hortet. Beneath its dusky tinge the man's face seemed quite pale, and his whole bearing indicated singular depression of spirits. He was almost trembling.

"Business is dull, eh?" queried Buccaferrata, in a tone vaguely expressive of interest.

"It's nothing about business, Monsieur Antonio. . . . If it were only business! . . ."

"And what is it?" interposed Giovanni, surnamed *le Roux*.

"It's my wife! . . ."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Filippo, surnamed *le Noir*.

"What is the matter with her?" asked the master painter.

"Oh, there's nothing now the matter with her. My wife has been dead since yesterday evening."

"Dead!" exclaimed our stripling from Fourquevaux, wildly.

"This accident happens at a bad time," continued the innkeeper. "I have nearly five hundred head of poultry there that I was to have sold at Tarbes. To get to the market, I should have started to-day. . . . *C'est égal*; when all's said and done, a woman's frame is a poor weak fabric. The other day Hortette helped me to load the wagon for my boy to take to Toulouse. . . . Saint-Lizier turkeys, monsieur, magnificent fat turkeys! . . . She was pretty warm, the poor creature, when we had finished tying the cages with ropes. Those turkeys were so heavy! The very best, monsieur—the very best. You know a man has a kind of pride when he has the reputation of being the most famous poultry-dealer in Ariège. I'm not very well informed in matters of people's constitutions, especially women's; so, said I to her, 'Why don't you take a drink, Hortette? A glass of cold water never did hurt to any Christian!' No sooner said than done; she went to the well and pulled up a bucket of water as clear as crystal. She stoops down, and I stoop with her. Water or wine, it's all one to me: both pass down without ever touching my palate. . . . Off starts the wagon, and I went a little way with the youngster to give him instructions about the sale of the turkeys, which were as tender as butter. . . ."

"And so," interrupted the master painter anxiously, "you will not be able to give us board and lodging?"

"I should like to see myself not able!" exclaimed the old man. "If my wife is dead, it's a great misfortune, to be sure—oh, a great misfortune! . . . but I'm not off guard yet, I'm an innkeeper still."

Avaricious of gain, the peasant, in order as it were to take possession of a customer threaten-

ing to escape him, pushed the door of the *Cog d'Or* wide open with his foot.

"Step in," said he—"step in; lodgings are still to be had at Gaspard Hortet's for man and beast." So saying, he took Misère by the halter and hurried him into the stable; while the itinerant painters, reassured on the score of cover and food, entered the hostelry.

Overcome with fatigue and covered with perspiration, our travelers, like veritable lazzaroni, reclined on some stationary benches which surrounded a massive chestnut table. Little Jean Paul alone remained standing beside the door through which they had entered, not daring to advance any farther, trembling at the thought that within a few paces of him somewhere lay a dead woman, and ready on the slightest suspicious sign to take to flight and make his escape across the fields.

"I'll answer for it, my lads," pursued Gaspard on rejoining his guests, "your mule will not read the newspaper at the *Cog d'Or*. For the present, he's trying his grinders on some new fodder, which I imagine he'll find to his liking."

"And when are *we* going to try our grinders on something?" queried Giovanni, who, although he drank to a marvel, was a still better eater than drinker.

"You shall not wait long." And in another instant, with as little effort as if he were plucking a plum off a branch, he snatched up a goose that was passing near by, and, stretching its neck on a block, chopped off its head with the rapidity of lightning.

"Here, pluck this morsel, to begin with," he said, pitching to the elder Pedroja the quivering body of the bird, which, though headless, escaped from Giovanni's hand and hobbled a few steps along the floor, besprinkling the tiles of the *Cog d'Or* with its blood.

The hideous spectacle appeared to excite the mirth of *le Roux*—a rough-spun individual, with a harsh, repulsive countenance, illuminated by a pair of small flinty eyes fringed with red, and short bristling hair which could only be likened to a porcupine's back—for he burst into an unrestrained fit of laughter.

"Hush, I say!" whispered the landlord, bethinking himself of his dead wife.

But Giovanni, pursuing the goose as it flapped its wings in supreme distress, gave a loose rein to his hilarity.

"*Le Roux!*" cried Antonio, pale and clinching his teeth.

The elder Pedroja, perceiving that his master saw little merriment in such a cruel scene, secured the now unresisting goose and scampered off with it to the opposite side of the yard.

While busied in piling dry walnut twigs upon

the cold hearth, wherewith to make a fire to roast the goose, Gaspard Hortet, in muttered words, gave free vent to the outpourings of his grief. Filippo had followed his brother, and was aiding him to pluck the goose. As for Buccaferrata, still reclining on the bench, and our apprentice, still keeping watch at the hostelry door, they heard the Poulterer's lamentations.

"After all, who would have supposed that a glass of cold water could kill us, poor miserable human beings that we are, as certainly as a shot of a gun? . . . *Ma brave femme!* She was so courageous and so handy at everything about the hotel and the poultry yard! . . . Ah, the poultry, how well she knew how to take care of them! She could feed regiments of turkeys with nothing at all. Had she only left her secret behind her when she departed! Myself, I'm not very deep in these matters; all I know is to give grain and more grain; and the grain is so high-priced this year! . . ." Here he struck a light, and to the smoking tinder applied a long sulphur match, such as are commonly used in Ariège, made of dried shoots of the waythorn or furze. "*Monsieur le Curé* is right when he says that death takes our lives as a thief takes our money, . . . and makes short work of it too, my friends, I can assure you. . . . I go as far as Salat with the youngster, and when I get back I find Hortette as white as a sheet and as cold as the chain of the well-bucket. Oh, the well! What a trick it has served her! To be sure, the doctor from Prat came to see her; but doctors are not God, so, after three days of agony. . . ."

"She was sick only three days?" asked Antonio, aroused by the crackling of the twigs in the flame from the soothing slumber into which he had by degrees fallen.

The innkeeper turned round and showed a visage drenched with tears.

"Three days, Monsieur Antonio, no more than three days. The water had chilled her stomach, do you see? . . . Well, when the lad gets back from Toulouse, we'll try and go to Tarbes to sell the chickens and things that are eating us out of house and home, and perhaps we may be able to manage all alone now. . . . Such is life. . . ."

"Here comes somebody!" cried Jean Paul, still on the alert.

A man was coming drowsily across the yard.

"Well, Prosper?" cried Hortet.

Prosper, a clumsy blade of five-and-twenty, short and squabby, the genuine type of the Pyrenean peasant, paid no heed whatever, but advanced slowly.

"Well?" repeated the landlord.

"The mayor was not at the *mairie*," replied the other, who had now reached the threshold of the door; "but I saw the schoolmaster there."

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing. He wrote something in a big book, and then he gave me a note for *Monsieur le Curé*."

"And *Monsieur le Curé*, did he say anything to you?"

"He informed me that the funeral would be to-morrow in the cool of the morning, at six o'clock, or better still at five."

"And where did you leave Justine?"

"She stopped at the village. She had to give notice of the hour to the people."

"We have strangers in the house. Get the jack ready. Quick!"

While Prosper, scarcely more animated in culinary than in any other concerns, was mounting upon a chair as nimbly as his ponderous form would permit, for the purpose of arranging the lengthy chain of the roasting apparatus, the Poulterer, having received back from the hands of Giovanni and Filippo the hurriedly plucked goose, drew, singed, and trussed it, and finally impaled it on the spit.

The goose was done to a turn, and about to be taken from the fire, when Justine, the servant of the *Cog d'Or*, arrived—a plump and pretty lass, high in color, quick of eye, and glib of tongue. In vain did Gaspard, who in the midst of his culinary cares snatched now and then a few brief moments for dolorous meditation, make repeated endeavors to silence the maid as she described the varied impressions produced among the villagers by the news of her mistress's death. Say what he would, her eloquence flowed on unchecked; for every word Justine gave back a hundred, and prattled unceasingly, keeping up a continuous racket, bustling to and fro about the table, now setting down a plate or a knife and fork, now a loaf or a bottle.

"Enough! enough!" cried the innkeeper, exasperated at last.

"*Pardi!*" went on the magpie. "Of course, I know you want to stop my mouth. You're afraid I'll let it out that it was you that told her to drink the water from the well. . . . Poor Hortette! . . . *Pecaire!* . . ."

Scarcely had she uttered this last word in her provincial dialect when a sonorous, well-applied cuff resounded on her plump, rosy cheek. Instead of flaring up at the insult, Justine, thus suddenly checkmated, sat down, quite blank and ashamed like a little girl, and remained perfectly motionless.

"Monsieur Antonio," said the landlord in his mildest tone, "do not feel displeased with me for the poor reception you get to-day. You know it is not always in one's power to give satisfaction. . . ." And gazing complacently on the goose with its appetizing juice oozing through its rich golden-brown skin, as it lay on a coarse earthen-

ware dish which he held in his hand, he added, "I'm willing to stake my reputation on its tenderness!"

Buccaferrata, Giovanni, Filippo, and Jean Paul, who now tore himself away from the door, seized each a knife and fork and prepared for the attack.

VI.

TOWARD the middle of the night, Jean Paul Laurens—for a somewhat lengthy analysis of whose first sensations, so decisive in the life of an artist, we implore pardon—Jean Paul, after several hours of that heavy, overwhelming sleep, induced by over-exertion, woke up all of a sudden. He raised his hand to his forehead as if to drive away a lurking remnant of nightmare, and stared wildly around with eyes in which expression was still, so to say, under the numbing influence which pervaded his senses in general. At length his pupils gleamed through the darkness. The obscured brain was evidently clearing by degrees, and little by little the child recovered full possession of his thoughts.

The first thing which struck our Lauraguais peasant lad, when the last vestige of mist had passed away, was the brilliant light illuminating the room where he had gone to bed in the dark immediately after his hearty repast. Why had he neglected to close the shutter of the window now open before him? He had a desire to draw the shutter to and fasten it by hooking the iron catch in the staple, which he could distinguish riveted in the side of the little window shining over yonder like an eye. But fear held him fast in his bed; so he turned over and endeavored to go to sleep again.

After having lain some minutes with his head almost buried in the bedclothes, the poor apprentice, half paralyzed with fear, though he scarcely knew why, and breathing with difficulty, had just begun to feel consciousness leaving him by degrees and a grateful drowsiness gliding over him, when with a sudden movement, as if he had been touched by a galvanic battery, he sat bolt upright in his bed. He could not be mistaken; somebody had spoken.

Who spoke? What had been said? Whence came the voice?

He listened with both ears pricked up, rendered longer by the intense strain. Buccaferrata, stretched on a low bed on the opposite side of the room, was snoring with a bass murmur similar to that of an ophicleide. Strange to relate, whether from fatigue or from laziness, induced by the splendid feast of roast goose, the painter had not removed his pantaloons, and was sleeping half dressed.

The little fellow, being at once reassured,

fixed his eyes on his master. A sort of feeling of gratitude moved him almost to tears. It was certainly M. Antonio who had frightened him. Oh, henceforward he would not be afraid; and he boldly resolved to fasten the window shutter. Accordingly, he got up without further hesitation, and bravely ventured a few steps. But as ill luck would have it, in his heroic march from the bed to the window, Laurens, who was not altogether master of the movements of his over-excited frame, stumbled against a chair.

A frightful noise was heard.

In an instant Buccaferrata was on his feet.

"Where are you going, *bambino*?" he cried, seizing the arm of the child, now more dead than alive.

"I was going to shut the window."

"What! You are cold?"

"No, I'm . . ."

The word *afraid* stuck in his throat, which had become contracted and dry.

"Lie down and go to sleep, simpleton! . . . The shutter must be allowed to remain open, or we shall be suffocated. . . . That goose of Gaspard's . . ."

As Jean Paul was returning quite embarrassed to his bed, a door at the farther end of the apartment was opened, and Justine and Prosper made their appearance in the midst of a stream of light, projected with the dazzling effect of a white cloth on the tile floor.

"Has anything happened to you, monsieur?" asked the servant of the *Cog d'Or*, anxiously.

"No; it was my apprentice, who knocked down my bag and portfolio."

"Suppose I should help you to get everything right again, monsieur?" urged Justine, in a tone of obsequious amiability.

And without awaiting a reply from the painter, who was busied in readjusting the strings of his portfolio, burst asunder by the ponderous mass of papers, she picked up the keys of Saint Peter, that had rolled out of the bag, the tin crown of one of the Magi, the gilt wooden scepter of the infant Jesus, and other properties.

"What a lot of pretty things!" said she, mincingly.

The Italian pierced her with a terrific glance. But apparently his artillery did not intimidate Justine, for instead of turning back to the room she had issued from, she advanced to the window, and leaning both elbows on the stone sill, assumed a posture of luxurious airiness, strongly resembling an attitude of defiance.

"Well, Justine, are you going to remain there till next year?" asked Prosper, who, with a wax taper in his hand, stepped forward a few paces in the direction of the window.

"*Jésus-Maria!* One can't have a minute

to breathe the fresh air!" exclaimed the maid, without changing her position.

"Then you wish me to call Gaspard?" said Prosper, peevishly. Shielding the flame of the taper with his open hand, to prevent it from being extinguished by the draught, he went close up to the servant of the *Cog d'Or*, who was almost side by side with Buccaferrata, and, stooping, whispered in her ear:

"What about the corpse?"

"The corpse?" cried the painter.

"Over yonder," said Prosper in a whisper, pointing to the door, which, now wide open, disclosed a number of wax lights burning on a table dressed in white.

Buccaferrata, just about to place himself at the window by the side of Justine, recoiled several paces, and stood motionless and awe-stricken.

"You, monsieur, a man of sense, will of course understand," Prosper hastened to suggest, "that we can't leave poor Hortette all alone to-night. God would surely punish us. In the first place, we asked permission of Gaspard to sit up with her. He would willingly have done so himself, although hardly able to stand on his feet. Just think of it, Gaspard has been more dead than alive for the last three days: pining, pining all the time! . . . And all that poultry going to loss! . . ." Then, plucking Justine by the skirts, he said, "Will you come, vixen?"

The servant, thus roughly shaken, and fearing for her brand-new calico gown—she had donned her Sunday dress to go and prattle in the village—left the window; but instead of following Prosper she veered toward Buccaferrata, whose eyes wandered in the direction of the dead-chamber with a mingled expression of curiosity, restlessness, and fascination.

"Good night, Monsieur Antonio!" said she, planting herself boldly before him, and staring him out of countenance.

"Good night, my girl!" articulated the Italian, dryly.

Young Laurens, stretched in his bed, and doing all in his power to enjoy a little repose, had not lost a single word of this scene between his master and the domestics of the *Cog d'Or*. He experienced a singular sense of relief when Justine and Prosper retired, albeit he still held a grudge against them for not shutting the door of the chamber where Hortette, in the midst of an illumination rendered doubly intense by the darkness of the night, had begun to sleep her last long slumber. Faint glimmers from over yonder reached to his very bedside, so that by leaning over he could easily have touched them with his fingers; which observing, he bounded on his *paillasse*, and turned to the opposite side to shun the appalling glare of the tapers.

Harassing anxiety had banished sleep from his lids, and allowing his eyes to wander vaguely, he was much surprised to discover on all sides terrible subjects of alarm. What! his master—whom he had supposed in bed again and snoring away as before—still standing at the window! Why did he remain there? What was he doing? . . . Perchance he was afraid.

At that thought, which established a sort of community of sentiment between M. Antonio and himself, his mouth, burning for speech, opened mechanically and gave utterance to a single word, muffled like a cry of anguish:

"Monsieur! . . ."

"How, not asleep, little fellow?" said Buccaferrata, in a tone of affection.

"No, monsieur. What are *you* doing?"

"I'm looking at the *vallée du Salat*. That valley is magnificent in the clear moonlight."

"You're not thinking of Hortette, at all events, are you?"

"The dead woman?"

"Yes, the dead woman," sighed Laurens.

"*Parbleu!* I am indeed thinking of her."

"So am I, a great deal."

"You?"

"If you would allow me to get up, I would look at the *vallée du Salat* with you."

"That's funny, too, for a child," murmured Buccaferrata, musingly. "He's fond of nature already. . . . Certainly, get up, if you like."

Jean Paul jumped up, and, half trembling, half joyous, placed himself as close as he could to his master, who was at that moment absorbed in profound meditation.

Why did M. Antonio look alternately at the ground below and the sky above? Above all, why did he remain silent? The little fellow could not tell.

All at once the Italian, by what seemed to be an irresistible movement, stretched out his right arm and gave utterance to these four words:

"How beautiful it is!"

"What?" the child ventured to inquire, having opened his eyes wider and yet seen nothing.

"Just look at that brilliant sky, since you wish to be a painter."

"What is there in the sky, monsieur?"

"And those trees over yonder; what an enormous black spot after the brilliancy above!"

"A black spot?"

"What an admirable contrast between the sky so blue, with its full round moon like a grindstone, and that somber clump of chestnut trees! Not to speak of *le Salat* in the center of the valley, looking like a dazzling streak of silver."

"*Le Salat?*"

"Hearken!"

"I hear nothing."

"You don't hear the noise of the waters?"

"Yes, yes, I do. . . . How delightful, monsieur!"

The child did not participate in Buccaferrata's enthusiasm, nor could he sufficiently penetrate the cause of it; yet his exquisite sensibility led him to surmise that there was something extraordinary at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*, for never at Fourquevaux had he heard from any mouth words similar to those just now pronounced.

Encouraged by a sort of vague hope that he should perhaps one day be able to understand all these things which he could not now comprehend, with that superb and ingenuous confidence which is the distinguishing mark of the *elect* still unknown to themselves and to others, though they will in after-life show themselves capable of working out their destiny, he said:

"You will teach me all you know, Monsieur Antonio, will you not?"

"Everything, my boy; yes, everything," and the Italian withdrew his eyes from the fascinating spectacle to fix them on Laurens.

"I am pleased with you, my child," said he. "For the last five years I have been painting a little in every direction, and I have had three apprentices; but none of them awakened the same emotions within me that you do. Besides, I could make nothing of the rogues. Blockheads, perfect blockheads—*voilà!* I then took Giovanni and Filippo, who are my cousins, and had long before been summoned from Sonnino by my father. I was born in Florence; but my parents are from Sonnino, in the Abruzzi. All the days and nights devoted to the task by Taddeo and Nina have been spent in vain; Giovanni has never been able to learn to draw a head correctly. As for Filippo, his is a finer nature than his brother's, and he will succeed if he applies himself with perseverance. . . ."

"You will see how I will apply myself, Monsieur Antonio."

"Ah, here's something new!" cried Buccaferrata, again turning his eyes toward the valley of Salat. "The aspect of the landscape is changed." And, resting both his elbows on the window sill of the *Cog d'Or*, he reassumed his former attitude of observation.

A silver-fringed mass, on becoming detached from the white hills bordering the extreme horizon, had rolled at random through a sea of azure and stopped full in front of the moon. At first it seemed as if a vast crape was spread over the valley but a moment ago bathed in a flood of light almost radiant; then the obscurity grew black, and at last all was night.

"Look!" cried Buccaferrata; "we cannot see even the river now."

"But we can hear it," said the child.

Through the sudden gloom the din of the waters rushing over the bars at some factory was clearly and distinctly perceptible at the *Cog d'Or*.

"I saw in Toulouse, in Professor Villemssens's studio," resumed Antonio, "a large picture called 'Judas betraying his Master.' The scene is placed in the midst of an olive grove, and the moon hides her face behind a cloud in order not to witness the arrest of the Saviour. What vigor of brush in those trees! *Diavolo!* were there but five or six armed men over yonder among the chestnut trees, I should be tempted to think Monsieur Villemssens executed his painting at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*."

"So then, in order to make pictures, one must see them?" asked Jean Paul.

"Certainly they must be seen."

"I thought people took them out of their heads."

"No, my lad, they are taken from nature. Only it is useless to open one's eyes as wide as possible, everybody is not capable of observing nature. I, for one, whenever nature has to be taken into account, I'm an ass, a four-footed ass, with pack-saddle and halter."

"You, monsieur? . . ."

"What I say is the truth. . . . Only a moment ago, when viewing the valley of Salat, so picturesque, I reflected, 'How beautiful that landscape is!' . . . And I swore I would have it for the background in my pictures."

"But you put gold in the background of your pictures. Gold is much prettier than trees. At Fourquevaux your 'Last Supper' and your 'St. Paul holding a Sword' . . ."

"I paint a 'Christ' in the garden of Gethsemane in a bloody sweat, praying to his Father not to forsake him, and, instead of surrounding the figure with trees and rocks, it is mounted on clouds, if the parish be a poor one; or, if it be a rich one, on gold. All that is downright ridiculous."

"O monsieur, remember your 'St. Paul' and your 'Last Supper.'"

"One day, at Tardy, a little hamlet near Betharam, I received an order for a 'St. Louis distributing Justice.' I put the old chap sitting on a stone, and leaning back against the trunk of a huge oak; then all around I drew elms, beech trees, and birch trees. No sooner had I finished than I found it necessary to destroy my work, which was but a sorry hotchpotch of lines. St. Louis looked as if carrying all the timber of Vincennes on his head, I had made such an endless maze of branches crossing and recrossing each other. As for the personages of the royal suite, one had a twig issuing from his forehead, another was cut in two by the slender

trunk of a tiller, and a third, covered with foliage, notwithstanding his magnificent cuirass, was more like a woodman than a proud courtier."

"And why, monsieur?" asked Jean Paul, in a quandary.

"Why? Because it is folly to strain after things that are beyond our reach. The journeyman should remain a journeyman."

"You a journeyman, monsieur? . . ."

"And yet, each time I see nature beautiful, as it is to-night, for example, it produces an impression on me. . . . Ah, yes! had I had other masters than Taddeo and Nina, I should have come to something, child."

The long train of white and grayish fleecy clouds which had gradually moved over the moon were now quite gone, and her full face shone forth anew in all its splendor. The valley again became visible with the infinite variety of its details, the outlines of which were sharply defined by a light at once clear and transparent, spite of a certain blending of shade. Far beyond, near the starry sky, on the other side of Salat, the heavy masses of chestnut trees received the reflection as if of polished steel, which gave them the appearance of a foam-covered beach fringing a troubled sea. The metallic brilliancy, however, gradually shaded off as the eye left the summits and descended the flanks of the mountains; and in the subdued light of the more distant firmament the trees, closely grouped together, seemed to roll like immense avalanches composed of looming heaps of snow and sable rocks. Through the crevices of these oscillating agglomerations, a glimpse was here and there caught of deserted roads winding downward through the woodland to the humming river, where the roofs of the village, as it slumbered by the side of the waters, stole forth in timid glow, enhancing the charm and beauty of the scene.

"Do you hear them?" asked Jean Paul, touching the elbow of Buccaferrata, who was wrapped in deep meditation.

"Whom?"

"Justine and Prosper, *pardi!*"

"What are they saying?"

"Hark! hark! . . ."

The painter advanced stealthily toward the chamber of death and listened attentively.

"So you won't allow me to kiss you?" It was Prosper's voice.

"You seem to think my cheeks belong to you. Did you buy them, I should like to know?" It was the voice of Justine.

"Well, but . . ."

"How much did you pay for them, my friend?"

"Yesterday, though, on the way to the village to hire mourners for Hortette . . . you

remember going through Gaspard's meadow? . . ."

"Yesterday was yesterday, and to-day's to-day."

"Let me catch you with Monsieur Antonio!"

"Well, suppose you do?"

"You know how I can crack the whip when I drive the wagon to Toulouse?"

"Yes; but Monsieur Antonio can crack noses better than you can."

"Horrid creature!"

"Great booby!"

"That's how you sit up with poor Hortette, is it?"

"Well! what are *you* doing?"

"You have not a cent's worth of feeling!"

"How much have you?"

"You have no shame!"

"Do you think *you* have any?"

"Imp of the devil! you may be sure you'll never be my wife! Begone!"

A loud fit of laughter burst forth, and rang in a prolonged peal through the room where the dead woman lay and that in which Buccaferrata and Jean Paul stood, all attention, the latter uneasy and trembling, the former with clinched fists and boiling with rage and disgust, and ready to rush forward.

Meantime a violent rustling noise was heard, mingled with stifled cries.

"Ah, wretches!" cried the painter, now dashing onward.

What a spectacle he beheld! Prosper, exasperated by Justine's resistance, had at length seized and held her locked in his arms to suffocation.

Silently the Italian applied his long, sinewy hand to the nape of the over-earnest hostler, and the boor, in turn deprived of breath, relinquished his hold.

"What now?" gasped Prosper, half unconscious, while on his neck was seen, as a collar, the impress of the terrible fingers which had bruised his flesh.

On recognizing Buccaferrata he lost countenance, and scampered off.

The painter approached Justine, and, without uttering a word, but with a gesture evidently menacing, showed her the open door, through which she too slipped off with alacrity.

Not until then did the painter turn his attention to the corpse, nor had he even perceived it. At the first glance he was struck with surprise, almost with stupefaction. He had known Hortette—a tall, raw-boned, muscular peasant, whom he had observed on several occasions, sometimes in the kitchen, sometimes in the poultry yard; but he certainly never had seen her with the supernatural visage which now held him spell-

bound. Whence had the wife of Gaspard, the rough-spun poulterer, *le rude Volailler de l'Ariège*, obtained this plenteous growth of gray hair, those flowing locks covering her temples on either side, and imparting to features formerly so harsh an expression of ideal sweetness? From whom had Hortette, who had always appeared to him with a huge cartilaginous nose, taken this large, straight, delicately chiseled nose, so pure, so aristocratic in design? Then the closed eyes, with their soft, transparent lids! A pair of very bushy eyebrows gave a sort of masculine air to the countenance, and perhaps, too, a slight degree of sternness; but the marring effect of that feature was corrected by the mouth, imperceptibly open, almost smiling; and beauty, a sovereign beauty, lingered upon that hushed, rustic head, on which Death had stamped the impress of an unknown seal of nobility.

Our Italian stood motionless, observing, analyzing minutely each detail of that face of marble, in which his fervid imagination, however, perceived grandeur, power, majesty. . . . "What a picture!" thought he.

From Hortette's face, now divested of its former wrinkles, polished as ivory, radiant in places, the painter's rapturous eye glided down the shriveled neck, and traced over the covering the outlines of the corpse which reached to the lower extremity of the bed with the rigidity of a statue. The outlines, severe and boldly delineated, struck him as wonderful.

"*Jésus!*" he murmured in his fever, "what a 'Saint Anne' I should realize were I capable of copying that model! . . . Boy!" he called, "boy!"

Laurens made no reply. Clinging as closely as possibly to his bedside, there he stood petrified, scarcely breathing, and a prey to all sorts of anguish, visions, and terrors.

"Bring me my bag, boy," cried Buccaferrata.

The apprentice, hearing the master's command, suddenly recovered himself, and bounded to the bag; but it was too heavy, and fear paralyzing his limbs deprived him of all energy, mental and physical, nor could he succeed in either lifting or dragging the burden.

"Are you coming?" shouted the master.

"Monsieur Antonio . . ." faltered Jean Paul, numb with terror, and scarcely able to breathe.

The painter hastened to the spot. He found the child kneeling in a desperate endeavor to bring the bag, now converted into a leaden weight. Buccaferrata, taken up as he was with perplexing preoccupations, paid no heed to his apprentice; but with a turn of the hand untied the strings that held the mouth of the bag, groped for a box among a host of other objects,

and snatching up the old portfolio, hurried back to Hortette's room.

VII.

LAURENS remained long seated on the cold tiled floor, leaning his back against one of the bedposts, without uttering a word or making the slightest movement. Nor was his mind engaged with any thought. Only now and then, in the midst of the darkness which caused this his first night at the *Cog d'Or* to seem to him eternal, a faint ray—the recollection of his native home—cheered for an instant his drooping spirits. He saw his father's cottage buried among its roses and white acacias; he heard the cherished voice of his brother, the joyous shouts of his playmates romping through the lanes of the hamlet; he heard everything, even to the familiar flapping of the wings of the flocks of pigeons returning to their cotes above the roofs. Once, the vision of the Italian painters arriving at Fourquevaux having flitted before his mind's eye, he called to recollection a shepherd named Lenthéric whom he had often met in his random saunterings through the Lauraguais country, and who was marvelously skillful at carving with the point of his knife a man's or an animal's head on the top of a staff. He remembered having himself one day made a very fair attempt at the profile of a goat on a piece of boxwood; and he began to wonder why he had left Lenthéric and followed M. Antonio.

Until that moment the poor little fellow had been able to restrain his tears; but now they burst in a torrent from his eyes, large and round like heavy raindrops, and trickled in burning furrows down his cheeks.

A brief weeping spell brought relief to Jean Paul's aching heart, and he could summon sufficient strength to regain his feet. One thing immediately struck his attention: the broad white streak reaching from Hortette's room to his bedside had disappeared. Hence M. Antonio must have extinguished the tapers around the corpse. But what could M. Antonio be doing with the box which he had taken from the bag and the large portfolio full of drawings? Yielding to a sudden and irresistible sentiment of curiosity, he made bold to look toward the farther end of the room. The door of the dismal chamber was still ajar; but instead of the brilliant flood of light which at first issued from it, he could now barely distinguish a reddish glare between the entrance and the wall beyond.

Mon Dieu! what was taking place there?

Certainly he would have had courage enough to venture a few steps nearer had his anxious attention not been suddenly attracted in another direction. He had heard slight bursts of laugh-

ter followed by a noise of feet, as it were, running precipitately across the yard of the *Coq d'Or*.

Could it be Filippo and Giovanni, lodged in another wing of the building, coming to call their master to work? Who knows? Perhaps daybreak is at last approaching. . . .

He went to the window. Alas! the moon's ruddy face was still in view over the chestnut groves; and he could see the shutter of the apartment occupied by the Pedroja brothers as yet unopened. Another proof that the dawn was not yet nigh: the early cocks, both those in the coops and those in the poultry yard, each rolled into a ball, and nestling beak under wing, gave not the faintest signs of chanting their shrill morning notes. In the distant village, and at the hostelry under his eyes, men and beasts were still wrapped in slumber.

Laurens extended his arm to pull in the shutter. Doubtless he too should enjoy a brief snatch of repose, could he but secure in the room complete obscurity.

It was precisely at the moment when, soothed by calm and gentle thoughts after a prolonged state of feverish excitement, our wanderer from Lauraguais was catching the hook of the shutter in the narrow iron staple intended to hold it, that the laughing and footsteps before heard commenced anew. He looked eagerly down into the yard and recognized Justine and Prosper galloping like a couple of horses broken loose. The maid, on the point of being overtaken, darted into the shade, emerged again and disappeared once more, fleeing from the clutches of the hostler in hot pursuit to capture her.

"Boy!" cried the *patron*.

"Yes, monsieur."

"I want you. Come!"

"Coming, monsieur."

He marched resolutely forward, and with a firm step entered the chamber of death, so far without reflection or hesitancy, at once yielding to the necessity of obedience, and borne up by the satisfaction of being of service to a man whom he admired and at whose hand he had received kind treatment.

"This sketch will be useful to me for my 'Saint Anne'—very useful."

Standing before the bed and hiding the dead body of the woman, the painter pointed out to Jean Paul a large sheet of parchment streaked with immense crayon strokes traced in every direction. The child was silent; and his eyes, wandering vaguely about the room, betrayed no sentiment or thought.

"And why did you blow out the candles, Monsieur Antonio?" he inquired.

"To obtain the effects which I required, *parbleu!* In painting, effect is everything. Hun-

dreds of times, when I used to serve as a model at the school, I heard Professor Villemans directing his pupils to study their effects. 'Look at Ribeira,' he would say; 'he was an artist who understood effects!'"

"Ribeira?" cried Laurens.

"I am not altogether dissatisfied with this drawing, although dashed off in haste," went on Buccaferrata, complacently surveying his own handiwork. After a few moments of musing, however, he shook his head in token of discouragement, and added, "Still, it's horribly tame."

"Tame?" said the child.

"Lacking character." With a violent jerk of the hand he snatched from its socket the only taper now left burning, and handing it to Jean Paul he cried: "Hold this and hearken attentively: I am going this night to give you a rare lesson, *bambino*. . . . You see Hortette, do you not?" So saying, he took four steps in front of the bed, and with his finger pointed to the dead woman.

Laurens looked aghast, and his countenance, hitherto pale, suddenly grew livid. Yet his contracted fingers did not relax their hold of the taper; but the poor little fellow fetched a deep, long-drawn sigh, which caused the flame to waver and flicker. Fain would he have swelled that sigh into a shriek of terror, but his present overwhelming anguish of body and mind restrained it to a sob.

Hortette's bed stood in the middle of the room, according to the customary arrangement of that piece of furniture, dear above all others to our southern peasants; and had not its head been placed close up to the wall, one could have passed freely all around its four roughly planed walnut posts.

Buccaferrata, flushed with the idea of making the best of his sketch and heedless of the species of anæsthetic prostration into which the grim spectacle of a corpse had thrown Jean Paul, took him by the hand and gently but irresistibly led him to the very side of the dead woman.

"There! Now, not a move!" said he, simultaneously raising the child's arm until the smoky flame of the taper was much above the level of Hortette's forehead.

This pose attained, Antonio feverishly clutched the portfolio, which he used as a desk, and seating himself on the right side of the bed, while Laurens remained steadfast at his post on the left, fixed his anxious gaze upon the model.

"Superb! . . . What shades! . . . Superb!" he cried. And the crayon went gliding over the paper.

Illuminated from above by a single light, the corpse of Gaspard Hortet the Poulterer's wife was truly appalling to behold. Before, when

bathed in a uniform flood of white light, the features wore the placidity of sleep, with that supreme serenity which death imparts to the human countenance. Now that tranquil face, with the strange mobility of the shades, which gave each lineament a ghastly, marble hue, had assumed a terrible aspect. Terrible were the eyes, two yawning cavities which seemed to see; terrible the forehead, creviced like an old wall in ruins, and above it the bushy, disheveled hair, which had the appearance of dried and withered grass; terrible the nose, with its sharp, menacing partition projecting a shadow like a large black spot on the petrified lips; terrible the deep mouth, showing a few straggling teeth within a wide circular opening, resembling a well with a dilapidated curb; terrible the luminous chin, towering above the temples and cheeks, similar to a block of rose-colored granite among the bare, wild valleys of African climes.

Buccaferrata, all attention to the awful beauties of that rugged peasant head, sought out with eager, enthusiastic eye the slightest hollows and most insignificant protuberances; and his hand, which came and went with restless, anxious bustle, would fain have seized each separate trait and transferred the whole to the paper in all the fullness of evident, palpable resemblance. Unfortunately, study was lacking, and the hapless disciple of Taddeo and Nina beheld his inspiration spent in a jumble of lines, not one of which was that master line which fixes the character of a head and seals a countenance forever.

"That is not it—that is not it!" repeated Antonio from time to time in despair, dragging his rigid, hawk-like fingers through his tangled hair and streaming beard.

The fact is, Hortette's frightful visage emerged from amid an intricate and obscure network of black lines.

"Higher!" cried the master, his brow streaming with perspiration. He fixed his eyes uneasily on the bed, for it seemed to him that the broad shadows of the folds of the sheets had diminished in vigor. "Higher, I say!" he cried once more. But Jean Paul was no longer con-

scious; fear had induced a sort of cataleptic state. In vain did he raise his arm, mechanically yielding to his master's touch; the deep black streaks which gave place to strikingly effective *relievi* in the covering of the dead body grew visibly less intense.

"*Sang du Christ!* Here is daylight upon us!" exclaimed the painter, mournfully.

At the same instant Laurens, suddenly recovering from his tetanic rigidity, dropped the taper from his fingers.

"*Eh bien?*" shrieked Buccaferrata, starting to his feet.

"Monsieur Antonio, it is under the bed—it is under the bed. . . ."

"Under the bed?"

"The body moved. . . ." Completely overcome with fear, the child bounded to his master's side.

"Are you crazy, boy, to be so much afraid as that?" cried the latter, not finding courage to rebuke him. Before he had finished speaking, two splendid crested black hens, of the *Crève-cœur* breed, issued from beneath the bed, clucking mildly and pecking crumbs of bread that were scattered over the floor.

"Master," said Filippo, entering, "it is four o'clock; shall we go to Saint Anne's church and begin work?"

"Yes, yes—to work!" replied the *patron*.

As Buccaferrata and Filippo descended the stairs of the *Cog d'Or*, now ringing with the tumultuous chirpings and chantings from the poultry yard, the two hens were engaged in a vigorous attack upon the extinguished taper, which nobody had thought of replacing in its socket and relighting. One of them, holding the candle firmly with her claws, detached such morsels as best she could; the other, having chosen the part which had been softened by the heat of the flame, feasted away at her ease. There was in this novel quarry something at once hideous and heart-rending.

Laurens, in a state of distraction, hastened away.

FERDINAND FABRE, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

(Continuation in the next number.)

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century, so near to us and yet so far from us, possesses this peculiar charm, that its proximity in point of time enables us to realize to ourselves habits of life and modes of thought almost as remote from our own as those of the Elizabethan age. What it requires the powerful imagination of the poet or the novelist to do for us in respect of the sixteenth century, that every man can do for himself in respect of the eighteenth. We can live as familiarly with the men of a hundred years ago as if we had known them ourselves; and yet we are sure that if by any miracle we could be thrown back among them for a day, their talk, their ideas, their very dress, would seem as strange to us as if they belonged to another world. Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, Cowper at the Olney Tea Table, Fox shooting partridges at Holkham, Pitt and Bentham playing chess at Bowood, Dr. Taylor and his sleek black horses, might almost be our own contemporaries. Thirty years ago the old tavern life of London still survived. Dinner hours in the country were still sufficiently early to admit of chess and cards being introduced in the evening. A few years earlier Lord Althorpe was still shooting partridges with pointers and setters over the ground trodden by Charles Fox. And numerous Doctor Taylors still survived among the clergy, though they had exchanged their bobwigs and coaches for the less clerical costume of cross-barred stiff ties and one-horse gigs. In the pictures we have hastily recalled there is nothing strange or unfamiliar. Yet make these figures speak, let them once begin to talk of politics, or literature, or religion, or pleasure, or "society," and we find ourselves in a different world. When personal government by the sovereign was a recognized principle in politics; when the authority of Dr. Johnson was universally accepted in literature; when the Church of England was so supremely popular that the clergy could afford to take their ease and live pretty much like laymen; when the "quality" still frequented Vauxhall and Ranelagh; when ladies of title gave convivial suppers, and were exposed to the same kind of attentions from their inebriated guests as Marlow pays to Miss Hardcastle—it is difficult to believe that in many other respects life was pretty much the same as at the commencement of the present reign. The immense remoteness of such scenes and such ideas from our own experience was combined with the nearness of the two periods to each other in point

of time; so much so that opinions and practice as unfamiliar to ourselves as those of a Strafford or a Rochester, were a matter of course with men whom we seem to know as well as our grandfathers.

Till recent years the eighteenth century had a bad name among us. The Lake school had raised a prejudice against its literature. Reformers of every shade heaped abuse upon its politics. Moralists condemned its vices. The High Churchman of 1833 blotted it from his calendar. It was generally voted an unspiritual, "unideal," and materialistic age; when men had lost their hold on great principles, when faith had given way to sense, and theology to evidences. It was an age of coarse enjoyments, of beef and pudding, and port, and punch, and beer. Mr. Thackeray has remarked how fat people were in the eighteenth century. And it is quite true that in any family portrait gallery one may trace a marked difference between the faces of the eighteenth and the faces of the seventeenth century. But it was forgotten that the eighteenth century, if not an age of great thoughts, was preëminently an age of great deeds. In the eighteenth century constitutional government was established, and the British Empire was created. Political eloquence then reached its highest pitch; and there breathes through the language of British statesmen, in their intercourse with foreign states, that "calm pride" which is peculiar to an age of aristocracy.

Mr. Thackeray, we think, was the first English man of letters who recognized the rich materials which the eighteenth century afforded for literary treatment. And in "The Virginians" and "Esmond," in the "Humorists" and "The Four Georges," he has shown what good use he could make of them. Since then George Eliot has given us pictures of provincial and rural life which, though they lie quite at the end of the last century, and partly in the beginning of the present one, are no doubt faithful representations of our country towns and villages any time during the reign of George III. Mr. Froude, in his "Short Essays on Great Subjects," has two or three very striking papers on the condition of England during the same period, in which he claims for it the superiority over ourselves in many respects in which we have been accustomed to look down upon it from an infinite height of self-complacency. Still more lately Mr. Lecky and others have given us works of

great learning and ability on the same subject; so that public interest in the eighteenth century is now thoroughly awakened, and we begin to see, with more clearness than before, what were its leading characteristics, and to appreciate the wheat among the tares, of which last, no doubt, it yielded an abundant crop.

In looking back upon the eighteenth century, one of the first things which strike us is the air of repose which breathes over it. It reminds one of the land of the lotus-eaters, "in which it seemed always afternoon." And this, too, in spite of an occasional rebellion or a serious riot which would startle us out of our propriety at the present day. But the eighteenth century took things very easily. George II. was rather frightened in 1745; a few Londoners left the city, and a few people in the country, Lord Eldon's mother among the number, got out of the direct line of the armies. But, on the whole, the irruption of the Highlanders seems to have been regarded with great indifference. And it is wonderful how shortly all record of it was forgotten. There are probably fewer local traditions of Prince Charles's advance into England than of any event in history of equal magnitude and interest. The fact is, nobody cared. And when the Highlanders retreated the wave closed over them, and left hardly a trace behind. The British public, again reminding us of the lotus-eaters, were in no mind to be startled out of their pleasant doze. They had had enough of action and of motion; they had gone through two revolutions, a religious and a civil one. There had been burning, and fighting, and exile, and confiscation, on and off, for two centuries. They had grown weary of these troubles, and of the principles by which they had been caused. They would fight no more for an idea; of that they were quite certain. And though, when a Spaniard or a Frenchman became troublesome, John Bull flared up for a moment and chastised them, he soon sank back again into his accustomed indolence, basking in the sunshine of domestic peace and prosperity, and venerating the institutions of the country as they enabled him to do so. It is the life of "Old Leisure," that inimitable portrait drawn by one of the greatest literary artists which the fair sex has produced in this country, which greets us everywhere in that happy time, before the French Revolution had made all the world eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and had brought death and democracy into the societies of Europe.

In spite of the one great question which must still have kept the minds of politicians unsettled during the first half of the eighteenth century, the repose of which we speak extended itself to the world of politics. Till we look more closely into the matter, we are puzzled to know what the

Houses of Parliament could have found to talk about during the reign of the first two Georges. What, however, really gave life and meaning to the Parliamentary opposition of those days was that old antagonism between land and trade which was the growth of the Revolution, and of which the ridiculous side is shown us in Addison's "Freeholder," and the more reasonable one in Shelburne's "Autobiography." The complaint was, that by leaning exclusively on the trading class the Government had created an artificial interest, through which they were enabled to override the natural interests of the country, and to defy the majority of the nation. Enough of feudalism still survived to make it generally believed that the landowners under the sovereign were the natural leaders of the people. And it is the fierce struggle for existence of this ancient principle, with the new political ideas then beginning to assert themselves, which is the key to much of the Parliamentary history of the period. The country gentlemen, then the really independent party, had a second grievance also. They held that the new Parliamentary system was not constitutional. Lord Shelburne, who, for the age in which he lived, was what we should now call an advanced Liberal, constantly speaks of this system as a sham. The monarchy was only a convenient cloak for the real supremacy of a faction, and the dictatorship of a single minister. This, the country gentlemen contended, was not what they meant when they accepted the new dynasty. *Non hæc in fœdera veni*, said the Tory party. They were all stanchly monarchical, and they were now palmed off with a counterfeit. It would be foreign to the purpose of the present article to discuss the reasonableness or unreasonableness of these complaints. We are trying only to realize as closely as possible the Parliamentary life of the period, and what it was that gave reality and meaning to that Tory opposition, so much talked of and so little understood, which was led by Wyndham and inspired by Bolingbroke. We know better since the publication of Lord Shelburne's life what Sir William talked about to the Somersetshire squires when he assembled them round his table at Orchard Wyndham, or drank a glass of punch with them at the neighboring bowling-green. "During the first twenty years of the reign of George II. there were three parties: first, the old Whigs, who entirely composed the administration; secondly, the discontented Whigs, who, one after another, quarreled with Sir Robert Walpole and the main body; thirdly, the Tories, to whose character and principles sufficient justice has not been done, owing to the never-ceasing outcry of ministers in confounding them with the Jacobites; but, in fact, they were the landed interest of

England, who desired to see an honorable, dignified government, conducted with order and due economy and due subordination, in opposition to the Whigs, who courted the mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest."

These, then, were the real principles of opposition. The Whigs had exalted the trading interest at the expense of the land, and, by setting up a sham monarchy instead of a real one, had violated the spirit of the constitution. But, on the whole, it was an age of repose. Ministers had to undergo an annual baiting on the Germanizing policy of the court and on the increase of the national debt, the bugbear which afflicted our ancestors with a perpetual panic. But the outside political world was stirred hardly by a single ripple. Of legal or constitutional changes no serious sound was ever heard. When Walpole was asked by the Dissenters when the time would arrive for removing their disabilities, he answered, "Never!" Now and then there was a murmur of triennial Parliaments, and a whisper of Parliamentary reform. But the aversion of the people to any further changes was too deeply rooted to permit of either question being seriously entertained, and established institutions slumbered on in absolute security. In spite of the *parvenu* trade, the peerage and the gentry were still the real governing powers in the country, and their supremacy was cheerfully accepted as one of the eternal laws of nature. Mr. Lecky, in a very fine passage, sums up the advantages and, disadvantages of aristocratic government, deciding in its favor by several lengths, if I may use such an expression. By the aristocracy, however, he seems to mean principally the nobility; and he is clearly of opinion that the oligarchical arrangements of the eighteenth century, against which the country party protested so long and so loudly, were a decided benefit to the nation. He thinks that, as far as they still exist, they are so still. But this is a political speculation upon which I am precluded from entering.

If we turn to the Church, we find her still regarded by ninety-nine hundredths of the people as our great bulwark against Popery; and her external repose during this long period of time was even still more unruffled than the repose of the political world. It must not, however, be supposed that the apparent torpor of the eighteenth century was inconsistent with practical religion. Clarissa Harlowe, as Mr. Froude points out, found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could now; and Cowper found the same at Huntingdon in 1765. This was not the case in rural parishes, it is true; but George Eliot testifies to the truly religious spirit of the English farmers and peasantry seventy and eighty years ago; and what they were then we may

reasonably conclude them to have been seventy and eighty years before. They had that kind of religiousness which springs from absolute belief in the doctrines of religion; and, when it is said that the eighteenth century was not an age of faith, the statement can only be received with considerable reservation, and in reference to a sphere of thought far removed above the level even of the middle classes. Controversial theologians admitted that no doctrine could be authorized by faith which was not accepted by reason. But the great mass of the people knew nothing of such theories.

"To the masses of the English people," says Mr. Froude, "to the parishioners who gathered on Sunday into the churches, whose ideas were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighborhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the main facts of the Gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as true as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die, and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill they had done in life."

And as was their religious, so was their moral repose. No troublesome doubts, no distracting newspapers, found their way into those peaceful villages, where parson and squire, farmer and laborer, made up a little community by themselves, self-contained, self-governed, satisfied with themselves and with each other, and knowing nothing of and caring nothing for the great world outside. The natural and "underived" authority of the gentry and clergy was as unquestioned as the law which they administered, or the doctrines which they preached. One generation succeeded to another, but life continued just the same. The old man saw in his age the things which he had seen in his youth. That longing for confirmed tranquillity which Wordsworth speaks of as one of the strongest instincts of our nature might then be satisfied. At the present day we never know how soon any of our old landmarks, be they customs, institutions, beliefs, or even the mere features of nature, may be ruthlessly demolished. We scarcely dare allow our affections to go out from us to twine themselves round any external object, for fear it should be suddenly torn up. To be afraid to love anything for fear we should be obliged to mourn for it is one form of human unhappiness for which heavy compensation of some kind is due to us at the hands of progress. The eighteenth century had little progress; but then it had little worry, and no doubt. The most ardent Ritualist nowadays, says the

essayist already quoted, feels that the ground is hollow under him. The most ardent Conservative knows that institutions are everywhere on their trial, that authority is everywhere disputed, that subordination is everywhere derided. But to the men of the eighteenth century none of these disquieting elements presented themselves. Everything around them spoke of permanence, stability, and security; institutions were regarded as facts about which it was ridiculous to argue. It was not supposed possible that we could do without the Church and the monarchy. There was a reality and solidity about men's convictions in those days which must have been a great source of moral and intellectual comfort. Happy they who lived in the prescientific age! Happy Old Leisure, sauntering by his garden wall, and picking the leaves off the apricots! Happy old vicar, smoking his pipe in peace, unvexed of Darwins and Colensos, scratching the head of his faithful old brown setter, with his old single-barreled flint-and-steel in the corner by his side!

A good many words and phrases which were once held in high honor in the country have been turned into ridicule by the choicer religious spirits of our own time. Among these "the sober piety" of our ancestors has come in for its full share of laughter, and has been associated in people's minds with square, high-backed pews, fiddles and bassoons in the gallery, nasal responses pronounced by the clerk alone, and a good deal of sleeping during the sermon. Yet it is doubtful if more solid fruits were not borne by this uninteresting tree than are produced either by the fervor of Ritualism or the inspirations of "Humanity." Whether it is a fact or not that English work, for instance, has fallen off since the eighteenth century in thoroughness and honesty, I do not undertake to say; but the affirmative has been widely maintained, without, as far as I know, provoking any serious contradiction, and has been acknowledged with regret by some of the warmest friends and admirers of the working classes. The evil, however, if it really exist, is not confined to them. Small traders of every description are charged with selling and constructing articles which are not what they represent them to be; and that old English pride in a good piece of honest work which was once so general is said to be growing rarer and rarer. If so, I cannot imagine anything more calculated to make us doubtful of the superior religious earnestness of the present day. At all events, without proceeding any further with this comparison, I shall certainly claim for the eighteenth century its own fair share of earnestness both in religion and the duties of daily life.

And there is no doubt that in some other qualities which the general consent of mankind

has till quite recent times esteemed highly beneficial to society, the eighteenth century was more largely endowed than its successor—I mean respect for law and constituted authority as such, and that kind of rational self-knowledge which recognizes the facts of human nature, and not only sees nothing degrading in subordination, but accepts it as the one essential principle of all permanent political communities. This, too, is earnestness of its kind—a determination not to be turned away from facing realities by any flattering or sentimental theories which rest on no visible foundation. I hope I shall not be so far misunderstood as to be supposed to deny that there is any other kind of earnestness. There is the earnestness of inquiry and curiosity—the earnestness which seeks the law within the law. But there is also the earnestness which comes of a simple desire to perform our allotted duties under the system of things which we find to be in existence, and asks for no higher satisfaction than the consciousness of having been successful. I cannot help thinking that of this kind of earnestness there was rather more in the last century than there is in the present. The motto of Englishmen then was *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*. And it was, I think, the mixture of this simple sense of duty with the coarser moral fiber of the period which produced such men as Clive and Hastings, and many of our great Indian and colonial administrators, with whom their duty to their country was an all-sufficient motive of action, and ample warrant for the means they might adopt in the discharge of it.

The coarseness of private manners was only one form of the general license which was the inevitable product of the Revolution. It was not till late in the eighteenth century that society began to recover from the moral shock occasioned by the rupture of old ties, the rejection of old sanctions, and the extinction of an old faith which followed that event. The ideal, romantic, or imaginative element—call it what you will—had been crushed out of Church and State with the expulsion of the Stuarts and the remodeling of our religious institutions on a rational basis. The inevitable result was an influx among the upper classes of both political and religious indifference, which, where it did not end in absolute skepticism, was wholly ineffectual against the temptations of the world and the flesh. The influence, in a word, of the English Revolution upon English morals was the influence of all revolutions upon all morals in all ages of the world. Political infidelity is their first fruit, and social license their second. The effect in England was visible of course long before the final act of that great drama. But with that period we are not concerned. A change began to show

itself after the middle of the century. We hear no more of such doings as went on with Queen Caroline's maids of honor; of such letters as may be found in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Political corruption began to wane, and after one fresh outburst under Fox and Newcastle at the beginning of George III.'s reign, subsided forever. Literature became purer, and "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Peregrine Pickle" gradually became impossibilities. Mr. Lecky has noticed, in a very interesting passage, the concurrent influence of Wesley and Lord Chatham in this purification of the atmosphere. To these names may be added those of Johnson and Cowper. Chatham in politics, Wesley in religion, and Johnson and Cowper in literature, were working for the same end. Chatham infused a wholly new tone into the language of public men. Wesley recalled society to some small consideration for its eternal welfare; and Johnson showed how a man of infinite humor, robust common sense, and of a strong animal nature, could be at the same time "the great moralist," the enthusiastic High Churchman, and the conscientious Christian. The influence of Cowper is to be traced rather in our literature than in our manners; and it must be confessed that down even to the French Revolution, manners, in spite of Wesley and in spite of Johnson, retained much of their original laxity. That awful crash sobered them in a moment. The English aristocracy began to be afraid of opinion; and Charles Fox dated the downfall of good-fellowship, and of really good conversation, which to be good must be fearless, from the same epoch. So late, however, as 1787 we find plenty of evidence that "society" had not lost its spirits. In March, 1787, Sir Gilbert Elliot writes to his wife as follows: "From the opera I went to Mrs. Crewe's (to supper), where there was a large party and pleasant people among them—for example, Tom Pelham, Mundy, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, etc.; besides all which were three young men so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly. They were Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and a Mr. Gifford, who is lately come to a good estate of about five thousand pounds a year, the whole of which he is in the act of spending in one or two years at most—and this without a grain of sense, without any fun to himself or entertainment to others. He never uttered a word, though as drunk as the other two, who were both riotous, and began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Palmerston fled from their side table to ours, and Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off."

And again, two months afterward: "I was

last night at the masquerade at Vauxhall with the Palmerstons, the Culverdens, Miss Burney, Windham, Pelham, etc. I went in despair, as I always do on such services; but it answered vastly well, and I was more amused than usual at such places. The buildings and decorations were really fine and well designed. No heat nor much cold; a great many people, but no crowd on account of the ground. A good supper and a blackguardish company, with a dash of good company, and no riot while we staid, which was past three o'clock; but the Vauxhall *squeak* was just heard, and people were becoming very *tender* and very quarrelsome."

And in fact the extent to which society in those days lived out of doors and in public must have been a constant temptation to intrigue. Its masquerades, its Vauxhall Gardens, its Mrs. Cornely's, afforded every facility for assignations and adventures of every kind; and, if we may credit the "Gentleman's Magazine," were sometimes made use of for the perpetration of criminal outrages. The miscellaneous character of the company, moreover, was anything but favorable to innocence; nuns from Drury Lane, and milkmaids from St. James's Square, mixing together with perfect freedom and equality. A further illustration of the laxity of tone at all events, which still prevailed in good society, may be seen in a letter written by Miss North to a female friend, and published in the Auckland memoirs, in which she regales her with the latest piece of scandal in a style as piquant as it is surprising.

One of the greatest social nuisances of the eighteenth century were the men-servants. We all know the figure they make in the plays of that period; the impudent blackguards whom any gentleman at the present day would kick down stairs before they had been five minutes in his company. These are doubtless exaggerations; but the fact was, that in the fashionable world at that time a servant was under little more obligation to be civil to his master than a cabman is now to be civil to his fare. He lived by society more than by any individual member of it. His real wages were the vails which were paid him by his master's friends; and a place was then good or bad, not according to the character of the employer, the amount of work which he required, or the money remuneration which he paid, but according to the number and quality of his company. This system naturally led to servants being kept in great numbers. In "The Constant Couple" we find a widow lady and her daughter, of good position, but not particularly rich, with four footmen in the house. They formed a society of their own, with their own rights and privileges, and could be as trouble-

some on occasion as the 'prentices of London were a century before. They had the right of free admission to the upper gallery of the theater. And when their riotous behavior made it necessary to expel them, in the year 1737, it was not done till five-and-twenty persons had been seriously injured. As they lived principally on board wages, they had their own clubs and taverns, as indeed they have now, where they swore, drank, and gambled like their betters. Of the grievous burden which the system of vails entailed upon the poorer class of visitors when money was worth nearly double what it is now, innumerable anecdotes remain. Of these the most amusing is of Steele and Bishop Hoadly visiting the Duke of Marlborough, when, on taking their departure through lines of rich liveries, Steele found he had not got money enough for the whole number, and made the servants a speech instead, complimenting them on their critical powers, and inviting them all gratis to Drury Lane Theater to whatever play they might choose to bespeak. The worst of it was that guests were expected to fee all the servants in the house, from the highest to the lowest; and Mr. Roberts has preserved a table of vails kept by one of the Burrell family, in which the gardeners, under-gardeners, under-cook, errand-boy, and nurse figure with the chief domestics. The nuisance, however, was very tenacious of life, and is not dead yet. In fact, among one class of country servants, namely gamekeepers, it is hardly, if at all, abated.

Before quitting London for the country, as the Londoners themselves always did in the month of May, I may glance briefly at the literature of the age of which London was the center. We all know Macaulay's picture of the degraded condition of literature between the disappearance of the patron and the formation of a reading public, a period of time which may be said to extend from about 1720 to 1780. De Quincey, while denying that men of letters were worse off pecuniarily during this period than either before or since, declares that it was then that literature, "from being the noblest of professions, became a trade." He attributes the change to "expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, which called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers." This remark seems much too sweeping; and a better account is to be found in De Quincey's own remarks on the influence of novels upon literature. Politics and journalism have no doubt a tendency to debase literature, because, by using it as an instrument, they are compelled to recognize mediocrity. When political writing becomes one of the necessities of society, like medicine or law, we must take what we can get; the very best, if possible; if not, what is pos-

sible. But then, on the other hand, in political writing there is always scope for the very highest literary ability. In this country alone, take Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Burke, and Junius, and consider what standards of political and periodical writing they have established, and we shall hardly say that the influence upon literature of "an expanding partisanship and expanding politics" has been wholly bad. With novels the reverse is the case. Journalism, if injurious to the dignity of literature, is favorable to the cultivation of style. Of fiction, on the other hand, if worthier to be called a fine art, the tendency is rather to neglect form. And, what is more, the popularity of fiction causes it to be chosen as a medium for the exposition of theories, which cannot fail to suffer in a literary sense from the atmosphere with which they are surrounded, though a larger number of readers may at the moment be secured for them. In the political and the religious novel of the present day, we see the system in operation. Yet who can doubt that the political principles recommended to us in "Coningsby" and "Sybil" could have been far more effectively presented in another shape? It was a necessary part of the author's purpose to secure for these theories as wide a circulation as possible; and he very wisely, therefore, sacrificed literary effect to the attainment of a higher object. But that it *was* a sacrifice I shall always continue to think. To mix love, and pleasure, and racing, and hunting with a fine political dissertation, is like putting sugar into dry sherry. More people will like it. But the wine is ruined.

Now in the eighteenth century this system was unknown; Essay kept herself to herself. And nobody can regret that we did not have the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," or the "Letter to a Noble Lord," in the form of a three-volume novel. The humor, the wit, and the singular dramatic power displayed in Lord Beaconsfield's novels, make it difficult to wish that they had been anything but what they are; but, as a general principle, controversy and fiction are not well suited to each other. The comparative effect upon literature of novels and newspapers would make an excellent subject for a special essay; but I cannot carry the subject any further at present, except to add that as the expansion of fiction has been more mischievous to style than the expansion of journalism, literary style in consequence is one of the accomplishments in which the last century was superior to the present one. Lord Macaulay, I suppose, is our great master of style; but then in Lord Macaulay's style the influence of journalism is conspicuous. It is the style of Dr. Johnson taken down from its pedestal and adapted to every-day life—to the time and the comprehension of cursory and hur-

ried readers. In the face of such a master, it would be wrong indeed to say that style is not studied at the present day. Macaulay, in fact, has founded a school. He has done for prose what Pope did in the last century for verse; and what he himself says of Pope's imitators might be applied *verbatim* to his own. Nor is Lord Macaulay, of course, the only English writer of the nineteenth century who has cultivated style as Johnson and as Burke cultivated it: what is meant is, that it is no longer universally regarded as an integral part of literature which no man can neglect who aspires to literary fame. It is considered sufficient at the present day that an author should say what he has to say in an easy and perspicuous manner, without giving himself any trouble to choose the most felicitous expressions, to place each word where it will have the most weight, or to observe the order of thought in the construction of his sentences. Now, if the eighteenth-century men did not always do this, they at least acknowledged the obligation; and the whole prose literature of the century bears the impress of this recognition. You can hardly take up a book or an essay written by a man of any note during this period, without seeing that its composition has been carefully attended to. This was that "elegance" of which, in eighteenth-century criticism, we hear so much, but which nowadays has fallen into such utter disrepute that to call a man an elegant writer is almost equivalent to laughing at him.

Nor can I help thinking, I confess, in spite of Macaulay and De Quincey, that literature, if not literary men, was held in higher esteem in the last century than it is in the present one. Has there been any one in this century who has occupied the same position in English society as first Pope and afterward Dr. Johnson occupied in the society of that? It was not merely Pope the poet or Johnson the moralist to whom the honor was paid, it was paid to each as the acknowledged chief and representative of English literature. Whether what some people call mere literature, and others pure literature, is considered worthy of any such homage at the present day, is at least a very doubtful point.

The condition into which the English universities were allowed to sink in the eighteenth century was not without its good side, and might be traceable in part to that respect for literature as an end in itself, and not as a means to something else, which university reformers are now endeavoring to revive. The theory still was that the university was an institution for original study and research; that young men went up to it for literary purposes alone and not for social ones; and consequently that they were to be left comparatively unfettered in their course of reading.

Johnson, indeed, says that in his time they seldom read any books but such as were prescribed by their tutors; but still the understanding was that all alike came to read, and that compulsion in the shape of a test examination was consequently unnecessary. The tradition lingered at Oxford till the end of the century; and on the proposed introduction of the new system in the year 1800 it was objected to it, I believe, that it would destroy the independence and the leisure essential to a literary community, and that the yoke of education would prove as fatal to the spirit of learning as, according to the good old joke, marriage is to love. The answer to this was, that you could not kill that which was already dead; that the spirit of learning no longer breathed within its ancient haunts; and that as the university had no longer any claims to live at leisure, she must condescend to make herself useful. Whether Oxford and Cambridge in the eighteenth century really deserved these taunts may possibly be open to doubt. Gibbon's experience of Magdalen, and Lord Eldon's account of his own examination for his degree, have always been received as conclusive evidence on the subject; but Gibbon was a gentleman-commoner, and down to within a very recent date gentlemen-commoners had almost the same license as he had. Lord Eldon speaks only of the examination, and says nothing of the studies of the place. We see from Johnson that in 1730 lectures were pretty regularly given, that attendance on them was required, and that some pupils, at all events, took copious notes of what they heard, since Johnson himself used to go to Taylor at Christ Church to copy his notes of Mr. Bateman's lectures. From what we afterward hear of Taylor, he does not seem to have been a man of exceptional intellectual activity, and we cannot therefore suppose that his industry was an exceptional case. The college exercises, which seem to have been handed about the university, kept up the spirit of emulation to a certain extent; and, on the whole, we should be disposed to think that there was a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts which have come down to us of college life in those days. The university no doubt, like many other things in the eighteenth century, was in a process of transition. She had ceased in great measure to be a metropolis of learning; she had not yet begun to be a metropolis of education. In this stage of her existence she presented, like the old borough system, one of those practical anomalies which it is impossible to justify to the public either by the principles which they represent or the fruits which they occasionally produce. The university reformers of the present day seem disposed to allow that the educational machinery

grafted on to the university at the beginning of the present century has not been without some of the bad effects which were then predicted from it; and political reformers may be found who say as much of the first Reform Bill. But in the case of all such anomalies as the two in question, the world at large is so much more sure of the evil than it is of the good that when once called in question they are almost surely doomed. The principle seems up in the clouds, among the *τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα*, while the grievance is under our very noses. The results of the old system are not appreciated till they are missed, or it is thought that they will be just as attainable under the new one. At all events, there is no stopping people from interfering with any institution which has not something solid to show for itself. Principles are not sufficient.

The social life of the last century in the two universities must have been extremely remote from the experience of any living men. The coffee-house system seems then to have flourished in the university as much as it did in London. And it appears from Mr. Wordsworth's account that the residents had far greater liberty in such matters than they have now. Undergraduates appear to have spent their evenings at coffee-houses, and to have sneaked into college at one o'clock in the morning without rebuke. Johnson, it may be remembered, talks of drinking with a friend at an ale-house near Pembroke Gate; and Paley, we are told, at Cambridge always went after dinner to the coffee-house in Trumpington Street, and finished with supper at "Dockerell's."

But perhaps the most interesting and curious of all the features of old Oxford life was the Jacobitism which still lingered there within the memory of men who were alive twenty years ago. One such, at all events, used to be pointed out to us when the present writer was at Oxford, in the person of the President of Magdalen, the venerable Dr. Routh, who died in 1859 in the one-hundredth year of his age. He, we were always told, had seen Dr. Johnson coming in and out of University College, and in the Magdalen common room had drunk to the king over the water. As Charles Edward did not die till 1788, and as we know that so late as 1770 the French Government had designs on foot for restoring him to the English throne, it is perfectly possible that the old habit may have survived down to the time when Routh became a fellow. Scott tells us that Sir Arthur Wardour continued to pray for the restoration of the Stuarts after the family was extinct; and if so, English Jacobites may easily have continued to drink to it only ten years after it had been contemplated as an actual possibility. Still, to have

gazed upon a man who had actually passed his glass over the water-bottle in honor of his exiled king always seems to me, when I look back upon it, more like a dream than a reality. At all events, the fact, if it be one, is only one more illustration of the remark with which I set out, namely, that one great attraction of the eighteenth century is its combined nearness to and remoteness from our own epoch. Mr. Lecky seems to think that Jacobitism disappeared from Oxford at a comparatively early period of the eighteenth century; but the custom of drinking "the king's health," at all events, flourished in full vigor down to as late a date as when that king was Charles III. An old Oxford friend has frequently assured me that his own great-uncle remembered the fellows of Balliol going down on their knees in the snow to drink the king's health, and putting a young nobleman under the pump who refused to join in the toast.

Passing from Oxford and Cambridge to provincial towns in general, we find a kind of life in the eighteenth century which has now almost wholly disappeared. In country towns in those days a better class of society resided; there was more leisure and consequently more society than there is now. In the winter time, the county families often took houses for the season in some adjoining town, where they could enjoy society without going a dozen miles across country through roads covered with snow or plowed into ruts knee-deep. Theaters, baths, assemblies, and entertainments of every kind then gave life and light to many an old country town which is now almost like a catacomb. Then, too, when so many of the country gentlemen never left home all their lives, they dealt exclusively with country tradespeople, and thus created a market for goods of a superior description, which it is difficult to obtain now anywhere but in London. Then in all the principal county towns there were shops which in all essential accommodation could compete with the best in the metropolis. The proprietor attended in person, attired with scrupulous neatness, and waited behind the counter himself on his more valued customers. The streets were thronged with carriages, the inn-yards were full, and an air of substantial prosperity pervaded the whole place, which, in too many instances, railways have partially destroyed. By its patronage of local trade, the local aristocracy kept up its influence; and though every town which was large enough to have two parties was divided into Whig and Tory, a Radical would have been regarded everywhere with horror as a species of parricide. The mob, generally speaking, were Tories and Churchmen to the backbone, and the predominant feeling almost everywhere was the one so charmingly satirized

in "Janet's Repentance." Into the life of our large manufacturing towns some interesting glimpses are afforded us in the life of Crompton, the inventor of the mule: "The better class of the inhabitants for that time, and for the half century following, had thus so much leisure time to dispose of, that habits of social intercourse were established, and a consequent courtesy of manners acquired which, unfortunately, has not been in every case maintained. The theater was a fashionable and well-frequented place of amusement, and dancing assemblies were frequent and well attended. The education afforded at the grammar school was of a high order; indeed, the fact that Ainsworth, the grammarian, to whom every English scholar owes a debt of gratitude, was himself educated and afterward taught a school in Bolton, is sufficient evidence that polite literature was estimated at its proper value, and produced its legitimate fruit."

Thus both the minor aristocracy, who lived exclusively in the country, and the inhabitants of towns had in those days a life of their own more varied and sociable than anything which exists at present in the English provinces. The provincial stage was then an institution of importance. Provincial watering-places were ten times as numerous as they are at present; and shortly after the middle of the century sea-bathing was added to the list of amusements in which the country gentleman could participate. It was some time, however, before bathing-machines were constructed; and when they were, people did not always understand the use of them. My readers may remember the misadventure of Matthew Bramble at Scarborough. The passion for sea-bathing, however, steadily increased, and north, east, south, and west, little fishing-towns or small seaports became transformed into fashionable watering-places much to the disgust of the old inhabitants, who found the new-comers superior to themselves in station, and as these formed an exclusive society of their own, admission to which became an object of ambition to the local magnates, these were gradually withdrawn from their former associates, and the old social circle was destroyed. Before this time, high and low had been accustomed to meet together at the bar, the Fives Court, and the belfry, and to join in the amusements of cock-fighting and badger-baiting. "But when they strangers comed," said an old woman of ninety to Mr. Roberts,¹ "then the town was a-spoiled."

The country gentleman at home in the eighteenth century had quite as full a round of amusements as he has now. The bowling-green was then an institution in every country town of any

magnitude, where both sexes met in the summer time to dine, dance, and play at bowls. There seems to have been also a great deal of morning visiting as well among the gentlemen as the ladies. Lord Shelburne tells us that, in his time, in Wiltshire—that is, about the beginning of George III.'s reign—when families called on each other, the gentlemen were shown into one room and the ladies into another. Wine and beer were immediately placed before the men, "who, when they had done, sent to tell the women. . . . Several of the best gentlemen, and members for the county," he says, "drunk nothing but beer." On this subject Mr. Roberts has collected some curious particulars. Toward the close of the last century ale or "strong beer," as it is still called in the western counties, a liquor quite different from London ale, was brought up in decanters marked with an oat, and drunk out of long glasses, after dinner, as wine is now. At some hunt dinners it was the fashion to drink thirteen toasts in strong beer, after which each man drank what he liked. There was a particularly strong beer called Dorset beer—"a foolish drink," as one gentleman calls it, in 1725, who had taken rather too much of it overnight, and felt stupid in consequence all the next day. It may have been this beer of which Edmund Smith drank to such excess that he died from the effects of it in 1710.

Country life then seems on the whole to have been more sociable than it is now, though manners were much more coarse. But there was one taste which sprang up in the eighteenth century against which no such charge can be brought; that is the taste for landscape-gardening introduced by Kent and Bridgman, and patronized by Pope and Addison. This taste, however, did not spread beyond the higher aristocracy; and among the country gentlemen of modest fortunes ornamental gardening seems to have been very little practiced. At the present day, when we come across one of these "ghostly halls of gray renown," now turned into farmhouses, which are so common in many parts of England, it is rare to find any traces of a flower garden still remaining. We see the old fish ponds, or the hollows where the fish ponds were. We see large kitchen gardens and orchards, and inclosures which were once deer parks, but few or no traces of extensive pleasure grounds.

What kind of life went on within these old halls when the men returned from hunting and shooting cannot be understood by taking any one account of country life which has been left to us by any single author. Sir Roger de Coverley, Squire Western, Squire Allworthy, Sir Charles Grandison, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldeston, Sir Everard Waverley, the fox-hunters of Cowper and

¹ "Social History of Southern England."

Thomson, no doubt possess elements of truth. That a country dinner party, and the long evening which followed it, was sometimes such as Thomson has described in his "Autumn," may readily be believed; and, making large allowance for poetical exaggeration, we might accept the picture as a representative one of rural manners in general in the year 1750. The dinner is of the well-known kind—sirloins, pasties, puddings; the drink is ale, and the talk is of the day's sport. After dinner comes an interval of punch and strong beer, followed by whist or backgammon, during which some men smoke their pipes, while others have a romp with the young ladies. These frivolous diversions over, the business of the evening begins—

"The dry divan
Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
For serious drinking,"

til all succumb to its effects but one man, and he the parson of the parish. In all this, of course, there is vast exaggeration; but no doubt Thomson may have seen something not very unlike it among the Warwickshire and Worcestershire squires when visiting his noble patrons. And if for romping we read dancing, and deduct a certain amount of inebriety, we have a picture before us which is probably not far from the truth. It is remarkable that in this well-known scene, exaggerated as it may be, we have direct evidence in refutation of another social theory on the subject of the eighteenth century, which Mr. Lecky has adopted with perhaps too little consideration. Here we find the vicar dining with the squire on perfectly equal terms, and seeing all his flock under the table. This is not the position of a humble and despised dependent, who leaves table with the cheese, and marries his patron's mistress. Mr. Lecky would say, perhaps, that he was speaking only of one class of the clergy, namely, domestic chaplains and the poorer class of curates. But he does not describe them as exceptions. The fact is, there were the same distinctions between the clergy in the eighteenth century as there are in the nineteenth. There were the sons of poor parents sent to college perhaps because they showed some turn for reading, but without either the interest or the ability to help them to a fellowship or a living, and who scrambled through life as best they could on very humble means, subject to all the mortifications of genteel poverty, and to all the indignities which an age less delicate than our own was sure to heap upon it. But there were, also, as there are now, the younger sons of the gentry, who succeeded to the family livings, the holders of college livings and chancellors' livings, all of whom mingled on equal terms with the country society, and

took part in both its business and its pleasures. The town clergy, it is allowed, were men of learning and refinement, and generally respected by all parties; so that, after all, the unfavorable picture drawn of the whole body will apply only to a small class.

Whether we take the clergyman of real life, such as Johnson's friend Dr. Taylor; the clergyman of satire, such as Thomson's "doctor of tremendous paunch," and Cowper's "plump convivial parson"; or the clergyman of fiction, such as Mr. Irwin and Mr. Gilfil, we see equally that the country rector or vicar of the eighteenth century was, *mutatis mutandis*, much what he was in the earlier part of the nineteenth. And the same social distinction which existed then between the two classes of the clergy does even now exist, in a less marked but not a less real form. Mr. Trollope knows this, and has described it too in "The Claverings" with perfect truth. The difference between Mr. Saul and Mr. Clavering is but the reflection of a real social difference, of which a perfect illustration may be found in the "Life of Jones of Nayland." Mr. Froude's picture of the country vicar in the first quarter of the present century may be appealed to in confirmation of these remarks, since he was substantially the same man as his father and grandfather: "He farmed his own glebe. He was a magistrate, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions; and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, was the most effective guardian of the public peace. He affected neither austerity nor singularity. He rode, shot, hunted, and ate like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon him, he kept the hounds. In dress and habit he was simply a superior small country gentleman, very far from immaculate; but, taken altogether, a wholesome and solid member of practical English life."

It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the country clergy of the eighteenth century were socially inferior to the country clergy of the nineteenth. The reverse is nearer to the truth. They were eminently "unclerical" in their habits. Sometimes they were sensual and slothful. The few among them who had any taste for reading were scholars rather than divines, and preferred Euripides to Chrysostom. But they held their own in society, and were just as much gentlemen as they are now; while I confess I am disposed to think, with Mr. Froude, that they had more influence with their parishioners than the present race of clergymen, zealous and ascetic as they may be.

If, finally, we turn to the farmers and the peasantry of the middle of the last century, we shall have no difficulty in pronouncing its social

condition superior to our own. The farmers lived in a homelier and more frugal manner, but they lived in comfort, and were strangers to social discontent. Game was not then preserved as it is now; and Gilbert White thought him a very unreasonable sportsman who killed twenty brace of partridges in a day. Shooting, probably, was seldom or never let over the tenant's head. His landlord was generally resident, and the farm descended in the same families for generations. Witness the old song:

"The farm which I hold on your honor's estate
Is the same which my grandfather tilled."

There was no grumbling at the game laws in those days, for nobody was injured by them. There was no demand for tenant right, for the farmers were contented with their own position, and it never occurred to them to ask for any share of the proprietorship. Nor was there any dissatisfaction with the tenure of land in general, as the possession of it was more generally diffused, and it was less coveted than it is now, either as a commercial investment or an *ἀγαλμα πλοῦτος*. Toward the close of the century, however, a change began. The nabob came into existence. The duke and the marquis were not to be outshone by him; and the process of buying out the smaller gentry began in earnest. Society in general became more ostentatious, and the change, according to Cowper, found its way into farmhouses. But the change was very gradual. And thirty years ago the old type of farmer still survived in sufficient numbers for middle-aged men to have formed a pretty accurate conception of what he was a hundred years ago.

On the condition of the peasantry it is unnecessary to dilate at much length. The inclosure of the wastes and commons did not begin on any

large scale till the last quarter of the century. And we have only to compare the rate of wages with the price of provisions in the reign of George II., to see that the ordinary day laborer was better off than he was at any time between the close of the American War and the great rise in wages which has taken place within the last few years. In his habits he was honest, industrious, and temperate. He had elbow-room in his native village, a roomy cottage, a good garden, and the common for his pigs and geese. The village public house was comparatively unknown. The church was well attended; and as group after group of men approached the church porch on Sunday they would be seen to stoop down to untie the strings of their knee-breeches, that they might kneel down properly in church. As the century drew to a close, however, the circumstances of the peasant changed. And if we look at Crabbe's account of him we shall see the approach of those conditions which in another generation caused him to become a by-word.

Such was the eighteenth century as I love to depict it to myself: a century not overburdened with delicacy or scrupulousness of any kind, but bluff, hale, and hearty; a century of great moral and mental tranquillity, of some coarseness and animalism, and of unruffled religious belief among the great masses of the people; a century in which the landmarks were not removed, and abuses were allowed to spread in picturesque luxuriance over all our most venerable institutions; a century, nevertheless, of great men and great deeds, in which England rose to a predominant place among the nations of the world, and fitted herself to perform the great part which Providence had in store for her as the saviour of the liberties of Europe.

T. E. KEBBEL, in *Cornhill Magazine*.

CHRYSANTHEMA GATHERED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PERHAPS scholars have heard and read quite enough about the Greek Anthology. It has become historical, as all collected poems do, a storehouse not unlocked unless to group or edit the contents; this record of the manifold life of a thousand years has been made into a book, and has lost some of its vitality in the making. There is plenty of question about the different anthologies, and some little about the separate authors and their poems. But, on the other hand, poetry-lovers, and specially lovers of songs, hardly know how many of their favorites are

there in original form. English people who love Herrick and Ben Jonson do not all know that Meleager was in love with daffodils, and wrote about the wreath he made of them very much as Herrick would have done; that Agathias as good as wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (the first verse of it at least, and the second is to be found unfathered in the fifth book of the Anthology¹ too); and that, to speak in reverse

¹ The references throughout are to the "Anthologia Palatina" (instruit Fred. Dübner, Paris, 1864).

order of time, Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare and Spenser can all be quoted in it. There are epigrams with the stamp of each upon the face of them.

These lovers of song—they may not care for history, and are, very likely, quite ignorant of Herrick's life and Jonson's—will not want to hear much about the song-writers themselves; and there is not much to tell. "Herrick" and "Jonson" are to them respectively the names of a good many and a few well-known and well-loved verses, and so should Callimachus, for instance, and Agathias, and of course Meleager be; and that would be a great deal better fame for these poets than that students only should know about them as represented by certain numbers in the great drift-heap of the Anthology. Plato and Simonides have their better fame elsewhere, and are not in such risk of being laid by. This, then, is what I want to give: some readable little English poems written to all intents and purposes a great while ago in Greek. An accurate recognition of each poet as an individual cannot perhaps be made out of the original language, scarcely even there; but, just as Keats by his temperament met Homer half-way in Chapman, lovers of the Elizabethan poets and of modern poetry, as well as Greek scholars or better, can meet these very men with their sweethearts and their garlands "in their habit as they lived" so many hundred years gone by.

Now, for us to do this with ease and pleasure, we must meet them under some guise familiar to us, and not dull. This brings us to the question of meters. With our ears accustomed to such a great number of lyric forms, we must have variety above all else. For different subjects we want different keys and different time, as in music. We have a strong instance of this in Tennyson's work. For the monotone of sorrow he takes one grave meter; but in "Maud," where the movement is as complex as life's, he varies the meters to correspond with it as best may be. The translator who would use one meter for these Greek epigrams would have written "Maud" in couplets. Hexameters and pentameters and occasional iambs are the meters of the Anthology; but they are not familiar to us and never will be, unless combined with rhyme (and always the more rhyme the better), when they present as good a means as can be found for faithful and rhythmical translations; and heroic couplets which to us take the place of the longer lines to the Greek ear are generally dull. There is no denying that. Take up any book of unbroken couplets, and it will certainly prove less inviting than it could possibly have done in any other form, blank verse included. It is true that in English literature heroic couplets do best

clothe the epigram; but then we must bear this in mind: what is nearest to our sympathies in the work of these so-called "epigrammatic" poets is not, as we now speak, epigrammatic at all. Many of the verses are rhetorical exercises, jokes, and so forth; but even of these (as Mr. Symonds has shown in his "Greek Poets") most, though they have the point of an epigram, have not its sting. Meleager's "wreath of songs" was a collection of lyrics, most of them short and nearly all memorable, but their incisiveness is very different from the precision we look for in an epigram; they are not forced or witty, many of them just idyls. In our English with its wide vocabulary, and if he had been writing for print and not for graving, it is not perhaps impertinent to suppose that he and his fellows, if not his predecessors, would have chosen the sonnet form. For the sonnet with its beautiful order, its strict rules, any one of which broken is an offense to the cultivated ear, and with the manifold changes of tone, the simplicity, and the neatness which it admits, is really our best equivalent for the eight or ten hexameters and pentameters in which most of our favorite Greek epigrams are contained. As it is, a translator cannot render these into sonnets without a little undue expansiveness; but where the epigram is of fourteen lines, or even twelve, he may fairly cast it into a sonnet, as I shall hope to show in one or two examples by and by.

To rondels and other "molds," so to speak, for English verse, we are not accustomed. I am afraid, if I were to try these, I should not be simple enough for a translator. The charm of a rondel is its artificial grace, delighting the eye and ear. The charm of a translation in verse is that the verse should neither load the sense nor tangle it. So I have not inserted any rondels, the most delicate webs of love-song possible.

We need not hesitate over the story of the Anthology as it has come down to us; Mr. Symonds has made it all interesting already, and what matters to us is that we have the poems in their original form. Being fugitive pieces, they will speak for themselves. We don't want to say, "Now, all this was a man's diathesis, and here is his heart-beat," but "Here is this man's heart-beat: judge his diathesis."

The first collection that was made of Greek epigrams was Meleager's, just before the Christian era, and his way of collecting them is quite the most charming of all. He gathers the songs into a wreath, as he calls it, giving to each poet a symbolic flower; and, though he gives all sorts of flowers, for health, and rest, and pleasuring, he gives no poppy to any one, which we must take to mean that they are none of them dull. This is how he introduces them: I have put the

preface into blank verse, to preserve the quantities for any one who cares to read it, not because among so many names strange to us we can hope to see all the pretty touches of the poem :

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my Muse,
And who among the bards hath made this wreath ?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Mæro, many a one,
And Sappho's flowers—so few, but roses all—
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns—and thy young branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna, too,
Clear as the girl's own skin—and hyacinth,
Alcæus' hyacinth that speaks to bards—
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnesalcus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs
Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore ;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey—with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.

This is Dioscorides's. We must find one epigram of his, at all events :

And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree—
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phaennus' flax plant—Simmias' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and—gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses—golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides,
And old Anacreon—that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs :
And the rough whitethorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture—as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom—
Young shoots of Alexander's olive grown
And Polycleitus' dark-blue cornflower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress : and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift.

That is Hermodorus. There is only one epigram of his in the Anthology, a beautiful one upon a statue of Athene :

And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus—
Flowers of the field—and windflowers springing glad
In airs Sicilian

(that is a periphrasis for Asclepias, perhaps, for these flowers are for the poets of country life)—

. . . . and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Chæræmon's leafy lotus, mixing it
With phlox of Phædimus and camomile—
The crinkled oxeys—of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas—
The wine-cup's charm—and Phanieus' beanflowers,
too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards,
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

There it is with its *envoi*. Nothing about order except the order of taste, as if he were really plaiting a garland—just the praise of a book of pleasant verses. Now, to make any portion of the Anthology come to us anything like what Meleager's collection was, we want to make a wreath of songs, too—to get a taste of a great many writers at their best. Only we must plait our flowers with this difference—that Meleager's own early violets take the place of a great many of the poets' flowers whom he quoted.

Mr. Wright's little book, "The Golden Treasury of Greek Poetry," published in 1867 in the "Clarendon Press Series," gives a taste of a great many very good, nay, perhaps best things, all through Greek literature, and his specimens from the Anthology are as good as the rest. The book is handy and available ; and he has tied up the epigrams in groups which give some sort of order, and allow a sufficient variety. It were pity to do again what he has done so well, especially as by choosing his selection nearly all references and Greek letters can be avoided ; so I shall take it for basis, and try and be clear and simple in my renderings and as interesting as I can. I shall want to add some few epigrams, nearly all of them Meleager's, and shall do so from time to time at the end of that group of Mr. Wright's to which they severally appertain.

We need not trouble ourselves about all the very classical epitaphs which form his first group. They have not the personal interest of those which come later in the fourth section, being for the most part rhetorical exercises—models of brevity and fullness in the Greek, but thankless in English verse, and indeed in print altogether. The longest of them, for instance, which has its *locus classicus* in Demosthenes's "De Coronâ," has been done scores of times and never yet made thrilling. It is no doubt rather out of compliment and custom that Mr. Wright has included it. Scholars look for it everywhere, and

I hope they will not be disappointed to forego their favorite here; it is quite too involved for translation, and has in itself none of the special charm of the Greek epigram—terseness with limpidity.

Here are his first two, epitaphs of Simonides, who lived a good five hundred years before Christ, "On them that fell with Leonidas":

For their dear country these her quenchless glory
Won, for themselves the dusky shroud of death.
By that same death they live, whose echoing story
Rings from the halls Hades inhabiteth.

And—

Stranger! tell Lacedæmon—here we lie!
Hers was the word and ours the will to die.

And here is a fine traditionary epitaph for Achilles:

This mound, the Achæans reared—Achilles' tomb—
For terror to the Trojans yet to be,
Leans shoreward that his mighty spirit whom
Sea Thetis bore may hear its dirge of the sea.

I should like to add this noble and characteristic one of Dioscorides. (I promised one of his for the sake of Meleager's wreath.) But I am afraid I must give a reference here to the "Palatine Anthology" (vii., 434):

The mother sent eight sons against the foe—
Eight sons beneath one pillar buried she,
Nor wept for grief, nor spake aught else but—"Oh,
These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee!"

And now, commencing Mr. Wright's second section, we come straight upon Meleager's "Spring Song," which might be—I had almost written must be—Spenser's work in Greek, and which is one of the loveliest as it is one of the longest pieces in the Anthology. As there is evidently the Alexandrian touch about it, and the work is almost of the Christian era, I shall expand it a little more, in English, than I should venture to do were it the work of an earlier period:

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery Spring:
Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
Young plants may choose themselves appareling.

Now, drinking tender dews of generous morn,
The meadows break into their summer smile,
The rose unfolds her leaves: and glad, the while,
In far-off hills the shepherd winds his horn,
And his white brede the goatherd's heart beguile.

Now sail the sailors over billowing seas
While careless Zephyr fills the canvas fair,
And singing crowds with dances debonair
Praise Dionysus for the grapes' increase—
The berried ivy twisted in their hair.

Forth from the rotting hide now bees are come—
Deft craftsmen working well and warily—
And in the hive they settle, while they ply
Fresh-flowing waxen store, with busy hum,
And small pierced cells for their sweet industry.

Now shrilleth clear each several bird his note.
The Halcyon charms the wave that knows no gale,
About our eaves the swallow tells her tale,
Along the river banks the swan, afloat,
And down the woodland glades the nightingale.

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth anew—
Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are gay—
Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due—
Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pursue—
Sing, poet, thou—and sing thy best for May.

"Ainsi," says Sainte-Beuve, "le printemps de Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature."

Next we go back more than two hundred years to Leonidas. He is terser, but loves the spring quite as well (I must try and be terser too):

'Tis time to sail—the swallow's note is heard,
Who chattering down the soft west wind is come,
The fields are all aflower, the waves are dumb
Which erst the winnowing blast of winter stirred.

Loose cable, friend, and bid your anchor rise,
Crowd all your canvas at Priapus' hest,
Who tells you from your harbors, "Now 'twere best,
Sailor, to sail upon your merchandise."

The last of this group is Agathias's vintage song. He lived a good seven hundred years after Leonidas, and is a pagan only by imitation; but he did delicious work, with a certain lilt about it that makes translation irresistible, and here he is at his very best—for his "Laurel-leaves," a series of love-songs, are lost long ago:

Tread we thine infinite treasure, Iacchus, the vintage
sweet!

Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of wildering
feet.

Down flows the vast clear stream, and the ivy-wood
bowls, as they float

O'er the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy boat.
Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the glowing
wine—

No warm Naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup or
mine!"

See, o'er the wine-press bending, the maiden Rose-
flower beams—

Splendor of loveliness sending that dazzles the flood
with its gleams.

Captive the hearts of us all! straightway no man that
is here

But is bound to Bacchus in thrall—to Paphia in bond-
age dear.

Cruel—for while at our feet he revels in bountiful rain,
Longing most fleet—most sweet—is all she gives for
our pain.

That is all, I am sorry to say, that Mr. Wright
has quoted in his idyllic section. As I am going
to cut out a few from his fifth part, I shall here
insert a lovely one of Meleager's to a locust—not
half well known enough (vii., 195):

Charmer of longing—counselor of sleep!
—The cornfields' chorister
Whose wings to music whirl—
Come, mimic lute, my soul in songs to steep,
Brush tiny foot and wing
In tender musicking:
Come! out of sleepless care my heart uplift,
Locust, and set love free
With your shrill minstrelsy.
And, in the morning, I will give for gift
A fresh green leek to you
And kissing drops of dew.

I will not apologize for the meter; no English-
man could write anything but a lyric to a locust.

The third part brings us to the love-songs, of
which I cannot spare any, and I must add one or
two. Meleager is at the head of the poets here,
of course, but I cannot bring myself to give his
sweethearts their proper names, Heliodora and
Zenophile, and I prefer putting a simple English
equivalent or none at all to selecting other names,
which must always be a matter of the translator's
individual taste, and so rather an impertinence,
although no less a name than Shelley's¹ sanc-
tions it:

White flowers the violet now, Narcissus flowers
And drinks the dewy showers:
The lily plants arow
On hillsides grow.
But Spring's best crown, her flower of flowers, is here,
My lady-love, my dear:
Most winsome bud that blows
And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh with blooms bedight!
For lo, my lady's light
Is better than the breath
Of all your wreath.

I shall be accused of *recherche* here; but it is a
case where it is much better to be fanciful than
to be bald, and whoever cares to substitute "Ze-
nophile" for "my lady-love" will see how it puts
the little poem out, though it has no effect upon
the meter.

The next is Elizabethan too, if I may classify
my poets so, but full of epithets almost impos-
sible in English:

I cry you Love—at earliest break of day
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread

¹ Though his "kissing Helena" owes the name doubt-
less to the "Faustus" of Marlowe:

"Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies."

And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.
Ho! ye that meet the boy—for such is he,
Full of sweet tears and wit; a fickle sprite
Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright!
Yet know I not on whom to father Love—
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,
And the broad sea the same.
With each and all he lives at feud. Beware
Lest, while I speak, he cast
A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.
But see! his hiding-place, his very self,
Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
A laughing elf
Within my lady's eyes.

The next is of the same period, and by Philo-
demus, who came also from Gadara, which we
know of as the city of swine, but which was a
city of poets then.

Gadara first received me—that famous city my mother,
says Meleager in one of his epitaphs for himself,
which we cannot find room for in full. In this
song of Philodemus is a note of warning which
we do not get in Meleager:

Not yet the season of bare stems for flowers,
Nor yet wine-hued the grape cluster, which now
Puts forth its maiden charms—but these the hours
When little Loves prepare them each his bow,
Lusidice, and smoke from embers lours—
Poor lovers I and thou!
Ere the dart speed a hasty flight be ours,
For soon the world will be ablaze, I trow.

Meleager would not have confused the picture
so; but what is real and valuable in that song is
the sigh in it. Rufinus has the same sigh, but
his touch is more pathetic still; he does not com-
pliment his lady as Ben Jonson did when he
"sent her late a rosy wreath":

Oh! royal rose—of many a flower and sweet,
Mine hands have woven you a garland meet,
And, having woven, lay it at your feet.

Here lilies, here the rosebud, and here too
The wind-flower with her petals drenched in dew,
And daffodillies cool, and violets blue.

Let this fair garland put your pride to death!
To you that bloom to-day, each blossom saith,
"Your beauty, like my beauty, withereth."

Meleager's glad song comes in again, with no
sadness in its tone:

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils
With myrtle spray,
And lily-bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay.
With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's rose
That she may wear—
My sun-maiden—each scented flower that blows
Upon her scented hair.

I think we must give Agathias the palm among these. His vintage song, which I quoted already, would be fit pendant for the fresco of the grape-treading in the Campo Santo at Pisa; but here he is quite as fine when he would turn his back upon the wine-cup. He is Ben Jonson. We have all heard some of this poem before :

No wine for me ! Nay, and it be your will,
Kiss first the goblet—I will drink my fill :
How may I, when thy lips have touched it, dare
Be sober still, and that sweet draught forswear ?
For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

I venture to transpose the order of the next two songs, to give Meleager's toast to Heliodora close upon this one (Herrick, after Jonson) :

Fill to the sun-maiden ! and then
Upon the draught her name
Yet once again, " The sun-maiden,"
And be the toast the same.
Ah ! yet once more : and give to me
That garland drenched in myrrh :
Her wreath of yesterday shall be
Memorial of her.

In the "Palatine Anthology" there is a parenthesis with which the song ends, too pretty for me to refrain from giving it, as Mr. Wright has done :

(And lo ! the rose, the lover's love
—Because it sees her lying
Another's burning heart above—
The very rose is crying !)

Fortunately the next three are short, for I shall have some longer ones to add :

Farewell, Phaëosphorus—dawn's herald ray,
But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
And, darkling, bring back her you take away.

Here is a traditionary one; the fancy is as old and as young as love, and Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" is perhaps the amber in which it lives best. Both these epigrams are his, we will say, for he has "Sweet Hesper-Phosphor" in his "In Memoriam" :

It's oh ! to be a wild wind—when my lady's in the sun—
She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breathing in.
It's oh ! to be a red rose—just a faintly blushing one—
So she'd pull me with her hand and to her snowy breast I'd win.

The last is Plato's divine one to Aster. Mr. Farrar has done it into an hexameter and pentameter neatly, if not poetically, and I give my rendering with diffidence :

Thou gazest on the stars—a star to me
That art—but oh ! that I the heavens might be
And with a thousand eyes still gaze on thee !

I must add to these love-songs two or three

in a different strain. Here is a very bright one of Rufinus (v., 15) :

Ah ! where is now Praxiteles ? and where the hands of Heraclite
That wrought of old such images, as made the marble breathe the delight ?
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning glance of Melité,
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendors of her bosom be ?
Brave sculptors ! would that it were mine to bid you at a lover's nod
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the statue of a god !

And of Meleager (v., 57) :

Love, if swimming in thy light oft-times burned the soul shall be,
Swiftly will she take her flight : cruel, she is winged like thee !

Here is a very characteristic one (v., 182) :

Say to Lycænis, Dorcas, what you're bid.
Your love's proved false : false love can't long be hid.
Tell her so, Dorcas—see ! and then again
A second and a third time, Dorcas, plain.
Run, don't delay, but fly ! stay—Dorcas—stay !
Don't hurry, Dorcas, till I've said my say.
Add to the former words . . . (that's foolish !) no.
Say nothing then but this—yes, all. Now go.
Be sure and tell her all. But why send you,
Dorcas—when here I am and coming too ?

This is the perfection of fancy—it is one of a series which I wish I could include (v., 152) :

Fly for me, gnat, my swiftest messenger,
And touch my lady's ear,
Whispering this :
"He waits thee, waking, but thou sleepest yet.
Ah ! thoughtless, to forget
Thy votaries !"
Fly to her, singing gnat, oh fly to her !
Yet softly call her, softly, lest he hear
And wake, who sleeps too near,
And all my gains
Be jealous blows. But an thou fetch her me,
A lion's skin to thee,
Gnat, for thy pains,
And a club will I give, in hand to bear.

Could anything be more delicate than that—the notion of dressing a gnat in the attributes of Herakles after his feat of bringing the love to the lover ? That at least has not come down to us along the centuries in every poet's song. It is unique, a little orchid in the Greek garden of flowers. But the next has a truer note of feeling (v., 174) :

Now sleeps my lady, like a gentle flower—
O that I were as sleep without his wing,
Across her eyelids there !
So not even he that on Zeus' eyes hath power
Should share with me the sweet companioning
That I should get of her.

This, of regret (xii., 32) :

Ah now remember ! yes, now remember
How this good word in the good days I said :
" Beauty is sweetest—beauty is fleetest,
Not the swiftest bird in air
Is a swifter passenger."
Lo ! now to earth your beauty flowers are shed !

That is a chrysanthemum indeed—a golden flower, fit winter gathering in the Greek garden. And this of passion (v., 215) :

I pray thee, Love, for sake of my poor song
To put to sleep this sleepless love of mine !
Yea—for they will not learn—those arrows thine
To smite another, but they do me wrong
Winging their flight forever at only me.
What though thou slay me ? I shall leave this line
Written, whereof the sound shall echo long :
" Here lies, whose murder was of Love's cruelty."

But of all that the prince of love-poets did there is nothing that equals this. I have not been quite literal here. Scholars will know why I need handle it delicately, and it tells its own tale of longing (xii., 125) :

Love brought by night a vision to my bed,
One that still wore the vesture of a child
But eighteen years of age—who sweetly smiled
Till of the lovely form false hopes were bred
And keen embraces wild.
Ah ! for the lost desire that haunts me yet,
Till mine eyes fail in sleep that finds no more
That fleeting ghost ! Oh lovelorn heart, give o'er—
Cease thy vain dreams of beauty's warmth—forget
The face thou longest for !

All through the Anthology there is nothing rings truer than that. Again I have begun and ended with Meleager, but this section was his special sphere, his share in the epitaphs being, though noble, comparatively small.

The first of these—the epitaphs of friendship and love—is Plato's for Aster, finely done by Shelley, of which I write the mere English :

As morning star to man thy light was shed—
As evening star thou shinest for the dead !

And then follows one of the only two Mr. Wright gives of Meleager's :

Tears, lady, though thou lie beneath the earth,
The little Love has left for Death, I shed
Tears, bitter tears, o'er thy lamented head,
Poor tribute of my heart and my heart's dearth.
Heavily, heavily—my dear—my dead !—
In vain to Acheron I mourn thy worth ;
Ah ! where's the stem that gave my longing birth ?
Now Death hath torn—hath torn it from its bed.
Yea, dust hath stained my floweret at her best ;
I pray thee, Mother Earth, that tenderly
Thou gather her whom all we weep to thee—
And fold her gently, mother, to thy breast.

That is what he wrote for his sun-maiden, as I called her in the toast. The next is by Erinna,

who lived more than five hundred years before Meleager, and who died when she was only nineteen, leaving work that promised, the ancients thought, to equal Homer's, but this one which Mr. Wright gives is only doubtfully hers :

Pillars and Sirens mine, and mournful urn
That holdest all death's little ashes here,
Bid " hail " to them that greet my sepulchre,
Strangers or citizens, ere they return.
And say " her father called this buried maid
Baucis by name—her race was Tenian."
That they may know my story while they scan
These signs Erinna's hand—my friend's—portrayed.

There is a fine epitaph for Erinna herself, which will not be out of place here (vii., 13) :

Maiden Erinna, like a minstrel bee,
Culling her flowers fresh with the Muses' breath,
Death snatched to bridal : ah ! a prophet she
Singing so surely, " Thou art jealous, Death."

But to Callimachus must be given the palm in this section. He was chief librarian at Alexandria, and lived shortly before the first Punic War. *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν*, he said, " a big book is a big evil," and of all his eight hundred volumes only six hymns and less than a century of epigrams remain. These have been, many of them, quite beautifully translated, but I think this will be welcome under a new guise :

Their prattling Crethis full of blameless laughter
Of seek the Samian maidens, many a one :
All her sweet gossip at the loom is done.
She sleeps, below, the sleep that follows after,
Which never a maiden of them all can shun.

The next one is so evidently by Mrs. Browning, that I may be allowed some of her loose rhymes :

Dead ! my first-born ? no ! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted.
There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture—
Soft the flowers around thee—away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness makes sorry ;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and robbed of its glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest securely—
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enshallow thee purely !

This is Meleager's best, so earnest that I have changed the person in order to retain the " intimate " tone. Herrick, our Meleager, did this one, too :

Bridal none but death for bridegroom, dear,
Falls to thee to lay thy girlhood by.
Oh ! last eve upon our threshold, clear
Rang the lotus-flutes, and merrily

Echoed back the beaten chamber door.
 But this morning breaks no music glad—
 Lamentation loud the flutes outpour,
 And the bridal god wails hushed and sad.
 Yea, the torch that lit thee to my bed,
 Lights thee that last way among the dead.

The next of Leonidas I need not give; it is very matter of fact and not very interesting as a record of daily life. The charm of an epitaph of this description is that it shows how similar was life all those years ago to what it is now. As soon as that epitaph is given as an English verse this charm is to a great extent gone. The next of Callimachus I cannot spare:

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er been made!
 Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy shade—
 Dear son of Diocleides seaward sent!
 Now somewhere in deep seas thy corse is tossed
 Hither and thither—and for whom we lost
 We find thy name and empty monument.

We pass on to this quaint one by Paulus Silentiarius, one of the latest writers, which Cowper translated strikingly but quite inadmissibly—for he puts all the lines into the mouth of the corpse, whereas the point of the epigram lies in the interruptions of the traveler:

"My name was"—well! it helps thee not, "my land"
 —'tis naught to me!
 "My race was brave"—vile had it been, what matter
 would it be?
 "My life and death had fair renown"—If shame, what
 could it do?
 "Here now I lie"—what's that to me? and what am I
 to you?

On the next page this anonymous one is fine:

Now have I found the harbor! Hope, and thou good
 Hap, farewell!
 We meet no more; mock those on earth that after me
 shall dwell.

And this of Plato for Dion, the tyrant of Syracuse:

Weeping the lot of the Ilian women—for Hecuba weeping—
 This was the weft of the Fates spun on the day they
 were born.
 Ah! but from thee, my Dion, thy sacrifice gratefully
 keeping,
 Wide was the hope that the gods, quenching thine
 honors, have torn.
 Thou, while thy citizens praise thee, in the glades of
 thy land liest sleeping,
 Dion, desire of whose love wilders my senses forlorn.

Mr. Johnson's pretty and simple verses for this one of Callimachus deter one from trying it again, but the epitaph (upon Heracleitus) is in itself immortal and will shine through many renderings. It is no mere exercise of verse-making,

but rings with as true and as restrained a note of sorrow as "Lycidas" or "Thyrsis":

One tells me, friend, that we are parted now.
 And I recall how often I and thou,
 In closest converse, sank the sun to sleep,
 And, so remembering, weep.
 Halicarnassian host! somewhere thou must
 Long, long ago be dust,
 Yet live thy nightingales—thine own—for them
 Death, that takes all, hath never requiem!

This of Simmias is a little earlier (about 300 B. C.). The rendering, "Wind, gentle evergreen," with which we are all familiar, does not seem to me to give at all the tone or the lilt of the verse:

Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave—right tenderly—twine
 Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.
 Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the clustering vine
 Pour out its branches around, wet with their glistening sheen.
 All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to
 combine,
 Priest of the gay and profound: sweetest of singers
 terrene.

We need not linger over the epitaph for Anacreon after that on Sophocles, and I am anxious to make this of Leonidas into a sonnet:

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,
 Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
 A little favor, but most grateful, pay
 Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied;
 For sake of Mother Earth, and by the bride
 Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
 Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play
 From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah! but, in early spring, cull meadowsweet,
 Neighbor, and weave a garland for my tomb;
 And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed
 When the lambs play about their mothers' feet.
 So shall you honor well the shades, from whom
 Are thanks—and from the dead is gratitude.

I must interpolate one of Meleager's on a hare, which I am afraid Mr. Wright does not think grave enough for the "Golden Treasury" (vii., 207):

I was a fleet-foot, long-eared hare,
 Snatched early from maternal care
 On delicate spring-flowers to fare.

In gentle Fanny's arms I lay,
 Nor ever wished myself away,
 Nor fretted for my mother aye.

Full many a dainty she supplied.
 I lived on clover at her side,
 And then, of too much clover, died.

Close to her couch she laid me dead:
 In dreamland to be visited
 By specter tombs beside her bed.

Cowper should have done that instead of the

other. The last in the fourth section is this very graceful one which bears no master's name :

Kind Earth, take old Amyntychus to thee
—Mindful of all his labors—tenderly.
For thee he set the olive's sturdy roots,
Many a one, and gave thee vineyard shoots
For beauty, and made thy valleys thick with corn.
And of his hand were water runnels born
To feed thee serviceable herbs, beside
Thine apple-bearing orchards fair and wide.
Wherefore on his gray head, kind Earth, lie light,
And make with flowers his spring-tide pastures bright.

Nearly all the epigrams in Mr. Wright's fifth section are from the Anthology of Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century, who "Bowdlerized" the old collections and added others. Two or three only are from the "Palatine Anthology." This first is by Diotimus, almost a contemporary of Callimachus. It is a noble classic speech for a statue :

Here am I, very Artemis, but thou,
Seeing Zeus' true daughter here in bronze revealed,
Gaze on my maiden boldness, and allow
"For her were the whole earth mean hunting-field."

Next is a piece of description by Plato :

Then came we to a shadowy grove : and lo !
Cythera's son like apples in their glow ;
And he had laid his arrowy quiver by,
And his bent bow,
Hanging them from the leafy trees and high.
And there he lay among the roses sleeping
And, sleeping, smiled, while brown bees were keeping
Court to his waxen lips for honey's flow
Above where he did lie.

The little one of Parmenio is not interesting in English, but this of Agathias is beautiful (perhaps we ought to call it Mrs. Browning's). It is for a waxen faun :

"All of its own accord, little Faun, does thy flute go on ringing ?
Why, with ears to the reed, listenest the livelong day ?"
Smiling, he holds his peace : an answer maybe had come winging,
Only he pays no heed, rapt in oblivion away.
Nay, not the wax withholds him ; his whole soul,
Charmed with the singing,
Gives back silence for meed, silent rewarding the lay.

This fine description of Niobe and her children is the only one of Meleager's which Mr. Wright gives in this group :

Daughter of Tantalus ! hearken my words—a message to mourn—
Hear from my lips the pitiful tale of thy woe !
Loosen thine hair, poor mother, that bared'st for deity's scorn
Many a boy for Phœbus to mark with his bow.
Now not a son is left thee. Fresh horror ! for what do I see ?
Out and alas ! a slaughter that spares not the maid.
One in the arms of her mother, and one as she clings to her knee,

One on the ground, and one at the breast unafraid ;
One faces death with a shudder erect ; one bends on the dart ;

Last, there is one that looks on the daylight alone.
Niobe, she that erewhile loved boasting, with fear at her heart

Stands yet quick—a breathing mother of stone.

But this is the loveliest of the group, full of the care and passion of real grief :

Pericles, Archias' son ! To thee they place
—For witness of thy prowess in the chase—
My column, on whose stone the sculptor sets
Thy horse, thy dog, thy spears, thy hunting-nets
Mounted on stakes, and eke the stakes alone—
Ah God ! ah God ! for all are only stone !
At twenty years thou sleep'st death's sleep profound,
And undisturbed by beasts that prowl around.

I shall not do the next one of Leonidas about a drunken Anacreon. Here are two pretty ones of Meleager instead about a cup and a picture (v., 171) :

Bright laughs the cup—for "I have kissed," it saith,
"Thy lady's laughing mouth." Too happy cup !
Oh ! that, her lips to my lips, at a breath
My lady's kiss would drink my spirit up !

And (v., 149) :

Ah ! who hath shown my lady unto me,
Her very self, as if she spake ?
Who brought to me one of the Graces three
For friendship's sake ?
Full surely brings he me a joyful thing,
And for his grace the grace of thanks I bring.

But I must not give Meleager the lion's share again in this group—that is almost the last of his I shall be able to put in. These two of Plato's with which Mr. Wright finishes the section are admirably contrasted in tone, and both quite perfect. This is for a ring :

See ! five oxen graven on a jasper gem !
To the life ! and feeding one and all of them.
Stay—will they not run away—the beasties ? No, the fold
Of this golden circlet our little herd shall hold.

It is as fanciful as a nursery rhyme. The other is as joyous and stately as Milton :

Silent ! shaggy scour that Dryads keep.
Silent ! rills adown the crags that run.
Silent ! mingled bleating of the sheep—
Pan himself the piping has begun.
To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo ! the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Water-nymphs and wood-nymphs one and all !

Mr. Wright's last section contains what I might call the epigrams of thought. The first is Palladas's—(I had almost written Shakespeare's). He was a late writer :

All life's a stage and farce. Or learn to play,
Careless, or bear your sorrows as you may.

And the next two are his also :

Naked to earth was I brought—naked to earth I descend.
Why should I labor for naught, seeing how naked the end ?

And—

Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils, we
Live, and a little space the sunlight see—
Even all that live—each being an instrument
To which the generous air its life has lent.
If with the hand one quench our draught of breath,
He sends the stark soul shuddering down to death.
We that are nothing on our pride are fed,
Seeing, but for a little air, we are as dead.

The next beautiful one—quite Tennysonian—is attributed to Æsopus in the "Palatine Anthology," though Mr. Wright gives it no master :

"Is there no help from life save only death ?
Life that such myriad sorrows harboreth
I dare not break, I cannot bear"—one saith.
"Sweet are stars, sun, and moon, and sea, and earth,
For service and for beauty these had birth,
But all the rest of life is little worth—
"Yea, all the rest is pain and grief," saith he,
"For if it hap some good thing come to me
An evil end befalls it speedily."

This of Agathias is most charming in its *naïveté*. Certainly he is the latest of the epigrammatists. But this complaint of girls for secluded life might have been written very few years ago :

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours—
Poor women children nurtured daintily—
For ye have comrades, when ill fortune lours,
To lighten you with talk and company ;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters' shows.
But woe betide us if we stir from home—
And there our thoughts are dull enough, God knows !

The next, by Agathias too, is true nowadays and always :

At this smooth marble table let us sit
And while away the time with dice a bit !
Don't crow, sir, if you win—and then, should I,
Grumble and growl "It's all that beastly die ;"
For in such trifles is man's temper plain,
And the dice test our power to self-restrain.

This one by Poseidippus, some seven hundred years earlier, has been well done by Sir John Beaumont together with its answer, attributed to Metrodorus. I am tempted to do it again though, as it just fits a sonnet :

Show me some path of life ! The market-place
Breeds only quarrel and hard bargainings,
Staying at home incessant worry brings,
Of working in the fields one tires apace,
Who goes to sea a constant dread must face,
And, if one travel, fears for precious things
Torment—if one has none, the lacking things—
So, rich or poor, hard is the traveler's case.

Married, what care ! single, what loneliness !
Children bring sorrow—blank the childless life ;
Foolish is youth, and old age listless quite.
Here lies the only choice, I must confess—
Not to be born into this world of strife,
Or straight to die, having but just seen the light.

For this next—Ptolemy's, who lived about two centuries and a half on in the Christian era—I shall borrow a turn of rhyme from Robert Browning :

I know that I am mortal and the creature of a day.
But when I see the stars, like sand, in orbits turn
 always,
As that divinest sight I heed, I spurn the earth and say,
 " Now am I even as Zeus, and feed on his ambrosia."

This is more familiar. The author is unknown, but the text is as old as Solomon :

Drink and be merry ! for what is the future and what
 is the morrow ?
No man answereth thee. Labor not thou, neither run ;
Feast as thou mayst, and do good and distribute : but
 let not life borrow
Any false worth, for "to be"—"not to be"—lo ! 'tis
 all one !
Yea, what is life ? an thou take it, thy thrall. 'Tis the
 turn of the scale.
But, an thou lose it, another's is all—but thee naught
 can avail.

The last but one is a poem of Marcus Argentarius, also late, full of a beautiful hedonism

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
And in their measure will I dance my best,
 But in no dance of man.
High on my head a crown of flowers I raise
And strike my sounding lyre in Phoebus' praise,
 For this is life's best plan,
And the whole firmament were wrong
 Had it no crown, no song.

This crown, this song,¹ this "order" of life was what made Greek humanity divine. There is no more concise expression of the intimacy between daily life and ritual than that little verse contains in the heart of it. It is the most Greek but, perhaps Mr. Wright thought, not the most philosophic strain to end with, and he brings us to a full stop with Philodemus's resolutions :

I loved—and you. I played—who hath not been
Steeped in such play ? If I was mad, I ween
'Twas for a god and for no earthly queen.

Hence with it all ! Then dark my youthful head,
Where now scant locks of whitening hair, instead,
Reminders of a grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
Play-time is past, my play is ended too.
Awake, my heart ! and worthier aims pursue.

¹ The allusion in the poem is to the constellations of Orpheus and Ariadne—lute and crown.

There is a note of Herrick again in that. We found one of Philodemus's love-songs in the third group, and noticed its sigh of sadness, "Poor lovers I and thou." We saw that he too came from Gadara and was a contemporary of Meleager. It is strange to catch the self-same

notes ringing from the midst of that Syrian culture, which we hear echo our own longings of to-day in the poets of the golden age of Elizabeth.

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

AN ART BUDGET.

I.

THE UNDEFINABLE IN ART.

ALL of us probably have learned to distinguish between the type of man who loves clear intellectual light before everything, and who derives pleasure from objects and ideas only so far as he defines and understands them, and the other type of man who delights to abandon himself to an unthinking emotional state, and to steep his mind, so to speak, in a stream of vague feeling. This contrast meets us in various regions of life. For example: social intercourse is to some simply an opportunity of exchanging clear ideas, and sharing in sentiments which repose on definite convictions. For another class, converse with others owes its value to the opportunity it affords for indulging in vague emotions. Such persons love society only so far as it provides them with the contagion of half-expressed feeling, the delicious thrills of sympathetic emotion, and the exhilarating expansion of soaring with a kindred spirit into the dim regions of poetic fancy. The same contrast presents itself in relation to nature. There is on one side the curious inquiring and scientific attitude of mind, and on the other side the dreamily contemplative and the emotional attitude. To the first, nature is a mine of facts and truths; to the other, a well-spring of vague emotional consciousness.

The lover of art might be supposed to belong altogether to the second group. Yet, though all æsthetic taste involves some emotional sensibility, there is within the limits of the class sharing in this capacity a clearly marked distinction between the intellectual and the emotional cultivators of the beautiful. The former are mainly concerned with clarifying their æsthetic impressions, with apprehending the sources of pleasure in nature and art; the latter live rather to enjoy beauty without understanding it, and to have the delights of art with the least admixture of definite thought.

It is commonly supposed that what is known as æsthetic culture tends to elevate the intellec-

tual at the expense of the emotional. The education of taste, it may be said, consists in the main in a development of the powers of attention, discrimination, and comparison. The very frequent use of the term *connoisseur* (*cognoscente*) for an artistically cultivated person seems to show that a refined taste in matters of art means a highly intellectualized taste. If so, however, it looks as if the higher æsthetic culture would tend to exclude the vague and indefinite emotional effects described just now. One might even urge that it is impossible for an æsthetically trained mind ever to suspend the intellectual functions in order to taste of the mysterious delights of the unthinking dreamer.

There is a measure of truth in these remarks; yet they do not accurately represent the facts. Æsthetic culture does no doubt tend to make our enjoyment of art more intelligent; on the other hand, it no less certainly tends to deepen and widen our emotional capacity itself. Now the peculiar delight experienced in yielding one's self entirely to an indefinite emotional impression may be viewed as one mode of æsthetic pleasure in which culture enables us to share. Indeed, one might reason that the full measure of such vague emotional satisfaction has for its condition a certain degree of intellectual culture. For in its highest degrees this delight takes the form of a sense of the undefined and the mysterious, and this presupposes habits of reflection. A rude peasant is pleasurably moved by nature's works; but he does not reflect on the nature of the feelings thus awakened. It is only the reflective mind which consciously enjoys the mysterious aspects of things. As a matter of observation, too, minds of the highest artistic training frequently manifest a marked disposition to this mode of enjoyment. Contemporary English art, including painting and poetry, illustrates an impulse among some of the most cultivated lovers of art to make prominent this ingredient of the vague and undefined. Further, observation tells us that a susceptibility to these effects of art is not incompatible with a quick and vigorous intellectual appreciation.

It will be admitted, we think, that it is well to cultivate this capacity of vague emotional enjoyment, if it can be shown that intellectual comprehension in art has its limits, and that there is always a larger region of art-effect in which the pleasure must be of an undefined and unexplained nature. If art can be shown to yield modes of delight which are unsusceptible of being connected with definite ideas by reflection, a person will clearly be the loser if his desire for intellectual light is so supreme as to unfit him for those modes of enjoyment. It will be the object of this paper to show that art does produce impressions of this kind, and that, however highly developed the intellectual appreciation of beauty, there remains a wide margin of emotional effect which intellectual reflection cannot render definite. In other words, we shall try to establish this proposition—that the control of the emotions by the intellect in art has its limits, and that in the delight of the connoisseur, no less truly than in that of the unreflective tyro, there blend innumerable elements which cannot be referred to definite objective sources.

In the first place, then, it is worth remarking that, even within the region of art-impression which intellectual reflection is able to render clear and precise, there is room for the realization of a certain vague emotional effect. This looks at first sight paradoxical, no doubt, but it can be easily made intelligible. It is to be remembered that the process of reducing an impression received from a work of art to definite elements cannot be completely performed in a single moment: it takes time. Our powers of attention are greatly limited, and we are unable to reflect distinctly in one act on more than a small area of impression. As a consequence of this, at any single moment our consciousness is made up of regions having very unequal degrees of illumination. One impression or feeling is reflected on, and so appears clear and distinct; but outside there are circles of consciousness, feelings, and thoughts, which are vague and undefined. Thus at any given moment the impression we receive from a work of art consists of clear and obscure feelings, which latter can only be made luminous in their turn at the expense of the former.

Let us illustrate this in the case of pictorial art, and let us take a picture which has attracted a good deal of notice of late—the “Venus’s Mirror” of Mr. Burne Jones. When, for example, we are passing the eye over the several details—the gracefully set figures, the water with its soft reflections, the quiet landscape behind—we are at each successive moment elevating one impression or group of impressions after another into clear consciousness, while the rest fall back into the dim regions of the sub-conscious. Each ingre-

dient—the illuminated and the unilluminated—is alike essential. When, for instance, we are deriving an intellectual satisfaction from some particular virgin-shape or gentle face, the many other pleasing elements of the picture contribute each a little rillet of indiscriminated emotion; and these obscure or “sub-conscious” currents of feeling serve to swell the impression of any single instant, making it full and deep. It is the same when we try to bring a number of details under some aspect of unity or harmony. If, for instance, in the picture alluded to, we attend to the delicious modulation of color, or if, with certain admiring critics, we are able to derive an ineffable enjoyment from the dominant sentiment of the scene, in each case there coexists in our mind with the clear perception of this relation or phase an obscure indiscriminating sense of the many details which all help, according to their rank in the artist’s scheme, to make the painting an embodiment of the beautiful and the fountain of a rich and varied delight.

It will be seen, then, that vague emotion is inseparable from every complex work of art. At no single moment is the whole of its charm clear and intelligible to us. We must be content at each instant to enjoy one portion through the play of intellectual attention and comparison, while accepting the rest on trust, so to speak, knowing we are able in turn to bring it under the same illuminating influence. In this mode of enjoyment, intellect is fully occupied and amply gratified; on the other hand, the peculiar delight which belongs to the vague and mysterious is never wholly expelled from consciousness.

It is to be observed, further, that the development of art, so far from lessening this ingredient in art-pleasure, would rather seem to increase it. Higher works of art are distinguished from lower and elementary ones by being more complex, by having more numerous elements, also a larger number of uniting relations; in other words, a more intricate unity, dominating a wider diversity. Now, though it is true that art-culture expands our capabilities of attention and comparison, so that we are able to embrace a larger number of details under a single aspect of unity, it is no less certain that the more complex a work of art, the larger must be the region of the obscure and indiscriminated at any single moment.

We may now turn to a second main ground of the vague in æsthetic impression. Not only is the intellectual reduction of the æsthetic material necessarily partial at each successive moment; it is altogether excluded from certain modes of art-enjoyment: that is to say, the element of the strange and mysterious does not disappear even when attention is turned to this particular quar-

ter. After all, it is only a portion of our delight, which we are able to separate into distinct ingredients, and to refer to definite objects, relations, or ideas. In all our fuller and mingled enjoyments there seem to blend strange elements, which escape all our attempts to seize and to subject them to intellectual control. When, for example, we watch from some Alpine eminence the splendid miracle of a sunset, we are conscious of thrills of emotion which by no skill of reflection can we attach to definite perceptions or their attendant suggestions.

The truth is, that however keen and inquisitive our minds, however well disciplined our intellects, our power of taking apart the contents of our consciousness is always limited. We think, perhaps, that we resolve a feeling called forth by a beautiful picture or a pathetic poem into its ultimate elements; yet, on further reflection, we shall find that we never really effect such an exhaustive analysis.

In the first place, then, every beautiful object, whether of nature or of art, calls up a large number of pleasurable feelings. We roughly mark off portions of this effect, setting down one to sensuous impressions, another to relations of harmony and proportion, another to particular emotions, as wonder, love, and so on. Yet, if we carefully consider the matter, we must be aware that this process is never other than inexact. In the whole impression of a peaceful landscape, for example, we cannot be sure that we make an accurate and exhaustive analysis when we enumerate a few prominent features of the scene with their imaginative suggestions. On the contrary, we are always confident that we leave many sources of gratification undetected. The whole effect, further, seems to be something more than the sum of the separate elements, even supposing these to be ascertained. In the scene before us the pleasures of light, color, and form, and of poetic suggestion, partially blend and lose their distinct characters. In other words, the intermingling of these elements affects us differently from the elements experienced apart. Thus a complex object of art always contains an unresolved factor, and so presents a mysterious side to our perceptions.

Let us now go a step further. We will suppose that the total impression of a work of art has been broken up by reflection into groups of elements emotional and sensuous. Yet even this division does not get rid of the element of mystery. Thus the emotional effects of art are by no means perfectly intelligible. Any one who has accustomed himself to reflect on the feelings called forth by the beautiful, the sublime, the comic, and so on, must have learned how impossible it is to make clear and definite all the sepa-

rate sources of the pleasure. How strangely and inextricably, for example, do numerous pulsations of feeling mingle in the effects of humor! Who can define all the elements which coöperate to produce the peculiar charm of a figure like Don Quixote, or Mr. Carlyle's Teufelsdröck? We can only lay the finger on a few points here and there which call forth merry laughter, gentle pity, and nascent admiration: we cannot say whence comes all the peculiar delight which such objects minister to our minds. It is the same with the effects of the sublime. When gazing on a chain of Alpine peaks motionless and charmed in the magical air, we feel ourselves strangely moved, being now lifted up with a sympathetic sense of large power and perfect freedom, now partially subdued by a recognition of the possible relations of this power to our own feeble forces. Yet in vain do we seek to refer to definite impressions and associated ideas all the thrills of emotion which combine in this effect.

Finally, we do not eliminate all mystery, even when we reach that part of æsthetic effect which best lends itself to a minutely discriminative attention, namely, sensuous impression. When listening to a complex orchestral movement with which we are pretty familiar, we seem to ourselves to be able to separate one mass of tones from another, and to refer the whole of the ear's delight to a number of simple impressions. In point of fact, however, this separation is always very rough and incomplete. The whole pleasure of an orchestral chord, with its richly varied "tone color," does not easily break up into a number of single sensations; the very combination of the elements seems to disguise and transform to some extent the characteristic effects of the single constituents. In other words, the value of the tone elements apart and in combination is not the same, and consequently discriminative reflection fails to define the whole effect. It is much the same with colors in combination.

This, however, is not all. Even when we have reached what we call the elements of sensation, our analysis is only a rough and proximate one. Recent science tells us that what appears to our consciousness an elementary sensation of tone or of color is in reality compounded of simple, sensuous elements. The pleasure of a rich full note from a reed instrument, or still better, from a human voice, arises, according to Helmholtz, from a fusion of many partial tones, which the unpracticed ear is unable to separate. To this circumstance Helmholtz refers a part of the mystery of music. In tones there dimly reveal themselves to our consciousness a plurality of simpler sensations which blend with and disguise one another. The same authority tells us that our seemingly simple sensations of color are

never strictly elementary. It is true that we do not ordinarily feel anything mysterious in a pure "primary" color, as scarlet or blue. Yet if the reader will carefully observe the effect produced by a rotating disk, with segments variously colored, when its motion is not too rapid, he will probably find that a vague sense of a number of hues, blending in one result and color, lends a peculiar charm to the impression. Hence it is not impossible certain intermediate colors, as orange and warm violet, owe a part of their æsthetic value to a faint consciousness of the elementary impressions which compose these tints.

We have hitherto been speaking of the feelings called forth by art only so far as they depend on impressions and ideas supposed to be now present to the mind. Regarded in this way, they involve an element of the mysterious, just because our power of analytic reflection is limited. That is to say, the elements of pleasure are too numerous, and mix too freely, for our minds to effect a complete separation of them. But there is a further obstacle to this process of separating and detecting the separate ingredients of art-pleasure. The impressions which objects produce on our minds are a growth of many past experiences. A quiet valley does not affect a young lad as it affects a middle-aged man. To the latter it presents ideal aspects and offers emotional suggestions which do not exist for the former. It faintly reminds him, among other things, of long days of toil, of renewed visions of repose from the fatiguing excitements of the world. Yet the thoughts thus called up are of the vaguest; and much of the emotional power of the associations which gather about objects with growing experience is wholly undefinable. A feeling is produced, but the mental image which would explain this feeling is irrecoverable. We are strangely moved by the first sight of a foreign city, reposing amid sheltering hills, or by some passing effect of light and color in our habitual surroundings, or by the tones of a strange voice; yet no distinct recollection accompanies the impression, and we are at a loss to explain this effect. In the case of all the more familiar classes of objects there grow up innumerable associations which all serve to add to the emotional effect, though they do not rise into consciousness as definite ideas. The sky above us, the cool glade, the rounded hill, the murmuring shore—these and other objects acquire for the mature man a meaning which is too deep to be sounded by the intellectual line.

Not only do objects and groups of objects thus collect about them mysterious forces in relation to our emotions, but the various elementary qualities of objects acquire a deeper

emotional significance with growing experience; and this is very frequently quite untranslatable into terms of definite ideas. To the cultivated adult visual forms and colors, also tones of various pitch and of special *timbre*, become invested with a full, deep charm—yet a charm which cannot be clearly understood, since the innumerable associations which sustain it are lost to view.

Recent scientific speculation opens up a yet deeper ground for this element of the mysterious in the impressions produced by works of nature and art. According to the evolutionist's view of mental growth, our emotions are built up not only of our own individual experiences, but also of those of many generations of ancestors. Here all distinct recollection is plainly excluded. We cannot recall the experiences of our remote forefathers. If, as is said, the charm of landscape is in part to be referred to feelings which have been handed down from our savage ancestors delighting in the chase, this charm must, it is evident, present itself to us as something mysterious. Hence, perhaps, much of that unaccountable emotional effect which is produced in our minds by certain aspects of nature. In the fascination of the restless sea, of wild mountain and of dim wood, of rushing stream and of whispering tree, may there not lie concealed traces of countless experiences of countless generations of uncivilized man? This line of reflection serves, as our evolutionist teachers have pointed out, to account for the deeper unfathomable effects of music; since musical tones may be regarded as the urns, so to speak, which conserve the remains of myriads of utterances of sad and joyous human experience. So, too, the special effects of peculiar colors—the energy of red, the coolness of green, and the deep repose of blue—may rest in part on long-fixed associations. Thus, throughout the scale of æsthetic sensation and emotion, the influences of ancestral experience and of hereditary transmission may be at work, imparting elements of feeling for which the intellectual consciousness vainly tries to find definite objective sources.

Thus far we have been regarding the element of the mysterious in art as dependent on the limits of distinct attention and of analytic reflection. In these cases we feel the presence of something vague and undefined just because we are unable to refer the feelings of the moment to some well-defined objective impression or suggested idea. There is, however, another way in which this element enters into art. Certain modes of æsthetic pleasure directly depend on vague mental representation as their essential condition, and disappear as soon as reflection seeks to give exactness and definiteness to the ideas. This effect is abundantly illustrated in what is often marked

off as the imaginative side of art. Let us just glance at one or two of its principal varieties.

In the first place, then, art affords us enjoyment by presenting to our minds subtle threads of similarity binding together things widely diverse in most of their attributes. The gratification in these cases reposes on a momentary apprehension of the point of analogy, and is at once disturbed and destroyed when we begin to reflect closely on the objects or events thus linked together. The most striking example of this effect is given us in poetic similes, including all epithets which are not, strictly speaking, appropriate to the objects to which they are applied, but which bring them for an instant into affinity to other and heterogeneous objects, as "the moaning sea." In all such cases we look at the object through the veil which a transforming imagination throws over it, and the very essence of this imaginative pleasure is involved in keeping the mental representation obscure and undefined. It may be observed that the sense of the mysterious is fuller and intenser when the figurative expression is a new one, and connects things which we are not accustomed to view together. To speak of dawn as a rosy maiden does not strike us as strange, for we have long grown accustomed to the figure. On the other hand, a new and bold simile which brings unlike things together for the first time, as when Milton likens evening to a

"Sad votarist in palmer's weeds,"

impresses us as something mysterious. It is further to be noticed that the sense of mystery is much livelier when the poetic figure is not too carefully elaborated. Homer's minutely worked-out similes call up ideas with so much distinctness that we lose the delicious sense of vagueness which belongs to the more fugitive comparisons of modern poetry.

This remark naturally leads to the reflection that poetry cannot supply this effect of vague suggestion in its deepest and intensest form. Words are always definite, and the images called up by them, even though shadowy and incomplete as wholes, have the particular aspect indicated by the term sharply defined. The suggestions of musical tones, on the other hand, are necessarily obscure, since these tones do not exactly answer to any natural impressions, and only suggest ideas through very rough resemblances. This circumstance helps to lend to music its peculiar depth of mystery. When listening to a quaint, picturesque movement of Schumann, our mind's eye dimly recognizes numerous affinities to natural sounds, as murmuring breeze, gurgling waterfall, children's laughter, and so on; yet no distinct images are

called up, and our delight remains shrouded in a mist of obscure fancy.

The second main region of undefinable suggestion, and so of the sense of the mysterious in art, is that of imagination in its narrow sense. We refer to those effects of art which depend on a full play of fancy in the recipient of the impression. The artist, whether painter or poet, is said in many cases to leave something to the imagination; that is to say, he does not seek to make all parts of his artistic representation clear and definite, but leaves a territory of the undefined in which the spectator's or hearer's imagination may construct for itself. The novelist thus appeals to our imagination when he draws the veil over some scene of exquisite pathos or of preternatural delight. The painter does this too when he just suggests regions lying beyond that of his picture, into which our fancy may wander in dreamy mood. And, generally in so far as art presents its object incompletely, defining a portion only, and simply pointing to what lies beyond, it illustrates this mode of the mysterious.

This undefined region, left veiled for the imagination to penetrate, includes more than might at first be supposed. It must be remembered that the objects which nature presents to us are themselves not always clearly definable. When we look away over a wide landscape, the remoter regions are but dimly perceived, and beyond them our imagination frames wholly invisible tracts. So, too, when we try to apprehend the events of the remoter periods of history, we do not distinctly seize the reality, but only reach a vague and fragmentary conception of the whole order of events. Thus the remote in space and in time always wears to our imagination a certain air of mystery. Not only so, all that is vast in its dimensions loses in definiteness. The huge mountain has a mystery which the tiny hillock wants, just because it presents a greater object to our perceptive faculties, and one which they cannot easily grasp in a single intuition. Still deeper is the mystery when the limits of the object are wholly undefined. Here we have a presentation of the infinite, which our imagination forever seeks to compass, yet never succeeds in rendering definite. An opening in the evening clouds, discovering unfathomable depths of transparent air, makes such an appeal to our imagination. The long flux of years which the page of history, and still more that of geology, presents to us, affects us similarly. We vainly try to reduce all these magnitudes to terms of our definite and reproducible experiences.

Now art is able in a number of ways to represent these uncompassable magnitudes to our fancy. The painter loves to crown his picture with some opening into unmeasured space. Mil-

ton delights to unfold in dim outline the vast spaces which enfold the earth, including the towering heights of heaven and the deep abysses of hell. And the same poet knows how to stir our imaginations to lofty effort by passing in review vast and incalculable ages of time. Poetry is specially favored in this respect, since it knows how to magnify every object and every quality by the use of a vague and emphatic vocabulary. By a single expression the poet can excite our imagination to energetic action. Whether it be distance in space or in time, or the magnitude of a physical or moral force, or the degree of a moral or æsthetic quality, his rich storehouse of terms enables him to present the object to our view with its outline blurred, so to speak, and its dimensions undefined. What a mysterious charm belongs to such words as "huge," "vasty," "fathomless," "immeasurable," "boundless," when appropriately employed!

Cornhill Magazine.

II.

RECENT ART.

MRS. ROLAND'S house in Bruton Street was a very pleasant one; and daily, at two o'clock, five or six pleasant people were sure to be assembled there. To-day, as the party were coming down stairs to the dining-room, Violet Staunton suddenly made her appearance—the beautiful Violet Staunton, with the perfect face and the imperfect reputation.

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Roland, who never dropped her friends; "we are always in at luncheon. I think you know Lady Lilith Wardour (isn't she looking quite lovely this season?), and these are my two cousins, Ralph Burgoyne and Gage Stanley. Come, sit here between me and Ralph, won't you? And now tell me what you have been doing lately. Were you at Lady Surbiton's ball last night?"

"Not I, my dear," said Miss Staunton. "My dancing days are quite over—at least my doctor says they must be; and a party where you mustn't stand up to dance, and where you can't sit down to supper, is to me of all life's trials the most unbearable. Besides," she said softly, and with a faint smile, "I'm not so welcome a guest now as I once was. No; what I did was to go with my old aunt to see 'Measure for Measure,' and naturally, like all July playgoers, I came home with a headache."

"I quite agree with Miss Staunton about balls," said Lady Lilith. "I, last evening, was very far away from the gay world. I was at Hampstead with some artistic friends of mine,

and we had some delightful talk upon æsthetic and intellectual subjects." Mrs. Roland inquired who the friends were. "Oh!" said Lady Lilith, "not people that you would be likely to know; but they are really charming—so quaint and so refreshing. They are called Addison. Their real name, I believe, was Biggs; but they didn't like that, and so they changed it. They never use any furniture, or any English, that is of a later date than Queen Anne's time; and therefore they couldn't talk fashionable scandal, even if they knew any, because they would have no language to express it in."

"Well," said Mrs. Roland, "what artistic people we all of us are to-day! Here are Ralph and Gage, who have just been spending their whole morning in the Grosvenor Gallery."

"Tell me, Mr. Burgoyne," said Miss Staunton, "what did you think of the pictures there?"

"Don't ask him, Miss Staunton," said Gage Stanley, "for he never looked at one of them. He simply sat still on his chair and watched the people."

Ralph Burgoyne. I see Miss Staunton is shocked at my bad taste, but to my mind the part I chose was the better one. I did for a few moments glance round at the pictures, but that glance was enough for me; so I left Gage poring over the "Laus Venæris," and sat down quietly to take stock of the people. I thought them a far more instructive study. I saw four or five lovely faces, and above fifty lovely frocks. I watched three flirtations, and I detected any amount of rouge. Now there we have realities; there we have the genuine facts of life—the things, and the only things, which are of any great concern to us.

Violet Staunton. Well, I'm afraid it would hardly become me to blame you; for last night, at the play, I acted much as you did. I thought very little about the stage. All my attention was given to the gallery. I see you look surprised, but the conduct of the gallery was really very singular. I have no doubt that the men who composed it were Claudios or Lucios, most of them, if the truth were known, and yet—would you believe it?—their whole applause was given to Isabella. Now *there* was a bit of human nature, if you like; but I suspect you saw nothing like that at the Grosvenor Gallery. Besides, you see, I was only turning away from moderate acting; you from perfect painting. Not that I mean to call all the pictures perfect, or to pretend that I am equal to appreciating a great many of them. As for Whistler's "Nocturnes" and "Harmonies," for instance, I positively could make nothing of them; and certainly, if your object was to look at paint, you would see a deal more on one girl's face than on the whole of his can-

vases. But Burne Jones and Alma-Tadema—surely their pictures are worth study.

Ralph Burgoyne. I looked at all their pictures—remember, please, I only speak as an outsider—and as specimens of painting they were, I have no doubt, wonderful. I saw marble that looked like marble; mosaic pavements that looked like mosaic pavements; flowers that looked like flowers; dresses that looked like dresses; and a quantity of bare skin that looked like skin. I was conscious also of many medleys of color that gave my eyes a languid sense of pleasure. But really this was all. The pictures said nothing to me; they neither amused, soothed, instructed, nor suggested a single thought to me.

Gage Stanley. I, on the contrary, think that they are all full of instruction. Add Tissot to Burne Jones and Alma-Tadema, and I think that the works of these three artists are the most significant sights in London.

Ralph Burgoyne. It may be my dullness and denseness, but I don't see how they can be. As I say, as *tours de force* with a brush and a paint-pot, they may be as wonderful as you please. But I confess I am no judge of such technical merits. A gin-palace may be a specimen of perfect bricklaying, but none the more do I care to look at it. Painting is a sort of language. To talk this language gracefully may be a charming accomplishment; but still if the talker says nothing, I shall soon get tired of hearing him. And to me these modern painters are nothing but accomplished babblers. It is true they seem to be saying something, but for the life of me I cannot tell what it is, and they themselves seem quite indifferent. Their meaning is but a lay figure on which to hang the clothes of their language. All that I can tell of the meaning is that it has nothing to do with me or with mine, or with them, or with any living thing. They seem as frightened of realities as common people are frightened of ghosts. I am perfectly out of patience with them. For God's sake, I feel inclined to say to them, do try to paint something that will concern the only life that is of any concern to us—the life of the present day. We are surrounded with hopes, pains, passions, and perplexities, all tinged with the special color our own age gives them. Try to catch this color. It is the only color you will ever really know. But no—it is of no avail. With my mind's ear I hear them start back sighing; and they call me fool and Philistine in Pompeian Latin or in mediæval French; or else they misquote a text at me from a Bible they have ceased to believe in. Think for a moment of Burne Jones's "Six Days of Creation."

Violet Staunton. I often do think of it; and

I think of it as one of the loveliest things I ever recollect to have looked at.

Ralph Burgoyne. Perhaps you have powers of vision that are denied to me. But, as far as I can tell, it meant actually nothing. If we really thought that God in six days had produced this fair order of things out of chaos, the matter would be very different—so too, probably, would have been the artist's way of treating it. I thought old Lady Ealing's painted face, whom I saw last year looking at the picture, a far more suggestive study than the picture was itself.

Violet Staunton. Well, there at any rate you have a modern miracle if you don't believe in the ancient one; for she, any day and in only six hours, creates a far fairer order out of a far more formless chaos.

Ralph Burgoyne. Very well, then; if that is so, let us paint the modern miracle. Let us have something out of the life around us.

Violet Staunton. All the great Italian painters painted scenes remote from their own present. They took their subjects from the past of the Gospel history.

Ralph Burgoyne. They took their subjects from the Gospel history, it is true; but the Gospel history was not a past to them. It was an eternal present. A painter may nominally paint past events, if he pleases; but a great painter will only do so nominally. He will not do so in the spirit of an antiquary, but of a contemporary and a familiar; and this, not because his present is withdrawn into the past, but because the past is conjured up and made to breathe in the present. Thus no great scriptural or historical picture was ever painted that was not full of anachronisms. The absence of anachronisms always means the absence of genius. In Burne Jones and Alma-Tadema I dare say there are no anachronisms. I have no doubt the baths, the pavements, the chairs, and the musical instruments are historically entirely accurate.

Violet Staunton. To me there is something quite delightful in this accuracy. You feel that the painter actually lived in the past, and that he takes us with him.

Ralph Burgoyne. Yes, that is just my accusation against them. If a man deserts his own generation, his own generation will take no heed of him. He is a useless idler. If he allures others to desert their own generation likewise, he is a mischievous idler.

Violet Staunton (softly). I suppose it is not everybody who knows what a relief it is, sometimes, to escape from the present. Some of these pictures are to me like a wet towel round one's head when it is aching. They do take one very far away. Myself, I like that. I feel like a man who has been caught cheating at cards, and who

has at last got safely out of his own country. So this very unreality you complain of for me has something real in it. Some of the pictures that I believe it is the right thing to admire, I won't say a word for. You can't think them more unreal than I do. They are like nothing in the heaven above or in the earth beneath. Artists, people say, are proverbially immoral. I don't know anything about Mr. Whistler personally; but, if he had broken every other commandment, I'm sure he has faithfully kept the second.

Gage Stanley. You know Ruskin, on the contrary, says that all great artists must be moral.

Violet Staunton. I know he says that; but I'm afraid their biographies would hardly bear him out.

Lady Lilith Wardour. According to my theory, every one is moral who does his own special work in the best way possible.

Gage Stanley. I think you may give a painter's morals a wider field than that, and yet find Ruskin right. I entirely agree with him; but then I think that is because I understand him, and I think other people don't. When we talk of moral goodness we may mean two things—corporate goodness and individual goodness, one of which we have because we belong to ourselves, the other of which we have because we belong to our epoch. I can explain this to Miss Staunton out of her own experience. You were surprised, as you said just now, at the gallery applauding Isabella. The men who made all that clapping were, no doubt, as you charitably suppose, Lucios in their own conduct; but they were Lucios not because they had no higher self, but because the higher self had been gagged and tied down by the lower. But at moments like these the better self gets free. No temptation is there to fetter it. Looking at the stage, they are placed, as it were, above the world, and they can judge of vice and virtue unwarped by any personal feeling. Another cause also helps to bring the better self uppermost. The moral judgment we are speaking of is given in public; and even should each have some secret wish in his heart to applaud vice, shame chokes the wish, and he does not dare to do so. Each man is not only passing judgment himself, but his sentence is being judged by others. Well, here you have a body of rough, dissolute individuals, any one of which one might be afraid of meeting alone, who yet show themselves possessed, under certain circumstances, of a spirit of virtue and of chivalry—possessed of what I call a corporate moral goodness. Now, this is the sort of goodness that is necessary for a great painter to have part in. Though his own life may be selfish, he must reverence self-sacrifice; though his own life be impure, he must reverence purity. And if,

during the age he lives in, purity and self-sacrifice are held surely and generally to be holy and adorable things, he may give them a willing and public tribute on his canvas, though he may unwillingly deny them in his secret life. But he can do this only when his age is of such a character. Thus, in a great age, a dissolute painter may paint pure and noble pictures; and in a degraded age a most respectable painter may paint degrading and degraded pictures. And now perhaps you will see what I meant when I said just now that I thought some of these pictures we have been talking of were the most significant sights in London. The painters who painted them may, no doubt, personally be most excellent people, but their pictures, so far as their meaning goes, are utterly condemnable and debased. A bad painter, in a great age, is like the Dead Sea, which, though it hides Gomorrah in its heart, yet reflects the heaven on its surface. A good painter, in a bad age, is sure to reflect Gomorrah, though his heart, in its own depths, may be as pure as Jordan.

Ralph Burgoyne. I, my dear Gage, should be thankful if our modern art had even an immoral meaning. To me it seems positively to have none.

Gage Stanley. And so it has none in one sense. It is true there is this want in it—and that is what you are struck by—there is no discrimination in it between good and evil. I quite agree with you, that if it were *immoral*, there would be much to be thankful for. This would show that our artists knew the good even if they did not choose it. But to me it seems that they do not so much as know it. That *idea of the good*, which, in Plato's exquisite metaphor, is the moral sun of the world, which has been the fountain of the spiritual coloring in every great painter from Giotto to Hogarth, is for men like Burne Jones

“ . . . dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.”

Lady Lilith Wardour. Mr. Stanley, I don't quite understand your meaning. Surely by this time it has become a commonplace that great art is above morality, and that it never ought to be didactic.

Gage Stanley. That great art preaches no particular moral—that very likely is true enough. But that does not prove that it is not full of morality. On the contrary, good and evil are the two great colors that it paints with; and when one says it is not didactic one means only that it shows these colors so clearly to us that there is no need to label them. But our modern painters to me seem spiritually color-blind. They paint

evil with no consciousness of sin, and good with no admiration for virtue.

Lady Lilith Wardour. I think what you notice in these pictures is not the absence of any moral standard, but the substitution of a true for a superstitious one. Happiness—a happiness for all of us, and a happiness that we can realize here—this is the only rational standard. I see, Mr. Stanley, you can't make up your mind to agree with me. But to me the whole thing seems so profoundly simple; and I can't understand how any one who has read Mill can be in a moment's doubt about it.

Gage Stanley. I think the present generation is very quickly ceasing to doubt. It is beginning to live by Mill's standard; and we see in these pictures the result of the action. Art in this way is an excellent comment on philosophy. Philosophers may persuade men that certain facts are true or untrue; but of what use men at large will make of this knowledge, philosophers are profoundly ignorant. No child in its cradle, no girl of ten in her schoolroom, knows less of the world in general than Mill did, or could tell less how his theories, if accepted, would affect it. Burne Jones's pictures tell us far better. When I think of Mill, self-contained, passionless, unimaginative, despising society and all the world's frivolities, it makes me smile to think of him with his logic turning the handle, and grinding out the "Laus Veneris" and the "Chant d'Amour."

Violet Staunton. I don't quite see what you mean.

Gage Stanley. What I mean is this: The world has been taught that its one standard of action, its one thing to live for, is happiness in this life. This teaching is gradually changing the world. The change at first is hard to perceive; but none has so delicate, though it may be so unconscious, a sense of it, as a gifted artist; and we may trace the change most clearly in such an artist's pictures. Well, go to Burne Jones, and he will show you the direction where men, of themselves, are sure to look for happiness. The men and women he paints are not the unfortunate and the poor—not people struggling with physical evils. They are evidently people in command of all life's resources, and they are choosing, presumably, what they think the best of them. What they choose is love. That is their life's crown. As far as meaning goes, Burne Jones's two great pictures are a study of love.

Lady Lilith Wardour. And is not love, properly, the crown of life? I think if we only realized that, we should be far more careful not to offend against it than we are now.

Gage Stanley. Yes, love; but what sort of love? The love depicted in these pictures is a

love that could not be wronged, for nothing could make it worse than it is. If love is to be really the crown of life, it must be a crown of thorns as well as a crown of roses. It should nerve us for bearing sorrow; it should make us pure by pain and by forgetting of self. But look at Burne Jones's women. Would they suffer for any one's sake if they could help it? The only sorrow they know is the languor of exhausted animalism.

Lady Lilith Wardour. Yes, sorrow. Do you know he seems to me to paint sorrow so much more than happiness?

Gage Stanley. The sorrow he paints is the shadow of happiness, and shows us the shape of the thing as well as the thing would itself. The happiness his people follow is a happiness not fit to be painted. It can only be shown to us in the wake it leaves behind it, and in the lips and eyes of those that sing and dream of it. Lady Lilith, you are always very hard on the common fashionable conversation of our day—you say it is frivolous, ill-natured, and all that. Well, for my part I would sooner listen to the most frivolous, the most lying, the most ill-natured gossip of Mayfair or Belgravia, than I would to the "Chant d'Amour" the singer in the picture is supposed to be singing. The gossip has at any rate some life about it; its ill-nature is often bright and humorous, and falls on the just and the unjust alike. It typifies even at its worst a purer and a healthier life than the faces of these epicene dreamers.

Lady Lilith Wardour. I think, Mr. Stanley, that a good deal of this is your fancy.

Gage Stanley. I thought so myself till I looked at the artist's other pictures, "Day and Night" and the "Four Seasons." There is the whole history of the same diseased desires; and the motto for the whole series might be taken from a certain sonnet of Shakespeare's:

"Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream."¹

Lady Lilith Wardour. No. What I mean is this: I think you try to read a meaning into the pictures that is not there.

"Is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

These pictures are meant themselves to be factors in life's enjoyment, not to teach us lessons about it. They are specimens of art for art's sake. Look at the exquisite coloring, the exquisite workmanship. Look, for instance, at the painting of the tapestry in the "Laus Veneris."

Gage Stanley. In certain qualities I think Burne Jones far beyond all modern painters; but—

¹ Shakespeare, "Sonnets," cxxix.

Mrs. Roland. My dear Gage, don't you think you are laying too much stress on this good Mr. Burne Jones? I think all this sort of thing is confined very much to a clique.

Gage Stanley. There is a certain sort of art-slang, and a certain kind of artistic dressing, that is, of course, confined to a clique, and Heaven be praised for it! But the spirit that Burne Jones has caught, or that has caught him, is a spirit that is spread more widely. In his exquisite sense of color, and in his exquisite workmanship, he represents very fitly the sort of refinement that is coming over our civilization; but civilization is only the setting of the jewel of life; and if the jewel is valueless, we only see this the quicker if the setting is invaluable.

Violet Staunton. I quite agree with you about Burne Jones. But he is only one painter, and you shouldn't judge all by one. Look now at Alma-Tadema—you don't think his pictures sickly, do you?

Ralph Burgoyne. If Alma-Tadema was illustrating a dictionary of Roman antiquities, his pictures would be all very well. But to me, as pictures, they mean absolutely nothing.

Gage Stanley. To me, on the contrary, they mean a very great deal. I discern in them the same quest after happiness—a happiness that shall be self-sufficing; and shall vindicate a sufficient value for life. And they show me that in actual life the artist fails to find this. He despairs of reality; he betakes himself to a dream of the past. This too is true of Burne Jones. He for his outer surroundings has to go to the Middle Ages.

Ralph Burgoyne. That is just what I say. The art is all unreal; and being unreal it can teach us nothing.

Gage Stanley. No, for you forget this: that this unreality is itself real. It is a fact. You may see it in the life around us. Don't Lady Lilith's Hampstead friends spend their life, which is cast in this century, in playing at living in the last? And to a certain extent we are all doing the same thing. These very forks we are eating with are Queen Anne forks, and I've no doubt my cousin paid any amount of money for them. Yes, this is what it is: we have lost our faith, and this is how we try to make up for it. Our architecture and all our surroundings tell the same tale. Once what they did was to remind us that we *shall* be living a million years hence; now they try to make us think that we *are* living a hundred years ago. Perhaps, Ralph, you like such art as Tissot's better. There is very little about that that is not of the nineteenth century.

Ralph Burgoyne. I think Tissot the worst and the most meaningless of all. I suppose his is what Ruskin would call *contemplative art*.

And what are the highest things of which M. Tissot's art is contemplative? A girl's ankles, the high heels of her shoes, the frills of a fashionable petticoat, and the amount of back she can show through muslin between her stays and her necklace.

Gage Stanley. Well, Tissot is simply Burne Jones modernized. He says in the careless slang of the day what the other says with his fastidious archaisms. Look at the sort of woman that is represented in the "Evening" and the "July" of Tissot. She is evidently meant for a *grande dame* of some kind. One used to think that a *grande dame* had duties. But this woman—what duties has she? Her wealth is simply used to minister to a voluptuous languor. Look in her eyes—can you find a thought in them of anything beyond her own pleasure, or perhaps a fretfulness that at this moment she is too weary to be pleased?

Lady Lilith Wardour. I see, Mr. Stanley, your mind is still running on what you said just now about faith, and your religious standard of good and evil. You think these people don't look as if they said prayers or thanked a God for their happiness, and therefore you are determined to think they can never be rightly happy. It is very possible that when we first consciously begin to make our own happiness our object, we shall make a few mistakes about it at first; but we all know so well, if we will only think about it, what the best happiness consists in, that our standard will be a far surer one than the unauthenticated formula of a superstition. Take the happiness of a husband and wife when they really love one another. Every one admits that this is the best happiness life can give. Is not that a sufficient standard by which to condemn inconstancy, and a sufficient inducement to prevent people from being inconstant?

From "*A Familiar Colloquy*," by W. H. MALLOCK, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

III.

THE LIMITS OF MODERN ART-CRITICISM.

(Reply to the preceding.)

I AM led by an article—a very brilliant one—entitled "*A Familiar Colloquy on Recent Art*," to appeal briefly and rather humbly to its author, and other men of the same high standard of capacity, about amenities and reticences which it seems to me they are called on to respect—revive—or perhaps to initiate. The article in question has not the weight of its author's more careful work, though it is quite worthy of him as a model *causerie*. Still I think it reckless, crude, and ill

considered, in its adverse criticisms. It does not seem as if the author had overridden any genuine scruples, which would be altogether wrong; but as if he had written just as he spoke, or heard others speak, in a drawing-room or a smoking-room. According to his rather unfavorable view of society, people seem to say much the same things in either place now.

What is to be said here will not have the piquancy of conversation, and I shall avoid the mention of names as far as possible, speaking as a friend of Mr. Burne Jones, and an admirer of his censor. And this is written partly at the instance of another person for whom that painter, his critic, and his critic's critic, entertain the same strong respect and regard. So that these observations are made *ex animo*; and, though one critique has given rise to them, they may apply to a great many others.

First, I rather object to the colloquial form of writing, where severe adverse criticism has to be done. The writer dodges behind his characters. It is not right to print sharp moral animadversion in the mouths of dummies, however prettily you may dress them up: and they enable you to use a style of touch-and-go insinuation which cannot be replied to. In personal discussion there is no harm in saying, "People say this or that about you, and I want to know about it, believing them"—because the other man can speak for himself. A license is allowed when men face each other, which should not be taken in a conversation all on one side.

Again, *littera scripta manet*. The sharpest things may often be said, when they ought not to be printed. The whole question of scandal, and scandalous newspaper writing, turns on printing intimate conversations for all the world to read, and proclaiming that which was said in the ear on the house-tops. It is an indiscretion; and it will certainly interfere, and gravely, with all freshness and confidence in society. It turns epigram into libel, and fun into malice. In short, criticisms may be flashed out, laughed at, and even remembered in the talk of a familiar clique, if they get no further than talk: they should be served up with their natural evanescent flavor, and not printer's-deviled. This applies more particularly to very clever men who live in ladies' society: they ought not to print things as said before modest women which they would not really say before them, unless indeed they have an underlying conviction that no women are modest, and that is matter of the very gravest statement, and not stuff to flavor a review. Besides, there is such a thing as self-control; and a gentleman of England should be able to restrain even his humor.

Then as to painting, and Mr. Burne Jones's

pictures. I am inclined to protest against the right claimed in this and other criticisms, of ignoring the artist's technical skill, and criticising his work as if that did not exist. On the subject of painting, and now on that alone, ignorance claims authority of its own, and scholars who don't know their lesson stand on the form to speak *ex cathedra*. I know that many well-read art-critics maintain that their mystery, like that of fencing in "Peter Simple," consists in knowing nothing about it; but having made both books and pictures in my time, I must assert that pictures are not books, and should be treated in a different way. The fact is, that the bullying power of a critic who avows his own ignorance, and appeals as an honest man to everybody else's, is so great as to be overpowering. A painter cannot by his art answer criticism which ignores his art: and the wordman is tempted to considerable *outré* conduct toward the workman, as in this critique. Mr. Ralph Burgoyne, the rough intellectual dummy, first contemptuously withholds contemptible opinion as to beauty and pictorial merit, and then he and the other man advance grave censure as to intellectual and moral result. He says that the only resource of the afflicted painter is to call his assailable fool or Philistine in Pompeian Greek or mediæval Latin. I seldom use either word in any language: but I have a decided opinion as to the use of the term gentleman, and its cognate adjectives, and it seems to me that those who claim that name should, in these dangerous days, walk warily in print.

The intellectual rough of the colloquy begins by saying that he is not interested in technical excellence as such, and goes on to compare it to good bricklaying, as, for example, that of a gin-shop. This is rather insolent, and in fact just the right way to shut up an anathematized artist. But it involves the assertion that painting has no more intellect or morals in it than bricklaying, and if that be the case, the painter ought not to be attacked about intellect and morals, as he is in the next page. But the truth is, as all art-students know, that their skill and moral health or rightness are very closely related. To look on human, i. e. female, beauty with the view of representing it is not like looking on it from any other motive, innocent or guilty. The art of painting affects the moral character of the painter, and the picture. No one ought to be or is allowed to study in a life school till he has learned the human form, i. e., its ideal anatomy, curves, *chiaroscuro*, and color in the cast school. He has to bring a good deal of acquired knowledge, ocular, mental, and manual, to bear on his model when he first sees her: and the difficult and delightful manipulations, on which his success de-

pend, leave him no time or thought for anything but themselves when he comes to work from the life. A good student only thinks of his model on his canvas. There is, in fact, as every workman will tell you, a delicate pleasure in the curves and in the color which the skilled workman enjoys, and which he desires to enable his critic to share. That is the use of skill: that is what distinguishes a picture from a book, as to idea, or from the natural objects themselves in pure transcript of nature. Skill wins or ought to win favor by giving a pleasure of its own. To contrast pale crimson and gray in various shades and forms, is most delightful to anybody who can do it; and he can convey a part of that pleasure to anybody who will really look at his work, which Mr. Burgoyne says he won't do.

Again, you do not understand a painting well enough to criticise it in a leading review—still less to criticise the motives of its painter unfavorably, and with disagreeable reiteration of his name—unless you know the difficulties involved, and they cannot be appreciated without some experience in manipulations. Try to copy an outline in pencil: if you can do that right, try a form in sepia; if you can do that, try it again on canvas, and feel how the intractable nature of the pig dwells in those uncompromising bristles, which refuse for hours of trouble to do anything you want. In your first attempts at simple things you will hardly be able to see that they are all wrong. Like everything else worth doing, painting is an advance up hills of difficulty, for the sake of fine things to be seen and done on the way or on the top, and the difficulties are great part of the things. Of these difficulties the human form affords the standard, undisputed from the days of Phidias. He preferred it draped, at least on the female side; so do I, so beyond all question does Mr. Burne Jones, and doubtless so does his critic. In that we are all at one. Nevertheless, that form undraped always has been a central standard of competence in art, and the difficulties of rendering it, light, shade, and color, have very much to do with any painter's choice of it as his object. He must show himself equal to it, if no more; I think our leading painters take this view of it, and that Millais and Leighton have been influenced by feelings of this kind in their choice of subject. Any one who has drawn the female form from the cast knows it is the highest reward of the master to succeed with it from life; all say the same, from the Greeks to the Renaissance (and that begins with Niccolò Pisano) and on from Cellini to Etty. The outsider who knows what he likes can say what he likes, and he always does so, and has the best of it. But he is not in a proper position to talk about the painter's moral standard. He

ought not, on the ground of technical ignorance, to be oracular about motive—a tendency often observable in the intellectual rough. It is his pleasing manner to talk of manual skill—just as if it were only manual (which has been considered), then as if it demoralized and committed the student or workman. The Great Briton asserts or implies a notion that every painter is a person of degraded and sensual mind, from the studies and practice of his profession. I abhor *tu quoques*, and have a much higher opinion of the morality of the race and clan to which I belong than that expressed in the familiar colloquy. But I do not think my fellow countrymen, or any of them, so good or so cold as either not to see or to receive harm by seeing the beauty of Mr. Jones's works. To wrangle about beauty in the portrait of a woman, or in the ideal of an angel, which is sure to retain some feminine likeness, is an utter weariness. Before one disputes with one man about the morals of a third, one should know more about both, and confess more about one's self, than ought on any account or anywhere to be made public. It is enough to say that in this matter every painter who does his best, and puts his heart into his work, really carries it on his sleeve for daws to peck at. So they do, and it is all right; but Mr. Mallock is a tercel-gentle. His beak and single are sharper: his stoop, to say the least, far more unexpected.

As was said, it is no use talking about color, form, or expression. With many men it is an offense to know much about or earnestly study them. And men of that form must swing their clubs to their heart's content in talk or newspapers, and so they do. But one thing I should like to say about my friend's feminine ideals. I do not know what restraints young gentlemen now admit in their conversation with ladies, especially when one of the latter is an atheist, and the other of "imperfect reputation," whatever that may mean. But, if I were in the society of women whom I could only judge by their looks, and who looked like Burne Jones's "Angels of Creation," or his "Psyche," or "Medea," or "Creusa," or anybody he has painted in the Grosvenor Gallery this year, I should be particularly careful not to use any dubious expression whatever. I should not introduce the subject of spades for the sake of calling them by their right name. I should keep guard over my tongue lest it strayed into anything savoring of "that flower of modern converse, the innuendo." I should be careful of my words in such women's hearing, and afterward, and of my thoughts in their presence, and afterward.

We all speak of love as we find it; and I have certainly known Englishwomen not unlike

those represented in these pictures, who bore great sorrows not unfaithfully as a cross, and were or professed themselves strengthened in such endurance by love of persons dear to them—their husbands, for example. The expressions put in the mouth of the æsthetic dummy appear to me somewhat outrageous accordingly. Knowledge of women of our own race and time is not best acquired by hearing or reading scandal; still less by perusing the extraordinary works which formed part of old Mr. Laurence's library. These, as I trust, his chronicler knows only by name; I never knew their names till I read them in the first edition of his chief work. But the fact that such books were illustrated by Giulio Romano and Sansovino,¹ and that Popes either winked at their existence, or more often strove against them honestly and vainly, ought to add some charity to expressions used by English Catholics² about Englishwomen; and, if that be all, about English artists as well. It is well

to season Ultramontanism with Christianity; and one may hope that a critic who has acquired one may go on to the other. But such an expression as that of "exhausted animalism" involves a very ugly and wanton accusation, which no fair student of this painter's works can read without grave indignation.

Mr. Burne Jones's name is coupled with M. Alma-Tadema's and M. Tissot's, as if the painters had anything in common except perfect manual skill. This is harmless crudity; and the two last-named painters are well able to take care of themselves. But most men will admit the difference between ideal expression, antiquarian realism, and modern realism; as motives of art, supplying subjects for pictures, I do not like the third, and I respect the second, but the first appears to be in fact identical with the motives of the highest written poetry.

R. S. J. TYRWHITT, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

ELEPHANT-CATCHING.³

A REALLY good book on wild beasts is very seldom met with. There are stay-at-home naturalists who study the animals at the Zoological Gardens, and the distorted forms of the hay-distended creatures at the British Museum: such writers compile books on natural history by gleaning anecdotes from the numerous sporting works of Indian and African authors, but all such attempts at description must be necessarily flat and unsubstantial: they lack the spirit and originality of the active hunter and naturalist, and they are untrustworthy.

There is another class of sporting books more interesting, but nevertheless unsatisfactory. England is a nation of hunters, and our youth is full of vigor and adventure. The vast improvement in rifles, and the general extension of rifle practice, induce all those who can afford the means to visit wild countries for the sake of larger game than the red deer of our Scottish forests. India offers a wide field of adventure; also Africa, America, Ceylon; and in fact there are few corners of the world attainable by the sportsman that are not penetrated by the British enthusiast.

Such daring hunters make special expedi-

tions, and usually return to England after their foreign excursions and write books. With some exceptions such narratives are tedious: the experience of the authors has been limited, and they cannot be accepted as authorities on natural history; their books are journals of slaughter which often offend the susceptibilities of their readers. Men who start from England for a shooting-trip may be excellent shots, good sportsmen, and fluent writers, but their narration of facts must be confined to a comparatively narrow area; they kill as many animals as possible within a certain interval of time, but they cannot have acquired sufficient knowledge of the natures of their game to enable them to write sporting works as valuable additions to literature.

The work now before us, "*Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India*," is a most valuable contribution to works upon natural history. Especially may the author be accepted as one of the highest practical authorities upon all that concerns the elephant. There is perhaps no animal that interests mankind more deeply than this huge and sagacious creature. We find it depicted on the coinage of ancient Carthage; and by the peculiar formation of the African species

¹ See Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "*Life of Titian*."

² It is perhaps right to state that Mr. Mallock does not belong to the Roman Catholic Church, as the author appears to suppose.—EDITOR.

³ "*Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India* :

their Haunts and Habits, from Personal Observation; with an Account of the Modes of capturing and training Elephants. By G. P. Sanderson, Officer in charge of the Government Elephant-catching Establishment in Mysore. London, 1878."

we know that both that and the Indian variety were introduced into Northern Africa and Europe. How the African elephant was led across the great Sahara we cannot conceive; and we must believe that in by-gone ages this animal existed along the northwestern coasts of that continent, and was captured and brought to Carthage by way of Morocco. The presence of the elephant domesticated at that date proves the great extension of geographical knowledge since the more remote Biblical era. In the Old Testament there is no mention made of such an animal, neither is there a drawing upon the Egyptian temples that would denote their acquaintance with the elephant; and yet we hear of ivory having been brought to Solomon!

Although the elephant has attracted the special attention of many writers, there are few accounts that can be relied upon, for the simple reason that the animal has been seldom studied at the same time in both its wild and domesticated condition.

The author of the new work now before us, Mr. G. P. Sanderson, has been engaged for some years, and is still employed, in catching and taming the wild elephants of India for the Imperial Government. He went to Madras in 1864, and was appointed Assistant Channel Superintendent upon the irrigation works of Mysore. His headquarters were Hoonsoor, twenty-eight miles from the capital, and his employment is thus tersely explained: "My work consisted in looking after about one hundred and fifty miles of river-drawn irrigation channels, all of them works of antiquity." To a young enthusiastic sportsman such a position afforded every opportunity for developing his tastes. At the end of 1868 he was advanced to the head of the department in that district, and acquired the charge of seven hundred and sixteen miles of water channels.

"The city of Mysore became my headquarters. I had a large extent of country, including several fine jungles, in addition to my old haunts, to travel over in the prosecution of my work. I had a sufficient salary to afford a good battery, and the money necessary for getting good sport; and I spent most of my leave and all my cash upon it. In 1873 an opportunity was afforded me of changing what had hitherto been my favorite recreation only—sport—into the business of my life. I had before this time shot all the kinds of large game found in the Mysore country, and had become familiar with jungle matters. I had been especially interested in noting the habits of wild elephants; and upon my repeated representations, aided by the support of an official of high standing—a thorough sportsman, and able to form an accurate opinion on my proposals—the Mysore Government was induced to undertake the capture of some of the herds which roamed, useless

and destructive, through various parts of the province, and I was appointed to carry out the experiment. . . .

"I succeeded, as I shall hereafter relate, in capturing a large number of elephants, and in consequence was appointed to the temporary charge of the Bengal Elephant-catching Establishment in September, 1875. I worked in Bengal for nine months, during which time I visited the Garrow and Chittagong hill tracts, wild and little known regions. I returned to Mysore in June, 1876, after capturing eighty-five elephants in Chittagong."

This concise programme introduces the author to his readers as a man already experienced by some years' practice with the wild game of India, about to undertake the exciting and interesting duty, not of slaying and exterminating, but of capturing and training to industrial purposes the true king of beasts, the elephant. Painfully mindful of the doubt attached to "travelers' tales," he prefaces his descriptions with these remarks: "I claim one merit for my jottings, which I hope will cover their numerous failings—at least in the eyes of brother sportsmen—and that is, that they are all strictly true." We cordially accept this declaration, and shall give every credit to the author's innocence of exaggeration.

The second chapter gives an interesting description of the Mysore country, followed by much useful information respecting the productions of the country, which prove that Mr. Sanderson is not simply a sportsman, but that he has taken pains to study the interesting subject of development.

In the fourth chapter we come to the prime object of the book, "elephant-catching." Mr. Sanderson took up his quarters at a locality named Morlay, in the southeastern corner of Mysore, near the foot of the Billiga-rungun hills, where elephants abounded; he writes:

"Morlay is a charming place. The views of the Billiga-rungun hills, and the more distant Neigherries, the splendid sheets of water close at hand and the stretches of green rice fields which they nourish, the groves of date trees and cocoanut gardens fringing the borders of artificial lakes for irrigation, are very beautiful. Such a place as Morlay for sport surely never existed, at least for diversity of game."

This sounds very attractive, and such a description might occasion a sudden exodus of the sporting world from England were it not followed by an ominous contrast:

"Morlay is not, however, a very healthy place, and my people and myself have all suffered severely from fever at various times. . . . During our second year at Morlay we lost at the rate of two hundred per *mille* per annum among servants, etc., which is,

I believe, about five times the death-rate of the most unhealthy towns in England."

The author closes this account of the sanitary conditions of Morlay with the alarming announcement, "I am now the last as I was the first European here." There was no jostling for precedence in that hunter's paradise, and Mr. Sanderson had every opportunity for carrying out his enterprise. His first endeavor was to make friends with the natives; this necessary preliminary step was rendered easy by his isolated position as sole European. Having carefully studied their customs, he quickly obtained their confidence, and by a judicious management he recruited valuable allies, and formed an organized body of hunters.

Chapter VI. is devoted to a description of the Asiatic elephant, and is of such interest that copious extracts will be readily welcomed, as Mr. Sanderson must be accepted as a thoroughly practical authority. After describing the chief localities in which he gained his experience, he continues:

"Herds of elephants usually consist of from thirty to fifty individuals, but much larger numbers, even one hundred, are by no means uncommon. When large herds are in localities where fodder is not very plentiful, they divide into parties of from ten to twenty; these remain separate, though within two or three miles of each other. But they all take part in any common movement, such as a march into another tract of forest. The different parties keep themselves informed at all times of each other's whereabouts, chiefly by their fine sense of smell. I have observed that tame elephants can wind wild ones at a distance of three miles when the wind is favorable. Each herd of elephants is a family in which the animals are nearly allied to each other. Though the different herds do not intermix, escaped tame female elephants, or young males, appear to find no difficulty in obtaining admittance to herds.

"In a herd of elephants the females with their calves form the advanced guard, while the tuskers follow leisurely behind, as the unencumbered tuskers have no one to see to but themselves. I have never known a case of a tusker undertaking to cover the retreat of a herd. A herd is invariably led by a female—never a male—and the females with young ones are at all times dangerous if intruded upon. The necessity for the convenience of the mothers of the herd regulating its movement is evident, as they must accommodate the length and time of their marches, and the localities in which they rest or feed at different hours, to the requirements of their young ones; consequently the guidance of a tusker would not suit them.

"Elephants make use of a great variety of sounds in communicating with each other, and in expressing their wants and feelings. Some are uttered by the

trunk, some by the throat. The conjunctures in which either means of expression is employed cannot be strictly classified—as fear, pleasure, want, and other emotions are sometimes indicated by the trunk, sometimes by the throat. An elephant rushing upon an assailant trumpets shrilly with fury; but if enraged by wounds or other causes, and brooding by itself, it expresses its anger by a continued hoarse grumbling from the throat. Fear is similarly expressed by a shrill, brassy trumpet, or by a roar from the lungs; pleasure by a continued low squeaking through the trunk, or an almost inaudible purring sound from the throat. Want—as a calf calling its mother—is chiefly expressed by the throat. A peculiar sound is made use of by elephants to express dislike or apprehension, and at the same time to intimidate, as when the cause of alarm has not been clearly ascertained, and the animals wish to deter an intruder. It is produced by rapping the end of the trunk smartly on the ground, a current of air, hitherto retained, being sharply emitted through the trunk, as from a valve, at the moment of impact. The sound made resembles that of a large sheet of tin rapidly doubled.

"While in open country the herds move about a good deal during the day in cloudy, showery weather. On very stormy and inclement days they keep to bamboo cover, which is close and warm. During breaks, when the sun shines for a few hours, they come out eagerly to warm their huge bodies. They are then fond of standing on the sheet-rock so common in the Mysore country above hill ranges. The young calves and staid mothers, in small groups, half dozing as they bask, form tranquil family pictures at such times. Elephants are partial to rocky places at all seasons.

"While marching from one tract of forest to another, elephants travel in strict Indian file. They seldom stay more than one or two days at the same halting-place, as the fodder becomes exhausted. They rest during the middle hours of the night, as well as during the day. Some lie down, and they usually dispose themselves in small, distinct squads of animals which seem to have an affection for each other. (Tame elephants frequently display a particular liking for one or other of their fellows.) About three o'clock they rise to feed or march, and by ten o'clock in the day they are again collected, and rest till afternoon; at eleven at night they again rest. In showery, cool weather elephants are frequently on the move all day long.

"When a calf is born, the herd remains with its mother two days; the calf is then capable of marching. Even at this tender age calves are no encumbrance to the herd's movements; the youngest climb hills and cross rivers, assisted by their dams. In swimming, very young calves are supported by their mothers' trunks, and held in front of them. When they are a few months old they scramble on to their mothers' shoulders, helping themselves by holding on with their legs, or they swim alone. Young calves sent across rivers in charge of our tame elephants

often did this, though they could swim by themselves if necessary.

"Full-grown elephants swim perhaps better than any other land animals. A batch of seventy-nine that I dispatched from Dacca to Barrackpur, near Calcutta, in November, 1875, had the Ganges and several of its large tidal branches to cross. In the longest swim they were six hours without touching the bottom; after a rest on a sand-bank they completed the swim in three more; and not one was lost. I have heard of more remarkable swims than this."

This power of swimming which is possessed by the elephant will be new to many of Mr. Sanderson's readers, and is a fact not generally known to students of natural history. The carcass of an elephant is exceedingly buoyant, and will float immediately should the animal be shot in a deep river. The power of flotation must necessarily depend upon the quantity and quality of food contained in the stomach and intestines; but when the immense capacity of these is taken into consideration, and the light quality of the food, which, consisting of leaves and herbage coarsely masticated, is most loosely packed, it may readily be imagined that the body of an elephant is distended to a degree that offers a small displacement in proportion to its actual size. The head of a dead elephant sinks deep, but the convex surface of the flank generally appears about eighteen inches above water. The body of a hippopotamus, on the contrary, sinks to the bottom immediately when killed, and does not reappear upon the surface for an interval of an hour and a half or two hours, according to the depth and temperature of the water.

In Mr. Sanderson's varied experience an incident is described at page 172 which is quite inexplicable, as it contradicts the facts already established of the elephant's power of flotation, and its dexterity as a swimmer. The author, who was an eye-witness of the events, confesses his perplexity. A recently captured tusker, worth six hundred pounds to the Government, was lashed between two tame and well-trained females valued at three hundred pounds each, who were swimming down a river, guided by the mahouts upon their necks. Suddenly the tusker sank, and, before the mahouts could cut the cords to release the females, they were dragged beneath and drowned. "Their mahouts sat down and cried like children over the faithful beasts they had tended for years." In due time the bodies floated, but no cause could be assigned for the accident. It is quite possible that the ropes may have caught either a snag of timber or the point of a submerged rock, in which case the current would probably have borne down the elephants, and the subsequent distention and floating of the bodies may have released the rope.

"Much misconception exists on the subject of rogue or solitary elephants. The usually accepted belief that these elephants are turned out of the herds by their companions or rivals is not correct. Most of the so-called solitary elephants are the lords of some herds near. They leave their companions at times to roam by themselves, usually to visit cultivation or open country, whither less bold animals and the females encumbered with calves hesitate to follow. Sometimes, again, they make the expedition merely for the sake of solitude. They, however, keep more or less to the jungle where the herd is, and follow its movements. . . . Single male elephants spend their nights and sometimes days in predatory excursions into rice and other fields in the immediate vicinity of villages. They become disabused of many of the terrors which render ordinary elephants timid and needlessly cautious. These elephants are by no means always evil disposed. A solitary elephant I knew intimately at Morlay was a most inoffensive animal, and, although bold in his wanderings, never injured any one. Some male elephants, however, as much wandering herd-tuskers as really solitary animals, are dangerous when suddenly come upon, but rarely wantonly malicious."

The arguments respecting "rogue," or vicious solitary male elephants, have always remained a vexed question. Although Mr. Sanderson may be perfectly right according to his experience, there can be no doubt that the character of elephants must vary according to the conditions of the localities they inhabit. In the vicinity of well-populated villages, where extensive rice grounds or other alluring crops are present, the solitary males will become accustomed to the futile attempts to scare them, should the natives be unprovided with firearms. In such positions the animals will quickly discover their own superiority, and when they have once proved their power by chasing a runaway native instead of being themselves hunted, they will lose respect for man, and become the terror of the neighborhood. Although there can be no contradiction to the assertion that "male elephants are in the habit of waiting in the immediate vicinity of the herds, but occasionally wander as solitary animals for a short season," there is the unquestionable fact that in Ceylon certain localities have been infested for years by particular vicious solitary elephants, which are termed "rogues." The tank districts, where ancient artificial lakes of large extent still remain as vestiges of former irrigation works, are spots where rogue-elephants used to abound, and every individual animal was thoroughly known to the natives as a permanent nuisance in the locality. They were always there, although they were brought into more prominent notice during the dry season, when the tanks were shrunk to the smallest dimensions, and became mere ponds in the center of

extensive plains. At such times the elephants are obliged to leave the jungles to drink and wallow in the pools; and the rice crops in the absence of other vegetation become an additional attraction. Many of this class of elephants were exceedingly fierce, and at the same time wary and destructive; these were the true "rogues."

The Ceylon Government offered a reward for the destruction of elephants generally, and it is much to be regretted that they were destroyed instead of being captured. The excuse for a slaughter by sportsmen, which would otherwise have been wanton, was the fact of Government encouragement, and every elephant-hunter considered that he was effecting a public benefit. Mr. Sanderson mentions an exception to his theory which came under his own observation:

"I have only known one instance of two full-grown male elephants, unconnected with herds, constantly associating together. These were a tusker and muckna (tuskerless male) in the Kitankoté forests. They were inseparable companions in their night wanderings, but always remained a mile or two apart during the day. I knew the pair well in 1870-'72; in the latter year I shot the tusker, as he had become dangerous, and had been proscribed by Government for killing people."

The writer of this article has known many instances of two vicious males consorting together, and very numerous cases of purely rogue-elephants which the natives solicited him to destroy.

Mr. Sanderson has one great superiority over the generality of sportsmen; he is averse to guess-work, and is most particular in his actual measurements of animals; thus the student of natural history may depend upon his heights of elephants, and his lengths of tigers, as facts. It is exceedingly difficult for a novice to guess the height of an elephant at the shoulder, and an absurd amount of exaggeration has been published upon this subject, although there can be no difficulty in ascertaining the truth. The Indian elephant is smaller than the African species, a female of the latter being about equal in shoulder height to a male of the former. The African elephant now at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens measures ten feet four inches perpendicular height from the ground to that part of the shoulder which corresponds to the withers of a horse.

"There is little doubt that there is not an elephant ten feet at the shoulder in India. . . . Out of some hundreds of tame and newly caught elephants which I have seen in the south of India and in Bengal, also from Burmah and different parts of India, and of which I have carefully measured all the largest individuals, I have not seen one ten feet in vertical height at the shoulder. The largest was an

elephant in the Madras Commissariat stud at Hoonsoor, which measured nine feet ten inches. The next largest are two tuskless elephants belonging to his Highness the Mahārājah of Mysore, each nine feet eight inches, captured in Mysore some forty years ago, and still alive.

"Of females, the largest I have measured—two leggy animals in the stud at Dacca—were respectively eight feet five inches and eight feet three inches. As illustrating how exceptional this height is in females, I may say that out of one hundred and forty elephants captured by me in keddahs in Mysore and Bengal, in 1874 and 1876, the tallest females were just eight feet. The above are vertical measurements at the shoulder."

Those in England who may interest themselves upon this subject will at once compare the height of the African male at the Zoological Gardens with that of the Indian males which Mr. Sanderson has quoted. He gives the height of the largest males he has seen as from nine feet six inches to the maximum nine feet ten inches. Thus the Goliath of Indian elephants is six inches lower at the shoulder than the African specimen in England; and it must be remembered that the latter has been reared in captivity from a small creature of about two years old, and is by no means a fine example of its species. The average height of Indian males may be accepted as nine feet, and the females as below eight feet.

The longevity of the elephant is undetermined, and can hardly be arrived at by experience with domesticated animals. These are subjected to labor and exposure to the sun, which in a wild state would be avoided, and they miss both the desired quality and quantity of food, in addition to their natural hours of rest. But, when we reflect upon the special arrangement which nature has supplied for the reproduction of the grinding tooth by the secretion of dental matter, and the advance of laminæ that adhere in plates, and actually replenish the molar, we must admit that such an extraordinary provision would suggest a necessity occasioned by extreme longevity, during which ordinary teeth would not support the work required.

The native mahouts informed the author that one hundred and twenty years constituted the average life of an elephant; but he considers that in the wild state the animal lives to one hundred and fifty years. This is of course a matter of mere conjecture; but upon reading Mr. Sanderson's account of the great mortality of tame elephants (ten per cent. per annum), we must assume that the lives of the survivors are considerably shortened by captivity.

In Ceylon the natives consider that the period of gestation in the elephant is about two years, but the experienced natives informed the author

that this depends upon the sex of the calf, the male requiring twenty-two months and the female only eighteen. The average weight of a newly born calf is stated to be two hundred pounds. They rarely breed in confinement, "owing to the segregation of the sexes."

Mr. Sanderson directs attention to—

"The extreme gentleness of elephants; the care they take never to push against or step upon their attendants doubtless arises from an instinctive feeling designed for the protection of their young, which a rough though unintentional push or blow with the legs of such huge animals would at once kill. Among all created animals the elephant stands unrivaled in gentleness. The most intelligent horse cannot be depended upon not to tread on his master's toes, and if terrified makes no hesitation in dashing away, even should he upset any one in so doing. But elephants, even huge tuskers whose heads are high in the air, and whose keepers are mere pygmies beside them, are so cautious that accidents very seldom occur through carelessness on their part. In the keddahs, though elephants are excited by struggling, they never overlook the men on foot engaged in securing the captives; and though there would seem to be great danger in being amid the forest of huge legs and bulky bodies of the tame elephants, they evince such wonderful instinct in avoiding injuring the men, that I have never seen an accident occur through them.

"When an alarm occurs in a herd, the young ones immediately vanish under their mothers, and are then seldom seen again. A herd containing a large number of calves would be supposed under the circumstances by the uninitiated to consist entirely of full-grown elephants. The mothers help their offspring up steep places with a push behind, and manage to get them through or over every difficulty with great ingenuity."

The extreme sagacity which has been universally attributed to the elephant receives a somewhat unpleasant negation from the experience of Mr. Sanderson. From his observation, it would appear that many of the acts of these tamed animals, which are considered by the looker-on to be spontaneous, are merely in obedience to the whispered mandates of the driver:

"The opinion is generally held by those who have had the best opportunities of observing the elephant, that the popular estimate of its intelligence is a greatly exaggerated one; and that instead of being the exceptionally wise animal it is believed to be, its sagacity is of a very medium description. Of the truth of this opinion no one who has lived among elephants can entertain any doubt. It is a significant fact that the natives of India never speak of the elephant as a peculiarly intelligent animal; and it does not figure in their ancient literature for its wisdom, as do the fox, the crow, and the monkey. . . .

One of the strangest features in the domesticated elephant's character is its obedience. It may also be readily taught, as it has a large share of the ordinary cultivable intelligence common in a greater or less degree to all animals. But its reasoning faculties are undoubtedly far below those of the dog, and possibly of other animals; and in matters beyond the range of its daily experience it evinces no special discernment. While quick at comprehending anything sought to be taught to it, the elephant is decidedly wanting in originality."

An interesting discussion might be raised upon this theory. There can be no doubt that the tales generally accepted of the extraordinary sagacity of elephants are frequently exaggerated; but, on the other hand, the facts which Mr. Sanderson admits, that "it may also be readily taught," and that it possesses "a large share of the ordinary cultivable intelligence," are sufficient to prove a special mental power of adaptation to the uses required from the animal when employed by man.

Mr. Sanderson differs from the views of Sir Emerson Tennent in many points; but the author of "The Wild Elephant" had the disadvantage of not being a hunter. Thus Sir Emerson Tennent, having witnessed the operations of the tame elephants at a kraal, or elephant-catching scene in Ceylon, attributed the clever movements of the animals to their natural sagacity; little knowing that every act was in obedience to the orders received from their drivers. Mr. Sanderson thus explains the mysteries of elephantine sagacity:

"I have seen the cream of trained elephants at work at the catching-establishments in Mysore and Bengal; I have managed them myself under all circumstances; and I can say that I have never seen one show any aptitude in dealing, undirected, with an unforeseen emergency. I have a young riding-elephant at present, Soondargowry, often my only shooting-companion, which kneels, trumpets, hands up anything from the ground; raises her trunk to break a branch, or passes under one in silence; stops, backs, and does other things at understood hints as I sit on her pad; but no uninitiated looker-on would perceive that any intimation of what is required passes between us.

"The elephant's chief good qualities are obedience, gentleness, and patience. In none of these is he excelled by any domestic animal; and, under circumstances of the greatest discomfort, such as exposure to the sun, painful surgical operations, etc., he seldom evinces any irritation. . . . The elephant is excessively timid both in its wild and domestic state, and its fears are easily excited by anything strange."

The writer of this article has had frequent experience of this timidity among tame elephants.

A clever female was employed in a Ceylon forest to push down large trees when only cut half through, in order to spare the labor of the axemen. On one occasion a squall of wind suddenly broke a neighboring tree, which fell upon the elephant's back; she was never to be trusted afterward, as she would immediately rush off through the forest if she heard the slightest crack during the operations of felling. Another large elephant was capsized with a vessel, and landed upon the island of Manaar, together with her Moormen owners. She could never be induced to enter another ship, and for a short time she was exceedingly profitable to her proprietors, who sold her repeatedly to strangers upon their arrival. As the purchasers could never persuade the elephant to leave the island, they were glad to return her to the Moormen at half price. After a few sales and fruitless endeavors to embark the purchase for the mainland, her character became widely known.

Mr. Sanderson's first effort in elephant-catching was a failure, owing to the over-excitement of his inexperienced followers. Elephants are exceedingly afraid of an open trench, which suggests to their minds a trap or pitfall; it is, therefore, an easy matter to guide the movements of a wild herd into the desired inclosure, by having previously excavated a ditch in the right direction. The author, who was provided with a large force, employed eight hundred men to dig a trench eight feet deep, and eight feet wide at the surface, the bottom being six feet. The trench was arranged in the required lines to intercept the elephants from crossing a small river at a ford, which was annually used by the herds upon their periodical visit to the locality. A similar ditch then directed the animals into a thick jungle, which was their habitual resort; in the midst of this dense thicket a space had been inclosed with strong palisades, protected from the inside by a ditch, in order to diminish the power of an elephant's attack, should it attempt to force the barrier. This inclosure or pound was the terminus of the guiding trenches, which led to an entrance sufficiently large to admit a single elephant. Above this was suspended a powerful gate, which would be dropped like a portcullis upon the entry of the rearmost animal, by the simple act of cutting the rope upon which it hung.

A month had been occupied in these arrangements, and upon the second attempt Mr. Sanderson was rewarded by the capture of fifty-three elephants. The vivid description given in his book will well repay the reader, although too long for present insertion.

The greatest interest lies in the individual custody of the huge prisoners within the kraal or

keddah. Every elephant within this inclosure had to be separately secured with ropes, and this could only be effected through the assistance of the trained animals.

"On the day after the drive we commenced the work of securing the wild ones. Out of seventeen tame elephants, belonging to the Maharájah and Commissariat department, which I had in camp, ten of the most steady and courageous males and females were told off for work in the inclosure, and the rest to bring fodder for the captives. Water was supplied to them through bamboos across the trench, emptying into an improvised trough. As none of the mahouts had seen elephants caught before, except single ones, they were rather nervous about entering with but ten among so many wild ones. P— rode one pad elephant in advance, and I another, to encourage the men. The wild ones all mobbed together when we entered, and showed great interest in our elephants. After some little time we separated a few from the herd, and a mahout slipped off under cover of our tame elephants, and secured a noose round a young tusker's hind-leg. The tame elephants then dragged and pushed him backward nearly to the gate of the keddah, where we secured him between two trees. We afterward found, however, that it was much easier to hobble each elephant's hind-legs, and then to let it fatigue itself by dragging them after it for some time before we finally secured it, than to proceed as we did at first. In ten days we secured all the elephants. Calves were allowed to go loose with their mothers. The captives were led out of the inclosure by our elephants as fast as they were secured, across the river, and were picketed in the forest. Water troughs were made for them of hollowed lengths of date trees. These were pushed within their reach by a bamboo, and withdrawn by a rope to be again filled. Two men were appointed to each large elephant, and one to each small one. They made themselves shelters of boughs and mats, just beyond reach of their charges, and by constantly moving about them, singing to and feeding them, many could handle their elephants in a few days. Their elephants at first kicked or rushed at their captors (they very seldom struck with their trunks); but as soon as they found nothing was done to hurt them they gained confidence, and their natural timidity then made them submit without further resistance. There was a great variety of temperament observable among them. The small elephants, about a third grown (particularly females), gave the most trouble. The head jemadar ascribed it to their sex and time of life. 'Wasn't it so with human beings?' he said. 'How troublesome women were compared to men, who were always quiet!' He was a Mussulman, and had several ladies in his establishment; so, as I was an inexperienced bachelor, I did not presume to question his dictum. One young elephant lost the sole of one foot with three toes attached, after it had become loosened from her violence in continually

kicking up the ground, and died soon afterward. A mahout and I mounted a full-grown female on the sixth day after she was removed from the inclosure, without the presence of a tame elephant, which shows how soon elephants may be subjugated by kind treatment."

The camping of a herd of elephants after they have been led out of the inclosure or trap, and are individually committed to the charge of their native attendants to be educated, is a sight of extreme interest. Mr. Sanderson's first capture realized a sum of three thousand seven hundred and fifty-four pounds, "which, after deducting fifteen hundred and fifty-six pounds, the total expenditure from the commencement of operations in 1873, left a surplus to Government of twenty-one hundred and ninety-eight pounds."

The lately wild females, which are hobbled and secured by the leg to trees in the open forest that forms the encampment after capture, are sometimes the innocent cause of ruin to the independence of wild males, who, in their nocturnal rambles, are allured by the scent of the scattered prisoners. The author gives an exciting account of the capture of an elephantine lover:

"I was just getting up at dawn one morning, when a mahout rushed into my tent, saying, 'Wild elephant! wild elephant!' and away he went again. The word he used for elephant might mean one or any number; and imagining a herd must have come, and was threatening interference with our captives, I ran down to the elephant-lines just as I was, in my flannel sleeping-suit. I found the men unshackling three of our best females, and seizing spare ropes; they now told me that a single male elephant was among the new ones picketed across the river. I jumped on to Dowlutpeary, behind the mahout. We only had girth-ropes on her, no pads, and not even dark-colored blankets to cover ourselves. Crossing the river, we saw some mahouts in a tree, who pointed to the jungle on the left, where we found the elephant, a fine tusker, but with the right-hand tusk missing. He was a young elephant, and would be a prize indeed. We all lay flat on our elephants' necks. Presently the tusker approached us, and my elephant's mahout turned Dowlutpeary round, with her stern toward him, that he might be less likely to see us. He put his trunk along her back, almost to where I sat. I took the goad from the mahout, so as to job his trunk if he came too near me, but he seemed satisfied. Bheemruttee and Pounpeary, the other two elephants, now made advances to him, under the direction of their mahouts, and he soon resigned himself unsuspectingly to our company.

"He now led us through the lines, interviewing

several of the captured elephants, whose position he did not seem to be able to understand, and then retired to a shady tree, as the sun had risen. I signed to the hiding mahouts to get the other tame elephants quietly across the river, but to keep them out of sight; and, as soon as the elephant stood perfectly still, my mahout and Bheemruttee's slipped off, while Pounpeary's rider and I kept the three elephants close against the wild one, to prevent his seeing the men. They had been at work tying his hind-legs for a considerable time, when he attempted to move, and found himself hobbled! The critical knot had just been tied, when he shifted his position! He was on the alert in an instant. Our elephants sheered off with great celerity, as he might have prodded them with his sharp tusk. The mahouts each threw a handful of dust in his face in derision before they retired, and now the fun began. Men came running from all directions with ropes, to the dismay of the tusker, who trumpeted shrilly and made off at an astonishing pace, scuffling along with his hind-legs, which were not very closely tied to each other, and which he could use to some extent. He rushed away through the low jungle, the whole of our elephants and men in hot pursuit. He was red with a peculiar earth with which he had been dusting himself, and formed a great contrast to the black tame elephants. Our tuskers were all slow, and we did not gain on the elephant for nearly half a mile. The men on foot were running in a crowd alongside him, to his intense terror. At last he turned into a thicket and halted, and we quickly surrounded him. Dowlutpeary and Bheemruttee again went in, and he was secured and marched back between four elephants in triumph. I sold him subsequently (for Government) for one hundred and seventy-five pounds; had he had both tusks he would have brought double that sum."

Mr. Sanderson remarks:

"Nor are there any elephants which cannot be easily subjugated, whatever their size or age. The largest elephants are frequently the most easily tamed, as they are less apprehensive than younger ones."

It is unnecessary to quote further from the author's most interesting accounts of the wild and tame elephants; the extracts that have been made will fully illustrate the character of his work. His useful occupation of capturing and training wild elephants for the Indian Government was varied by many exciting encounters with those vicious rogue-elephants whose destruction was a boon to the villagers. All his stories are well told, and there is a vivacity in his descriptions, and a total absence of any attempt at fine writing which stamps all his pictures with the impression of truth.

Quarterly Review.

THE DIETETIC USE OF WINES.

IN approaching our subject it is proper that we should define our position in respect of alcoholic liquids in general. In the first place, then, while holding that it is almost impossible, on any occasion when these agents are considered, to omit all reference to moral effects, and believing that a further limitation in their use would be a great advantage to the human race, we shall refrain from touching upon this branch of the subject, and restrict our observations solely to its dietetic and scientific aspects.

Absolute or anhydrous alcohol does not represent alcohols, nor should these latter be scientifically regarded as an homogeneous class of fluids simply because they have one element in common; furthermore, absolute alcohol alone is never used as a beverage. We hold it to be true also that, to a certain extent, fluids which contain alcohol as one element may be legitimately employed in the sustentation of the human organism; but that the effects of the moderate and inordinate use of these are as varied and distinct in a single individual as are the effects of the same amounts of these liquids in a number of individuals.

The majority of the physicians and chemists of the present day regard beer, cider, and wines as *true foods*, on the ground that they sustain and increase vital action; on the other hand, ardent spirits, including gin, brandy, and whisky, are held to act as medicines, because they lessen vital action. The first class of liquids owe their sustaining power to their well-known nutritious elements other than alcohol; whence it follows that probably no objection would ever be made to their constant use as beverages, were the alcoholic element of their composition wanting. The whole theory, then, of the advantage or disadvantage to be derived from the use of beer, cider, and wines, turns upon the question as to whether alcohol possesses food action or not; or, in other words, whether its action assists or counteracts that of the combination of known nutritive elements in these liquids.

The present state of physiological research enables us to make the following observations in regard to this matter; and let it be understood that we speak now of *absolute* alcohol: In moderate quantity, this fluid taken into the stomach causes a sense of warmth, and enables the mucous follicles and the gastric glands to produce a more abundant secretion; it also increases the digestive power by stimulating the flow of blood

and soliciting a greater supply of the stomach juices; it enters the blood with great facility and probably never reaches the small intestine; it increases the action of the heart and the cutaneous circulation, and incites a slight rise of temperature; it slightly increases the functional activity of the brain, causes ideas to flow more freely, renders the senses more acute, the muscular movements more active; within certain limits (one ounce to one and a half ounce of absolute alcohol to a healthy man) it is oxidized and destroyed in the organism, acts as food, and yields up force which is applied as nervous, muscular, and gland force; it is useful in the small quantity which increases but does not impair digestion, which quickens the circulation and gland secretion but does not over-stimulate, and which is within the limit of the power of the organism to dispose of by the oxidization processes. This amount has been very accurately shown, as stated above, to be one and a half ounce of *absolute* alcohol diluted for a healthy adult in twenty-four hours. *All excess is dangerous.*

On the other hand, an inordinate use, when habitual, results in most important changes: it establishes a gastric catarrh, impairs digestion by precipitating the pepsin, and causes, indirectly, the starchy, saccharine, and fatty elements of the food to undergo acetic, lactic, and butyric fermentation, and, directly, acidity, heart-burn, and vomiting. A long and over indulgence over-stimulates the *liver* and destroys its proper function; the hepatic cells waste away and shrink in size, and *cirrhosis*, or hardening, takes place; an improper dose gives rise to the phenomena of exhilaration and excitement, a still larger quantity occasions loss of power, while a toxic dose produces profound insensibility with stertorous breathing and complete muscular resolution; habitual overdosing causes a suspension of the functions of the cerebrum, the cessation of reflex movements, an enfeebled performance of the functions of organic life, shrinking and condensation of the brain matter, impaired mental power, muscular trembling, unsteady gait, and, finally, a complete cessation of respiration and circulation, and death by epilepsy, apoplexy, paralysis, or delirium tremens.

From the foregoing observations it is necessary to conclude that, so long as alcohol lets loose the heart from a temporary oppression, lets flow a brisker current of blood into the failing organs, aids nutritive changes, and is alto-

gether of temporary service to man without producing at the same time any deleterious effect, it is good and may be used with safety. Unhappily, however, the border line between the use and the abuse of alcohol is apt to be forgotten by most persons. Hence while alcohol, as we know, is a murderous instrument in the hands of the weak and foolish, it too often becomes a dangerous instrument in the hands of the strong and wise. A flash produces a harmless glow; but a flame makes a brilliant sight and leaves a desolation; and so is it with the excessive use of alcohol.

We are not so obstinate as to deny that a little alcohol cheers the weary, and that to take a little wine, "for the stomach's sake," is one of those lessons that comes from the deep recesses of human nature. But it merits to be known what is the full meaning of this word "little," upon which our safety depends. And this brings us directly to the proper consideration of our subject—the use of wine as food. We have selected wines in particular, first, because chemical analyses have shown that the entire group of wines has common properties and uses that separate it from other alcoholic liquids; and secondly, because recent statistics go far to prove that the American people are steadily getting rid of the bondage of ardent liquors, and are indulging more freely in the nutritive class of alcoholic beverages.

I. At the start, then, we have to consider wines in respect of their alcoholic element, and to repeat, what is generally known, that wines are classed as *strong* or *light*. Of the strong wines, medium port contains about twenty-one per cent. of absolute alcohol; madeira, twenty per cent.; sherry, seventeen per cent., etc.; while in the light wines, including Bordeaux, claret, Burgundy, champagne, Rhine and Moselle wines, the percentage of alcohol ranges all the way from eight to eleven per cent., and in most of the *natural* American wines rarely exceeds ten per cent. It is safe to say that the average alcoholic strength of *strong* wines is seventeen per cent., and that of *light* foreign wines ten per cent. Contrasting wines with other liquors, we find that the alcoholic strength of New York lager-beer is not far from six per cent., that of common ale from three to four and a half per cent., that of good bottled ale from seven to eight and a half per cent., and that of porter from five to seven per cent. The percentage of alcohol in brandy varies from forty-eight to fifty-six, in gin from forty-seven to fifty-one, and in whisky from forty-seven to fifty-six.

It will appear evident that these figures are sufficiently important to be remembered, as well by people addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages

as by medical men who, it is to be feared, too often prescribe them to their patients in a free and thoughtless manner. Now, to carry our comparison still further, we will take the case of a man, hard worked but *healthy* as health goes, who is accustomed to make a generous use of sherry with his dinner. It is to be understood of course that, as he drinks nothing else at this meal, he makes use of sufficient of this, his favorite wine, to *satisfy* all needs for fluid. An average wineglass holds two ounces, and this amount he will drink with his soup, repeat the dose with his roast, and perhaps go further, but we will stop here. He uses, then, *four* ounces of sherry, that is nearly five and a half drachms of absolute alcohol, or the alcoholic equivalent of about *ten* ounces of bottled ale, or of one and a half ounce of brandy. Sherry being a dry wine, and all other elements in its composition proving agreeable, the above amount of alcohol, inasmuch as it falls much below the safety limit previously stated, cannot be considered, on physiological grounds at least, to produce any very marked effect on the vital function. But it oftener happens than not that a man drinks more than two glasses of wine at dinner, and that so small an amount will not satisfy his desire for fluids; furthermore, that he will indulge his alcoholic habit at some other hour within the twenty-four hours in the day. It follows, then, that the temptation to go beyond the border line of safety is very great, and that, unless he *can* resist it, a wine which averages seventeen per cent. of alcohol is not the one to be selected by him for every-day consumption.

To take another case. The medical profession will bear me out in the assertion that it is not uncommon to prescribe to anæmic patients, and especially to ladies in "delicate health," the taking of a "glass of good port wine every three or four hours through the day." A port wine of good age will contain at least twenty per cent. of alcohol, and supposing the glass to hold two ounces, then will our delicate friend imbibe eight ounces of wine per day, or one and a half ounce of absolute alcohol, exactly the amount set down for a strong, healthy man! We leave it to the profession to decide whether (and note, we say nothing about the *other injurious ingredients* in port wine) this is not spoiling the already half-spoiled patient with a vengeance! Yet, such is the rarity of human common sense, while our delicate patient thinks it no ill to drink four glasses of port per day, she would certainly think ill of her physician if he should chance to suggest the drinking of five large tumblers of beer, three ounces of brandy, or almost a bottle of Bordeaux claret. If the lady were to continue this dosing for a week, she will then have drunk what in al-

coholic strength is equal to two thirds of a quart bottle of brandy!

So far we have said nothing about the professional tippler, or of the man who makes way with his twenty-five gallons of alcohol in a year, and yet remains on the face of the earth. We must, however, take the case of the society man, who, day after day, sits down to a dinner with which, by the laws of fashion, "a choice sherry must be served with soup, claret with the first course after the fish, and either champagne or claret during the rest of the meal." It is, of course, difficult to give figures that would apply to every case; but we believe that we do not exaggerate when we say that at such a dinner a person would drink two ounces of sherry, two ounces of claret, and six ounces of champagne, or, omitting the claret, eight ounces of champagne, altogether more than one ounce of absolute alcohol. The sharer in such a feast almost always forgets how much he has already drunk, and never *stops to calculate* the amount of alcohol he is taking. Whence it follows that he will go far beyond this amount in very many cases, and will unconsciously fall into that *excess* which he so much laments in the poorer classes beneath him, and from which he would shrink if brought to his notice.

The cases which have now been cited are each of moderate character, and by no means out of the common. But even in this moderation danger lurks, and in each case, if the drinker do not cross the threshold, he at least stands upon it. We question, too, whether the volumetric amounts stated suffice to quench the need of fluids. In the case of the strong wines, these certainly do not. What we would insist on finding, then, is a wine so slightly alcoholic that it can be safely chosen for daily consumption, and enough of it may be drunk to quench the fullest healthful desire for fluids.

Such a wine may be found only in the number of those classed as "natural" or unfortified wines, as, for example, some of the wines of Germany and France. We believe it to be true that the wines of Germany are among the most enjoyable wines that can be used. Their fermentation is perfect; they have a slightly acid flavor, which renders them fresh and cooling, while their alcoholic percentage is very small. These wines also are more purely stimulant than any other, partly in consequence of their alcohol, and partly in consequence of the important ethers which they contain. The Bordeaux districts of France, including the Médoc and the department of the Gironde, also supply light red wines, which are very complete in their fermentation, and are but slightly acid; their alcoholic strength is small and very natural, and they are pure, and

light and pleasant to the taste. We would suggest the selection to a person who is willing to confine himself to one wine, and that, too, the most healthful and the cheapest, either of a Rhine wine averaging eight and a half or nine per cent. alcohol, or of a claret at the same per cent. Of American wines we would particularly recommend the Catawba, which should average about ten per cent. when three years old and pure; also the "Riesling" hock and the "St. Helena" claret, among California wines, which have seemed to us to be almost perfect in their way. Any one of the above wines, admirably sound, may be bought for from four dollars fifty cents to seven dollars per dozen, and in either of them we have a beverage which, either alone or diluted with a certain amount of water, would at once satisfy all needs for fluid with the principal meals, and would also suit best—at least on alcoholic ground—the standard of ordinary health, since one bottle of any one kind would not contain more than the maximum degree of strength previously assigned as proper for a healthy individual. While commending the foregoing, we must as strenuously assert our conviction that the strong wines are wholly unsuited for everyday consumption, and that some other reason besides a mere desire for stimulant should alone induce their more than occasional use.

II. So far we have considered wines from their alcoholic standpoint, and we have next to speak of another ingredient—sugar. Wines which contain this ingredient are classed as *saccharine*; those in which the sugar is wanting, and the fermentation is complete, as *dry* wines. Now, to say that a series of analyses had detected in a bottle of port upward of six per cent. of sugar, of burgundy eight per cent., and champagne seven per cent., really amounts to nothing, for in wines the sugar is always the most varying element, and its presence or absence invariably depends as much on the degree of completeness to which fermentation was allowed to proceed as on the age of the wine.

It is a well-known fact that sugar is highly nutritive, and that the withdrawal of it from the food of mankind would result as a most serious injury. So necessary is it, in fact, that starch, the other universal vegetable food, is transformed into sugar in its course of chemical change within the body. On the other hand, it is equally true that some persons fare better the less sugar they take, and therefore, in the case of wines, those termed saccharine are totally unsuited to them. We have already shown that the strong wines are objectionable for daily use on account of the amount of alcohol which they contain, and in the present article need not further be considered. But the inquiry is now suggest-

ed, Is there enough sugar in either Rhine wine or claret to do harm to any person regularly consuming it? According to Dr. Dupré's analyses, a bottle of claret contains less than two tenths of one per cent. of sugar, and a bottle of Rhine wine even less. Now, this is a very small amount, to be sure, and if, as some physicians have asserted, a *dry* wine containing it has ever done any injury on account of the sugar, then one of two conclusions must be reached, either that the person so susceptible to the injury was peculiarly unlike the race, or that in the sugar there lurks some element of poison yet unsolved. Says Dr. Roberts: "Wines and malt liquors are more conducive to *gout* than spirits. Port wine stands first, then come burgundy, madeira, marsala, and sherry. *The lighter wines are not so hurtful.*" Says Niemeyer: "We generally find an hereditary predisposition to this affection [*gout*]; next frequently we find it in persons enjoying the luxuries of the table, drinking wine and beer, and taking but little exercise." Says Bartholow: "Animal food and saccharine substances are contraindicated in *gout*, *rheumatism*, and the so-called *uric-acid diathesis*." Finally, Dr. Garrod, the greatest living authority on *gout*, goes so far as to maintain that even the *driest sherry* will often seem to excite *gout* in a *predisposed* individual. If this can be said of the "*driest*" sherry with truth, then would it apply equally to all dry wines; and the natural conclusion would follow that all persons predisposed to the disease would fare better either to refuse wines, etc., altogether, or at least to drink only a light wine, such as Rhine or claret, in which the saccharine is well balanced by the acidulous element.

There are other affections which appear to be aggravated by the use of sugar, and we may pause to speak of one of them. Whether we are justified in calling it a species of dyspepsia it matters not; but persons afflicted by the complaint show almost every symptom of a general debility: there is a marked *anæmia*, a want of tone in the coats of the stomach, or sometimes degeneration of the peptic glands; the gastric juice is deficient, and muscular activity is impaired. The sensations in the epigastrium are mainly those of weight, fullness, and discomfort after taking food, but without actual pain or tenderness. At times the patient complains, in the intervals, of a constant sense of sinking in the epigastrium; digestion is delayed, foul gas is formed, as well as acids and rancid matters, and there is more or less flatulence. As a rule, there is habitual and obstinate constipation, and the nervous symptoms present incline to languor, apathy, and indisposition for any effort. Now, it is well known by physicians that all of these symptoms are aggravated, if not primarily oc-

casioned, by the free use of sugar, or of the starchy foods which at an early state of the digestion are converted into saccharine matter. So severe are the penalties at times that even patients learn to know the causes, and wisely keep aloof from all pastry and sweets, and even bread and potatoes, as if they were so many kinds of poison. To explain the *reason* of this deleterious action is not so easy a task as might be supposed; and until we know more of the chemistry of digestion, we must recognize the fact, without attempting to account for it, that sugar in combination with alcohol has a wonderful tendency to "turn acid" when taken into the stomach. Thus we observe that saccharine wines are converted into sour wines in the stomach, and as a further result lead to sour dyspepsia; whereas, on the other hand, a wine that already contains a large percentage of free acids, or enough to counterbalance the percentage of sugar, produces little or nothing of this sort of mischief. People who suffer, therefore, in this way, if they wish to drink wines at all, should select only a light, sound claret, or, if preferred, a Rhine wine of similar character. Neither of these wines is likely to produce dyspepsia; on the contrary, such a beverage generally acts as a sure and safe remedy. In corroboration of this assertion, we may add that when Americans consult French physicians, three times in four they are ordered to drink *red* wine as an habitual beverage; and one of the commonest daily events among Americans residing in Paris is the cure of an obstinate dyspepsia by the same simple remedy, even in the unhealthful air of that city.

III. The *natural acidity* of wines next merits some consideration. This is an all-important feature of the subject, for many people are misled by it, and very commonly pronounce a wine acid when indeed it is just the contrary. The following acids are usually present in wine: tartaric, malic, and tannic, which occur in the grape, and acetic, formic, succinic, and carbonic, which are produced during fermentation. Tartaric and malic acids preponderate, and these are fixed, or non-volatile. In good sound wines the total amount of free acids ranges from 0.3 to 0.7 per cent.; while the volatile acids should not in red wines exceed one fourth of this amount. Any deficiency from the above amounts indicates that the wine is unwholesome; any excess, that it is losing its vinous character, and turning to vinegar. It is very common, with people who are unaccustomed to the use of such beverages, to declare a wine to be "sour" when it is not; and particularly is this the case with the French red wines and the German Rhine wines. Taste knows how to deceive, and, like conscience, it is very often a blind guide. If mere taste were to

be relied upon, the disclosures of chemical analysis would amount to nothing, and an ignorant person would sooner say than not that claret, for example, is four or five times as sour as either port or sherry, whereas the truth of the matter is, there is not much difference. According to Dr. Dupré's analysis, a bottle of Rhine wine (vintage of 1862) contained 9·96 per cent. alcohol, 499 per cent. sugar, and 615 total acids; a bottle of light claret 8·21 per cent. alcohol, 431 per cent. sugar, and 608 per cent. acids; a bottle of sherry (fifty years old), 13·94 per cent. alcohol, 560 per cent. sugar, and 626 per cent. acids; while in all of these the proportion of acetic to total free acid was greater in the case of the sherry. Still further, we find the percentage of acid in all the Rhine wines (thirty-five) analyzed ranged from 0·53 to 701; in the clarets from 460 to 679; and in the sherries from 372 to 626.

Now, if these figures mean anything, they would appear to show that the natural acidity of red wine and of sherry stands about equal; and that the explanation of the very common mistake is to be found in the large quantity of sugar contained in the sherry, and which *marks* the acid. There is no question that each of the three wines holds acid in solution, and that these acids as acids are not injurious we have no reason to doubt. In respect of the sherry, however, the case is somewhat altered, for here we have almost as much sugar as acid. Without wearying the reader with additional statistics, we may say that such diseases as gout, gouty dyspepsia, and what we may term atonic dyspepsia, are almost unknown in countries where large quantities of natural acid-tasting light wines are consumed; and second, it is much to be doubted whether a single case of either of the foregoing diseases could be traced to the use of a sherry containing a large percentage of natural acid and a small percentage of saccharine matter. The mischief to be avoided lies not in the acid, nor always in the sugar; but we believe almost invariably in the equal combination of acid and sugar.

We have intimated the harmless character of the natural acid of wines, and that it does not impede the process of digestion. To stop here would seem to be doing an injustice, for our daily life is sufficient proof of the importance of the *rôle* of these vegetable acids in the bodily economy. To say that acetic, malic, and tartaric acids are foods, might savor indeed of refinement, but be hardly less a truth. The same instinct which makes a man crave pickles also leads him to desire acid fruits, and should, to go still further, prompt him to drink sour wines. Nature herself tells us that these are powerful

aids in primary digestion; while medical science has established the conclusion that natural vegetable acids, as well as mineral acids, have a powerful preserving action by which they harden the flesh and prevent the decomposition of its tissues.

All of the free acids named above, with the exception of tannic acid, are within the body transformed into carbonic acid. Tannic acid is not thus converted, but in the stomach enters into combination with the albumen and with the pepsin of the gastric juice, which it precipitates from its solution. For this reason it therefore impairs digestive power by rendering the pepsin inoperative. We have also observed, by personal experiments, that even a small amount of tannin—not more than *five* grains—will suddenly diminish secretion of the mucous membrane by virtue of its power to diminish the caliber of the vessels, and it restrains peristalsis by its action on the muscular layer. Constipating effects follow its use; whence we may reason again that, if long continued, tannic acid must necessarily disorder digestion, set up an irritation of the mucous membrane, and give rise eventually to a feeble state and to wasting of the tissues. Owing to its coagulating action on albumen, tannic acid diffuses into the blood with great difficulty; while the greater portion of it undergoes conversion into gallic and pyrogallic acids in the stomach, and in this form is absorbed.

Having said this much, we suppose that any person would at once admit that tannic acid is the culprit which lurks in wines of low alcoholic strength. This it is that "roughens the tongue," constricts the mucous membrane, and to the taster conveys the false impression of sour wine. That it is present at all in the wine, is not the fault of the grape so much as it is of the manufacturer, for the juice of most grapes is perfectly free from tannin. White wines, in the preparation of which the must is at once separated from the murk, contain little tannin; while red wines, being allowed to ferment with the skins and stalks, are rich in tannin, which thus imparts to them their well-known astringent taste. The tannin of white wines is sometimes derived from the oaken casks in which they are kept; their color, at first very pale yellow, increases in depth in the course of years. The tannin contained in them absorbs oxygen and is converted into a yellow or brown, humus-like substance, which, though much less soluble in wine than the tannin, is yet sufficiently so to impart a strong color to it. Red wines, on the other hand, gradually lose their dark color by the agency of the tannin they contain. In these wines so much tannin is present that more of the humus-like substance is gradually formed than can remain dissolved; it is

thus thrown down as a precipitate, and carries the coloring matter with it.

Now, while many people have erroneously declared that red wines are the most healthful to drink, solely on account of their tannic quality, which they suppose to be "bracing" and capable of imparting tone to the system, others have thought that this quality is a sure token of the unwholesomeness of the wines. Each one of these opinions is right in one sense and wrong in another. In the treatment of certain morbid conditions of the body, the tannin present in these wines would probably prove a beneficial agent; in a state of perfect health, however, the tannin certainly produces no very marked result, either for good or evil. It would, then, seem to be the height of foolishness to praise claret on account of its tannin, for this is the one element in its composition which hardly belongs there, and which, to the habitual consumer in health, yields not so much as a particle of advantage. Whether tannin exerts a preservative action on the wine itself, or not, remains to be proved. For ourselves we are much inclined to doubt the accuracy of such a theory.

IV. One of the most interesting features of the analysis of wine is the test for its mineral constituents. We first reduce a sufficient quantity of the wine to a dry state by evaporation; then, if the dry residue is subjected for some time to a dull-red heat, the organic ingredients are consumed, and the incombustible or mineral constituents remain behind in the form of ash. By further examination, this ash is found to consist chiefly of potassic carbonate, chloride, sulphate, and phosphate, sodic chloride, and calcic phosphate and carbonate, with traces of magnesia, iron, silica, and sometimes of alumina and manganese. The amount of ash varies considerably in different classes of wines; in the pure, natural, and unadulterated wines of the Rheingau, and especially of Bordeaux, it amounts generally to from '15 to '30 per cent.; in wines made from must, to which plaster of Paris has been added, for example, in some of the Spanish and Portuguese wines, the ash rises to '5 per cent. and upward; and in all wines in which the excessive acidity has been neutralized by an alkali the ash may rise considerably above this amount.

Now, of all these constituents much might undoubtedly be written in praise; but as the subject is a broad one, and cannot be treated in a few brief lines, we need only for the present mention what to us seem to be the most important in their influence on the organism. These are the tartrates of potash and of lime, and the phosphate of lime. The two first named possess a special value in assisting digestion, which has by no means been overrated by physicians,

and which is also very well understood by people generally. As regards the phosphate of lime, it may be said with truth that this is one of the most valuable constituents of wine, notwithstanding that, in any one kind, it is found only in very small quantities. Not until recently has this salt received that consideration which is due, although it was long ago shown by Blondlot and others that the phosphates in general are the truly active elements of the gastric secretion. Of the phosphate of lime may it be said, as of no other salt, that it is the *natural exciting agent of the function of nutrition*; that it induces the albuminoid matter to assume the cellular shape, and that it controls the formation of tissues. This view of the salt holds good also in respect of the vegetable kingdom, for it is found concentrated in the leaf-bud, but is almost absent from the fully developed leaf, so as to become concentrated in the seed preparing for the ultimate development of the embryo plant. A person by the use of this salt absorbs more food, and increases rapidly in body weight, owing to the transformation of the albuminoid matter contained in the food into muscular fiber.

V. It has been said with truth that "age improveth the wine." Consumers know well enough that it adds to its cost, and that some choice brand "fifty years in bottle is worth its weight in gold." It may be asked, In what does age benefit the wine?

We have already shown that alcohol and acetic acid exist in wine, and that both are the results of fermentation. Let us add to this that, if alcohol and acetic acid are mixed and left to stand, acetic ether is gradually formed; the process is very slow and is never complete, owing to the simultaneous formation of water, the presence of which prevents complete etherification. The more diluted the acid and alcohol are, the smaller will be the proportion of acid ultimately converted into ether.

Now, by far the greater part of the volatile ethers found in wine is acetic ether, and being volatile and possessing a very decided odor, it doubtless contributes much to the general flavor of the wine, although neither the characteristic wine flavor nor the peculiar *bouquet* of wines is due to it. In wine, the ether is formed by the action of acetic acid on alcohol, perhaps facilitated by the presence of other acids, but kept within certain limits by the presence of water. As the formation of a compound ether under these conditions takes place gradually, the amount of it present at a given time is, to a certain extent, a measure of the age of the wine. By processes analogous to the one just named, other ethers are formed, but only in old wine, to which they contribute flavor and bouquet.

The experiments of Berthelot plainly show that the amount of ether present affords us a valuable means of judging of the age and genuineness of wine. Thus a natural wine will reach its maximum percentage of ether in about five years, when, if alcohol be added, etherification will begin afresh and again reach a maximum after a number of years. On the other hand, a wine prepared artificially, with addition of ethers, will at once show a maximum, or will even exceed this, and will then show a diminution of the ether with increasing age. It should be noted in connection with this fact that the amount of alcohol present as *volatile* ether is almost always greater than the amount present in fixed ether, in spite of the circumstance that the amount of volatile acid present is always, or almost always, much smaller than the amount of fixed acid. All the fixed acids are present already in the grape juice, and their etherification can therefore begin as soon as alcohol begins to be formed during fermentation and continue simultaneously with its production. Moreover, the amount of fixed acids is greatest at the beginning of the fermentation, decreasing as the amount of alcohol increases, on account of the lesser solubility of acid tartrate of potassium in alcoholic liquids. We may conclude, therefore, that the amount of fixed ethers formed in a given time is greatest in quite young or even still fermenting wines.

On the other hand, the volatile acids are all formed during or after fermentation. If, therefore, fermentation has taken place under circumstances unfavorable to the production of volatile acids (acetic acid), as at a low temperature or in closed casks, little or no volatile acid will be present at first, but the amount will increase gradually with the age of the wine, provided it is kept in casks. In such a wine, the production of fixed ethers begins before that of the volatile ethers. But the continually increasing amount of volatile acids, aided by their greater tendency to etherification and the gradual decrease in the amount of fixed acid, soon reverses the conditions and causes the volatile ethers to preponderate.

According to Dr. Dupré's careful analyses, the wines of Hungary are, on the average, predominant in the important merit of excess of volatile over fixed ethers, but inferior to those of the Rheingau and of Bordeaux in the total amount of ethers. Bordeaux wines come next in the first scale, but are below the Rhine wines in the second scale. It is to be said of sherry, port, and of other fortified wines, that, as a rule, they very slowly develop any considerable quantity of volatile ethers, and for the following reason: the addition of alcohol, while it arrests the primary fermentation processes, also delays indefinitely the important processes of etherification. Sooner

than any other fortified wine, however, and for reasons not easily accounted for, sherry, two years in bottle, will have developed sufficient volatile ether to give it all the characteristics of a well-made wine. This is said, of course, of *genuine* sherry, and not of the coarse, sophisticated drink called by the same name. But even a genuine wine of this age is not absolutely perfect, as all connoisseurs of "fine old sherry" will attest.

From what we have now said in respect of wines in general, the reader must not infer that, in our classification of wines for beverages, we place no value whatsoever upon any of the fortified wines. On the contrary, the latter possess a special value, which in very many instances cannot be over-estimated. In the case of a delicate child, for example, who, without being absolutely "diseased," shows unmistakable signs of wasting in flesh, is in the habit of constantly complaining of "feeling tired," and is easily liable to "catching cold," and has a capricious appetite, we believe that nothing can be found more serviceable than a superior sherry wine administered, of course under medical sanction, not indeed as a beverage, but at separate hours three or four times through the day. Our modern society exhibits thousands of children who, though still in health, are slowly but surely sliding down hill into organic disease. Inherited weaknesses have much to do with this degenerating condition; but the follies and conventional whims of parents have still more to do with it, and upon themselves must rest all the blame if they allow the evil to continue on unchecked. In such cases, we believe that a good, pure sherry is the very best medicine that can be given, either alone or in combination with some simple bitter like gentian; and that tincture of iron, which has always been prescribed—not because it contains *more* alcohol, perhaps, but because it is more in keeping with the views of all good people who hold it to be an axiom that drunkards are reared from the cradle—has an effect much inferior in this respect. The beneficent effects of sherry or port are even greater in the debility of old age, but a consideration of this leads us beyond the limits of our subject.

Without retracing our ground, we may repeat that the purpose of this writing has been to afford such physiological and scientific facts as will enable the uninformed reader to take a more intelligible and unprejudiced view of wine than now so commonly prevails. We have purposely confined our observations to such wines as may safely be employed as beverages; have endeavored to draw the border line between moderation and intemperance; and have said nothing in respect of that class of wines which fall naturally

within the category of luxuries for occasional indulgence. The less one drinks of these, the better will it be for him, both in respect of health and purse. We insist, then, on the following points as being worthy of general observance, or at least of more careful consideration :

1. The best wines for daily use are the *natural* wines, which contain an alcoholic percentage not exceeding ten per cent.

2. For dietetic purposes the non-saccharine wines are to be preferred to all others.

3. Only one wine at a time should be employed as the daily drink; and this should be so light that enough of it can be drunk to quench the natural desire for fluids.

4. As a rule, wines should be drunk only at meals, and no other form of alcoholic liquid should be indulged in during the day.

5. As a class, the fortified wines are not perfect, and develop no vinous qualities until they have been some years in bottle. They are more suited to infancy and old age than to youth and middle life; and for either of the former stages a generous sherry should always be chosen in preference to port.

6. The best wines as dietetic aids are, first, a good, sound red wine from the Bordeaux district; second, Rhine wines, which are equally desirable, but more costly; lastly, a native American wine, that shall fulfill all the conditions of either of the foregoing varieties. Several of the wines of California and Catawba wine possess lasting merit. The brands of California wines named in the earlier portion of this article are quite equal to the best, and superior to the bulk, of foreign light wines of the same sort consumed in this country, in respect of vinous qualities, absolute purity, and dietetic value.

In speaking of American wines we must not be understood as having any reference to what are called "domestic wines," and which are so extensively formulated by small vintagers. These beverages, if made in accordance with cook-book receipts, are not wines at all, but cordials; their percentage of alcohol greatly exceeds that of natural wines, while the amount of unfermented

sugar and the deficiency of acids which they contain render them totally unfit for daily consumption. The habitual user of such concoctions may indeed thank Fortune if he incur no severer penalty than an aggravated dyspepsia.

In conclusion of what we have before remarked, we do not wish to be misunderstood in respect of the wide view which we conceive of wine. We think that we are able to discriminate between a proper and an improper use of it, and that the reader of this article is likewise able. When employed in aid of other food and with other food, it is proper; when used as the principal aliment, or, worse still, as an hourly stimulant, it is improper. That the love of wine leads to the love of ardent spirits is beyond all reason; the habits of the people who live in wine-drinking countries oppose such a theory, while taste itself denies its accuracy. As true is it, on the other hand, that abuses have grown up, and that what was originally introduced for purposes of nutrition has become a means of pleasure on festive occasions, and also of dissipation and intoxication, is no argument against the propriety of wine-making and of wine-drinking. For if the liability of abuse would be ground against the use of human aliments, there is nothing so sacred nor so profane that it might not then be forbidden. Human life must not be dwarfed into the minimum to which such asceticism would reduce it; on the contrary, we must strive for that maximum of enjoyment which is consistent, and in perfect harmony with our peculiar natural necessities. Physical gratification is not in itself vice, nor is mere abstinence virtue. Man stands highest, morally, wherever he produces and consumes the greatest amount of those physical means which are necessary and proper for his own existence and that of his posterity. An experience backed by habits historically recorded for at least four thousand years has entered wine in the list of necessary and proper means of subsistence for human beings; and modern chemistry, medical skill, and economic science, still echo the wisdom of the centuries, and assert that "wine taken with reason acts reasonably."

GEORGE L. AUSTIN, M. D.

P E T R A R C H .¹

THE true position of Petrarch in the history of modern culture has recently been better understood, owing to a renewed and careful examination of his Latin works in prose and verse. Not very long ago he lived upon the lips of all educated people as the lover of Laura, the poet of the "Canzoniere," the hermit of Vacluse, the founder of a school of sentimental sonneteers called Petrarchisti. This fame of Italy's first lyricist still belongs to Petrarch, and remains perhaps his highest title to immortality, seeing that the work of the artist outlives the memory of services rendered to civilization by the pioneer of learning. Yet we now know that Petrarch's poetry exhausted but a small portion of his intellectual energy, and was included in a vaster and far more universally important life-task. What he did for the modern world was not merely to bequeath to his Italian imitators masterpieces of lyrical art unrivaled for perfection of workmanship, but to open out for Europe a new sphere of mental activity. Petrarch is the founder of Humanism, the man of genius who, standing within the threshold of the Middle Ages, surveyed the kingdom of the modern spirit, and by his own inexhaustible industry in the field of study determined the future of the Renaissance. He not only divined but, so to speak, created an ideal of culture essentially different from that which satisfied the mediæval world. By bringing the men of his own generation once more into sympathetic relation with antiquity, he gave a decisive impulse to that great European movement which restored freedom, self-consciousness, and the faculty of progress to the human intellect. To assert that without Petrarch this new direction could not have been taken by the nations at the close of the Middle Ages would be hazardous. The warm reception which he met with in his lifetime and the extraordinary activity of his immediate successors prove that the age itself was ripe for a momentous change. Yet it is none the less certain that Petrarch did actually stamp his spirit on the time, and that the Renaissance continued to be what he first made it. He was in fact the hero of the humanistic struggle; and so far-reaching were the interests controlled by him in this his world-historical capacity, that his achievement as an Italian lyricist seems by comparison insignificant.

Petrarch was born at the moment when the old order of mediævalism had begun to break up in Italy, but not before the main ideas of that age had been expressed in an epic which remains one of the three or four monumental poems of the world. Between the date 1302, when Dante and Petrarch's father were exiled on one day from Florence, and when Petrarch himself was born at Arezzo, and the year 1321, when Dante died, and when the younger poet was prosecuting his early studies in Montpellier, the "Divine Comedy" had been composed, and the mighty age of which it was the final product had already passed away. The Papacy had been transferred from Rome to Avignon. The Emperors had proved their inability to settle the Italian question. Italy herself, exhausted by the conflicts which succeeded to the first strong growth of freedom in her communes, had become a prey to factions. The age of the despots had begun. A new race was being formed, in whom the primitive Italian virtues of warlike independence, of profound religious feeling, and of vigorous patriotism were destined to yield to the languor of indifference beneath a tyrant's scepter, to half-humorous cynicism, and to egotistic party strife. At the same time a new ideal was arising for the nation, an ideal of art and culture, an enthusiasm for beauty, and a passion for the ancient world. The Italians, deprived of their liberty, thwarted in their development as a nation, and depraved by the easy-going immorality of their rich *bourgeoisie*, intent on only money-getting and enjoyment, were at this momentous crisis of their fortunes on the point of giving to the modern world what now is known as Humanism, and had already entered on that career of art which was so fruitful of masterpieces in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The allegories, visions, ecstasies, legends, myths, and mysteries of the Middle Ages had lost their primitive vitality. If handled at all by poets or prose-writers, they had become fanciful or frigid forms of literature, at one time borrowing the colors of secular romance, at another sinking into the rigidity of ossified conventionality. Wearied with the effort of the past, but still young, and with a language as yet but in its infancy, the Italians sought a new and different source of intellectual vitality. They found this in the Roman classics, to whom, as to their own authentic ancestors, they turned with the enthusiasm of discoverers, the piety of neophytes.

For Dante the Middle Age still lived, and its

¹ "Petrarch. By Henry Reeve. Edinburgh and London, 1878."

stern spirit, ere it passed away, was breathed into his poem. Petrarch, though he retained a strong tincture of mediævalism, belonged to the new period; and this is the reason why, though far inferior in force of character and grasp of thought to Dante, his immediate influence was so much greater. For the free growth of his genius, and for the special work he had to do, it was fortunate for Petrarch that he was born and lived an exile. This circumstance disengaged him from the concerns of civic life and from the strife of the republics. It left him at liberty to pursue his own internal evolution unchecked. It enabled him to survey the world from the standpoint of his study, and to judge its affairs with the impartiality of a philosophical critic. Without a city, without a home, without a family, without any function but the literary, absorbed in solitary musings at Vacluse, or accepted as a petted guest by the Italian princes, he nowhere came in contact with the blunt realities of life. He was therefore able to work out his ideal, and, visionary as that ideal seems to us in many of its details, it controlled the future with a force that no application of his personal powers to the practical affairs of life could have engendered.

It is a mistake to suppose that, though Greek was lost to Western Europe, the Latin classics were unknown in the Middle Ages. A fair proportion of both poets and prose-writers are quoted by men of encyclopædic learning like John of Salisbury, Vincent of Beauvais, and Brunetto Latini. But the capacity for understanding them was in abeyance, and their custody had fallen into the hands of men who were antagonistic to their spirit. Between Christianity and Paganism there could be no permanent truce. Moreover, the visionary enthusiasms of the Cloister and Crusade were diametrically opposed to the positive precision of the classic genius. The intellectual strength of the Middle Ages lay not in science or in art, but in a vivid quickening of the spiritual imagination. Their learning was a compilation of detached ill-comprehended fragments. Their theology, as represented in the "Summa," resembled a vast structure of Cyclopean masonry—block placed on block of rough-hewed inorganic travertine, solidified and weighty with the force of dogma. Their philosophy started from narrow data of authority, and occupied its energies in the proof or disproof of certain assumed formulæ. It was inevitable that mediæval scholarship should regard the classical literatures as something alien to itself, and should fail to appropriate them. The mediæval mind was no less incapable of sympathizing with their æsthetic and scientific freedom than the legendary mathematician, who asked what the "Paradise Lost"

proved, was unable to take the point of view required by poetry. Its utter misapprehension of the subject matter of these studies was expressed in the legends which made Virgil a magician and turned the gods of Hellas into devils. Nor were the most learned men free from such radically false conceptions, such palpable and incurable "lies in the soul," poisoning the very source of erudition, and converting their industry into a childish trifling with the puppets of blindfold fancy. The very fact that, while Greek was a living language in the east and in the south of Italy, it should have been abandoned by the students of the north and west, proves the indifference to literature for its own sake and the apathy with regard to human learning that prevailed in Europe. Had not Latin been the language of the Church, the language of civilized communication, it is certain that the great authors of Rome would have fallen into the same oblivion as those of Athens. An accident of social and ecclesiastical necessity preserved them. Yet none the less did they need to be rediscovered when the time came for a true comprehension of their subject matter to revive. What Petrarch did for scholarship was to restore the lost faculty of intelligence by placing himself and his generation in a genial relation of sympathy to the Latin authors. He first treated the Romans as men of like nature with ourselves. For him the works of Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Horace, were canonical books—not precisely on a par with the Bible, because the matter they handled had a less vital relation to the eternal concerns of humanity—but still possessing an authority akin to that of inspiration, and demanding no less stringent study than the Christian sacred literature.

The dualism of the Papacy and the Empire, which had struck such deep roots in mediæval politics, repeated itself in Petrarch's theory of human knowledge. Just as the Pope was the sun, the Emperor the moon of the mediæval social system, so, with Petrarch, Christ and the Church shed the light of day upon his conscience, while the great men of antiquity were luminaries of a secondary splendor, by no means to be excluded from the heaven of human thought. This is the true meaning of his so-called Humanism. It was this which made him search indefatigably for manuscripts, which prompted him to found public libraries and collect coins, and which impelled him to gather up and live again in his own intellectual experience whatever had been thought and done by the heroes of the Roman world. At its beginning, Humanism was a religion rather than a science. Its moral force was less derived from the head than from the heart. It was an outgoing of sympathy and love and yearning toward the past, not

a movement of sober curiosity. Petrarch made the classic authors his familiar friends and confidants. His Epistles to Cicero, Seneca, and Varro, are but fragments of a long-sustained internal colloquy, detached by a literary caprice and offered to the public as a specimen of his habitual mood. Unlike Machiavelli, after a day passed among the boon companions of a village inn, Petrarch had no need to cast aside his vulgar raiment on the threshold of his study, and assume a courtly garb before he entered the august society of the illustrious dead. He had wrought himself into such complete sympathy with the objects of his admiration that he was always with them. They were more real to him than the men around him. He tells Augustine or Cicero more about his inner self than he communicates to the living friends whom he called Lælius and Socrates and Simonides. These men, of whom we know almost nothing, served Petrarch as the audience of his self-engrossed monologues; but they were separated from him by the spirit of the Middle Ages. He held converse with them, and presumably loved them; but he recognized a difference of intellectual breed which removed them to a greater distance than the lapse of years dividing him from antiquity. Only those friends of Petrarch's who were animated by an instinct for humanism, kindred in nature and equal in intensity to his own, emerge from the shadow-world and stand before us in his correspondence as clearly as his comrades of the Roman age. Cola di Rienzo and Boccaccio have this privilege. The rest are formless, vague, devoid of substance—the *κωφὰ πρόσωπα* of his *dramatis personæ*.

Rome lay near to the Italians on their emergence from the Middle Ages. They were not a new nation, like the French or Germans; but were conscious that once, not very long ago, and separated from them only by a space of dream-existence, their ancestors through Rome had ruled the habitable world. Therefore Florence clung to her traditions of Catiline; the soldiers on watch at Modena told tales of Hector; Padua was proud of Antenor, and Como of the Plinies; Mantua sang hymns to Virgil; Naples pointed out his tomb; Sulmo rejoiced in Ovid, and Tivoli remembered Horace. The newly formed Italian people, the people who had fought the wars of independence and had founded the Communes, were essentially Roman. In no merely sentimental sense, but as a fact of plain historical survival, what still remained of Rome was indefeasibly their own. The *plebs* of the Italian cities was of Roman blood. Their municipal constitution, in the form and name at least, was Roman. Yet this great memory was but dimly

descried through the midst of legends and romance, till Petrarch seized upon it and called his fellow countrymen to recognize their birthright. His letter describing the impression made upon him by the ruins of Rome, dated with pride from the Capitol upon the Ides of March, his Epistles to Varro and Cicero, and his burning appeals to each succeeding Pope that he should end the Babylonian captivity and place a crown upon the brows of the world's mistress, prove with what a passion of anticipation he forecast the time when Rome should once more be the seat of empire. In the field of scholarship his enthusiasm was destined to be fruitful. The spirit of Roman art and literature arose from the grave to sway a golden period in the history of human civilization. But in the sphere of politics it remained impotent, idealistic, fanciful.

As a politician, Petrarch continued to the end an incurable idealist. The very conditions of expatriation and pilgrimage, which rendered him so powerful as the leader of the humanistic movement, loosened his grasp upon the realities of political life. We see this on every occasion of his attempting to play a part in the practical business of the world. In his mission from the Papal court to Naples, after the accession of Queen Joan, and in his representation of the Visconti at Venice toward the close of her long struggle with Genoa, he was unsuccessful, mainly because he thought that affairs of state could be decided upon moral principles, and because he assumed the tone of an oratorical pedagogue. It was only when the rhetorician's art was needed for a magnificent display, as in his embassy from the Visconti to the French court upon the delivery of John the Good from captivity, in his speech to the conquered people of Novara, and in his ceremonial address to Charles IV. at Prague, that he justified the confidence which had been placed in him. He never saw the world as it was, but as he wished it. And what he wished was the impossible resuscitation of the Roman Commonwealth. Rome was destined, he believed, to be the center of the globe again as it had been before. With a thoroughly unpractical conception of the very conditions of the problem, he at one time called upon the Popes to reestablish themselves in the Eternal City; at another he besought the Emperor to make it his headquarters, and to finish by this simple act the anarchy of Italy; at a third, when Rienzi for a moment evoked the pale shadow of the republic from the ruins of the Campagna, he hailed in him the inaugurator of a new and better age. It was nothing to Petrarch that these three solutions were discordant; that Pope, Emperor, and Commonwealth could not simultaneously exist at Rome. Whatever seemed to reflect luster on

the Rome of his romantic vision satisfied him. Indifferent to the claims of gratitude in the past, careless of consequences in the future, he published letters which denounced his old friends and patrons, the Colonna family, as barbarous intruders in the Sacred City. Even his humanity forsook him. He burned to play the Brutus, and bade Rienzi to strike and spare not. By the same heated utterances, penetrated, it is true, with the spirit of a sincere patriotism and piety to Rome, he risked the hatred of the Papal See. Nor was it until Rienzi had foamed himself away in the madness of vanity that Petrarch awoke from his wild dream. He awoke indeed, but he never relinquished the hope that, if not by this man or that policy, at least by some other Messiah and upon a different foundation, Rome might still be restored to her primeval splendor. It would seem as though the great ones of the earth estimated his enthusiasm at its real value, and allowed him to pass free as a chartered lunatic; for, much as he said and wrote about the republic, he never seriously imperiled his consideration at the Papal court, nor did he interrupt his friendly relations with the petty princes whom he so vehemently denounced as traitors to the Italian people. There was a strange confusion in his mind between his admiration for the ancient Roman Commonwealth, which he had imbibed from Livy and which inspired his "Africa," and his mediæval worship of the mixed Papal and Imperial idea. To Dante's theory of monarchy he added a purely literary enthusiasm for the *Populus Romanus*. Yet Petrarch was no real friend of the people, as he found it, and as alone it could exist in the new age. His friendship for Azzo da Correggio and Luchino Visconti, for the tyrants of Padua, Verona, and Parma, and for King Robert of Sicily, prove that, though in theory he desired some phantom of republican government, in practice he accommodated himself to the worst forms of despotism. Democracy formed no portion of his creed; and his plan of Roman government, submitted to the consideration of Clement VI. in 1351, simply consisted of a scheme for placing power in the hands of the Roman burghers to the exclusion of the great Teutonic families. He was possessed with scholarly *hauteur* and literary aristocracy; and if he could not have a Senate in Rome, with Scipios and Gracchi perorating before popes and emperors in some impossible chimera of mixed government, he did not care how cities suffered or how princes ground their people into dust. His apathetic attitude toward Jacopo da Bussolari's revolution in Pavia, and his sermon to the Novaresi on obedience, would be enough to prove this if his whole life at Milan, Parma, and Padua were not conclusive testimony.

The main fault of Petrarch's treatises on politics is that they are too didactic. They do not touch the points at issue, but lose themselves in semi-ethical and superficially rhetorical discourses. Thus he prepared the way for those orators of the Renaissance who thought it enough to adorn their subject with moral sentences and learned citations, neglecting the matter of dispute and flooding their audience with conventional sermons. The same fault may be found with his philosophical writings, although a nobler spirit appears in them and a more sturdy grasp upon the realities of life. It was his misfortune to be cast exclusively upon the Roman eclectics—Cicero, Seneca, and Lactantius—for his training in moral science. His ignorance of Greek deprived him of the opportunity of studying any complete system, while his temperament rendered him incapable of absorbing and reconstructing the stoicism of the later Latin writers. According to his view, orthodoxy was the true philosophy; nor did he ever grasp the notion that in the scientific impulse there is an element of search and criticism perilous to Christian dogmatism. It need scarcely be said that he was a good churchman, though of a type less monumentally severe than Dante. Early in life he took orders; and here it may be observed that Mr. Reeve is possibly wrong in supposing he was never ordained priest. The point seems proved by his own declaration that he was in the habit of saying mass;¹ and though his life was not irreproachable from a moral point of view, he never pretended that in this respect his conduct had not fallen short of sacerdotal duty.

St. Augustine, whose mental attitude as an orthodox philosopher was similar to his own, became the author of his predilection. Few moments in the history of thought are more interesting than the meeting of that last Roman, already merging his antique individuality in the abyss of theological mysticism, with Petrarch, the first modern to emerge from that contemplative eclipse and reassert the rights of human personality. Between them rolled the river of the Middle Ages, which had almost proved the Lethe of learning; but Petrarch stretched his hand across it, and found in the author of the "Civitas Dei" a friend and comrade. The exquisite sensibility of Augustine, his fervid language, the combat between his passions and his piety, his self-analysis, and final conquest over all that checks the soul's flight heavenward, drew Petrarch to him with irresistible attraction. The poet of Vauluse recognized in him a kindred nature. The "Confessions" were his Werther, his Rousseau, his cherished gospel of tenderness, "running over

¹ See Koerting, "Petrarca's Leben und Werke," p. 51.

with a fount of tears." But, more than this, Augustine pointed him the path that he should tread; and though Petrarch could not tread it firmly, though he bitterly avowed that love, restlessness, vanity, thirst for earthly fame, coldness, causeless melancholy, and divided impulse, kept him close to earth, when he would fain have flown aloft to God—yet the communion with this sterner but still sympathetic nature formed his deepest consolation. Those who wish to study Petrarch's very self must seek it in the book he called his "*Secretum*," the dialogues with St. Augustine upon the contempt of the world. Between Augustine's own "*Confessions*" and this masterpiece of self-description, the human intellect had produced nothing of the same kind, if we except Dante's exquisite but comparatively restricted "*Vita Nuova*." With a master hand Petrarch touches the secret springs of his character in these dialogues, lays his finger upon his hidden wounds, and traces the failures and achievements of his life to their true sources. No more consummate piece of self-conscious analysis has ever been penned. It is inspired with an artistic interest in the subject for its own sake; and though the tone is grave, because Petrarch was sincerely religious, there is no obvious aiming at edification. In this intense sense of personality, this delight in the internal world revealed by introspection, it differs widely from mediæval manuals of devotion, from the "*Imitatio Christi*," for example, which is not the delineation of a man but of a class.

The "*De Contemptu Mundi*" is the most important of Petrarch's quasi-philosophical works, chiefly perhaps because it was not written with a would-be scientific purpose. Together with a very few books of a similar description, gathered from all literatures ancient and modern, it remains as a fruitful mine for the inductive moralist. His treatise "*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*," though bulkier, has less value. It consists of sentences and commonplaces upon the good and evil things of life, and how to deal with them, very often acute, and not seldom humorous, and written in a fluent style, that must have made them infinitely charming to the fourteenth century of arid composition. Petrarch had the art of literary gossip; and he displayed it not only in his letters, but also in such studied works as this. The essay "*De Vitâ Solitariâ*" has a greater personal interest. Petrarch unfolds in it his theory of the right uses to be made of solitude and shows how intellectual activity can best be carried on in close communion with nature. What he preached he had fully proved by practice at Vacluse and Selva-piana. His recluse is no hermit or mediæval monk. He does not retire to the desert, or the woods, or to the clois-

ter; but he lives a life of rational study and sustained communion with himself in the midst of nature's beauties. These he enjoys with placidity and passion, mingled in a wise enthusiasm, till, living thus alone, he finds his true self, enters into the possession of his own mental kingdom, and needs no external support of class interests, official dignities, or work among his fellow men to buoy him up. There is a profoundly modern tone in this essay. Petrarch describes in it an intellectual egotist, devoted to self-culture, and bent on being sufficient to himself. It is, in fact, the ideal of Goethe, anticipated by four centuries, and colored with a curious blending of piety and paganism peculiar to Petrarch. The "*De Vitâ Solitariâ*" might be styled the panegyric of the wilderness, from a humanistic point of view: and here it is worthy of remark that, so far back as the age of Alexander, philosophers, bent upon self-culture, had praised the virtues of withdrawal from the world.

In his general theory of poetry Petrarch did not free himself from mediæval conceptions, however much his practice may have placed him first upon the list of modern lyrists. He held that the poet and the orator were nearly equal in dignity, though he inclined to assigning a superiority to the latter. This estimate of the two chief species of impassioned eloquence, which we are accustomed to regard as separate and rarely combined in the same person, was probably due to the then prevalent opinion that poets must be learned—an opinion based upon the difficulty of study, and the belief that the unapproachable masterpieces of the ancients had been produced by scientific industry. With the same high sense of the literary function which marked his conception of Humanism, he demanded that both orator and poet should instruct and elevate as well as please. The content of the work of art was no matter of indifference to Petrarch; and though he was the most consummate artist of Italian verse, the doctrine of art for art's sake found no favor in his eyes. It may, indeed, be said that he overstepped the mark, and confounded the poet with the prophet or the preacher, retaining a portion of that half-religious awe with which the students of the Middle Ages, unable to understand Virgil, and wonder-smitten by his greatness, had contemplated the author of the "*Æneid*." It was, he thought, the poet's duty to set forth truth under the veil of fiction, partly in order to enhance the pleasure of the reader and attract him by the rarity of the conceit, and partly to wrap his precious doctrine from the coarse unlettered world. This view of the necessary connection between poetry and allegory dates as far back as Lactantius, from whose

"Institutions" Petrarch borrowed the groundwork of his own exposition. That it was shared by the early Florentine lyrists, especially by Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, is well known. It reappears in the diploma presented to Petrarch upon the occasion of his coronation. It pervades Boccaccio's critical treatises, and it lives on with diminished energy until the age of Tasso, who supplied a key to the moral doctrine of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*." Genius, however, works by instinct far less than by precept; and the best portions of Petrarch's poetry are free from this æsthetic heresy. We find allegory pure and simple, it is true, in his Latin Eclogues, while the *concetti* of the Italian lyrics, where he plays upon the name of Laura, reveal the same taint. In the "Trionfi" allegorical machinery is used with high art for the legitimate presentation of a solemn pageant; so that we need not quarrel with it here. The Latin Epistles are comparatively free from the disease, while the "Africa" is an epic of the lamp, modeled upon Virgil, and vitiated less by allegory than by an incurable want of constitutional vitality. It is the artificial copy of a poem which itself was artificial, and is therefore thrice removed from the truth of nature. What must be said about Petrarch's Latin poetry may be briefly stated. It has the same merits and the same defects as his prose. That is to say, he studiously strove at being original while he imitated; and, paradoxical as this may seem, he was not unsuccessful. His verse is his own; but it is often rough, and almost always tedious, deformed by frequent defects of rhythm, and very rarely rising into poetry except in some sonorous bursts of declamation. The lament for King Robert at the end of the "Africa," with its fine prophecy of the Renaissance, and a fervid address to Italy, written on the heights of Mont Genève in 1353, upon the occasion of his crossing the Alps, to return to Avignon no more,¹ might be cited as two favorable specimens. But when we speak of Petrarch as a poet, we do not think of these scholastic lucubrations. We think of the "Canzoniere," for the sake of which the lover of Madonna Laura is crowned second in the great triumvirate of the *trecento* by the acclaim of his whole nation.

Petrarch, the author of the "Rime in Vita e Morte di Madonna Laura," seems at first sight a very different being from Petrarch the Humanist. There is a famous passage in the "*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*," where the lyric of chivalrous love pours such contempt on women as his friend Boccaccio might have envied when he wrote the satire of "Corbaccio." In the "Secretum," again, he describes his own passion

as a torment from which he had vainly striven to emancipate himself by solitude, by journeys, by distractions, and by obstinate studies. In fact, he never alludes to the great love of his life without a strange mixture of tenderness and sore regret. That Laura was a real woman, and that Petrarch's worship of her was unfeigned; that he adored her with the senses and the heart as well as with the head; but that this love was at the same time more a mood of the imagination, a delicate disease, a cherished wound, to which he constantly recurred as the most sensitive and lively well-spring of poetic fancy, than a downright and impulsive passion, may be clearly seen in the whole series of his poems and his autobiographical confessions. Laura was a married woman; for he calls her *mulier*. She treated him with the courtesy of a somewhat distant acquaintance, who was aware of his homage and was flattered by it. But they enjoyed no intimacy, and it may be questioned whether, if Petrarch could by any accident have made her his own, the fruition of her love would not have been a serious interruption to the happiness of his life. He first saw her in the church of St. Claire, at Avignon, on the 6th of April, 1327. She passed from this world on the 6th of April, 1348. These two dates are the two turning-points of Petrarch's life. The interval of twenty-one years, when Laura trod the earth and her lover in all his wanderings paid his orisons to her at morning, evening, and noonday, and passed his nights in dreams of that fair form which never might be his, was the storm and stress period of his checkered career. There is an old Greek proverb that "to desire the impossible is a malady of the soul." With this malady in its most incurable form the poet was stricken; and, instead of seeking cure, he nursed his sickness and delighted in the discord of his soul. From that discord he wrought the harmonies of his sonnets and canzoni. That malady made him the poet of all men who have found in their emotions a dreamland more wonderful and pregnant with delight than in the world which we call real. After Laura's death his love was tranquilized to a sublimer music. The element of discord had passed out of it; and just because its object was now physically unattainable it grew in purity and power. The sensual alloy, which, however spiritualized, had never ceased to disturb his soul, was purged from his still vivid passion. Laura in heaven looked down upon him from her station amid the saints; and her poet could indulge the dream that now at last she pitied him, that she was waiting for him with angelic eyes of love, and telling him to lose no time, but set his feet upon the stairs that led to God and her. The romance finds its ultimate apotheosis in

¹ "Ep. Poet. Lat.," iii., 24.

that transcendent passage of the "Trionfo della Morte" which describes her death and his own vision. Throughout the whole course of this labyrinthine love-lament, sustained for forty years on those few notes so subtly modulated, from the first sonnet on his "primo giovanile errore" to the last line of her farewell, "tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo," Laura grows in vividness before us. She only becomes a real woman in death, because she was for Petrarch always an ideal, and in the ideal world beyond the tomb he is more sure of her than when "the fair veil" of flesh was drawn between her and his yearning.

No love-poetry of the ancient world offers any analogue to the "Canzoniere." Nor has it a real parallel in the Provençal verse from which it sprang. What distinguishes it is the transition from a mediæval to a modern mood, the passage from Cino and Guido to Werther and Rousseau. Its tenacity and idealism belong to the chivalrous age. Its preoccupation with emotion as a given subject matter and its infinite subtilty of self-analysis place it at the front of modern literature. Among the northern nations chivalrous love was treated as a motive for epic poetry in the Arthurian romances. It afterward found lyrical expression among the poets of Provence. From them it passed to Italy, first appearing among the Lombard troubadours, who still used the *langue d'oc*, and next in Sicily at Frederick's court, where the earliest specimens of genuine Italian verse were fashioned. Guido Guinicelli further developed the sonnet, and built the lofty rhymes of the Canzone at Bologna. By this time Italian literature was fully started; and the traditions of Provençal poetry had been both assimilated and transcended. From Guido's hands the singers of Florence took the motive up, and gave it a new turn of deeper allegory and more philosophic meaning. The "Canzoni" of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti were no mere poems of passion, however elevated. Love supplied the form and language; but there lurked a hidden esoteric meaning. It is true that in the "Vita Nuova" Dante found at once the most delicate and the most poetically perfect form for the expression of an unsophisticated feeling. Beatrice was here a woman, seen from far and worshiped, but worshiped with a natural ardor. He was not, however, contented to rest upon this point; nor had he any opportunity of becoming properly acquainted with the object of his adoration in her lifetime. In the "Convito" she had already been idealized as Philosophy, and in the "Divine Comedy" she is transfigured as Theology. Death, by separating her from him, rendered Beatrice's apotheosis conceivable; and Dante may be said to have rediscovered the Pla-

tonic mystery, whereby love is an initiation into the secrets of the spiritual world. It was the intuition of a sublime nature into the essence of pure impersonal enthusiasm for beauty, an exaltation of woman similar to that attempted afterward by Shelley in "Epipsychidion," which pervades the poetry of Michael Angelo, and which forms a definite portion of the Positivistic creed. Yet there remained an ineradicable unsubstantiality in this point of view when tested by the common facts of human feeling. The Dantesque idealism was too far removed from the sphere of ordinary experience to take firm hold upon the modern intellect. In proportion as Beatrice personified abstractions she ceased to be a woman; nor was it possible, except by losing hold of the individual, to regard her as a symbol of the universal. Plato in the "Symposium" had met this difficulty by saying that the lover, having reached the beatific vision, must renounce the love by which he had been led to it. A different solution, in harmony with the spirit of their age and their religion, was offered by the *trecentisti*. Their transmutation of the simpler elements of chivalrous love into something mystical and complex, where the form of the worshiped lady transcends the sphere of experience, and her spirit is identified with the lover's profoundest thoughts and highest aspirations, was a natural process in mediæval Florence. The Tuscan intellect was too virile and sternly strung at that epoch to be satisfied with amorous rhymes. The mediæval theory of æsthetics demanded allegory, and imposed upon the poet erudition; nor was it easy for the singer of that period to command his own immediate emotions, with a firm grasp upon their relation to the world around him, or to use them for the purposes of conscious art. He found it more proper to express a philosophic content under the accepted form of erotic poetry than to paint the personality of the woman he loved with natural precision. Between the mysticism of a sublime but visionary adoration on the one side, and the sensualities of vulgar passion or the decencies of married life upon the other, there lay for him no intermediate artistic region. The Italian genius, in the Middle Ages, created no feminine ideal analogous in the reality of womanhood to Gudrun or Chriemhild, Guinevere or Iseult: and when it left the high region of symbolism, it descended almost without modulation to the prose of common life. Guido Cavalcanti is in this respect instructive. We find in his poetry the two tendencies separated and represented with equal power, not harmonized as in the case of Dante's allegory. His Canzoni dealt with intellectual abstractions. His Ballate gave artistic form to feelings stirred by incidents of every-day experience. The former were des-

tined to be left behind, together with the theological scholasticism of the Middle Ages. The latter lived on through Boccaccio to Poliziano and the poets of the sixteenth century. Still we can fix one moment of transition from the transcendental philosophy of love to the positive romance of the "Decameron." Guided by his master, Cino da Pistoja, the least metaphysical and clearest of his immediate predecessors, Petrarch found the right artistic *via media*; and perhaps we may attribute something to that double education which placed him between the influences of the Tuscan lyrists and the troubadours of his adopted country. At any rate, he returned from the allegories of the Florentine poets to the simplicity of chivalrous emotion; but he treated the original motive with a greater richness and a more idealizing delicacy than his Provençal predecessors. The marvelous instruments of the Italian Sonnet and Canzone were in his hands, and he knew how to draw from them a purer if not a grander melody than either Guido or Dante. The best work of the Florentines required a commentary; and the structure of their verse, like its content, was scientific rather than artistic. Petrarch could publish his "Canzoniere" without explanatory notes. He had laid bare his heart to the world, and every man who had a heart might understand his language. Between the subject matter and the verbal expression there lay no intervening veil of mystic meaning. The form had become correspondingly more clear and perfect, more harmonious in its proportions, more immediate in musical effects. In a word, Petrarch was the first to open a region where art might be free, and to find for the heart's language utterance direct and limpid.

This was his great achievement. The forms he used were not new. The subject matter he handled was given to him. But he brought both form and subject closer to the truth, exercising at the same time an art which had hitherto been unconceived in subtilty, and which has never since been equaled. If Dante was the first great poet, Petrarch was the first true artist of Italian literature. It was, however, impossible that Petrarch should overleap at one bound all the barriers of the Middle Ages. His Laura has still something of the earlier ideality adhering to her. She stands midway between the Beatrice of Dante and the women of Boccaccio. She is not so much a woman with a character and personality, as woman in the general, *la femme*, personified and made the object of a poet's reveries. Though every detail of her physical perfections, with the single and striking exception of her nose, is carefully recorded, it is not easy to form a definite picture even of her face and shape. Of her inner nature we hear only the vaguest generali-

ties. She sits like a lovely model in the midst of a beautiful landscape, like one of Burne Jones's women, who incarnate a mood of feeling while they lack the fullness of personality. The thought of her pervades the valley of Vacluse; the perfume of her memory is in the air we breathe. But if we met her, we should find it hard to recognize her; and if she spoke, we should not understand that it was Laura. Petrarch had no objective faculty. Just as he failed to bring Laura vividly before us, until she had by death become a part of his own spiritual substance, so he failed to depict things as he saw them. The pictures etched in three or four lines of the "Purgatorio" may be sought for vainly in his "Rime." That his love of nature was intense, there is no doubt. The solitary of Vacluse, the pilgrim of Mont Ventoux, had reached a point of sensibility to natural scenery far in advance of his age. But when he came to express this passion for beauty, he was satisfied with giving the most perfect form to the emotion stirred in his own subjectivity. Instead of scenes, he delineates the moods suggested by them. He makes the streams and cliffs and meadows of Vacluse his confidants. He does not lose himself in contemplation of the natural object, though we feel that this self found its freest breathing-space, its most delightful company, in the society of hill and vale. He never cares to paint a landscape, but contents himself with such delicate touches and such cunning combinations of words as may suggest a charm in the external world. At this point the humanist, preoccupied with man as his main subject, meets the poet in Petrarch. What is lost, too, in the precision of delineation is gained in universality. The "Canzoniere" reminds us of no single spot; wherever there are clear fresh rills and hanging mountains, the lover walks with Petrarch by his side.

If the poet's dominant subjectivity weakened his grasp upon external things, it made him supreme in self-portraiture. Every mood of passion is caught and fixed forever in his verse. The most evanescent shades of feeling are delicately set upon the exquisite picture. Each string of Love's many-chorded lyre is touched with a masterly hand. The fluctuations of hope, despair, surprise; the "yea and nay twinned in a single breath"; the struggle of conflicting aspirations in a heart drawn now to God and now to earth; the quiet resting-places of content; the recrudescence of the ancient smart; the peace of absence, when longing is luxury; the agony of presence, adding fire to fire—all this is rendered with a force so striking, in a style so monumental, that the "Canzoniere" may still be called the Introduction to the Book of Love. Thus, when Petrarch's own self was the object, his hand was

firm; his art failed not in modeling the image into roundness. Dante brought the universe into his poem. But "the soul of man, too, is a universe"; and of this inner microcosm Petrarch was the poet. It remained for Boccaccio, the third in the supreme triumvirate, to treat of common life with art no less consummate. From Beatrice through Laura to the Fiammetta; from the "Divine Comedy" through the "Canzoniere" to the "Decameron"; from the world beyond the grave through the world of feeling to the world in which we play our puppet parts; from the mystic *terza rima* through the stately lyric stanzas to protean prose. Such was the rapid movement of Italian art within the brief space of some fifty years. We cannot wonder that when Boccaccio died the source of inspiration seemed to fail. Heaven and hell, the sanctuaries of the soul, and the garden of our earth, had all been traversed.

By right of his self-consciousness and thirst for glory, Petrarch was a modern man, fashioned by contact with antiquity. But dwelling as he did within the threshold of the Middle Ages, he had to pay the penalty of this emancipation from their intellectual conditions. After all is said, the final characteristic of Petrarch is the state of spiritual flux in which he lived. His love of Laura seemed to him an error and a sin, because it clashed with an ascetic impulse that had never been completely blunted. . . . Yet he knew that this same passion had been the cause of his most permanent achievements in the sphere of art. Laura's name was confounded with the laurel wreath for which he strove, and which he wore with pride upon the Capitol. Even here a new contradiction in his nature revealed itself. Thirsting as he did for fame, he judged this appetite ungodly. The only immortality to be desired by the true Christian was a life beyond this earth. While he expressed a contempt for the world inspired by sympathy with monasticism, he enjoyed each mundane pleasure with the fine taste of an intellectual epicure. Solitude was his ideal, and in solitude he planned his most considerable literary masterpieces; but he frequented the courts of princes, made himself their mouthpiece, and delighted in the parade of a magnificent society. Humanism, which was destined to bring forth a kind of neopaganism in Italy, had its source in him; and no scholar was more enthusiastic for the heroes of the antique age. But even while he gave his suffrage to the "starry youth" of Scipio, he was reminded that the saints of the Thebaid had wreathed their brows with the palms of a still more splendid victory. He worshiped Laura with a chivalrous devotion; but he lived, accord-

ing to the custom of his time and his profession, with a concubine who bore him two children. No poet exalted the cult of woman to a higher level; but no monk expressed a bitterer hostility against the sex. He could not choose between the spirit and the flesh, or utter the firm "I will" of acceptance or renunciation upon either side. The genius of Rome and the genius of Nazareth strove in him for mastery. At one time he was fain to ape the antique patriot; at another he affected the monastic saint. He pretended to despise celebrity and mourned the vanity of worldly honors; yet he was greedy of distinction. His correspondence reveals the intrigues with which he sought the poet's laurel, pulling wires at Rome and Paris, in order that he might have the choice of being either crowned upon the Capitol or else before the most august society of learned men in Europe. At the same time, when fame had found him, when he stood forth as the acknowledged hero of culture, he complained that the distractions of renown withdrew him from the service of religion and his soul. He claimed to have disengaged himself from the shackles of personal vanity. Yet a foolish word dropped by some young men in Padua against his learning made him take up cudgels in his failing years, and engage in a gladiatorial combat for the maintenance of his repute. He was clamorous for the freedom of the *Populus Romanus*, and importunate in his assertion of Italian independence. Yet he stooped to flatter kings in letters of almost more than Byzantine adulation, and lent his authority to the infamies of Lombard despotism. It would be easy enough, but weariful, to lengthen out this list of Petrarch's inner contradictions. The malady engendered by them—that incurable *acedia*, that atonic melancholy, which he described to St. Augustine—made him the prototype of an age which had in it, and which still has, a thousand unreconciled antagonisms. Hamlet and Faust, Werther and René, Childe Harold and Dipsychus, find their ancestor in Petrarch; and it is this which constitutes his chief claim on the sympathies of the modern world. He too has left us a noble example of the method whereby the inevitable discords of an awakened consciousness may be resolved in a superior harmony. Through all his struggles he remained true to the one ideal of intellectual activity, and the very conflict saved him from stagnation. His energies were never for one moment prostrated, nor was his hope extinguished. He labored steadily for the completion of that human synthesis, embracing the traditions of antiquity and Christianity, which, as though by instinct, he felt to be the necessary condition of a European revival.

Quarterly Review.

"A MAN MAY NOT MARRY HIS GRANDMOTHER."

I.

IN one of our cities—it is quite unnecessary to be more explicit—there was founded a good many years ago an Institute, where free lectures were to be given during the winter season, which in that section usually prevails from October to May. The lecture system then was regarded with great favor, not only as a means of informing the people, but as affording them a rational and agreeable mode of spending their evenings. It was held by some as superior to the theater in this respect. To link the system with historic movements of an obsolete kind, the word "lyceum" was borrowed from antiquity, and made as good as new by being accented on the first syllable, and for a time Aristotle was in a measure credited with an interest in the new concern.

By and by the lyceum fell away from its first estate, though it never lost sight of its secondary purpose to furnish an evening entertainment, and Aristotle is now rarely mentioned. Not so with the Institute. That has held on its way serenely unaffected by the decline of the lyceum lecture system. Regardless of change in popular taste, as it is independent of popular support, lectures devoted entirely to the improvement of the mind follow in a steady flow week after week. There is something admirable in the punctuality and regularity of its appointments. Nothing of the frantic bidding for popular approval attends its announcements; no little preliminary hints create a pleasing mystery as to its plans; no election of officers ever seems to take place; like one of the perpetual charities that are monuments to British freak and benevolence, it offers its loaf of bread and mug of ale to all that pass its hospitable gates. So noiseless is it, so apparently immovable yet always moving in its orbit, that it has come to be accepted as one of the fixed facts of nature, and people grumble at the manner of its charity as they grumble at weather which does not suit their individual pleasure.

The Institute does not select its audience as it does its lecturers. On an appointed morning before each course begins, a string of people can be seen at its doors, slowly passing in line the little ticket-window, where each receives a ticket admitting the holder to the course of six or twelve lectures, as the case may be. In former days there was a method of distribution by which numbered tickets were given out to all who chose to apply up to a certain date; then

the number of tickets given out was divided by the number of seats in the hall, and public notice made that holders of numbers divisible by two, three, four, or five, according as the demand for tickets required, would be entitled to receive admission tickets. There was a mild lottery in this method which made going to lectures almost improper, and so far gave a spice to the pleasure; but that method has been discarded, and the only uncertainty which now attends the procuring of tickets is in how far one can succeed in "repeating" at the ticket-office. If the line is tolerably long one may be able to take his place at the end three or even four times, getting a fresh ticket each time, but this requires some care, for the ticket-dispenser has that gift of discrimination which belongs to railway-conductors, and the law, moreover, is represented near by, by a pictorial policeman.

It was under the archway leading to the hall and its ticket-office that the man whom we are to rescue after due warning stood in line with others one October morning. He was a young man, Richard Devons by name, who had come to the city in order to carry on an education begun at an inland college, but not yet completed. The general advantages of city life had commended themselves to him, but there were certain special advantages which the city had to offer. It had libraries and museums, the beginning of an art gallery; it had, moreover, historic associations and an intellectual reputation; and then, it had the Institute. He was poor and intellectual; the lyceum had no attraction for him; he never had any difficulty in spending his evenings; but he had repeatedly read books which he found had first been delivered as lectures before the Institute, and it was one of the strong sentences of his intellectual creed that a spoken truth was more energetic than a written one; in the schemes which he formed for his own life as a man of letters, the lecture held a higher place than the book. Besides, he would have the gratification of seeing the men of mark whose writings he valued.

It was the first time that he had made a direct connection with the Institute, and everything about him had his eyes. He had been under the archway before, for the walls of the arch were occupied by a second-hand-book seller, who by the cheapness of his wares seemed to set up a sort of rivalry with the Institute itself. The shelves were filled with books in all stages of decline, and he had spent hours here trying

to find rare books among those which were all reduced to the dead commercial label of "Your choice for fifty cents." As the line slowly moved forward, he scanned the books that were within eyeshot; he tried to follow the little passages that ran off at the side into barber-shops and baths, which were so secluded that he fancied the day when their remains should be exhumed as ancient American baths; he watched the people who were watching him and the rest of the cue; and, half turning round, he saw that his successor was a girl and not a man. His predecessor was a man, and soon had all his attention, for though he only occasionally caught glimpses of the man's face, they were enough to excite his curiosity, and make him still more attentive of the man's whole figure and bearing. It was something to be going to the Institute, but to be going directly behind Shakespeare! For the more he looked the more he was struck with the resemblance which his neighbor bore to that Shakespeare which, conventional or not, comes most readily before people's imagination through bust and portrait. There was the same dome-like head, disclosed as the man removed a high soft hat, which by some odd chance took a pointed form not unlike what Shakespeare might have worn. There were the mustache and imperial, and the long silky hair curling inward at the neck, the large long eyes, and the long nose; and although the restored Shakespeare was dressed in the current style, there was an indefinite harmony in his dress which prevented it from rudely obstructing the illusion; he wore a broad collar a little open at the throat, and that was the nearest approach to an Elizabethan style. Indeed, his dress was rather of a composite order, but so picturesquely poor that, when seen at a distance or in a charcoal drawing, say, it would not necessarily exclude the idea of having been Shakespeare's wardrobe, with the wear and tear of three centuries.

Beyond the external resemblance, Devons fancied he saw a certain spiritual likeness in the air of ownership with which this modern Shakespeare took in all the surroundings. He carried a stick, which he twirled carelessly, and was constantly looking this way and that, as if he meant nothing should escape his notice. Devons saw him look intently at a bit of paper which lay a little way before them on the pavement, and moved every now and then as it was touched by skirt or foot; as the persons in advance received their tickets, one by one, the line shortened, and Shakespeare drew nearer to the paper. Presently he thrust his stick out, and dexterously drew it toward him, when he stooped, picked it up, and glancing at it bestowed it in one of his coat-tail pockets, looking about afterward with a half

smile that seemed to take any one observing it into his confidence. When he received his ticket he strode off, swinging his cane, yet casting his head on one side and the other, with an unmistakable consciousness of being at length observed of men, however he may have escaped notice among his former contemporaries, when his fame had not accumulated volume.

Devons received his own ticket, and gave place to the girl immediately following; and as he turned aside he noticed her face, and recognized that of one of the attendants at a library which he frequented. He had not many friends in the city, and that may have made him more observant of such persons as he saw under half-domestic influences. He always found it agreeable, though he had never expended undue sentiment upon it, to sit in the library without his hat and overcoat, and see, over his book, the attendants moving about without their bonnets and cloaks. Their mere presence and activity served to invest the library with a degree of privacy, and when he met any of them in the street he would have been glad to give them more of a recognition than he felt sure they would wish to receive from a person whom, after all, they could only know officially. He had frequently observed this girl; indeed, he had rather singled her out as the most intellectual of all, and it was a slight confirmation of his judgment to find her here, applying for a ticket to a course of lectures on Chaucer; so that, when afterward he met her at the library, he easily persuaded himself not only of her superiority to the others, and of her natural selection of a library for occupation, but of a common ground and interest which he held with her. True, she gave no sign of having seen him before or elsewhere, but went about her work with gravity and a modesty quite oblivious of his observation. To him this observation was an agreeable occupation, quite in keeping with that order of life which he had proposed for himself, consisting mainly at present of acute study of men and women in literature and in life. He felt to-day that he had added two to his gallery of persons, for he was sure that he should see Shakespeare again, and Marcia, as he named her to himself, could be seen any time between the hours of nine and five.

It was part of his proper fortune, therefore, that upon the evening of his first lecture he should once more come upon both. He went in good season to the hall, with expectation and curiosity. So far as the hall goes, his curiosity was more readily satisfied than his expectation. It was impossible to picture a place more entirely dependent for interest upon its associations, and upon what might take place within it. Within four walls was inclosed an audience-chamber,

rising in the rear with a slight and then rapid ascent, so as to give equal opportunity to all present to see the platform; the walls were perforated with windows, which so far as he could make out opened into the adjoining buildings, and the only decoration in the hall was the frescoes on the ceiling, which had been produced in irregular designs by the leakage of uncounted snows. The air of the place was thick with the deposit of hundreds of lectures, and the hall might be thought an exhausted receiver, in which they were to breathe the old thoughts of dead lectures, set in gentle motion by the new ideas of the lecturer now before them.

Glancing about the hall as he entered, Devons saw Shakespeare on a back seat, entirely by himself, while people filed down the aisles and took their places nearer the platform. It was a curious gathering to the eye, and it was some time before Devons discovered that the audience was made up of two parts—those who came to hear the lecture, and those who came to spend the evening. He was puzzled to determine to which class he should assign Shakespeare, who sat restlessly, as if impatient for the lecture either to begin or to end. Passing down one of the aisles, that he might get nearer the platform, Devons descried Marcia, and, seeing that the next seat was vacant, he edged his way into the slip, and sat by her side. He busied himself bestowing his overcoat and hat, and tried to make out secretly if she were aware who it was that had taken the seat, but she kept her eyes fixed on a book which she held. It was, he saw, a copy of Chaucer, and she was evidently intending to follow the lecturer, with the text of his topic before her. She continued to read, every now and then making some note or mark on the margin, until the lecturer, coming up from some depths not visible, appeared upon the platform, and took his place behind the little stand which was to hold his manuscript and conceal his legs. Not that his legs were worse than other men's, but that in the long run lecturers are less represented by their legs than by their heads, and something is gained by mechanical contrivances which bring the head into stronger relief. A little applause welcomed the lecturer, who entered at once upon his subject. The punctuality of the Institute has been remarked, and one of the strong characteristics of this, as of other sidereal systems, is the precision with which the lectures begin and end. In the interest of the lecturer the doors are closed exactly on the hour when the lecture is to begin, and no one then can gain admittance; in the interest of the audience the lecturer is required to close in just one hour, when the doors are opened to let out the imprisoned people.

With such homely virtue does the management prove its faithfulness to the trust.

This evening the lecturer carried his subject forward by steady marches, when he was interrupted by one of those accidents which recur to both lecturers. He announced his intention of reading some lines in illustration of the point he was making, and began to turn the loose sheets of his lecture in search of the passage, which, as in other cases, he had cut from a printed book. Back and forth he turned his leaves, but in vain. He muttered in a half soliloquy that it wasn't there, and went on with his lecture. But he was not quite at ease. He had, for one thing, relied on the passage to occupy a certain number of minutes, and the absence of it besides disturbed the current of his lecture. So he made another desperate hunt for his pages, looking now and then in a sympathetic way at the audience.

"Perhaps some one here has a book," he said, tentatively. Devons turned to his neighbor.

"Shall I send him yours?" he asked. She blushed and put the book in his hand. He stood up and caught the eye of the lecturer, and then by means of a relay of hands the book was safely passed over the seats to the platform. As the people rustled and turned about, Marcia found herself the center of observation, for, though she had not appeared except by proxy, she knew the book was hers, and so took to herself all the feeble curiosity which was extended in that direction. When the lecturer had read the passage, he passed the book to his nearest hearer, and it traveled as before—back to Devons, who stood up to receive it. The lid opened as he took it, and he saw the name "M. Church" upon the fly-leaf. He handed the book to its owner, and, as a representative of lecturer and audience, bowed and thanked her. As he did so he caught sight of Shakespeare, who had moved his seat near to them and made a half response with his head, as if to say, "I am with you there, brother."

The lecture went on, but Devons noticed that Marcia, who had opened the book again, was turning the leaves carefully, as if in search of something. With as little movement as possible, she poked about the floor also with her foot, but was evidently a little ill at ease at not finding what she was hunting for. She looked at the people who had been on the line of the book's progress, and stole a glance at her neighbor. These little movements were repeated now and then, and when the lecturer ended, and the audience rose, she began more deliberately to hunt about the seat and floor.

"Did I drop anything from the book?" asked Devons, coming to her aid.

"There was a paper," she said, somewhat stiffly. "It seems to be gone."

"Let me help you look," and he began clambering over the seats on his way to the platform. He could see nothing of the paper, and turned to come back by the aisle, when he saw Shakespeare handling his cane skillfully like a fishing-line under one of the seats. The cane made a few passes, and then the man stooped down and captured whatever fish it was, bestowing it in his pocket. Marcia had seen the exploit, too, and looked with some dismay toward the Elizabethan figure, who was making off with his booty.

"Did Shakespeare get your paper?" asked Devons, coming up to the girl.

"I do not know," said she. "He found something. But he does look like Shakespeare. Certainly he does. How extraordinary! How very extraordinary! It is not his name, surely?"

"It probably fits him better than his own, whatever it is. But I'll ask him for the paper."

"Oh, no; I beg you not to. It's of no consequence. It was only some scribbling." And then she gave a little laugh. "So odd, if it should happen to be Shakespeare."

"Shall I ask him that?"

"Do you know him, then?"

"Only by his 'Hamlet' and other writings."

At that moment, when they, the last in the hall, were slowly moving up the aisle, Shakespeare having disappeared through the doorway, the gas, which came through a large ceiling light, was turned off, leaving the two in complete darkness.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the girl, beginning to grope in the darkness. She touched her companion.

"Pray take my arm," said he. "There's no special danger except of your getting lost. I am more likely to be lost, though, for I never was here before."

"You go straight ahead," she replied, pointing in the darkness, and declining with a bow the proffered civility; "and, when you get to the top, you turn to the right and go down some stairs."

"Thank you," said he; "you speak as if you intended to stay here yourself. I suppose I shall know when I get to the top."

He extended his hands to save himself from any sudden bump.

"I feel like Elymas the sorcerer in Raphael's picture," he continued, hearing his companion behind him.

"To be sure," she replied, with animation; "and did you ever notice in the picture that Elymas has his mouth open?"

"Never; but upon my word I believe I have been keeping mine open. Let me see—no, I

don't believe I did except for talking purposes. How this air tastes! I think I am getting near the top. There is a glimmering of light.—Hallo, there! don't put that light out!" for at that moment the light in the vestibule below was turned off.

"Hallo, yourself!" came from below. "Anybody up there?"

"Yes, two of us. Show a light." Steps were heard, and a man with a lantern came toward the stairs.

"I thought everybody had left. Bill had gone, and he's always the last one."

"We stopped to look for something we had dropped," explained Devons, as he came forward with Marcia, who at this moment drew near his side and took his arm.

"A little more and I should have locked up. The management is very particular, and we do things promptly."

"We must take that as the most gracious apology we are likely to get from him," said Devons, as they passed into the archway. "And now, since I have got you into this scrape, let me at least see you safely home." He said this as Marcia disengaged herself from him.

"Thank you. You are very polite; but I am only a few minutes later than usual."

"Then, good evening." He turned away, piqued at her dismissal. "After all," he thought, "I am rather irregular; but who was there to introduce me?"

II.

As he walked in another direction than that taken by Marcia, he saw in front of him the man who had excited his curiosity, walking leisurely along, yet with the same self-conscious air which he had worn that evening at the lecture. Devons quickened his pace, and stepped by his side. He walked a step or two to attract Shakespeare's attention, a little uncertain how his advances might be received. The man looked at him with rather a truculent air, and struck his stick stoutly on the pavement, but Devons made a deferential bow, and said:

"Your servant, sir; I hope you enjoyed the lecture?"

"It was a faine one, sorr." They were the first words that fell from Shakespeare's lips, and his hearer let the accent for a moment tickle his intellectual palate.

"Excuse my speaking to you, but the young lady I was with missed a paper from a book she had; perhaps you saw me pass it up to the lecturer. We looked for the paper afterward, and couldn't find it. I noticed you found something under one of the seats. If it was hers, you'd have no objection to giving it back to the young lady, I suppose?"

"That depends. And what was the paper?"

"Oh, it had some writing on it—of no value except to the lady." This he said at a venture, beginning to wonder how he should himself identify a scrap he had never seen of a lady's handwriting, if it was hers, which he had barely looked at. They had come in their walk to a little passage-way, above which a street-lamp was burning. Shakespeare halted, and put his hand warily into his coat-tail pocket, drawing out a crumpled paper, which he opened and smoothed in his hands before holding it up to the light.

"Ah ha!" he said, his eyes glistening and his manner triumphant, as he began to read the contents. "A sonnet to Shakespeare, an', sure, I'm not far from that meself." Devons looked over his shoulder, and saw also that the verse was signed "M. Church," and dated that evening.

"Yes," said he, "that's the paper."

"Presint me regards to the leddy, sorr," said Shakespeare, "an' I think she'll not begrudge me the paper whin she knows that it has fallen intil the hands of a discindent of the gret Shakespeare himself."

"Really, but I'm not surprised. I have seen you once or twice, and have been struck with the likeness, and so was the young lady. May I ask your name?"

"Me name is William Shakespeare," said he, drawing himself up, and looking again at the paper, which seemed to give him intense satisfaction. "This is the first time in manny a day that I've found annything bearing on me name."

'Hail, master! young when Chaucer's song
Had died away in upper air!'

he began to read with some difficulty, translating the words into his own warm dialect. "I'll kape it for Susanna," he said, interrupting his reading, and putting it away carefully in his breast-pocket. "I'm obliged till yez, young man, for yer civil words, an' I wish ye a pleasant avening." He took off his hat, and bowed Devons away with so much authority that the young man was forced to leave his new acquaintance, at the risk of forfeiting his own character for civility.

A day or two afterward, as Devons entered the library building, he encountered Marcia just climbing the long staircase that led to the principal room. He raised his hat, and she met his salutation with a slight inclination of her head.

"I had the honor of an interview with Shakespeare," he said, smiling, "the other night after I left you, or you left me, and I asked him for your paper."

"I told you it was of no consequence."

"So I told him—at least I told him it was of

no value to any one but the owner. But that was before I saw it."

"Did you see it?"

"He let me have a glimpse of it, but then put it back in his pocket. He seemed to regard it as addressed to himself, and said he would carry it home and show it to Susanna—to Susanna who is to marry Dr. Hall, I suppose."

"You do not know that it was my paper."

"Better than Shakespeare did, for I read the signature—'M. Church.'" The girl looked vexed. Then the oddity recurred to her.

"But does he know that he looks like Shakespeare?"

"I think he fancies he is Shakespeare. I asked him his name, and he gave me that with an assurance which left no doubt on my mind. You probably would be skeptical still. Excuse me, Miss Church, I ought not to have the advantage of you; my name, at your service, is Richard Devons." They had reached the entrance to the library, and he held the door open for her to enter. She gave him no further word or sign, and he followed, wondering a little whether his introduction of himself would be accepted as final. However that might be, he saw very plainly that within those walls he enjoyed no special recognition from her. Still, he had the moderate and somewhat indolent pleasure of watching her as she appeared from time to time in the room where he sat.

He was looking forward to the occupation of a man of letters, and had already made ventures in different directions. It chanced that just at this time one of his essays, on Shakespeare's observation of nature, appeared in a magazine, and as the first considerable work which he had done, to which also his name was attached, he took an interest in it which rendered him exceedingly sensitive to everything which looked like an acknowledgment of his work. He visited the reading-room frequently, and covertly hunted the papers for notices. He sent copies of the magazine to friends in other places, and was sufficiently conscious of his vocation to wonder when he saw the magazine in the hands of readers if they were reading his article, and had any idea that he was there in person. It was a harmless vanity which fed his mind with agreeable fancies and made his work already, in anticipation, gather to itself the praise and recognition which he convinced himself he did not only need but should enjoy.

The little adventure which he had met seemed to him to justify what he was aware might be counted foolish by some, and he sent a copy of the magazine, with his name underscored, to Marcia. She would receive it, he reckoned, on the morning of the next lecture-day, and he did

not go that day to the library, but in the evening he went to the Institute, and, standing within the shadow of the arch, watched, not without a little self-reproach, for Marcia's appearance. He laughed at himself more heartily than he would have been willing to have others laugh, and wondered why he should pursue a shadow which seemed to keep so persistently away from substance. Nevertheless, in absence of any more positive romance, he could not deny himself such pleasure as he might gain from a bit of make-believe adoration, and he watched for Marcia's coming with all the outward art of a real lover. The position was so far unreal, however, that when she did come and pass into the hall he followed with a slight contempt for his own *mœuvre*. He managed to make a little *détour* so as to present himself as if not noticing her at the same seat which she chose, and then suddenly to be aware of her presence, a subterfuge which gave him possibly more color at the *rencontre* than he was quite ready to show in his own character. Her own face was a little telltale, and he was flattered as he took his seat by having a more cordial nod from her than she had previously granted, indicating that instead of her receding steadily, as heretofore, something had arrested her backward motion, and even made her advance toward him.

The something, he at once discovered, was his article.

"Thank you for sending me your paper," she said. "I was greatly interested in reading it."

"I fancied you might be from the subject of your sonnet."

"You are laughing at me."

"Indeed I am not. If you insist on thinking so, I shall assume that your interest in my paper is only a mock interest."

"But you are a writer, an author," and the color came into her cheek; "your articles are published, and who knows how many people in this hall may to-day have been reading your paper! There, I see a gentleman now with the magazine in his hand. Does it not stir you to think that work you do becomes part of the influence that you cannot see, but is affecting all manner of people?" She spoke warmly, and Devons heard her with a bashful delight.

"Thank you for speaking so," he replied; "people are so apt to take your work as a matter of course. I hardly dare to say to myself, what you have been saying, but I think it all the same, and I am not ashamed to say to any one who can meet me that the best reward of authorship is in its power to take one out of himself and give him a common interest with others in the best of whatever is said or done. But I am a little ahead of myself, I am afraid. I hope to be an author.

I am only trying my wings now. Look! there is our Shakespeare. Ought I not to send him my article? I believe I did not tell you that he actually declared to me his name was William Shakespeare, and the most delicious thing about it is that he has crossed St. George's Channel and mixed his Warwickshire speech with the brogue of Ireland. He managed Hugh Evans's Welsh dialect with so much evident gusto, I wonder he has not given us a taste of Irish in his dramas. I am speaking now, you understand, of the original Shakespeare, whom you must not confound with this Perkin Warbeck, who finds no difficulty in giving an Irish touch to his speech."

"Do you suppose he writes dramas?"

"It is not at all unlikely. I mean to ask him. I consider that I have introduced myself to him through your sonnet. But there comes the lecturer." Marcia opened her book, and Devons invited himself to follow the passages with her. He felt a secret elation at having so far vanquished her reserve as to be tacitly accepted by her as an acquaintance, and that he should owe this to his literary work was at the bottom of his satisfaction. He saw in it an omen of the social pleasure which his work was to win him, and he congratulated himself that in literature he was to find a key which would open doors shut against mere wealth or political power. His profession to him seemed not only a glorious thing in itself, but the stepping-stone to whatever he might most care for; and, suffering his mind to build air-castles, he forgot the lecturer, and even his companion, in a dream of life which was a broken reflection of the various lives of literary men which he had read.

As the audience moved slowly out of the hall at the close of the lecture, Devons noticed that Shakespeare lingered, and he called Marcia's attention to it. It was plain that she was more occupied with some other matter.

"I wonder if he is expecting to light upon some other tribute to his genius?" he said, as they turned to go down the flight of stairs.

"I beg you will not speak again of that paper," she replied, with a little acerbity of manner.

"I will promise not to speak of any paper at all," said he, "if it disturbs you. Indeed, there are plenty of other topics besides papers. I hope you do not mean to forbid my talking at all during the next half hour or so?"

"You are assuming too much, Mr. Devons. I blame myself for giving you the occasion; but positively, at the risk of appearing rude, I must decline an acquaintance which I have not sought, and which I have no right to encourage. I must be allowed, for instance, to go home alone this evening, as I have been accustomed to do. I

hope you will not take this as another excuse for speaking to me."

"Yo'r most obadient, miss. An' do I have the ahnar to spake to the author of that sublime sonnet on me great progenitor?" It was Shakespeare who stood at her elbow, looking fiercely polite. She seized Devons's arm impulsively.

"The lady wishes to be anonymous," said Devons. "She does not wish that sonnet to be mentioned. She makes you a present of it, but on condition that you show it to nobody."

"It's not meself that will show it to annybody but me daughter Susanna, and little she cares for sonnets. Ye have the thanks of Shakespeare, miss," and he made a gallant bow and moved away, striking his stick vigorously against the pavement.

"He is more truculent in appearance than in voice or intention, I think, Miss Church," said Devons, who felt her tremble as they walked on. "To the right? I think he will not come back. He is evidently a mild monomaniac. I fancy people have said so much about his resemblance to Shakespeare that it has worked on his mind, and overlaid the original pattern with this new, grotesque figure. Did you ever hear Shakespeare read with the pronunciation which was probable during his own time? You know it is claimed that it had an Hibernian flavor in it, and I should be curious to see how nearly our friend would come to reading a passage from his great progenitor's writings as Mr. Ellis, for example, would read it. I think I should set him on Portia's plea for mercy, with which I am more familiar in the restored pronunciation than with any other. It is more akin to the Scotch, however, than to the Irish." Devons rattled on, reciting some lines, and giving his companion a chance to regain her composure. She had indicated what streets they were to take.

"I do not see why," she finally said, as if to try her voice, "pronunciation should have changed so much."

"I suppose because there never has been any fixed standard with which to compare it. Spelling has changed, though not so much since the English version of the Bible gave a standard of common use, and it certainly would be as easy for pronunciation to change. Besides, we notice it in slight things in our own experience, and it is only necessary to take in a wider range and a longer succession of time to see how extensive such changes might be."

"Mr. Devons, I ask your pardon for speaking as I did. You have been very considerate, and I was foolish."

"Oh, never mind," said he, good-naturedly. "I think myself I was rather forward; but I have very few friends in the city, and this ac-

quaintance seemed to come of itself. I suppose I ought to have given some references from my last place, though."

"That does not excuse my rudeness to you. I only meant to be explicit. I had thought of it a good deal, and felt that it was right for me to say it. This is my house, and I am much obliged to you." There was an awkward pause.

"Good evening, Miss Church."

"Good evening, Mr. Devons."

"Why did she not invite me to come in?" he asked, in a provoked spirit.

"Why did not he seek permission to come to see me regularly?" she asked, petulantly.

III.

THE bookstall which was under the archway was one of Devons's resorts; and a day or two after the last scene he was taking up a book idly, when he was tapped on the shoulder. He turned and recognized the janitor who looked after the Institute, and had come so near to locking him into it with Marcia on a previous evening.

"So Bill made up to you and the young lady, did he?"

"Bill? Oh, you mean Shakespeare. Do you speak of him so familiarly as that?"

"That's the name he goes by among us. He calls himself William Shakespeare. He's a queer fellow. Did you ever see him pick up paper slyly and put it in his pocket?"

"Yes, and I have wondered if he kept himself alive by selling paper to the rag-men."

"That's just what he does, but don't you ever say so to him, or he'd be mortally offended. For he never lets on what he does. What do you think he pretends to do? Why, people have talked to him so long about his looking like Shakespeare that he verily believes he has some Shakespeare in him. He lives not far from me, and I knew his weakness, and I said to him one day, says I: 'Bill, there's going to be a course of lectures on Shakespeare down at the Institute. You ought to hear them. Come round to the office to-morrow morning and get a ticket.' So round he came, and sat as important as could be, got a seat near the front, and looked round in his way till the people could hardly keep still. Well, the lecturer made out that there was a chance of our some day getting hold of more of Shakespeare's handwriting, that there was precious little known, but then what heaps of writing anyway there was in the world, in old garrets and such places, that lots of fine things had been found and were found every day at the paper-mills, where they were carried for waste paper. Bill, he heard it all, and it gave him a wonderful start. He can't talk much, but he was pretty nearly wild on that subject; and ever

since he's gone about cribbing his scraps of paper just as he did before, but he never lets one go without he looks it all over to see if he can find anything about Shakespeare on it. He's a little obfuscated, and doesn't always distinguish between what Shakespeare wrote and what others wrote about Shakespeare."

"That's no wonder," said Devons. "I think there are a good many people, who don't fancy themselves to be Shakespeare, who seem to think comments on Shakespeare as valuable as Shakespeare himself. Where does Bill live?"

"He lives round in Half-Moon Court, the last house down on the left-hand side. I saw him talking to the young lady with you, and I was afraid he might be going to be troublesome. I was just going to speak to him when he walked off. But you mustn't mind him—he wouldn't harm anybody. Since he went to the lectures on Shakespeare, he's been regularly to every course. I think he has a notion it's the thing to do, and gives him a literary air. I don't believe, though, Shakespeare would have gone to all the courses we've had here since I've been janitor." And he walked off, rolling his head in amusement at the notion of the conglomeration of wisdom which in that case would have gone to make up Shakespeare.

The conversation excited Devons's curiosity, and he resolved to follow up his acquaintance with the character. He knew Half-Moon Court. It was one of the retired places in that portion of the city which was full of historical interest, but rather deserted by any very bustling life at present. The currents of city trade and city fashion flowed now in other directions, and the quarter was occupied by poor people who made themselves at home in houses which still retained something of their former dignity and style. He had nothing on his hands this afternoon, so he strolled down to Half-Moon Court to look for the modern Shakespeare.

The court had retired from public life, and the last house in it was as secluded a spot in the wilderness of the city as could well be found. It was tenanted, apparently, by more than one family, and the door stood hospitably open. Devons entered, and climbed the old broad staircase which was worn with the pressure of colonial feet, no doubt, noticing on the way the square, carved balustrade, and the scroll ornaments which met his eye over doors and window-casements. The window-lights were still held in lead frames, and he saw the old hooks from which leather fire-buckets were once suspended. He had climbed the stairs partly to get all the effect of the house that he could, and partly because an instinct told him that the great dramatist would not live on the ground-floor. He

knocked for admission at one of the doors. A quick step came toward it, and the door was thrown open by a girl who burst upon him, as he afterward declared to himself, like a full sun. Her hair was bright red and, naturally in crinkles, was blown from her face in a luxuriant tangle. Her face coming out from this thicket was round and merry, and before he spoke she had smiled as if she knew he had good news for her.

"I came to see Mr. Shakespeare," he said, smiling himself at the incongruity of his visit. "Is he at home?"

"No, sir; he is away. Will you come in? I am his daughter."

"Ah! his daughter Susanna? He mentioned you to me. Perhaps I can do my errand with you," wondering to himself precisely what his errand with the father was.

"You are welcome," she said, as he entered. "Anny friend of my father is welcome." Devons noticed that her speech had a slight flavor of brogue, but not the full rich tone of her father's.

"Why, you are living in one of the old houses. A fine old family must have had the place once. One does not find such mantelpieces in the new houses"—for it was one of the old carved marble mantels supported on pillars.

"And look here!" said the girl, throwing aside a square of carpet that covered the middle of the floor, and displaying a center piece of inlaid work—a coat of arms, dull now, but once bright with color—which had been dexterously let into the floor. "Many's the light foot, I fancy, has tripped over that figure," and she looked for the moment as if she herself were ready to make a courtesy, and, holding her dress daintily, to dance over the old ensign.

"Well, I don't believe all mirth died with the old dancers," said Devons.

"Not a bit of it. They were just like you and me, that's all; but when I hear people talk about the old times, they always seem to think that the people who lived then were old. It's we that are older than they by a hundred years an' more," and Susanna sat up primly and made the needles which she held fly swifter.

"I do not believe people could have grown old very fast who had such sunshine as pours into this room."

"Ye may well say that. Not a blind nor a curtain will I draw when the sun shines like this, in the spring-time:

'In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding.'

She struck into the song as a canary suddenly breaks out, and Devons laughed and clapped his hands.

"Did your father teach you that?"

"Ay, he showed it to me in the book. He likes to hear me sing from the book, and a word brings a song."

"Did he show you a sonnet to Shakespeare the other day? He told me he should."

"He showed it to me. Eh! but it was poor stuff. D'ye not think so? What for should people want to write about the book? They'd better read the book."

"But the writer wanted to show her admiration for Shakespeare, her love of him, and so she wrote her sonnet."

"Bother! she wrote a sonnet! Can she read Shakespeare's sonnets? Does she know what they mean?" Susanna burst into a laugh. "They're beyant me entirely, but they run into each other so easy-like it's like dreaming to say them."

'There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than all your poets can in praise devise.'

Ay, Shakespeare, we'll say that to you."

"But do you not think about Shakespeare? and, if you think about him, talk about him? and, if you talk, why not write? I can't see the difference."

"It's too cold-blooded, man. Why, Shakespeare was alive, it's all in the book; and, when you read it or say it, there are the people, and they're in the sunshine before you; ye'll write about them, will ye? Will ye write about your own brothers and sisters, your lovers and your mistresses? and, if ye did, could ye make the world know them anny better? It's the outside of Shakespeare that people are aye peekin' at and going round an' round, and saying, 'Hech! we've found him; we've found Shakespeare!' whin he's there like the sun, all the time." Susanna grew heated as she spoke, and with the heat her Irish speech grew broader. "Eh, but the buk's a wonderful buk. Ye can just rade it and rade it, an' there's allways more lift behind than ye tuk away."

"But did not your father like the sonnet?" persisted Devons.

"Ay, he liked it that the sonnet was written to Shakespeare," she replied, prudently. "He's very proud of Shakespeare, and it's a quick way to his heart when any one takes that road."

"You know the way," said Devons, smiling.

"I?" The girl looked up quickly. "An' do I need to go to Shakespeare to show me the way to my father?"

"Still," he hastened to say, "your father must take special pleasure in having you share his taste with him." Susanna broke into a merry laugh.

"That sounds like a book. It will do in

print—that we share our tastes. An' pray do you share your father's tastes?"

Devons laughed in turn at the demure look with which she put the question.

"It's fortunate my father thinks better of my pursuits than you do. I am one of the foolish people who not only read Shakespeare, but write about him, though, to be sure, my writing about him hasn't gone very far. I write of other things, for I'm an author by profession." He said this last with some hesitation, still with an assurance to himself that he had a right to say it, and that somehow he was bound to stand by his colors before this scoffer.

"An author!" She looked at him curiously. "I never saw an author before. I'd not have thought it. But it's no great harm. After all, I don't wonder." She spoke slowly, as if considering.

"Don't wonder at my folly?"

"Nay, I'm not so foolish as a' that. But I suppose men want to write. I'm glad I'm not a man. I can just enjoy the book and sing the songs in it, and never trouble my head to try to make any more books. The Dear knows the book's not to be written again."

"Not by you or me," said Devons. "But the world has still room for more of other kinds. Does your father ever write books?"

"He could write one if he chose, but he has too much sense," she replied, looking sharply at her visitor to detect any possible gibe at her father.

"I had a mind when I came to ask him again for the sonnet. Do you think he'd mind parting with it?"

"Does the lady want it again?"

"I think she would be glad to have it back, but I think, too, she would be glad to give your father pleasure with it."

"Then we'll keep it," said Susanna, "and you'll thank the lady for it? I'd not have her think me churlish for what I said a while back. It's just my way. But the book's the book, and I just hate to have people palaver about it."

"Did your father teach you to like it?"

"He's read it much, but it does na require teaching. It's only learning that's required, and I've been a willing learner. Will ye not wait for my father?" as Devons rose to go.

"No, I may come again—may I not?"

"Come and welcome. I bear ye no grudge, though ye be an author. It was on'y one o' my japes, and my father thinks no worse of ye for that, I'm sure. I'll tell him ye called. But who shall I tell him?" she asked, suddenly, with a laugh. "If I'd not asked you, I'd ha' been obliged to describe you till him," and she laughed again.

"Well, and how would you have described me?"

Susanna struck her arms akimbo, and looked roguishly at the young man before her.

"He was a young gentleman," she began, "of about four-and-twenty, with light-brown hair and blue eyes, that look straight at one when he's talking; he was of middle height and stooped a little, more's the pity, which he got, mayhap, by walking along the street and thinking to himself; he had small hands and feet; he laughed easily, except when one laughed a little at him, and then his laugh was a bit hard; he had a

pleasant voice, but when he talked he put a *t* or a *d* sometimes at the end of a word, and he had a young leddy friend who had written a sonnet on Shakespeare."

"And his name was Richard Devons. Your father will recognize the description before he will the name, I think. I wonder if my young lady friend will make out your portrait by my description; she already knows your name." He said this, as he bowed himself out, with a vindictive playfulness in his manner.

"Ye'll try to make a fine story of it," called Susanna after him, shaking her ruddy head.

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

(Conclusion in the next number.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

AT the moment when American painters are suffering from much unfriendly criticism, there appears a volume that is calculated better than mere argument to verify their claims upon public consideration. In this work fifty American painters have examples of their paintings reproduced in engraving—so far as color can be reproduced in black and white—and as the fifty include nearly every artist that has become noted among us, the volume is really a fair representation of what is done in this branch of American effort. The list does not include all the young artists that have recently been talked about, but it represents the new men by several good examples. Nearly every one of the older living artists appears. Church and Page, Durand and Casilear, Huntington and Bierstadt, Colman and the two Giffords, the two Harts and Shattuck, Inness and McEntee, Whittredge and Wyant, Hunt and Loring Brown, De Haas and the two Beards—these and many others figure in the eighty-three engravings that make up the series. Landscape predominates, as it must in all American collections. There is but one historical group, and this is from an old painting by the elder Weir. *Genre* subjects are as abundant as could be expected, perhaps, but they are not the strong feature of the book. It is almost solely as an illustration of landscape painting in this country that the volume, which bears the simple title of "American Painters," has significance, and on this theme it invites a few comments.

Those who watched the criticisms of the pictures

in the Paris Exhibition just closed, must have observed that unfavorable comments on the American exhibit came more freely from Americans than from others. Herbert Spencer, in one of his essays, demonstrates the existence of an unpatriotic as well as a patriotic bias; he shows that a disposition to underrate certain features or productions of one's own country exists in all communities. With us this bias is, peculiarly manifested toward American art—which is scoffed at both in public and private by many persons, some of whom display prejudices as acrimonious as they are narrow and uninstructed. But it is the peculiar quality of a good deal of criticism to be acrimonious and narrow. Now every creator in the arts has the right to demand that his productions shall be judged by the purpose he has in view. It is not the province of a critic to carry a theory to a work of art, but to go to the work of art to learn what the theory of the artist may be—what he has expressed, what ideas he has unfolded, what story either of color, or form, or melody he has to tell. Preferences have no right to exist in the domain of criticism. One artist is an idealist and another a realist, and the critic may prefer ideal to realistic art, but he has no right to condemn a painting in one school of thought because it is not executed in the other. Criticism of this kind transcends its sphere; it goes outside of its place. Thirty years ago pre-Raphaelitism was the new fashion in England, and because it was the fashion in England, many people here not only embraced it, but went about denouncing everybody else who did not embrace it; they made it the test of an artist's knowledge and place, the measure of every man's

culture and taste. But our painters stood firm. They studied the new theory, they borrowed valuable hints from it, but pre-Raphaelitism as a distinct method never took root in this country, and long since ceased to be the fashion in England. To-day an entirely different school, the theory of the ideal in art, has seized upon many enamored persons, and is made the new test of everybody's taste or standing. Whereas in pre-Raphaelitism all is microscopic and exact, in the new dispensation all is broad, free, vague, and simply suggestive. The pre-Raphaelites copy nature with tireless patience, with conscientious fidelity to every detail; the idealists, on the other hand, seize upon a hint only and dream out the rest. Thirty years ago many critics scoffed at our painters because they eliminated and selected, and made up partially ideal pictures; to-day they scoff at the same painters because they are realistic, as it is alleged—because now as then they are the faithful students of Nature in her various moods. The painters which these critics hold up as examples are certain of the new French school of landscapists. It is not to be denied that the paintings by these men often have force, freshness, and charm; and it is only right that in this many-sided world there should be many-sided methods of artistic expression. And yet just as American landscape has the defects of its qualities, so do French landscapes, where too often breadth is only paintiness, where there are trees strong and massive, but amid whose branches the light does not enter nor the winds play; where there are skies that do not melt into aerial distances; where there is excellent *technique*, no doubt, but not always the sentiment of nature. But whatever may be the qualities or the defects of French landscape painting, its admirers have no right to make it the test of all performance, the absolute measure of art. There are theories and theories, ideas and ideas, men and men. There could have been no greater proof of inherent weakness on the part of American painters had they thirty years ago succumbed to the pre-Raphaelite pressure; and to-day it would be a sign of weakness if they abandoned their own well-considered methods to embrace the theories of any clique that chances to set up for the nonce this or that arbitrary standard.

Art criticism was never so chaotic as it is with us to-day, and never so exacting. The schools of opinion are as contradictory as they are arbitrary; everything is asserted and everything is denied, and this confusion ought to teach some cliques to distrust the infallibility of their notions. In England the art movement is deep and powerful, but with the excep-

tion of two or three strange manifestations, the critics and the artists are for the most part in accord. Whistler and Burne Jones seem to provoke a great deal of discussion, but Millais, Leighton, Alma-Tadema, and many others, paint pictures that are appreciated by the critics and admired by the public. Is this because these painters meet all the requirements of modern taste? Far from it, if American criticism is to be made a criterion. English art is effective, painstaking, earnest, and worthy, but it comes no nearer the transcendentalism of certain theorists than American art does. In *genre* painting it is better than ours, but in landscape painting the same canons prevail that are accepted here, with as a rule no better results. English landscapes, however, are not denounced; the critics there do not insist that Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Dupré, alone knew how to paint, and that every artist must conform to their ideas. If Mulready and Landseer could come down to earth and resume their art in New York our critics would not be able to find contemptuous epithets enough for them—for these painters were not good colorists and were very far from being transcendentalists. They selected homely themes; they drew and composed well; they had practical ideas, which they expressed in a simple manner; but they were not lost in theories about the undefinable; they did not formulate axioms in regard to the superiority of the vague over the definite; they did not believe that men could invent better than nature does. These painters, if they were American, would be the scorn of critics and the neglected of buyers. They would be denounced for qualities they did not possess or claim—this being the law of criticism in the present decade—instead of winning favor for those characteristics which they possessed. Let a man with us paint now ever so well, it goes for nothing unless he paints after a formula imported from France.

In thinking over the subject the perplexities that arise are legion. In almost every direction of intellectual effort we in America are too pronounced; but in art, so say the critics, we are too feeble. The taste of the age exacts of literature a suppressed and neutral tone. The best books are written in a cool, gray tone, so to speak—everything must be real, simple, unexaggerated, faithful transcripts of life as it is; but in art this attitude is deplored, is even denounced as imbecile—art must be sensuous, passionate, imaginative, and transcendental. Henry James, Jr., with his lack of breadth and imagination, but with his keen scalpel, his exact and microscopic portraiture, is the best exponent of the latest taste in literature—in which art the least excess of

color is denounced as vulgar. How is it, then, that at the same moment when work of this kind is held up as an example in literature, in painting all similar exact and negative expression is condemned? It is doubtless true that painting should not be literary, should be sensuous rather than intellectual, but taste has one common genesis, and hence it seems strange that diametrically different views should be entertained by many persons in two contemporaneous branches of art. These persons may be right, but our painters for the most part have that spirit of simplicity and truth that is admired so much in literary artists. They detest exaggeration or sensation; they are almost intensely untheatrical; they love to seek out and express the subtler effects of nature. In the volume that led to this discussion, the sketch of the painter Wyant contains the following: "He looks for, finds, and grasps the specific, essential, permanent truths of a scene, and when he portrays them he knows how to illumine and amplify them. His soft, far distances and immediate foregrounds are alike impressive in contradistinction to being didactic. The modern pre-Raphaelites are his aversion; the decorative school is his abhorrence; and all mere cleverness of composition and *technique*, all superficial artifices, everything that might come between the spectator and the true spirit of the scene, are an offense to his eyes. And his art, like all good art, is delicate, simple, and direct."

Now these comments are true, we affirm, of not only Mr. Wyant, but of many others; they define almost exactly the purpose that animates all the better American painters; they reveal the real qualities and true character of American landscape, which in all its accepted manifestations is "delicate, simple, and direct." And it is just because it possesses these qualities that it is so little understood. One can easily conceive of more force, more imagination, more color, more original and sensational effects, but we should all recognize the qualities our paintings do possess, and admire them—we say admire, for delicacy, simplicity, and directness are very high possessions, and dignify every art which manifests them. We apprehend that our artists in this matter are far ahead of their public, who too often applaud the meretricious and neglect simple and serious work. It is impossible to come in contact with our painters without feeling the fine spirit that animates them. They go to Nature as humble and reverent students, and endeavor to be at one with her; to penetrate her mysteries, to catch the fleeting and illusive colors that she spreads upon her palette, to watch and reflect her changing moods,

to express with all the resources at command her undefinable and illimitable beauties. This work cannot be done in a cold and servile spirit. There must be keen susceptibility, watchful intelligence, a soul that is of itself full of imagination and the love of the beautiful. We have heard painting conducted in this spirit condemned as mere reporting, declared to be something less than art. But what is art? Is it something exclusively creative, something invented, something that exists solely as a dream? It is an old saying that he who combines in nature creates in art. This is well; but art has also been defined as "fine form." This to our mind is satisfactory; it includes all that we are accustomed to recognize as art; it means the expression of the beautiful; it involves selection, elimination, combination; and is neither so narrow as to exclude the productions that are loving copies of nature, nor so broad as to include mere caprices and experiments in ugliness. But while we endeavor to vindicate American painting in the essential excellences that it possesses, we by no means wish to underrate other art or other methods. The world is big enough for different schools. It is simply incumbent upon every man that he shall not feebly imitate that which others have done, but honestly obey his own instincts and perceptions. This being done, we shall have art as various as the human mind: glorious dreams from one source, delicate and pure truth from others. Let each man paint "the divine colors that play around him," whether he finds them in his inner vision or derives them from visible nature; but it may be as well to question whether it is worth while for one to struggle for the "light that never was on land or sea," of which we hear so much, so long as no painter that ever lived has been able to give us the full splendor of the light that *is* on land and sea.

CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

THE once prevalent notion that home has less influence and is less a force in French social life than with us has long since been abandoned by every well-informed person. Perhaps nothing in recent years has done more to disabuse us of this erroneous idea than the papers entitled "French Home Life," which have appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine"; and yet any one who reads attentively the books that come from the French press must detect innumerable minor facts and circumstances to show that household gods in France are cherished deities. In truth, these indirect evidences are of

more weight than elaborate arguments. A plea of any kind always lies under the suspicion of being manufactured—of dealing with special and selected rather than with general facts—while the instances and the evidences that inadvertently bear witness to existing conditions are convincing if only because they were never intended as arguments, and are wholly incidental and unpremeditated in their significance. The current fiction of France in this way bears unmistakable testimony to the place home holds in the affections of the French people. Some of the most delightful of domestic pictures have in times past been furnished by French writers; but recent fiction seems to us to paint these scenes with more grace and artistic skill, to delineate domestic life more distinctly on its artistic rather than on its moral side. Some of the writers of the day are admirable *genre* painters: they delight in giving to the most homely and simple incidents exquisite effects of color and contrast, in turning to dramatic account groupings and details that writers of the past disdained to heed. Those who are familiar with Robertson's comedies have seen how charming and significant a trifle may be made; but Robertson's love scenes, like that over a jug and its shadow, or that with a lost slipper, are wholly French in their genesis. In the recent dramatization of "The Vicar of Wakefield," a charming picture is made of young girls with white, uplifted arms gathering apples from the drooping bough of an apple tree, but this scene was not depicted by Goldsmith; it was the London dramatist who put it there, and he drew his inspiration from the Paris stage. André Theuriet's stories are full of these delightful pictures, these domestic bits of color. Here is an incident from his "Gérard's Marriage"—a story which some one has declared to be like an exquisite piece of Sèvres porcelain—which shows the eye of a painter:

"A sight peaceful enough to calm agitated nerves awaited him in the garden, where the whole family was collected under the shade of the great mulberry trees. A red copper kettle full of boiling sirup was smoking on a brazier. Golden-colored plums were heaped in baskets, and Madame Laheyrd, after having delicately removed the stones, arranged them one by one in large faience dishes, which exhaled an appetizing aroma of ripe and bruised fruit. On the right and left, Tontin and Benjamin, their faces besmeared with sweets, watched the preparations with longing looks, and frequent peals of merry laughter. Hélène, her dress protected by a white apron with a bib, and the sleeves rolled up to the elbow, stood in front of the kettle and stirred the contents with a long-handled spoon, holding it up occasionally to see the pearly drops of sirup glisten in the sunshine. . . . She was full of animation; the warmth of the bra-

zier tinged her cheeks and brow with a delicate rosy hue; her eyes were full of smiles, and her features expressed a deep, inward happiness."

This is really very charming. Domestic pictures similar to this are abundant in our own literature, but never, we may say, with this touch of color, this grace, this artistic feeling. In truth, with us domestic incidents are for the most part hard, and dry, and disagreeable. Kitchen heroines are tolerated because properly trained young women ought to know how to bake and broil; it is the moral attitude of the young person who can turn a waffle and expound a text in Scripture that we are called upon to admire, the author rarely suspecting the artistic possibilities that lie in services of this kind. As a pendant to the picture we have given, here is another from the same author's "Godson of a Marquis," in which we see that pastry-making is as amenable to artistic feeling as preserve-making:

"One morning he heard himself called in the garden by a well-known voice, whose silvery, youthful sound made him start with delight. The voice came from an arbor near the kitchen. He went in that direction, and as soon as he reached the entrance formed by the knotty twigs of the capriciously entwined branches, he paused, dazzled by the sight that rejoiced his eyes.

"In the green shade of the arbor, on a rustic table, was placed a round tray white with flour; at one side a porcelain salad bowl full of cream and freshly-beaten eggs, and a roll of butter half concealed in vine leaves, relieved with their gay tints the snowy heap of flour. Bertha Fontenelle, arrayed in a pink-striped dressing-gown, a large working-apron tied around her waist, her hair combed up on the top of her head, her neck bare, her sleeves rolled up above her elbow, was kneading dough. A distant ray of sunlight, shining through the leaves, fell obliquely on the table, and gilded with a light caress the cheeks and arms of the fair pastry cook."

A third of Theuriet's stories—"The House of the Two Barbels"—is full of touches revealing domestic life in a southern town in France. Two bachelors of middle age live with their aunt, an old maid, simple-minded, unsophisticated, eccentric creatures all; and are in consternation when they learn that their privacy is to be intruded upon, and their quiet disturbed, by two relatives from Paris, a lady and her daughter. If the three domestic recluses are perplexed and in dismay at the advent of the two ladies of glittering plumage from the capital, the Parisiennes are equally disturbed by their strange provincial surroundings. The scene which the young lady opens her eyes upon the first morning is admirable as a picture of a homely interior:

"The next day Laurence de Coulaines, awakened by the shrill cries of the milkmen in the Rue du Bourg, had a moment of keen regret and amazement at not finding herself in her little room in the Rue du Bac. She did not at first know where she was. The coarse sheets, the flax of which was sown and spun by Mademoiselle Lénette, recalled her to reality. She rubbed her eyes, looked around her, and uttered a profound sigh at the sight of her small cabinet dimly lighted by the dawn. The walls, covered with a gray paper, were ornamented their entire length by hooks, on which hung empty bags and portmanteaux, and by shelves where stood Aunt Lénette's pots of sweetmeats and jars of dried fruits. In this unfurnished room the small iron bedstead, the pine-wood table serving for the toilet, and two straw chairs, formed so dreary, poor, and comfortless an interior, that Laurence was ready to weep. With little temptation to linger in so sad a spot, the girl jumped from her bed, thrust her feet into her slippers, and ran to the window. . . . When she had poured into her wash-hand basin the contents of her pitcher and *carafe*, she discovered that she had exhausted the water. Accustomed to inundate herself at her morning ablutions, Laurence shrugged her shoulders in discomfiture on seeing herself thus limited, and determined at once to set out in quest of another pitcherful from the kitchen. She enveloped herself in a *peignoir*, gave a twist to the ripples of her abundant hair, which fell below her slender waist, and fastened the heavy knot to the top of her head. Then she carefully opened the door, slipped out into the corridor, and suddenly started back with an exclamation of dismay. Retreating into her chamber, she closed the door. Germain was in the corridor; he had just emerged from his room, buttoned up in his hunting-coat and wearing long leather gaiters. In the dark shadow of the corridor he caught a glimpse of his young cousin holding a water-pitcher in one hand, and with the other drawing the folds of her *peignoir* more closely over her bosom. The picture was but momentary. He had no sooner seen the fair face, illuminated by a pair of superb black eyes and surrounded by a mass of disheveled hair, than the vision vanished behind the door."

The bashful huntsman is greatly embarrassed, but plucks up courage to go to his cousin's door and ask what she requires:

"'I beg your pardon, Cousin Germain, but I wanted some water. Would you kindly tell the servant to bring some?'"

"'I will go myself and get you some at the pump,' stammered Germain. Five minutes elapsed, and the vigorous huntsman reappeared, bringing an enormous jug dripping with fresh water. Again he rattled the latch.

"'Here is a big jug of water, cousin.'

"'Thanks; please put it down by the door.'

"He obeyed and went away; but, when he had reached the first step on the staircase, he stopped and turned around, looking back curiously. The

door opened half-way; a white arm appeared—a pretty, dimpled arm with a mole near the elbow, which lifted the jug, while a laughing voice repeated, 'Thank you, cousin—thank you.'

"This was all; but during the remainder of that day, under the drooping branches of the great beeches at Rembercourt, Germain fell into more than one long reverie. Through the rustling leaves he saw once more the bewitching spectacle of the fair face and rippling hair—of those smiling eyes—of that white arm with the small brown mole above the elbow."

We have so far quoted from Theuriet only, not because domestic pictures are not to be found in other writers, but Theuriet is peculiarly artistic in depicting scenes of this character. Victor Cherbuliez is quite his equal in the description of scenery at least, and not infrequently gives us a felicitous interior. In his last novel, "Jean Téterol's Idea," the scene where the lovers first meet is unique and, let us confess, fascinating. Lionel is betrothed by his father to a lady whom he has not met; he has been at college, and having just arrived at the paternal estate, wanders forth through the fields, and throws himself down in some high grass on the border of a narrow stream and in the shade of a tree:

"Suddenly a voice made him start. The voice was singing, or rather reciting, the verses of a well-known song. Lionel raised himself on his elbow and looked. A young girl was seated on the opposite bank of the Limourde, near a clump of hazel bushes. Her head was bent down, her chin rested on her hand, and her broad-brimmed hat completely concealed her face. . . . She was not a girl to plunge into melancholy; she had begun to sing in order to cheer herself, and, as she sang, being of an enterprising disposition, the idea here suggested itself that she should obtain one of the beautiful lilies which she saw a few paces from her on the other side of the brook, and put it in her hair. . . . She knew that the lilies belonged to the enemy; this consideration only irritated her fancy; but she knew also that the enemy was always on the watch, and that it was dangerous to expose herself to him; this second consideration made her hesitate. At last covetousness carried the day over prudence. She rose, and her first care was to get a rake which had been left in a meadow. She brought it with her, and looked about her. Looking right and left, and on all sides, she did not perceive that in the shade of a chestnut tree, which sheltered him with its drooping branches, lay a doctor of law watching her. Completely reassured, she sat down again and began to take off her shoes and stockings. Lionel, who did not lose a single movement, soon saw two pretty feet, which appeared to him to shine like diamonds in the sun. . . . Having completed her preparations, she descended the bank cautiously and stepped into the water, which at that season was very low; it scarce-

lily came above her ankles. . . . She soon reached the other bank, stretched out her arm and rake, and drew toward her a long stem crowned with a fine flower of silvery whiteness. She hung her rake on the branches of a willow, and, using both her hands, detached the flower, which she gazed at with delight, as she said aloud, 'How beautiful you are, especially because you are stolen property!' At these words she pressed it to her lips. Then she regained the left bank, climbed up the slope, and hastened to put on her shoes and stockings. When this was accomplished, and she was about to go away, she saw that she had left the rake on the other bank, when at the same moment she perceived a handsome young man had sprung out of the growth, and was bowing respectfully.

"She uttered a cry of terror, and her first impulse was to run away. Unfortunately, she had not taken three steps, when a gust of wind seized her straw hat, the strings of which were not tied, and carried it into the Limourde. She stopped in great embarrassment. Lionel had already seized the rake, by the aid of which he fished the hat out of the river, as it was being carried away by the current."

The scene that ensues between the two young people, with the Limourde between them, the stolen lily in the hands of one, and the captured hat in those of the other, is too long to quote, but it is full of flavor and charm. It is an incident, moreover, that only an artist surrounded by a high civilization would venture to give. Transfer the characters and scenes to a frontier town, and the audacity of witnessing a young lady taking off her shoes and stockings would greatly shock the eminently proper community. The new French writers seem to delight in these fresh and unconventional incidents. The meeting of the lovers in "Jean Téterol's Idea" is audacious and yet charming; the meeting of the lovers in Theuriet's "Raymonde" is decidedly amusing as a piece of pure invention, and affords admirable evidence of how successfully a true artist can give charm to the most commonplace incident. Young Antoine has just returned from Paris after a long absence; he is walking from the railway station to the home of his parents, when he sees in the middle of the road a wagon of charcoal on fire:

"Objects became more clear as he advanced. He soon distinguished a team standing in the midst of the path; a boy, fifteen years old, was rushing in headlong haste from the wagon to the steep bank of the road, dipping water there in his felt hat, climbing on one of the wheels, emptying his improvised bucket on the smoking mass, and then repeating the same process as fast as possible. On the border of the declivity a small horse, with the bridle hanging loose from his neck, browsed unceremoniously upon

the shoots of the beech trees; and in the middle of the road a young girl with bright-red hair, lifting with one hand the skirt of her riding-dress, waved the other in the air to urge Antoine to make haste."

Antoine is soon at the burning wagon, and sends off the driver on the young lady's horse for assistance:

"Can I be of any help to you?" said Raymonde, when she was left alone with Antoine by the side of the crackling wagon.

"If you are not afraid of spoiling your dress," he replied, 'you can fill this fellow's hat at the spring, and hand it to me as I stand on one of the wheels. But it will be disagreeable and fatiguing work, mademoiselle.'

"I am not a fine lady!" she said, smiling.

"She turned up her riding-dress, tied it behind, tossed her hat upon a clump of dogwood trees, and began diligently to dip the water. As soon as the hat was full, she got up and gave it to Antoine, who, leaning against the wagon, rapidly poured the contents on the smoking charcoal.

Their attention was not so completely absorbed by the work as to prevent them from stealthily examining each other. Raymonde glanced out of the corner of her eye at the elegant bearing and expressive face of the young traveler, balanced on the nave of the wheel, his head in full light, and his hair in a cloud of smoke played upon by the breeze.

"As for Antoine, he could not help admiring the girl's graceful pose as she held out to him the streaming felt hat, and displayed at the same time her beautiful bare arms. The upper part of her body being thrown back showed to advantage the harmonious and flexible outlines of her bust, the serpentine curve of her white neck, and the satin carnation of her cheeks, suffused with a delicate rose tint by the excitement of the novel situation. The sun, filtering through the trees, threw a changing play of light and shade over her hair and face, that increased the fascination of her large brown eyes. The work, to which she was not accustomed, put her out of breath, and this, with her entire unconsciousness, increased the vividness and brilliant coloring of the picture, which impressed itself indelibly on the young man's fancy."

It must be admitted, we think, that two young people falling in love with each other in the act of putting out a fire of burning charcoal, is a novel situation; but it is more than this, its significance being that the story-teller who has eyes to see, and artistic perceptions, can make delightful pictures of all the thousand trifles that befall ordinary mortals—pictures which in making a charm of simple things teach us how to make simple things charming, and this is one of the best practical philosophies of life.

Books of the Day.

IT seems to us that Mr. Hamerton has been less happy than usual in the choice of subjects for his latest work.¹ He strikes a distinctly false note in the very beginning, his "Preface to the American Edition" being simply an exculpation of himself from anticipated criticism because of his having drawn in one of the sketches which the volume contains an attractive and favorable portrait of a Roman Catholic. Now, it is superfluous to point out that such a defense corresponds with no sentiment felt by intelligent Americans; and in making it, Mr. Hamerton had in view, not that large body of American admirers which has extended him such a cordial recognition and which he was nominally addressing, but the numerous English readers whose feelings in this matter are exemplified by some of the most curious passages in Miss Martineau's Autobiography. Mr. Hamerton's version of these passages is as follows: "When Miss Martineau's reputation was established, and she had given up novel-writing, Charlotte Brontë persuaded her to try her hand once more upon a story which was to be published anonymously by Smith & Elder. The novel was begun, and the manuscript of the first volume sent to Mr. George Smith [a member of the firm], who received it warmly, and predicted a great success; but as the work advanced a little further he declined the publication altogether, on the ground that it was favorable to Roman Catholics. There is also a story about Charles Dickens of a very similar character. Miss Martineau had written a tale for 'Household Words,' but Dickens declined it on the ground that one of the characters was a priest *and yet a good man*, a combination which he considered inadmissible, because it might help the influence of Romanism."

Now, nothing can be more certain than that such an incident could hardly occur in this country. Individual instances of bigotry and fanaticism may be found everywhere; but an American holding a position equivalent to Dickens's would be very unlikely to apply such a test, and if he did, would not venture to avow it in such a manner as to indicate that he expected the sympathy and support of public opinion. Americans are no more blind than other liberty-loving people to the danger and evil of certain tendencies of Roman Catholicism—they are, perhaps, more constantly alive to them—but all, except the most ignorant classes, have passed beyond the point where they would accept as a rule of conduct the principle that it is an error in policy to recognize in any way the merits of those who differ from us in opinion. Parkman's histories—in which even Jesuits are painted with the lineaments of heroes and

martyrs—are among the most popular in our literature; and in the daily newspapers, which reflect but too faithfully popular passions and prejudices, the obituary of a leading Roman Catholic ecclesiastic is as impartial in its distribution of praise and blame as in the case of an equally prominent representative of a more orthodox faith. The truth is, that in prefixing especially to the American edition his defense of a practice which with us is a matter of course, Mr. Hamerton exhibits the same unfamiliarity with American habits of thought and feeling that he does of our geography when on a later page he couples Illinois with Quebec and Cincinnati in a manner which implies that he thinks them all to be cities of the remote interior.

Nor is this slightly discordant note confined to the preface. Throughout the book Mr. Hamerton writes as if he were on his defense, and assumes an apologetic air for ideas and sentiments which to his American readers at least will seem the merest commonplace of conviction. In one place, for example, he explains with his customary lucidity that every Frenchman who desires even that regulated liberty which is the immemorial birthright of Englishmen and Americans, is of necessity a republican in politics; furthermore, that the programme of the dreaded French radicals includes nothing whatever but those elementary rights and privileges which our forefathers wrung from the crown almost at the beginning of the Parliamentary struggle. This, we say, he explains with his usual force and clearness; but in order to palliate the avowal of such dangerous and heterodox sentiments, he hastens to point out that the correlative is by no means true in England—that, in fact, republicanism there may and probably does mean quite the opposite of what is being striven for in France. At other times—quite often, indeed—he is brought face to face with the question of aristocracy, and though his sentiments concerning it may be readily inferred, what he actually says will seem to most Frenchmen and Americans curiously lacking in frankness and straightforwardness. The truth is that, with all his scorn of English Philistinism, Mr. Hamerton has written his book, not exactly with the fear of the Philistines before his eyes, but with the acute consciousness that they were to sit in judgment upon it, and that their prejudices were to be soothed and conciliated. For this reason, "Modern Frenchmen" lacks that large, liberal cosmopolitanism of tone which has been one of the chief charms of his previous works. In those earlier books his tone and standpoint are those of a citizen of the world, emancipated by culture from local predilections and antagonisms; in nearly every page of "Modern Frenchmen" he has his eye fixed upon that bright little, tight little island which, as Taine has somewhere said, is fuller of prejudices than of people.

Still another defect of the work arises, curiously

¹ Modern Frenchmen. Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 422.

enough, from what is one of Mr. Hamerton's most attractive qualities as a writer. His *forte* is certainly not biography. His interest in character is so much greater than in performance—he cares so much more for what a man *is* than for what he *does*—that he cannot keep close enough to details to meet the requirements of good biography. To an inquiry about Julius Cæsar he would probably answer that Cæsar was a great conqueror, and a man of undaunted courage and inflexible purpose, when what the inquirer wanted to know was when Cæsar was born, when he died, whom and how he conquered. Of each of the five Frenchmen selected for treatment, we get a most vivid, subtle, and adequate mental and moral portrait; but even from the long and fascinating paper on Victor Jacquemont, "traveler and naturalist," it will be difficult to learn anything of what he actually accomplished or produced, except some copious and charming private letters which furnished materials for the sketch; while from the equally long paper on Jean Jacques Ampère, "historian, archæologist, traveler," it is impossible to glean anything definite regarding the nature, quality, or amount of the work which constitutes his title to distinction. In the case of Rude the sculptor, and Henri Regnault the painter, things are a little better; but even here the reader will be apt to feel that the outline is incomplete, and that he has but a vague idea of what these men actually left behind them to bear testimony to their genius and labors.

No lack of harmony with or adaptation to his subject, however, has impaired that enchantment of style with which Mr. Hamerton elevates and adorns every topic with which he deals. Nothing more picturesquely fascinating as a narrative of adventure has been lately written than the summary of Victor Jacquemont's travels in India; and in the briefer paper on Henri Regnault there is a moral fervor and an elevation of sentiment which touch a higher level of feeling than could be attained by merely verbal eloquence or skill. Above all, there is throughout the book that serenity and amenity of mind, that broad catholicity of judgment, that appreciative sympathy with tastes and feelings different from his own which is so much more difficult to achieve than mere toleration, and that willingness to recognize goodness in all its forms and phases, which we have before mentioned as characteristics of Mr. Hamerton's writings. More than any modern writer whom we could name, Mr. Hamerton is the exponent of that "sweetness and light" which Matthew Arnold formulated as the aim and object of culture, but from which he has himself wandered into the mazes of the theological controversy.

MORE generally now perhaps than in any previous age of the world mankind is alive to the advantages of *mens sana in corpore sano*; but there is no trustworthy evidence of any nearer approach to an agreement as to the best methods of attaining this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation. In a

useful little book on "The Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves,"¹ Dr. Holbrook, the well-known writer on hygiene, has brought together twenty-eight letters from as many "distinguished men and women," describing their physical and intellectual habits. That these letters are interesting is a matter of course—they would be interesting as personal gossip if from no other reason—and they no doubt contain many valuable suggestions; but the one fact which they conclusively establish is the utter chaos of opinion which prevails as to what constitutes physical and intellectual hygiene—in other words, what habits and practices are advantageous or otherwise. Mr. William Cullen Bryant attributed his having maintained robust health to an advanced age to his systematic attention to certain habits, prominent among which were an hour's exercise every morning with dumb-bells and chairs, and a careful abstinence from tea and coffee. William Howitt, on the other hand, who has reached an equally great age in the enjoyment of equally good health, considers the use of dumb-bells and similar "artificial practices" superfluous, takes tea and coffee regularly, finds the greatest refreshment in both, and never experienced any deleterious effects from either, except in one instance when, by mistake, he took a cup of tea strong enough for ten men. He cites approvingly in connection with this the experience of William Hutton, the historian, who, on being told that coffee was a slow poison, remarked that he had found it very slow, for he had drunk it more than sixty years without any ill effect. One medical practitioner has cured many cases of nervous depression by insisting upon his patients eating larger supplies of food than they would take without a sort of compulsion, and is of opinion that brain-workers as a class eat too little. Dr. T. L. Nichols, on the other hand, eminent London physician and writer on medical topics, is convinced that people generally and brain-workers in particular eat too much, and declares that he never felt better, and never did his work easier, than while he was subsisting on a diet of bread, milk, eggs, fruits, and vegetables, which cost sixty-eight cents per week. Several affirm from experience that the whole truth about health is condensed into the old adage concerning early going to bed and early rising; while Professor Huxley is inclined to say of early risers in general that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. Of course, there are some who are firmly convinced that in the practice of vegetarianism lies the secret of health and long life, and others equally convinced that the blood is impoverished and the digestive apparatus overworked by any deficiency of animal food; some who assert with the utmost positiveness that alcohol is poison, and others who have found by experience, as Hutton found with coffee, that if it is a poison, its

¹ Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves, and the Cure of Nervousness. With Twenty-eight Original Letters from Leading Writers and Thinkers concerning their Physical and Intellectual Habits. By. M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 12mo, pp. 279.

operations are very slow ; some who lay the utmost possible emphasis upon physical exercise, especially walking, while others maintain that such objectless exercise is simply an additional draft upon an already overburdened and fatigued nervous system, which needs rest far more than it needs anything else. The majority, of course, attribute their health and their power of work to an attentive observance of what they consider the laws of health ; but there are several again who attribute it to their persistency in ignoring all such considerations—to the care with which they have avoided acquiring what Carlyle calls “the melancholy consciousness of a stomach.” The one point upon which all agree is in condemning the use of tobacco ; but even this apparent unanimity results simply from the fact that Dr. Holbrook has limited the range of his inquiries. It is notorious that some of the greatest geniuses and longest-lived men among English and American brain-workers have been and are habitual smokers ; while German authors and professors, the most laborious and—so it is affirmed—the longest-lived men in the world, smoke as a rule to an extent which even smokers consider excessive.

Are there then no such things as “laws of health” ? We think there are, but they are not to be sought in hard and fast rules which make no allowance for differences of temperament, constitution, and bodily condition. These differences—which are so radical that they might almost be called antagonisms—are one of the most familiar facts of physiology, and are exemplified every day in actual life. To Poe, alcohol was indeed a poison, and a single glass of wine “wrought like madness in the brain” ; yet there are many men who know by practical trial that they are better for a moderate quantity of wine drunk with their meals, and many others still who have experienced the recuperative effects, at times of physical or mental exhaustion, of a proper stimulant judiciously administered. They know from experience, too, how worse than absurd is much of the talk about “reaction,” “subsequent depression,” and the like. And so of tobacco. No doubt most men would be the better for not using tobacco at all, and to some probably it is distinctly injurious ; but in a few cases it is actually *prescribed* with the happiest results, and vast numbers, after years of trial, find in smoking, if not positive benefit, at least hours of harmless enjoyment.

The one principle of health which may fairly be described as fundamental and universal is Temperance—temperance not in its popular but in its widest sense, not only as applied to alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, and the like, but in food, in work, in the pursuit of pleasure, in excitements, in speech, in thought, and, above all, in *worry*—which kills oftener and far more surely than work. The standard of temperance, and the special items which it will include and exclude, must be established by each man for himself ; and, as we have said, cannot be made the subject of dogmatic and inflexible rules.

Next to temperance we should be inclined to place Sleep. Shakespeare and Young anticipated

the conclusions of modern hygiene when they described sleep, the former as “chief nourisher in life’s feast,” and the latter as “tired nature’s sweet restorer.” But here, too, there is no room for hard and fast rules. One constitution in a normal state will find five hours’ sleep sufficient, to another seven is indispensable, while to another still eight is none too much. The precise period and the particular hours may be left to each man to arrange according to his individual need and convenience, only he should be careful that it is *enough*. Insufficient sleep is probably the most frequent cause of nervous breakdown ; and certainly, when the break-down has come, sleep opens the surest avenue of recovery. Then, indeed, too much sleep can hardly be taken ; for, as in infancy, the recuperative powers of nature seem to work only during that complete suspension of the faculties which sleep produces. Here a leaf from our own experience may be worth insertion : In a case of utter physical exhaustion, especially when it is caused by prolonged mental strain, ten or twelve consecutive hours of quiet sleep will often completely restore the tone of the system, which would otherwise be a question of days or even weeks.

But we have wandered further than we intended, and must return for a moment to Dr. Holbrook’s book. Besides the letters which have furnished the text of our remarks, it contains excerpts on pertinent topics from the writings of such eminent thinkers and scientists as Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Dr. E. H. Clarke, Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. Seguin, Dr. Brown-Séquard, Archbishop Whately, Harriet Martineau, and Frances Power Cobbe. Prefatory to these is a popular explanation by Dr. Holbrook of the structure, function, and modes of operation of the nervous system ; and the book as a whole, in spite of the inconsistencies we have pointed out, will prove useful to whoever may take the pains to master it.

LESS than almost any poet we can recall who possessed the genuine gift of song, Mr. Joaquin Miller has exhibited what is called growth or development. In his first-published book, “Songs of the Sierras,” will still be found his best, most original, and most characteristic work ; but, in spite of much inferior verse produced since then, his “Songs of Italy”¹ show that there has been no material declension of faculty. Nor, it must be admitted, has he lost or abandoned that “native wood-note wild” which first won him admirers. It was feared and predicted that the culture, the civilization, and the rigid conventions of the Old World would oppress and warp even if they did not paralyze his genius, and that he would lose that unique and original flavor which gave piquancy to his first outburst of song. But the apprehension was groundless. Mr. Miller has remained as insensible to European “culture”

¹ Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 186.

as when amid the woods of Oregon he caught the first gleams of the sacred fire; and to this day he has infinitely greater faith in his own spontaneous impulses and insights than in all the "creeds outworn" and habits and standards alien to his sympathies.

The chief difference we observe between these later lyrics and the first wild songs is that the malady of thought has come upon the poet—love and the delights of the senses are no longer sufficient unto the passing day, and the time-old problems of the whence and the why begin to trouble and arrest the headlong ardor of the passions. We take it that it is a great misfortune for Mr. Miller that he was born in an age when a poet is expected to be a thinker and a moralist as well as a singer. What he enjoys and what he is adapted for is the free, unfettered, fervid, and rapturous expression of the primitive natural feelings and instincts; but he, no more than the rest of us, can escape the travail of the time, and we perceive more frequently in these "Songs of Italy" than in any previous work that note of doubt, of inquiry, of the questioning of fate, which is said to distinguish and characterize modern poetry. Even here, however, it is not very obtrusive. If not with the old, unconscious *abandon*, yet with the deliberateness of a fixed preference, Mr. Miller turns to the sensuous side of things; and he contemplates Italy as objectively, with as little complexity of emotion, as if it were a virgin land and he its first discoverer. That meditative, retrospective vision which caused Byron to see in Rome, not a decaying and beggar-infested city, but "a Niobe of nations," "lone mother of dead empires," sitting "childless and crownless in her voiceless woe," Mr. Miller is utterly oblivious to. There is scarcely a word to show that he is even conscious that Italy has a past—that there are any associations connected with her, or anything to which it is worth while to direct attention, except her bland climate, her clear skies, her wooing zephyrs, and the passionate, picturesque life of her present-day people. For this reason "Songs of Italy" is unique among books of its kind. It is a complete departure from the beaten track, and might more appropriately, one would think, have been written by the first poet who ever descended upon Italy rather than the last. To judge from his poems, the only place in Italy that profoundly touched Mr. Miller's sympathies and kindled his imagination was Venice. Rome seems to have oppressed and repelled him, chiefly perhaps because he found himself unable to respond to the kind of demand usually made upon the knowledge and feelings of the visitor. Venice alone threw a spell over him; and he returns again and again to her lagoons and canals, her sea-surrounded palaces, her seething, seductive life, and the lion of St. Mark perched aloft upon its column. The latter is the subject of no less than six different poems, and in the prose prelude to one of them the author declares it to be "the most simple and sublime thing in the world." Most of the other poems are but the expression of some personal mood, with nothing to localize them except the date.

Decidedly the finest poem in the collection is the one entitled "Vale." In it the author gives passionate expression to his discontent with what life has brought him, with the lack of appreciation he has met, with the barrenness of the world and the coldness of men. He even intimates a resolution to sing no more:

"My hand it is weary, and my harp unstrung;
And where is the good that I pipe or sing,
Fashion new notes, or shape anything?
The songs of my rivers remain unsung
Henceforward for me."

This will no doubt prove like many others a transient mood. Mr. Miller sang in the beginning, as he says, because he could not help it; and the same imperious necessity will compel him in the future as in the past to seek solace in "this doubtful, sad gift of verse."

READERS of Mr. James's "The Americans" will naturally expect to find in "The Europeans"¹ a companion or complement to that subtle and elaborate study; but in the latter Mr. James has experimented in another field and aimed at quite different literary effects. "The Europeans" is truly described as "a sketch"—events and persons being outlined rather than analyzed, and large dependence being placed by the author on the cooperation of the reader's imagination with his own. Yet, in spite of its slightness, "The Europeans" will be generally admitted, we think, to contain Mr. James's best and most artistic work. The picture of the Wentworths, as a typical American family, is an unmistakable achievement of genius, and is sufficient of itself to lift the story into the domain of genuine creative art. The art with which it is painted is very delicate and unobtrusive, but its effectiveness and power and imaginative truth are proved by the persistency and clearness with which it arises in the mind after the book is laid aside and mere details have sunk into hazy indistinctness. The family as a whole, indeed, is a greater conception than any individual member of it. Charlotte is the only one whose portrait is painted at full length, and this is chiefly owing to the essential commonplaceness and simplicity of her character, which, however, is not without a certain reposeful charm of its own. Gertrude, who is in a sense the heroine, baffles the reader to the end quite as much as she puzzles her relatives and friends; and the austere personality of Mr. Wentworth is hinted at rather than portrayed. The family, as we have said, dominates and subordinates its constituent factors; and it would be difficult to conceive a finer and truthfuler picture of that high-minded simplicity, that serene fidelity to a somewhat ascetic conception of duty, that physical and moral cleanliness, and that virginal purity, which characterize American life at its best, and which dwarf into in-

¹ The Europeans. A Sketch. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 281.

significance its comparative deficiencies on the side of grace, and amenity, and social complaisance.

Very great skill is expended upon the figure and character of the Baroness—greater, we think, than is justified by the part which she plays in the story—but she never quite succeeds in pleasing, and after one or two experiments, as it were, is gradually relegated to the background. It is as if the author shrunk from following her character along its natural and logical pathway; and though at the beginning she promises to take the part of leading lady in the drama, she proves on trial incongruous with her surroundings, and is speedily assigned to a subordinate and not very interesting rôle. Equally skillful in execution and much happier as a conception is the character of her brother, Felix Young—American by parentage, European by birth and nurture, and Bohemian by profession and practice. He is the apostle, exponent, type, and exemplar of happiness as a creed and as a standard of conduct; and his influence upon the story is similar to that of a joyous smile upon a beautiful human face. The contrast between European and American life on their moral side, as exemplified in the Baroness, is only hinted at by the author; and we have reason to be grateful for the protest which Felix Young embodies against the ascetic ideals, the hyper-puritanic standards, the strained conscientiousness, and the distrust of everything that takes the semblance of pleasure for pleasure's sake, which make American life, in spite of a certain austere nobleness and purity, the most colorless, joyless, physically wearing and mentally exhausting, in the world.

We have already referred to the delicacy and refinement of Mr. James's art, and we return to the point only to remark that it is almost too subtly delicate for its purpose. The reader has to be constantly on the alert, must meditate over passages in order to secure their full flavor, and even when the story is finished must go over it again to catch those delicate *nuances* which constitute its atmosphere and tone. The model of the workmanship is to be sought, not in English or American, but in French fiction; and not less conclusively than his essays on French novelists, "The Europeans" demonstrates that Mr. James's studies in this field have been profound and fruitful.

To those readers who desire to keep up with the great movement of events without penetrating too deeply below the surface or coping with too intricate a mass of details, Mr. Van Laun's "French Revolutionary Epoch"¹ will be a very acceptable book. It is a history of France—and substantially a history of Europe—from the beginning of the first French Revolution to the downfall of the Second Empire;

and it is the first work to cover, with a reasonable degree of fullness and without too minute a study of special phases, this period, perhaps the most instructive and striking in the annals of mankind. Of course, the Revolutionary Epoch, properly so called, has claimed the principal share of the author's attention, and nearly the whole of the first volume is devoted to a record of the events which occurred in the memorable interval between the final toppling over of the rotten fabric of the *ancien régime* and the substitution by Napoleon of despotism for anarchy on the 18th Brumaire (9th November), 1799. In his delineation of this period, and especially of the earlier portion, Mr. Van Laun has enjoyed many advantages in the fresh materials that have been rendered accessible since the last previous popular historian traversed the field. M. Taine, in particular, has, as we pointed out in our reviews of his "Ancient Régime" and "French Revolution," brought to light vast stores of materials, so new and so significant that it seemed as if the real history of the Revolution had remained hitherto unpublished. We remarked that the chief defect of these stores, as opened to us by M. Taine, was that they furnished the raw material of history rather than history itself; and Mr. Van Laun is fortunate in being the first to digest them into popular shape. His introductory chapter on the condition of France at the outbreak of the Revolution, and the greater portion of his first book on "The Gathering of the Storm," are little more than a summary or recensus of Taine's densely compacted volumes; and the facts and illustrations thus utilized are so fresh, so apposite, and so significant, that they would alone suffice to give a decided interest and value to the book.

It must be admitted, however, that the later portions of Mr. Van Laun's work are not equal to this study of the Revolutionary Epoch. He has neither had such excellent materials nor has he allowed himself space to use to the best advantage such materials as he had. He is by no means happy in describing battles and campaigns, yet his chapters on the Consulate and the First Empire deal more exclusively than they need with the purely military aspect of Napoleon's many-sided career. The chapters on the Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire, are little more than a chronicle of leading events; but they possess the merit of concentrating attention upon the really significant facts and tendencies instead of those picturesque episodes which historians are apt to magnify because they afford so much better opportunities for producing literary and artistic effects.

Mr. Van Laun is not a great historian, nor can his work claim a place among the few masterpieces in its special field; but it is a practically useful and intelligent survey of a period whose interest and attractiveness are inexhaustible, while the fact that it is brought down to so recent a date will render it serviceable in those thousand and one instances when an item of current news can only be understood fully by comparing it with others immediately or proximately

¹ The French Revolutionary Epoch: Being a History of France from the Beginning of the First French Revolution to the End of the Second Empire. By Henri Van Laun. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 503, 454.

mately antecedent in the order of events. It has been well remarked that "the last thirty years are always the ones about which it is most difficult to learn anything," and it is bearing high testimony to the utility of Mr. Van Laun's work to say that down to 1870 any event or personage in the later history of France can be found in his or its proper chronological place in the narrative.

SURPRISE not unmingled with pleasure will be the predominant feeling left in the mind of the reader of Prince Bismarck's private letters to his wife, sister, and others.¹ The letters are dedicated "by permission" to Princess Bismarck, and the guarantee of their authenticity thus implied is by no means superfluous. A moment's reflection convinces us, of course, that even the greatest of men cannot always be posturing as a hero, and that his private character and habits may present the sharpest possible contrast to his public acts; yet, in spite of its recognition of this truth, the world is apt to expect a certain uniformity of attitude, which it dignifies with the name of consistency. And it must be confessed that the world is seldom disappointed. It is an extremely rare experience to find, even in the most intimate correspondence of distinguished persons, an entire absence of self-consciousness and posing; and the great majority of the so-called private letters that ultimately get into print (as they were expected to) are so obviously written "in character" that one is tempted to acquiesce in Dr. Johnson's somewhat cynical opinion that the letters of a man to his friends are almost the last place in which to discover the real principles and elements of his character.

From this accusation at least Prince Bismarck's letters are wholly free, and it would be difficult to imagine any so little in conformity with the popular conception of the Prince as derived from his career and attitude as a statesman. The earlier ones are quite remarkable for their light-hearted *insouciance*, not to say levity; and the later ones are not less remarkable for the reiterated emphasis with which they express the writer's distaste and even disgust for the pursuits for which it would naturally be inferred that he felt the keenest possible zest and appetite. The correspondence, as a whole, proves one thing conclusively, and that is that in Bismarck's case the office sought and even begged for the man and not the man for the office, and that each step of his gradually widening responsibilities was taken with genuine reluctance. This is an interesting revelation of character, but the most attractive feature of the letters is their amiability, complaisance, good nature. The playful affectionateness of his youthful

letters to his sister, tintured with a certain fine courtesy, is very pleasing; and the letters to his wife are not less so for their simplicity, cordiality, and tenderness. They are models of what such letters should be—wholly free from the cares entailed by his public life, and full of those minute little personal particulars and details which are so much more *real* than generalities, however picturesque and significant.

Curiously enough, the letters might very well be cited as evidence in support of the common accusation that the Germans are a sentimental people. Their sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality, and their whole tone is robust and real, like the man; but Bismarck evidently feels little interest in places, things, or persons, until he can in some way associate them with the life of his affections and sympathies. Everything connected with tender or pleasing incidents of the past he delights to recall, but his standpoint is always subjective, not objective. Finally, the letters exhibit a literary skill which, if not surprising, is at least unexpected in the domestic correspondence of a vastly overworked man of affairs.

Of the three novels by M. Victor Cherbuliez which have appeared in the "Collection of Foreign Authors," we think it will be generally admitted that the last, "*Jean Téterol's Idea*,"¹ is in several respects the best. It is written with all that precision, polish, grace, and vivacity which have always characterized M. Cherbuliez's work; and it has the additional advantages of a story interesting itself and of sharply contrasted and piquant characters. Jean Téterol himself, an illiterate laborer who has raised himself to the position of a millionaire, and who exhibits the egotism of a self-made man in its most vulgar and aggressive form, is a more striking and unconventional figure than usually appears in French fiction, and is portrayed and developed with exquisite skill. He will be apt to remind the reader of the Nabob in M. Alphonse Daudet's last novel; but if less picturesque, he is a much more vivid, effective, plausible, and lifelike character. One great advantage that Cherbuliez has over Daudet is that he possesses a sense of humor in which the latter is totally deficient; and some of the minor touches which accentuate the figure of Jean Téterol might well have been used by Dickens in portraying the boisterous Boythorne. The other characters, though less elaborated, are drawn with equal skill, and the story as a whole will be read from beginning to end with a sort of pleasurable excitement. In spite, too, of one perfectly innocent sentence which the prurient prudes have affected to criticise, it is as pure and harmless as any of the current novels, and vastly more refined than most of them.

¹ Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others. From 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 259.

¹ Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XIV. Jean Téterol's Idea. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 319.

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THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER.

VIII.

"TO work! to work!" was Antonio Buccaferrata's brief reply to Filippo, as related in the foregoing chapter.

Aided by a few peasants the Italians erected their scaffolding in the old church on the banks of the Salat, and made ready to commence work on the walls.

"Filippo!" cried the patron, who had ascended the ladder and was engaged in making, with the full sweep of his arm, a hurried sketch of a large figure.

The younger of the Pedroja brothers, evidently the master's favorite, darted forward with the activity of a squirrel.

"Look in the portfolio for 'The Virgin, the Child Jesus, and St. Anne,' from Da Vinci."

Filippo, perched high upon the planks, opened the green portfolio already familiar to Laurens, and, rummaging through its contents, soon came upon the desired engraving, which he hastily pinned to a strip of red cloth secured to the stout uprights on which the scaffolding rested.

"*Bien!*" said Buccaferrata, with a glance of approval, as he continued, on the upper portion of the wall, immediately behind the choir, the composition already begun.

What *was* that composition? Jean Paul, unheeded by the Pedroja brothers, who judged him incapable of rendering them any assistance in their very complicated adjustments, stood riveted to the flags below, straining his eyes to the utmost. But to no purpose: he comprehended nothing of what he saw. Nevertheless, he felt assured that Monsieur Antonio, who alternately viewed the engraving hung up by Filippo, and a sheet of paper, which latter, however, as seen from below, appeared quite blank, was producing something grand and beautiful. Ah, how he wished that he himself were there instead of the

master, and, crayon in hand, attempting to make a picture!

At length our Lauraguais stripling experienced a sudden thrill. Light had broken upon him. He became more attentive to the fascinating hand that moved along the immense panel above the high altar, and could read freely Monsieur Antonio's work—which, as at each successive mark of the crayon it loomed up clearer and more terrible before Jean's eyes, revealed all that he had seen, all that he had felt, all that he had suffered the night before. He shuddered at that unexpected vision of Hortette, but soon felt reassured on observing that Gaspard's dead wife, instead of lying on a peasant's couch, was borne in a shroud by three men of kindly mien—particularly the younger one in the middle—with long, flowing hair, and clothed like the saints in the church of Fourquevaux. One thing he remarked which moved him to tears—groups of women weeping at the extreme left of the picture.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to testify his admiration of the master, the apprentice stole noiselessly to the top of the uppermost ladder; but, just as he was on the point of approaching Antonio, his courage failed him. At that moment Buccaferrata, having sketched a rude copy of Titian's "Christ in the Tomb"—save the head of the dead Jesus, in the place of which he had ingeniously substituted the frightful head of Hortette—to complete the disfigurement of the masterpiece, was studding the incommensurable sky with legions of chubby angels, floating through the clouds with their diminutive wings.

"Is that where you are, my little lad?" cried Buccaferrata, catching sight of the disconcerted lad.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Antonio."

"Hallo, down there!" he cried to his cousins, occupied in various matters about the church.

"What is it?" asked Giovanni.

"I have no need for the apprentice; keep him by you and teach him the trade."

Laurens descended more quickly than he had gone up, and rejoined the Pedroja brothers, who were arranging a number of pots and cups and a multitude of brushes on a board supported by two easels.

"Here, you little rogue, fetch some water from the Salat," said Giovanni, gruffly, pointing at the same time to two large empty buckets, among a jumble of old ironware and other traps forming a part of the itinerant artists' baggage.

IX.

THE new line of life into which our fugitive from Fourquevaux had been driven by an indomitable frenzy, was far from proving such a source of delight as he had fondly hoped it would. For two years he had accompanied Buccaferrata and his associates, a groveling set, and fervent votaries of the bottle in spite of the restraint laid upon them by daily intercourse with the clergy; and yet the patron, forgetful of his promises, had not once thought of giving him a single lesson in drawing. Indeed, so far as teaching was concerned, nothing had been done either before or since the terrific night scene at the *Cog d'Or*. In vain did the child, whose ambition was kept constantly alive by the occupations of the troop, seize every available opportunity to hazard such hints as might remind the painter of his formal obligations; the latter, in reality more rough and unkinder than he had at first appeared, either turned a deaf ear or replied, "We'll see to-morrow, *bambino*—we'll see to-morrow."

Meantime Buccaferrata, while awaiting a suitable opportunity to initiate his apprentice into the secrets of the art—concerning which he had ideas peculiar to himself—unscrupulously employed the lad in all sorts of inferior occupations, such as grinding colors, dissolving Marseilles size, carrying burdens up to the scaffolding, and washing paint cups and kettles.

Jean Paul felt sick at heart as he reflected that in the midst of those men, from whose society he had expected to derive so much benefit, he was in reality further removed from painting than in the days of his truant pencilings in some solitary nook at Fourquevaux. Amid the bustle of inns and loathsome taverns, now his only resting-places, and under the cold indifference of the master whom he had chosen, he shed many a sorrowful tear for his peaceful village cot and the endearments of the family circle.

At the *Salon* of 1875 Jean Paul Laurens exhibited a terrible picture: on the right a graveyard; on the left a church-door in the Roman style, obstructed by brushwood, in the midst of which stands a large cross veiled in black; and

in the foreground, awaiting inhumation, the dead body of a maiden crowned with a garland of flowers, and the body of a man half buried. The effect is striking; yet those who in that sober and vigorous work detected nothing beyond the "Interdict under the French King Robert" little suspected the bitter reminiscences of which it is the embodiment. There, for long, dreary months, by the wall of that graveyard, with its crumbling tombs, the artist, then a sensitive child already tormented by the noblest aspirations, had cleansed Antonio Buccaferrata's brushes; in front of that door, in the shape of a half-moon, with its grimacing capitals, he had had more than one proof of the brutality of Antonio Buccaferrata's companions; and on the spot where those corpses lie he had often, when overcome by lassitude of body and mind, longed for death and final repose by the side of his mother in heaven.

Meantime, having journeyed through the Pyrenees, Corbières, and a portion of the Cevennes, with the three pitiful Italian daubers, our Lauraguais stripling began at last to grow weary of his condition as a drudge, and foresaw that the time was not far distant when it would be absolutely intolerable to him.

One evening, at a hamlet called Gajeau, but a short distance from Saint-Girons, in Ariège, whither the troop had returned, Jean Paul, goaded by the sting of despair under which he had writhed for many long days, raised his voice in complaint, and in touching terms tinged by disappointment, with an accent of deep melancholy, reminded the patron of his engagement. But Buccaferrata, now as heartless and cruel as he had once been amiable and kind, only laughed at an appeal to which he was resolved not to respond, since the strongest of motives stood in the way of his imparting the instruction so reasonably demanded. Then catching sight of the dilapidated green portfolio, crammed with old papers, greasy and rumpled and torn at the corners, he cried:

"You wish to learn, youngster, do you? Well, then, ransack the folio."

Without awaiting any further permission, the eager child did so, and in the evenings after work at the church of Gajeau, where the uninvited Italians lustily plied their brushes in coloring the same colossal "St. Paul" as at Fourquevaux, he enjoyed for several weeks an after-taste of the transports experienced in his native fields in days gone by.

Among countless other ornamental and architectural subjects, the portfolio contained a number of good engravings, for the most part reproductions of celebrated paintings preserved in the Louvre, such as the "Entombment" by Titian, "St. Michael's Combat" by the divine Sanzio,

the "Apparition of the Virgin to St. Luke and St. Catherine" by Annibale Carracci, the "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Ribera, the "Disciples going to Emmaus" by Rembrandt, and Lesueur's "Death of St. Bruno." Among this jumble of masterpieces were a few straggling prints bearing on profane subjects: Caravaggio's "Concert," Poussin's "Shepherds of Arcadia," Leopold Robert's "Reapers," and Lebrun's "Battle of Arbelá."

Overlooking the grand sacred compositions, alike too complicated and too learned, Laurens instinctively turned to Caravaggio's simpler work, the vigorous tone of which attracted him, and on a sheet of paper not more than double the width of a hand he attempted to make with a lead pencil a reduced copy of the "Concert." Unfortunately, he was not allowed to work undisturbed. While intently examining, in the enjoyment of unspeakable happiness, his inimitable model, he was frequently interrupted by the Italians, usually in high spirits after their evening meal. Sometimes Buccaferrata, perhaps jealous of the surprising aptness of his apprentice, taunted him in an ironical tone of encouragement; at other times Giovanni or Filippo, in order to tease him at a work which they regarded as a challenge, tittered banteringly by his side, and at last gave a push to his arm, as if by accident, which stopped his progress.

Wounded to the quick by this odious system of annoyance, but devouring his rage, the lad quietly replaced his model and unfinished copy in the portfolio, and retired to bed with a heavy heart. But he slept little. The excitement produced by continued ill treatment rendered his nerves peculiarly adapted to that wakefulness of genius, so painful and yet so full of delight, known to all those who, feeling wings growing on their shoulders, have attempted to soar for the first time. What visions were his! The engravings from the portfolio glided slowly one by one before his eyes. He saw those sublime creations passing in the effulgent glow of color and life. The shepherds of Arcadia smiled, while the demon foaming under the archangel's lance horrified him. What charm on the one hand! what power on the other! Ah, had he but known Raphael or Poussin instead of Buccaferrata!

After one of those nights of sweet anguish, in which his eye peered into enchanted regions, on emerging the following morning from dream-land into the dominions of reality, he reflected that there still existed masters, real masters of painting, as in other days. Had he not heard the patron say that, in order to learn how to hold a brush, he was obliged to spend three years at the School of Arts in Toulouse?

Toulouse! He now recalled Uncle Benoît

and Professor Denis. In imagination he was back again at that *déjeuner aux escargots*. What if he should set out this very moment for Toulouse? He shuddered and scampered away to the church, where Antonio Buccaferrata and his cousins had already begun the work of the day.

Our apprentice nonchalantly, though not without a certain tingling of pleasure, now allowed temptation to twine serpent-like around him. Now and then, as the vile reptile's sting became too poignant, he tried to rid his mind of all thought of flight; the guilty thought—his father had enjoined him to bear everything—haunted him unceasingly. At times, in the midst of his varied occupations, to the abjectness of which he grew daily more alive, he turned away his head in order not to see Toulouse, which, in spite of his determination, exercised a sort of irresistible attraction to his eyes; but all was of no avail. The rosy profile of Saint-Sernin's steeple forced itself with provoking obstinacy upon his view.

"I am drawing near to sixteen," he frequently repeated, despondingly, "and they are teaching me nothing here; indeed I know no more than when I left Fourquevaux."

In order to subdue the black demon which urged him unceasingly to break his chain and flee to the unknown, he applied himself to work with redoubled energy. Besides his habitual occupations with Antonio Buccaferrata, whose temper was capricious; with Filippo, who had intervals of mildness; and with the ever-ferocious Giovanni—his copy of Caravaggio's "Concert" being finished—he had had the audacity to take up Titian's "Entombment," a subject teeming with tragic reminiscences for him; and the evening, which the Italians whiled away in gaming and tipping, he spent in studying attentively a head or a hand or a fragment of drapery, by the flickering glare of a smoky candle.

But, despite his efforts to stifle an inward yearning for freedom, he was filled with terror—would he not be pursued were he to decamp? how would his father take the news? what reception would he meet at his uncle Benoît's in Toulouse? He felt at times as if no enterprise were too daring for him to attempt. Like a wild bird in captivity, the free child of the wide plains of Lauraguais, in his burning eagerness to escape from his cage, would not have hesitated to run the risk of breaking his head against the bars.

Those stormy impulses of a fiery passion, fanned by the harsh blasts of desperation, were most forcible when his eye dwelt on the masterpiece which he was endeavoring to copy. Evidently his soul swelled in the contemplation of the beautiful and soared to the heights of heroic

resolutions. Ah, in those fiery moments, which came and went with the rapidity of lightning flashes, had Buccaferrata or either of his associates, so lavish of coarse banterings, threats, and blows, uttered an offensive word or made a threatening gesture!

In the ungovernable mood into which he had now been thrown by the brutal treatment of the Italians on the one hand, and by aspirations which it was impossible to curb on the other, the time for a rupture with his fortuitous masters could not be far distant. Let an opportunity but offer, and he would seize it by the forelock. The desired opportunity came, and such a one as he had never dreamed of.

After the "St. Paul," executed in a similar fashion to that at Fourquevaux, our daubers were engaged to paint a "St. Peter" as a pendant for the former on the opposite side of the choir. With this work their labors at Gajeau were to end. When the figure was all but finished, Buccaferrata, who had enveloped his saint in a dark-blue mantle, discovered that he would run out of color before completing the somber robe.

"Some blue!" he cried from the scaffolding where he was at work.

"There is no more," responded one of the men.

The master descended, and, bringing his paint-pots into requisition, set about mixing colors; but the required tint would not come.

"*Diavolo!*" he exclaimed in a fury—"diavolo!"

Filippo and Giovanni also made bungling attempts. Oh, horror of horrors! a stroke of the brush with the wash of their invention produced the effect of an enormous rent, and left St. Peter's mantle, already none of the richest, in a sorry condition.

"*Corpo della Madonna!*" ejaculated the patron, returning once more to the paint-pots.

All this time our Fourquevaux stripling, unheeded by master or men, had been busily engaged in manipulating on his own account.

"I have the tint!" he cried suddenly, amid the general consternation—"I have the tint!"

"You!" said the Italians, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"I've tried it on the *terre d'ombre*, and it's the very thing. Look at it!"

Antonio, rejoiced to be able to terminate his work, but chafed at the child's success, patched up St. Peter's robe without uttering a single word. That silence on the part of the master was ominous. The day seemed interminable; but evening came at last, and all four regained the inn of the *Soleil Levant*. As they were taking their places at table, the Pedroja brothers, in dudgeon, too, like their master, on account of

the apprentice's triumph, gave a low significant growl; then Giovanni, as Jean Paul was in the act of taking his seat, withdrew the child's chair quickly, and the lad fell and was hurt; upon which the three Italians burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and, thus relieved of a portion of their spleen, fell to eating their soup with alacrity.

Stunned by such cruel treatment, Laurens with a reeling brain sat in gloomy silence, gazing fixedly on his overflowing plate, which he did not touch. His eyes were dim, nor could he collect himself sufficiently to form a precise idea of what was passing within him. The fact is, he was for the moment incapable of either seeing or thinking. Meantime the Italians, with that champing of the jaws so striking in carnivorous beasts and suggestive of ferocious gluttony, continued dispatching their repast with might and main.

"What! so you are not hungry?" cried Buccaferrata, addressing the child as the landlord of the *Soleil Levant* placed a pack of cards upon the table, together with the accustomed bottle.

"No, master, I am not hungry," replied Jean Paul, mildly; and, hastening to bring from its obscure nook the portfolio with the prints, he chose a spot near the candle and sat down to draw, as he was in the habit of doing each night. His movements, however, resembled those of a somnambulist. Our young Fourquevaux peasant was evidently wounded in his very soul, and he acted as one unconscious or in sleep. Having spread out upon a chair his famous engraving of the "Entombment," and on his knee the copy already commenced, instead of taking up his pencils, he merely gazed, with eyes like those of a person under some hallucination, first at one and then at the other, while his fingers remained rigid and inert.

"So you are not going to take any supper, *bambino*?" asked Buccaferrata, turning a trick.

"No, master, I am not going to sup."

"Then you would have me pull your ears, I suppose?"

"I have not the least appetite."

Here Giovanni extended one of his coarse paws furtively to the child's knee and plucked away his sketch with such violence as to tear it.

"Scoundrel!" shrieked Laurens, as, quivering with rage and his hair bristling on end, he bounded to his feet and stood prepared to spring upon his enemy.

Buccaferrata and Filippo seized him in their arms.

"Cowards! you are all cowards!" he cried, struggling to free himself from their grasp.

The innkeeper, with some other men who were drinking at a table in the adjoining room,

hastened to the spot and rescued the poor sufferer from the hands of his torturers.

When the excitement of this hot skirmish had subsided, and the Italians were about resuming their interrupted game, Jean Paul, on finding himself once more free, and having been ordered to bed, repaired stealthily to the front-door steps of the *Soleil Levant*, and there sniffed, after the battle, the refreshing night breeze with delight. His wandering eyes beheld the country surrounding Gajeau hushed in solemn and impressive stillness. Not a sound in the distance, but all around reigned the bright serenity of one of those clear, mild nights which constitute the almost divine charm of southern climates. In yonder valley, the Salat, reflecting the soft brilliancy of the starry sky, seemed to slumber between its banks; and the grayish-white line of the main road, winding along side by side with the river, followed the capricious meanders, of its course. Fascinated with the magnificence of a scene than which none more beautiful had ever before presented itself to his eyes, he descended the steps unconsciously, and, seized with a sudden fit of madness, started off at headlong speed and disappeared.

X.

How Jean Paul reached Toulouse is what he himself is to this day unable to tell. He only knows that, after having walked or run the whole night through, he arrived toward daybreak at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*, a village already known to him and some sixteen miles distant from St.-Girons. There hunger and fatigue compelled him to make a halt. One touching incident, however, has remained treasured in his memory. Gaspard, of the *Cog d'Or*, where he had, two years before, passed a night never to be forgotten, treated him to a dish of soup and a bed. More still, the honest *Volailleur*, observing that the child, though ready to pursue his journey, was quite exhausted, insisted on keeping him a couple of days at the inn, to "set him up"; and on the third day the little fellow, with renewed strength and courage, was allowed to depart, though not until the generous Gaspard had slung over his shoulder a bag well filled with eatables.

As our traveler entered Toulouse, the city was enveloped in a dense cloud of reddish dust. The terrible wind called the *vent d'autan* was blowing at its fiercest. What with the confusion produced by the squall and his meager acquaintance with the direction of the streets, our Fourquevaux youth experienced no little difficulty in making his way to the *Allées Saint-Etienne*, where his uncle Benoît resided.

The unexpected apparition of his nephew, emaciated and worn out, with clothes bedrag-

gled and tattered, and shod with the whitened, dilapidated shreds of what had once been shoes, elicited from the good old man a shriek of unfeigned surprise. The exhausted child sat down, and after a few minutes of repose began slowly to narrate the story of his adventures.

"Impossible!" cried the printer, while a glance of mistrust darted over the disk of his spectacles. "Who knows but you have been playing pranks upon those gentlemen? You were already a pretty fair specimen of the scapegrace before you left Fourquevaux!"

"But—"

"Do you think I am not aware that, instead of attending to your school, you spent all your time in wandering about the country? The larks which you then caught will hardly drop down cooked on your plate now that you have fallen out with your masters, my boy!"

Jean Paul was utterly dismayed. Though far from expecting a very warm welcome from his uncle, he had never apprehended that his story of sufferings would be disbelieved, or ample pardon be withheld for the bold step he had taken to end them. He could only stare in surprise at his uncle; and, yielding at last beneath the immense burden of his grief, he burst into a flood of tears, the more copious from their having been so long pent up.

Uncle Benoît's heart was touched, yet he took care not to give way to emotion. Naturally severe, like all hard workers bound to stifle enervating sympathy which might endanger their fortitude—that stronghold of those whose livelihood depends on industry—the printer merely shook his head. Nevertheless, he was visibly perplexed. Suddenly fixing his eyes on his nephew with an expression of curiosity not entirely free of concern, he asked:

"And what do you purpose to do now?"

Our fugitive hastily wiped his eyes and replied, timidly:

"To go on to Fourquevaux."

"We'll see about that," cried Uncle Benoît, in a tone of mild authority. "You'll have some dinner with us, first of all, and then stay here for a few days to build yourself up. We're not very rich, to be sure, but, after all, we're as well off as your father. Put down your bag and remain; I'm in earnest about it."

At this juncture, Auht Benoît entered the room, who was noted among all her kindred for her stinginess. Though not over-delighted to see her nephew, especially in his present ragged trim, which gave him something of the appearance of a vagrant, she kissed him, inquired after his health, and, like her husband, invited him to remain.

"So, then, this Antonio Buccaferrata has

taught you nothing?" asked the old printer, swallowing down a cup of *café noir* after dinner, which had passed over very silently.

"In the course of two years he never found time to give me a single lesson. However, I imagine I have not lost much."

"Well, but this Antonio Buccaferrata must have learned his trade, since he paints church-walls."

"He? Before we left Fourquevaux—I was so young then—I did indeed think Buccaferrata was an artist; but I have since seen painting at Narbonne, at Béziers, at Tarbes, and even at St.-Girons, and, if you must have my opinion, he knows nothing, absolutely nothing. He was right when he confessed to me, at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*, that he was an ass."

"You're a judge, then?"

"Stay; when we were passing through Montpellier I saw a painting in the cathedral representing 'The Fall of Simon the Magician.' How beautiful! *Mon Dieu*, how beautiful! A priest who was praying in the church explained it to me. He told me that the painter of that immense picture was one Sébastien Bourdon. You may be sure there was no danger of my forgetting that name. What a wonderful artist! Had I but had him for a master! I attempted a sketch of St. Peter's head, but it was so poor that I tore it up. It's a hard thing to have a taste for a profession and then have no one to teach it to you!"

The plaintive cry embodied in these last words penetrated to the depths of Uncle Benoît's bosom.

"I'll see about that, my lad—I'll see about that, I promise you," said he; "and, if you have a real talent—"

"Talent?" cried the child, in a burst of enthusiasm; "I have, uncle; I give you my word, I have talent."

And with an air of determined conviction he drew from beneath his vest a roll of paper and placed it on the table. It was his torn copy of Titian's "Entombment."

"What! that your penciling?" cried Benoît, astounded, and straining his eyes to peer under his spectacles, in order to see better.

"I know my drawing is no great thing; but I worked at it all alone, without any one to guide me."

"It's very pretty," muttered Aunt Benoît, leaning over her husband's shoulder.

"Hark, woman!" cried Benoît, turning round and looking at his wife; "my old chum, Denis, is one of the professors at the School of Arts; suppose we show him Jean's work?"

"Why not?" replied she.

Tears glistened in the young artist's eyes as

he knelt and cried in a touching outburst of enthusiasm, big with the whole hopes of his life:

"Oh, yes, show my drawing to Monsieur Denis, uncle, show it to him; I beg of you on my knees!"

"I will, my lad, this very day," stammered the agitated printer.

Denis, whom Laurens had ever held in grateful recollection since the memorable *déjeuner aux escargots*, was every inch a cynic, of a churlish and unaccommodating disposition, and given rather to shun than seek the society of others. He dwelt in an out-of-the-way suburb, the *Faubourg St.-Michel*; and his little house, a veritable Diogenes's tub, was a model of disorder and neglect. Yet this misanthrope was the kindest soul in the world, ever disposed to render service or lend a helping hand to a neighbor requiring aid. His good nature elicited the gratitude of as many as knew him, and everywhere he was treated with unequivocal marks of respect and affection.

"*Bien le bon jour, Monsieur Denis, bien le bon jour*," was the hearty greeting which met him at every step; and he, raising his rugged apostle's head, with hollow jaws, pendent gray mustache, and peaked chin, would return the salutation cheerfully, "*Bien le bon jour, les amis*," and pass on his way.

"So, then, you tell me positively that this is your nephew's drawing?" said the art professor, gruffly.

"Most positively," was the printer's prompt reply.

"Oh, do not for a moment imagine that it is a masterpiece! For instance, what a goose your nephew must be to have made such a bungle of that group of women! This corner here is of no account," and with his finger he traced a circle embracing the left corner of the "Entombment."

"Well, you see, I know nothing whatever about it, so you must excuse me."

"But the expression and finish of the head of the dead Christ are fine."

"Do you think Jean might be admitted into your class?"

"What is his age?"

"Fifteen past. If you thought him sufficiently advanced to profit by your lessons..."

"My lessons!" cried he, curling his lip in token of disdain—"my lessons! and what would you have him learn of me, imbecile? Oh, if you wish me to teach him to draw mouths, noses, ears, eyes, and all that, you may send him to me whenever you please; but I can inform you he does all that sort of thing better than any of my pupils, and quite as well as I can."

Then he turned his eyes again to the copy of the engraving from Titian.

While Denis was engaged in reviewing Jean Paul's work, Benoît hesitated between hope and despair—now fearful that by dint of scrutiny the practiced eye of the professor might discover some capital defect in the "Entombment," and take no further interest; now hopeful that his nephew's sketch would triumphantly brave the closest examination, and thus assure him a friend and patron.

"You will bring the cub to me to-morrow, and I will introduce him myself to my friend Monsieur Villemans, who has in charge the class next above mine. With Villemans your nephew will draw from the cast; by and by we'll push him on to the living model."

"Thanks, my old comrade—oh, a thousand thanks!"

"A plague upon your thanks! There is something else to be thought of just now."

"What?"

"This: are the lad's parents or you in a position to support him in Toulouse for three or four years?"

"Three or four years!" exclaimed the printer, twitching his ear wistfully.

"From what you have just told me of Jean's having been intrusted to Antonio Buccaferrata at the age of thirteen, I should not judge his father to be rolling in wealth in Fourquevaux."

"True enough."

"And you yourself, are you rolling in wealth over yonder in the *Allées Saint-Etienne*?"

"Alas!"

"You see, then, that all our talk is in vain."

"But were they to work hard in Fourquevaux, and were we to do the same in Toulouse?" urged the uncle, with such spirit as plainly bespoke the frank and generous sentiments of his heart.

The professor looked at him inquiringly.

"*Ma foi!*" pursued Benoît, "should Jean one day become a painter of talent, who knows but we might all . . ."

"I always knew you were a brave fellow," cried Denis, with emotion, clasping both his friend's hands earnestly in his own; "but I never thought you were so much of a man as I now see you are. Bravo! I like you better than ever for what you have just said. I am pleased to see that all of you in your family are willing to stint yourselves and go on short allowance in order to produce an artist—such self-denial is a happy omen. Bring your nephew to me at once. All will go well."

During the printer's visit to Professor Denis—a visit which was to decide Laurens's destiny—the little fellow walked feverishly up and down

the *Rue du Rempart Saint-Michel*. On espying his uncle, he rushed forward to meet him.

"Well?" he cried, almost out of breath.

"Well, your drawing is pronounced pretty good, my lad, and you are to enter the School of Arts to-morrow."

"To-morrow!—to-morrow!" he exclaimed, like one out of his senses.

Hastily and silently uncle and nephew bent their steps homeward to announce the happy tidings to the aunt.

All at once Jean Paul came to a full stand.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he cried, pressing his hand to his heart, "what can be the matter with me? I can not walk."

As they happened to be just opposite the beautiful grounds of the *Grand-Rond*, between the *Allées Saint-Etienne* and the *Allées Saint-Michel*, Benoît supported his nephew to a seat, on which Laurens rather sank than sat down.

"You have walked too much these few days past, child, and are fatigued."

"No, uncle; it's joy, it's joy!" he murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. And, as Denis had done a short time before, he seized the old printer's hands, and, clasping them passionately, cried: "Ah, uncle! if you will but keep me with you, you will not have reason to repent it, I assure you you will not! . . . But your means will not allow of your keeping me, will they?"

"We'll try, Jean. I'll write to your father to-morrow. It may be that he will be able to do something for you."

"He will be able to do very little. But then he is kind—he spoiled me so at the time of my freaks at Fourquevaux! We must write to him. Had he but one *écu* in the world, I am sure he would send it to me. You will explain to him that I could not possibly stay with Buccaferrata any longer, will you not?"

"Depend upon it, I will."

"Who knows but after five or six months of lessons I may be able to earn my living?"

"Have no anxiety on that score; as long as there is a morsel of bread in our house, you may rely on your share."

"Well, but aunt—"

"Your aunt loves you as well as I do."

Here the young artist, who, after having laughed with enthusiasm, was now sobbing in grief, could not refrain from clasping his uncle in his arms.

Night was fast approaching, and the *autan* wind was still driving its fierce blast through the city. The plane-trees on the canal banks, still visible in spite of the gathering gloom, rendered more dense by eddying clouds of dust, bowed their heads to the violence of the gust, and their white leaves rustled with a noise as of breakers

on a distant beach. As for the elms, the acacias, and the linden-trees in the *Grand-Rond*, they strewed the well-raked walks with leaves and green twigs snapped off and scattered by the fury of the tempest.

"What fearful weather!" exclaimed Benoît, as he sprang after his hat, which was rolling away in a whirlpool of dust and leaves.

Jean Paul arose from his seat, and, leaving the *Grand-Rond*, he and his uncle hastened homeward, lowering their heads as they went in order the better to resist the force of the wind, which threatened to lift them from the ground. Whether due to the violence of the hurricane, which would have made it difficult to keep up a conversation, or to the weighty concerns now occupying their minds, they walked along side by side in silence unbroken by either until they finally found shelter in the vestibule of the printer's dwelling.

"What frightful weather!" cried Benoît again, bent upon speaking at all hazards.

"After all, uncle," said Laurens, betraying the thoughts which for the previous half hour had racked his brain—"after all, it is a hard thing that a boy, in order to be able to learn painting, should be obliged to deprive his father of his last *son*. I am very unfortunate!"

XI.

No two persons could possibly present a more striking contrast with each other than did Professor Villemans and Professor Denis. The latter was as slovenly, verbose, garrulous, and lavish of extravagant gesticulations, as the former was neat, reserved, sparing of words, calm and undemonstrative in demeanor. Denis, somewhat over the medium stature, shaved now and then, as the fancy took him, so rendering it possible to follow the lines of a visage not entirely devoid of manly and intelligent beauty; but, save on such rare occasions, his features were for the most part concealed beneath a gray brushwood, which defied all efforts to trace them. Monsieur Villemans, below the middle height, bestowed, on the contrary, scrupulous care on his jet-black, silken, elegant beard, which imparted marvelous *éclat* to his pale, lusterless forehead and cheeks. One thing alone constituted a vague sort of resemblance between those two faces, otherwise so dissimilar: it was the singularly feverish expression of their eyes. The solitary of the *Faubourg Saint-Michel* had small, feeble, twinkling orbs, while those of his fellow professor of the *Place Rouaix* were large, blue, and limpid. Yet in both individuals, whether due to some hazard of their lives devoted to the same labors and subject to like preoccupations, or to a fortuitous stroke of destiny identical in each case, the light

trembled in the pupil and appeared alternately on the point of fading or bursting forth in brilliant glow.

Who can say what takes place in the far-stretching mind of artists—those eternal hungerers after the unattainable and the unsatisfying beautiful, those eager thirsters after chimeras divine which can not soothe their cravings? Who can tell whether those two men, cast away in a provincial school of design, after having trodden the pavement of Paris in the sunny days of their youth, full of buoyant hopes, had not in their time attempted, like Genius, to spread forth wings and fly? Having presumed too far for their powers, their eager ambition was crushed, and the present wavering expression of their eyes doubtless attested their not having yet found, and the unlikelihood of their ever finding, consolation.

Monsieur Villemans saw Jean Paul's drawing, and made no hesitation in admitting the new aspirant into his class. What a glorious day for Laurens! In the morning his uncle Benoît had accompanied him to a clothier's, in order to fit him out in becoming attire for the occasion; and Jean made his first appearance at the school as fresh and shining as a new coin from the mint. There he was, modest, attentive, and quite composed, in the place allotted to him by the professor. And how happy he felt in the midst of portfolios full of models and boxes crammed with portecrayons! Involuntarily his thoughts bounded back to Buccaferrata, but soon recoiled from the sickening contemplation of his late hardships. Having raised his eyes over the head of a Sabine woman from David, which had been given him to copy, he observed a number of easels, and pupils painting; and, in a thrill of delight which caused his bosom to swell, he already looked forward to the time when he, too, should be allowed to hold a palette, a rest, and a brush.

Among the richest of the provincial museums is that of Toulouse. It occupies the old convent of the Augustine monks, and is thrown open to the public every Sunday. On penetrating for the first time within the Gothic-columned cloister of that ancient monastery, where numerous antique busts are seen arranged in rows beneath the vaulted roof, and several excellent specimens of painting from the period of the Renaissance are preserved, our young peasant lad from Fourquevaux was struck with amazement.

"What now?" asked Uncle Benoît, who had consented to accompany him.

"I do not know which way to look first," he replied, bewildered in the midst of such a multitude of *chef-d'œuvre*.

At last he ventured upon his tour of inspection, and started off at random, tarrying here and halting there, as if with his large eyes he would devour in turn marble, stone, and plaster. While scanning the beauty of the forms and nobleness of the attitudes, he experienced a species of inward commotion resembling a series of shocks; and the tears which dimmed his eyes as he viewed the figure of some monk stretched with joined hands upon his tombstone gave place to a hearty laughing fit before a Cupid teasing a Satyr.

But it was quite another thing when, on the Sunday following, he ascended from the *Salle des Plâtres*, or "Hall of Plasters," as it is called, to the Museum of Painting.

"Is it possible, uncle, is it possible?" he repeated at intervals to the printer, who was amazed at his nephew's enthusiasm as he followed him with mingled delight and respect.

"Is it not magnificent, my lad, all this?" cried the good uncle, elated.

"Look, look!" exclaimed Laurens, coming to a full stand in front of a new canvas.

It was a remarkable study of Guerchin, marked No. 24, and representing St. Sebastian nude and kneeling.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, suddenly, raising his hands in astonishment.

"No. 110, 'Christ between the Two Thieves,'" said Benoît, looking at the handbook.

"Oh, that is the most beautiful thing I have seen! Oh, that head of Christ! What is the artist's name, please?"

Benoît opened the handbook and answered, "Rubens."

"Rubens! That's a name I shall never forget. He is better than Sébastien Bourdon," added Laurens, gravely.

And, as if fearful lest that name which he had never heard pronounced before should slip from his memory, he murmured several times over—

"Rubens! Rubens! Rubens!"

All at once he asked to be taken into the fresh air: a horrible feeling of oppression almost suffocated him, his knees seemed to bend under him, and he was afraid of fainting.

Monsieur Villemans was charmed with Jean Paul's rapid progress, and happy to observe his passionate application, which to his mind was an undoubted evidence of a real vocation; and accordingly he used every delicate means he could think of to make the lad sensible of his favor. He examined his work more frequently than that of the others, spoke to him in a milder tone than to the others, and rarely allowed a lesson to pass without taking the portecrayon from the boy's fingers to make some correction. Such signal

and affectionate solicitude confused and flattered Laurens at the same time; and, in order to please his master, he worked with redoubled attention.

On returning from the school one day, the professor, who was all indulgence for his pet pupil, took him to his house in the *Place Rouaix*, ushered him into his private studio, and without any further ado placed a palette in his hand, crying, "Paint!"

"I?" muttered the youth, astounded.

"Copy one of those figures—whichever one you please."

Monsieur Villemans pointed to an unfinished canvas, "*Les Ames du Purgatoire*," on which he was just then engaged. Laurens trembled in every limb, and durst not approach the easel, on which shone in unsullied whiteness a new canvas.

"Go on!" cried the master. Then, growing impatient, he snatched up a charcoal crayon and traced a few lines on the canvas.

"There's your outline," said he—"paint away."

It was a command.

The submissive pupil, half hesitatingly, half confidently, drew his brush along the palette, as he had seen his elder comrades do in the school, and began to lay on colors. The professor looked on for some moments with intense interest; but, after a blunder made by the poor child, to whom all this sort of thing was quite new, perceiving that his presence would rather hinder than encourage him in his already confused state of mind, he withdrew several paces, and at last disappeared altogether.

No sooner did Laurens find himself alone than he laid down his palette and brushes on a bench, in order to wipe away the perspiration that was streaming from his brow. He experienced a sensation of exhaustion in all his limbs, which ached as from numberless bruises, and besides his brain fairly reeled. The surprise given him by Monsieur Villemans was too much for his nerves, and he was completely overcome by the shock. He, who had merely daubed a little here and there at Professor Denis's, to be now placed formally before an easel to paint! It was really too terrible, and then what a sorry bungle he had made of it so far! As he looked on the canvas upon which he had just commenced his first endeavor, his eyes filled with tears.

"It's too hard!" he murmured—"it's too hard!"

There he stood, with arms hanging listlessly and drooping head, motionless, crushed beneath the woful burden of his impotence, and, thanks to a rare precocity of thought, perceiving a foretaste of the tortures which Art—formidable mon-

ster!—inflicts upon all who are so imprudent as to trust their lives within its devouring jaws.

Jean Paul Laurens can not tell how long that state of prostration lasted. Yet he has a very distinct recollection of the happy moment when he was enabled to raise his downcast eyes and direct a furtive glance at the professor's tableau.

Monsieur Villemsens, in spite of his inestimable qualities, was not a painter of great talent. His coloring was dull and cold, and his whole manner somewhat dry; but his design was at all times correct, always free; and a sedulous study of nature allowed him to aim at and sometimes attain a style. He has left a few portraits, scarcely inferior to those of Denner in point of accuracy of detail and thoroughness of resemblance. A Fleming by birth, he was less inspired by Raphael than by Rubens; Michael Angelo than by Rembrandt; and he would, perhaps, have given every one of the Venetians for a single Van Ostade or a Teniers.

The heads in the picture of "*Les Ames du Purgatoire*" appeared more animated and life-like to our neophyte from Fourquevaux as he examined them more attentively. All at once the brow of a maiden kneeling with uplifted arms in an attitude of woe seemed to shine with the splendor of a sun, and the multitude of other souls dwindled beneath the flood of light bursting from the chief or central figure. Jean Paul was dazzled.

"What it is to be a painter!—what it is to be a painter!" he murmured.

Fired by the radiant vision, he seized his brush, and, viewing the odious daub already begun, he said:

"I must do that over again."

The palette-knife glanced in his hand, and, carried over the surface of the canvas in every direction, glistened furtively.

"At last!" he ejaculated, with a sigh of relief.

He labored and labored with a *verve* which no difficulty could arrest. While his eye, sparkling feverishly, never quitted the model, his brush, as if unaided, found and applied the correct tones. What faith! what ardor! what enthusiasm! Inspiration in youth, when all within us is still pure, noble, and disinterested, when harsh, real life has not yet marred the sovereign manifestations of art with the poignant doubts or the groveling preoccupation of gain—inspiration must then be accompanied by such spells of sacred bewitchment.

"Why, that is very good, very good indeed!" articulated a gentle voice in the deserted studio.

Laurens, as if he had received an electric shock, and obeying an irresistible movement of the muscles of his legs, stood up and turned

round. Madame Villemsens and her two children, Madeleine and Albert, were before him. Our young artist bowed, but remained silent.

"What! you are now painting for the first time?"

"I tried a little at Monsieur Denis's, madame," he replied, with effort.

Monsieur Villemsens entered.

"*Tiens, tiens!* that's not bad at all," exclaimed the master; and, patting his pupil affectionately on the shoulder, he added, "We'll make something of you, my child!"

It was such a rare thing for Monsieur Villemsens to have recourse to compliments, that Jean Paul was at a loss to decide upon a becoming attitude in the presence of so unexpected a demonstration of pleasure on the part of his professor. In his bewilderment, he could think of nothing better than to bow; upon which, his task being evidently finished, and especially as nightfall was drawing on, he picked up his cap, thrown carelessly on a chair, and was about to take leave.

"No, no, my lad," cried Professor Villemsens, "you must dine with us this evening."

Our Fourquevaux peasant, for whom this excessive honor was at once the most startling and most delightful of tortures, could not utter a word from his petrified lips; he twisted and rumbled his cap in a pitiless fashion, and, stumbling awkwardly against the furniture, followed the Villemsens family to the dining-room.

XII.

LAURENS had now found patrons willing to encourage and powerful to aid him. Thenceforward he went each day to paint in his master's studio, since, in behalf of a pupil of such remarkable endowments, Monsieur Villemsens was only too happy to continue at home the lessons of the school. After six months of close application, the progress achieved had outstripped the expectations of all; and the little people of the *Place Rouaix*, including the children, Albert and Madeleine, were fairly in raptures with the once fantastical schoolboy of Fourquevaux, who did not disdain to be their playmate.

"He will be an honor to me," Monsieur Villemsens often repeated—"he will be an honor to me."

"And not to me, too, I suppose?" was the proud rejoinder of Professor Denis, unwilling to relinquish his claim as a sharer in the triumph.

About this time, when he began to perceive that his profession, after all, did not lead through such arduous paths as he had once had reason to apprehend—some two years after his arrival at Toulouse—Jean Paul Laurens, still a peasant,

in spite of an exquisite delicacy of sentiment which constituted the main stay of his vocation, fell under an influence by which he was completely transformed. That influence emanated from his master's wife, a woman in whom superior adornments of mind were united with the utmost generosity of heart.

She was a Parisian, and, while her husband was busied in probing the artistic stuff of our Fourquevaux stripling, she, with that marvelous penetration peculiar to *Parisiennes*, discerning a work to be accomplished in her province, set diligently about unfolding the veritable instincts of the tall, lank, country lad, whom she felt disposed to place on the footing of a third child in her affections. Through Jean Paul's rustic timidity of manner and awkwardness of speech she soon detected exquisite sensibility, lofty pride, and ingenuous intrepidity in matters concerning his art, upon which gratifying discovery her affectionate interest increased in a twofold degree. Yet how deeply those qualities lay buried which ought to have shone forth in the clear light of day! How dwindled they were in the complete absence of intellectual culture and instruction, when chance at last brought them forcibly into view!

This noble-hearted woman, though aware of the immensity of the task before her, undertook it without hesitation. In league with her husband, who was charmed with the process of "developing the brain" of the best pupil he had ever known—we quote his own expression—she commenced her labors without further delay.

Ever since his schoolboy days at Fourquevaux, where he had made so little of his opportunities, overwhelming labor under Buccaferrata and overwhelming work under Monsieur Villemens had not left him a single hour to devote to books; so that she who, with a truly motherly affection, had so spontaneously constituted herself his tutoress, was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise at his hesitancy and mouthings, when she asked him to read a few lines in "*La Morale en Action*," an old book long ago passed from Albert to his little sister Madeleine. Indeed, she had never suspected so much ignorance.

"So, then, there was no school at Fourquevaux?" cried she.

"Pardon, madame," he replied, blushing with shame.

"Then you did not attend it?"

"I was so often absent!"

All his delightful roamings through his native fields, all his lark-hunting excursions through the stubbles, and the picturesque snares of birdlime set by the pools of water shining like so many mirrors on the surface of the arid plains—all

these were in an instant recalled to mind; and the poignant sting of his present humiliation gave him courage to condemn and curse them.

Meantime, his studies had been going on for a long, long time; and, notwithstanding that the lessons were given untiringly at the *Place Rouaix*, his uncle and aunt Benoît were growing tired of awaiting the results of such a long course of instruction.

"Will Jean ever earn his own living?"

Such was the question mutually put by uncle and aunt each morning, as it became necessary to undo their purse-strings and make the requisite expenditures of the day.

Notwithstanding the small sums which he received from Fourquevaux and handed over entire to his aunt, Laurens surmised the unavowed straits of the needy household, and resorted to all sorts of ingenious *ruses* to lighten the burden laid upon his generous relatives. Sometimes, though as hungry as a wolf, he declared that he had not the least appetite, and sometimes he took a handful of boiled chestnuts and scampered off from the table in a trice.

One afternoon he heard his aunt dwell dolefully on the exceedingly high price of all means of subsistence; and, wounded by her persistent remarks, which he felt to be directed at him, he could not bring himself to return home at the hour of supper. A prey to the bitterest anguish, he wandered in feverish anxiety through the city, questioning himself tremblingly whether he should not be constrained to renounce painting and turn his hand to some trade capable of affording him ready support. Half mad with despair, he flew to the *Place Rouaix*, resolved first of all to take counsel with Monsieur and Madame Villemens. On reaching the top of the staircase, however, his ear, participating in the extreme excitement which agitated the rest of his frame, perceived a sound of dishes and covers in the apartments within. Dinner was undoubtedly about to be served; so, heedless of the promptings of his stomach, and shrinking with dread at the thought of a possible invitation, he fled from the house at full speed.

The night was damp and cold, yet Laurens kept up his march. Suddenly some strokes of a bell resounded above his head—the deep notes of the *bourdon* of *Saint-Sernin*. The lofty windows of the church, illuminated and flinging, as it were, clusters of brilliant gems—emeralds, topazes, rubies—upon the adjacent houses and streets, reminded him that the day was the 25th of December, Christmas-day. Christmas! His thoughts reverted to his father, his brother, Fourquevaux, the midnight mass, and the *réveil-lon* with his comrades—that *fête* the most sumptuous of his childhood—and his breast was

pierced by pangs of grief so violent that he was unable to repress a cry.

The *Rue du Taur* lay somber and dark before him. The shops were closed, and, save a few devotees here and there coughing as they walked along close by the walls of the houses, no sound was heard in the deserted streets. Laurens reached the *Place du Capitole*. There the gaslights, more numerous than elsewhere, glimmered faintly through the gloom; men were hurrying to the theatre or to the *Café Ribent*; and *cabriolets* rattled noisily over the stone pavement of the square.

Our straggler — to wander thus aimlessly through the darkness of night was straggling — halted a moment and looked to the right, in the direction of the *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs*. Then, passing down the *Rue Saint-Rome*, he stopped again. He observed a window near by brilliantly illuminated, and read above the door the flaming sign, "*Biscarlet*." The dazzle of that window, when all the other shops in the neighborhood were shut, excited his curiosity in a high degree. All at once he thought he saw the reflection of a gilt frame. It was a color-shop, at which he remembered to have called two or three times before to purchase brushes. — What! did this color-dealer exhibit paintings? He spied newly varnished pictures glistening in the gaslight like so many mirrors. There were two only. He recognized them to be copies of paintings from the museum of the city. One of them represented Guérchin's famous "Saint Sebastian kneeling," which he had admired so much; the other was surmounted by a label with the words "Urban II. blessing the Basilica of St.-Sernin," by Antoine Rivalz, a painter of Toulouse.

Our artist, in whom critical judgment had already begun to awaken, shrugged his shoulders, and, with a fierceness provoked by prolonged fasting, cried, in a loud and distinct voice:

"Why, I could do better than that myself!"

As he turned to withdraw, a hand rested on his shoulder.

"You are, then, a painter, young man?" asked the dealer, who, standing at the open door on the outlook for customers, had overheard the exclamation.

"Oh, a painter? that's saying a great deal," muttered Jean Paul, abashed and meditating escape.

"You say, at all events, you could do better than that?" rejoined Monsieur Biscarlet, seizing him by the buttonhole of his coat.

"So I can."

"You are a pupil at the school?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then you must know Crayer's picture—

'Job on a Dunghill hearing the Upbraiding of his Wife'?"

"I should think I do know it!" cried Laurens, who, at the suggestions of Professors Villemans and Denis, had attempted outline sketches of the more noteworthy subjects in the museum.

"Do you think you could give me a copy of it without delay?"

"I will engage to do so."

"What is your name?"

"Jean Paul Laurens."

"Your residence?"

"At Monsieur Benoît the printer's, in the *allées Saint-Etienne*."

"Come and see me to-morrow."

The dealer went into his shop, and our wanderer, suddenly relieved of anxiety, and his hunger appeased with the hopes which swelled his breast, did not tarry a second longer in the town, but scampered home by the shortest route.

XIII.

OH, the first *louis* of his own earning! On receiving it from the dealer, who was quite pleased with his copy of "Job," he turned it over in his hand a score of times. It was like a ray of sunlight illuminating his existence, hitherto surrounded by ever-darkening shades of want and distress. Transported with an innocent joy which knew no bounds, he paid little heed to his way, and, on issuing from the *Rue Saint-Rome*, where he had received the shining, golden coin, he set off at headlong speed across the town. A thousand wild dreams, in which the future appeared rosy and smiling to his imagination, gave wings to his feet; and unconsciously he repeated to himself at intervals:

"Saved! saved!"

In the *Allées Lafayette*, too narrow to contain his future glory—for in Fancy's flights glory might be gained with less effort than the first mouthful of bread had cost him—he barely escaped being crushed to death by the creaking wheels of a clumsy country cart.

"*Ohé, là bas!*" shouted a gruff voice.

He raised his head and found himself nose to nose with an enormous mule, whose wild goggle eyes stared at him, while he was almost suffocated with its hot breath.

"What! you, my little lad?" cried the driver, who, leaving his mule standing at one side of the street, joined our artist on the sidewalk.

Laurens was amazed to recognize Gaspard Hortet, called *le Volailleur*, of *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*.

"You had a good fright, hadn't you?" pursued the innkeeper of the *Coq d'Or*.

"Yes, I had, indeed!"

"Did you not see me coming?"

"No, I didn't."

"And I cracked my whip until I thought I should put my wrist out of joint—did you not hear?"

"I didn't hear anything."

Hortet, who had known Antonio Buccaferrata's apprentice in such an unhappy condition, and who had taken him one day into his house off the highway in Ariège almost dead with hunger and fatigue, supposed Jean Paul's present situation to be more wretched than ever, and his eyes assumed a touching expression of pity.

"Get into my cart, my lad," he cried, taking him by the arm.

"But," gasped Laurens, bewildered.

"We shall breakfast together at the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*, in the *Rue Ninau*, at Marianne Parmentier's."

Our late enthusiast, now powerless to offer resistance—for joy gives rise to emotions no less overwhelming than those from grief—installed himself side by side with the Poulterer in a gap between the noisy cages, and the cart rolled heavily away.

After they had been some time at table, and partaken of a hearty repast of *estouffet*, a sort of stew seasoned with wine, esteemed very highly by the *habitués* of the *Cheval Blanc*, Gaspard Hortet, whose attempts to render his bewildered guest communicative had hitherto been attended with indifferent success, laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and, shaking him, cried:

"So things are rather low, eh?"

"What things?" queried Laurens.

"Business, of course."

"Oh, not at all, Hortet; business is excellent."

"Then you are back again with Antonio?"

"God forbid! I have never seen either Buccaferrata or Giovanni or Filippo since I left them at Gajeau."

"You have found other masters, doubtless?"

"Yes, indeed, I have found other masters, real masters, able to teach me the art."

"Art! I can tell you you were wrong to give up your other trade: it's something beautiful to be a painter in churches! They make men saints and women saints. . . ."

"But I have not given up painting. I am just now painting a tableau for Monsieur Biscarlet, of the *Rue Saint-Rome*. . . ."

"Biscarlet!" broke in the Poulterer. "I know him. I sold him three turkeys on my last trip—very choice birds, real *becfigues* in September. He's a tip-top fellow, that Monsieur Biscarlet, and lives well. So, then, you're still in the picture business?"

"I should say so! Monsieur Biscarlet has given me twenty francs on account; and, as I advance with the work, he'll give me more."

"Ah, *tiens!* I'm really glad to hear that, my boy," cried Hortet, whose hitherto downcast, anxious countenance now grew cheerful and bright. "Shall I tell you something? Well, I was worrying about you. You had such a strange look when I met you. And, besides, you're as thin as a post. And how does your work turn out?"

"I'll do better by and by."

"Marianne, a bottle of *Rivesaltes*, from the snug corner, too."

"Oh, no, Hortet; thank you."

"We must have one more drink. I should like to see you turn up your nose at a glass of *Roussillon*, especially when it was I who proposed it. You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to treat you!"

Crimson blushes suffused the young artist's cheeks, attesting the responsive throbbings of his heart. With a sudden movement he seized the hand of the innkeeper, and clasped it in silence.

"Thanks," he muttered. He could not find utterance for more.

He arose and hurried off to the *Allées Saint-Etienne*.

"That's good, my boy!" cried Uncle Benoît, on hearing the news.

"You'll be able to shift for yourself now, at that rate?" observed the aunt, inquiringly.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Laurens, happy to have it in his power to relieve the niggardly old woman of all anxiety. "By the way, I breakfasted this morning in the *Rue Ninau*, at an inn where they set a very good table."

"Ho, ho!" cried Benoît, in wonderment, "quite the big man all at once."

"Marianne Parmentier, the landlady of the *Cheval Blanc*, offers to board and lodge me at the rate of forty francs a month. I shall be able to pay that easily with my painting and the trifles they send me from Fourquevaux. At the same time I feel grateful to you both! I can never forget."

"So you are going to leave us?" said the printer's wife.

"I told Marianne that she might rely on my punctuality. She laid a napkin at my place with a boxwood ring, and said, 'You are No. 17.' I was so glad to think I should no longer be a burden to you, and that I was at last in a position to earn my living."

His harangue thus ended, which he delivered with amazing volubility, though every syllable of it was an invention, he slipped off.

On the evening of that in many respects memorable day, our young artist, fortified by the

succulent breakfast he had made with the Poulterer of Ariège, after a debate with himself which lasted long, took his way resolutely to the *Rue Ninau*. What was there to be apprehended after all? Had he not his twenty-franc piece to defray the expenses of the first few days? This resolution once made, he quickened his pace.

Great was Laurens's satisfaction to meet Gaspard Hortet on entering the yard of the *Cheval Blanc*. The honest innkeeper, seated on the moss-covered curb of a well, was engaged in watching his mules as they quenched their thirst in a stone trough, and whistling to them gently, almost affectionately, to encourage them to drink.

"*Eh bien!* a good idea, my son! You've come in the nick of time to have supper with me! I'm as happy as a trout in the Salat. Toulouse made only one bite of all my poultry. All sold; and at such prices too!"

"You're very kind, Hortet, and I thank you; but you must excuse me," said Jean Paul, earnestly. "My presence here again is . . ."

Here he became confused.

"One mouthful more, old fellows, still another mouthful," cried the innkeeper of the *Cog d'Or* to his mules, as they raised their heads from the water. "And I want you to sup with me," he pursued, turning to Laurens.

The latter, after a considerable effort, prevailed upon himself to communicate his whole plan to *le Volailleur*.

"You've hit the mark exactly," said Hortet, "nor could you possibly find a more suitable place. Marianne is kind, and besides, now that I'm here, I will, of course, put in a good word for you."

The supper, by the smoky glare of the *calrel*—a sort of antique lamp with three wicks—was less gay than the breakfast by the bright, ruddy rays of the sun. Besides, Laurens's mind was beset by gloomy thoughts. Was he sure of finding another *louis* after the one which then filled his pocket? What would become of him at the *Cheval Blanc*, should Monsieur Biscarlet, by any misfortune, fail to keep his promises and leave him unable to discharge the debt incurred for his meals? Could he live on the ten or fifteen francs which were sent to him now and then, through some channel or other, from his home in the country? While Gaspard Hortet was struggling to separate a joint of a somewhat tough goose, our painter had a dream: what if he should propose to Marianne Parmentier to board him for a month, on condition of his advancing twenty francs? In his penury—for continued misfortune fills the manliest heart with childish fears—the thought of asking to be fed during a whole month, without the certainty of

being in a position to defray his expenses in full, seemed to him the greatest of enormities; and the drops of perspiration which pearly on his brow warned him that he would never be courageous enough to venture on such a proposition.

Meantime, the Poulterer, having triumphed over the resistance of the joint, was dispatching his meal with a hearty good will, accompanying each mouthful with a copious draught of *Roussillon*.

"How now, my lad," he cried, looking up from his plate and exhibiting a chin besmeared with gravy, "is your gullet out of order? Still, your grinders are younger than mine, and you ought to give them a little exercise."

"I am not the least hungry, Hortet."

"At your age I could have eaten iron."

Then, fixing on his guest a pair of searching eyes, in a bold, penetrating stare which pierced him through, he said:

"I'll wager that you have something on your mind that takes away your appetite?"

Laurens remained silent.

"Three times I have observed you looking round at Marianne. Had you seen her twenty years ago, as I did! What a woman she was then! Well, tell me, what do you want with Marianne? Perhaps you feel comfortable at the *Cheval Blanc*, and have an idea of coming to stay?"

"I have, Hortet."

"Marianne! Marianne!" called the Poulterer.

Laurens, being now obliged to enter upon the humiliating negotiations for food and lodging, in which the loftiest minds are the least skillful, was provoked at the innkeeper of the *Cog d'Or* for having thus brought him to the test.

"What do you wish?" asked Marianne.

"This boy, whom I can recommend, for I know him, desires to speak with you."

"How much would you charge me for board and lodging?" muttered Laurens.

"Sixty francs a month."

"Sixty francs!" he exclaimed, with a cry of distress.

"This child works at pictures, and should he be unable to pay more than fifty or even forty francs, you must take him at whatever he can give," interposed *le Volailleur*, with a most significant wink at Marianne Parmentier.

"Certainly, certainly; so long as—"

"That's all there is about it," concluded Hortet.

That same night our artist slept in a narrow little room beneath the tiled roof of the *Cheval Blanc*.

The inn of the *Rue Ninau*, in spite of Jean Paul's sudden fancy, eager as he was to quit the parsimonious board of the Benoîts, was the

most odious tavern, the veriest *gargote** ever dreamed of. Over the front door a large piece of sheet iron, cut out in the shape of a quadruped, creaked at the extremity of a gibbet, and bore, in great red letters, the words "*Hôtel du Cheval Blanc*"; but woe to the stomachs that yielded to the persuasion of the pompous title!

In spite of the patient forbearance of Mère Parmentier, who had often long to wait for our artist's settlement, Laurens, although during the first few days he had made all speed to get to the *Rue Ninau* punctually at meal-hours, as a storm-beaten bird hastens at full flight to gain a friendly shelter, soon grew indifferent to the attractions of the *Cheval Blanc*. This indifference, which ended ere long in confirmed repugnance, was induced rather by the necessity of mingling, and at times even interchanging words, with the ragged folk of all ages and conditions who ate at the table of the *auberge*, than by disrelish for the food; for, while with Buccaferata, he had tried his teeth on all kinds of provender, and his delicacy had often made him content with dry bread at Uncle Benoît's.

The circle usually assembled at the inn was, in truth, by no means select. It was mainly composed of carriers engaged in the transportation of merchandise of various kinds from the Corbières Mountains or the Pyrenees to Toulouse in great heavy wagons. With these rude mountaineers, picturesque in gesture and speech, with their long whips slung sash-like over their shoulders, Jean Paul Laurens, a native of Fourquevaux, and, after all, of peasant blood himself, was comparatively at home. Gaspar Hortet, besides, was frequently one of the number. But when chance condemned him to have the town boarders for messmates, instead of the sturdy mountain wagoners, Jean Paul felt so ill at ease that he was often tempted to abandon the *Cheval Blanc*, notwithstanding the lightness of his purse.

The regular boarders, foul tatterdemalions, for the most part vagrants, arrived toward evening like a stream of rags and filth. There were organ-grinders, marmot-exhibitors—*montreurs de mouninos*, as they are called in those parts—street singers, single-stick fencers, jugglers, giants and giantesses, monsters of every description, and little chimney-sweeps smothered in soot and as black as Ethiopians. This singular crowd, dragging along their fantastic implements, had amused Jean Paul immensely on the occasion of his first repast at Marianne Parmentier's with Hortet *le Volaitier*, and even yet, when in the vein, he was wont to take down in his note-book

a grotesque figure or profile or so, not unworthy of Hogarth or Callot; but curiosity had given place to satiety and disgust, and he was continually haunted by the idea of fleeing far from that hideous multitude.

"They are quite amusing, those rogues, with their guitars, and their monkeys, and their juggler's cups," said Professor Denis, one Sunday morning, when Laurens had brought him and Uncle Benoît to breakfast at Marianne Parmentier's.

"So I found them during the first week."

"I'm sure that, were my friend Villemsens to come in here, he would recognize many of the types. He's enamored of the Flemish."

Scarcely had the last words been pronounced when Jean Paul bounded from his seat and, with a rapid gesture, pulled down the green lustrous curtains which partially screened the window beside which their table was set.

"Do you think there is too much light in this cellar of yours?" cried Uncle Benoît.

"Hush! I beg of you," murmured Laurens, suddenly turning pale.

"What now?" cried Denis, in his bass voice.

The pupil, bending over to the professor, whispered in his ear:

"Madame Villemsens and her children are just now passing in the *Rue Ninau*."

"Well, what of it?" cried the painter.

"I would not have the Villemsens family know that I take my meals here."

"Well, but I know it, don't I?"

"You?" muttered Laurens, with evident embarrassment.

"Yes, I."

"You, Monsieur Denis," pursued the youth, when his agitation had subsided—"you, like my good uncle and aunt Benoît, were witness of my trials and poverty at the time of my first arrival at Toulouse, whereas I have never dared to hint at my troubles to either Monsieur or Madame Villemsens."

"So, then, we have a little pride, eh?"

"We have."

"That's right, Jean, right!" cried Professor Denis, gravely; "nor can I conceive it possible for an artist of worth to be devoid of such delicacy and pride as you have just shown. So, I say again, that's right, Jean. I must at the same time express my gratitude, my deep gratitude, for having been chosen, after your uncle and aunt, as the preferred confidant of your poverty. Poverty is no fault: it is glorious, on the contrary, when borne as you have borne it. And your poverty will come to an end, I give you my word of honor on it!"

"But when?"

* A mean cookshop.

"When? Only paint your picture for the prize as you painted your last canvas for Biscarlet, and I'll answer."

"So you are pleased with my 'Jesus baptized in the Jordan'?" cried Jean Paul, interrupting him.

"Pleased—yes, delighted."

"The composition, perhaps, lacks in point of skill."

"You'll be taught to compose in Paris."

"Paris!" he exclaimed, electrified, and opening his large round eyes to the utmost stretch.

"Should you take the prize, and you will take it."

(Conclusion in the next number.)

"I would give the half of my life to—"

"Should you take the prize, you'll go to Paris to study for three years, with an annual pension of fifteen hundred francs."

"O mon Dieu! Let me obtain that pension—let me obtain it, and by and by they'll see what I'm capable of!" he cried, delirious with hope.

Six months later Jean Paul Laurens's dearest wishes were gratified: the School of Arts, in awarding to him the prize for painting, opened his way to Paris.

FERDINAND FABRE, in "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
 Sic vos non vobis aratra boves.

IT is not yet thirty years since an American lady was supposed to have gone mad because she declared that Francis Bacon—Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans—was the author of certain dramas which for almost three hundred years the world had credited to his ignoble contemporary, William Shakespeare, of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, London, actor and manager.

That others have been stricken with Miss Bacon's "madness" rather rapidly, seems to appear from the fact that here are two volumes* written to prove that Francis Bacon did *not* compose the aforesaid dramas, and was not in any sense their author, or responsible for them.

Whatever may be thought of the probability of Lord Bacon's authorship of these works, it is pretty hard to disturb the headway of presumption against it, and our authors are quite safe in reckoning upon the burden of proof as all in their favor. Besides, to assert that the works are Bacon's, is to assert that they are not Shakespeare's; a proposition (to be exactly logical in view of the long-standing presumption) composed of two other propositions, viz.:

1. The works were not written by William Shakespeare; and—

2. They *were* written by Francis Bacon.

Logically, therefore, in order to lay a foundation to prove the second proposition, we should primarily seek to establish the first; and similarly, to disprove the second proposition, we should begin by disproving the first. This the two authors before us do not esteem it necessary to attempt. Assuming that the first proposition is not proved, they only feel called upon, not to argue against the probability of Lord Bacon having been the author of certain anonymous works, but simply to show that he was not somebody else than he was well known to be. Which is, after all, not so very difficult a thing to do.

But the fact is, that the first proposition is very far from being disproved. Probably, on the contrary, it is as well established and proved that William Shakespeare was not the author of the plays that go by his name, as any other fact, occurring in London between the years 1585 and 1606, not recorded in history or handed down by tradition, could be established and proved in 1879.

If a doubt as to the authorship of the plays had arisen at any time during or between those years, and had been kept open thereafter, the probability is that it would have been settled by this time. But as it is, we may be pretty certain that no such doubt did arise and that no such question was asked during the years when those who could have dispelled the doubt or answered the question were living.

* Shakespeare from an American Point of View. By George Wilkes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Bacon vs. Shakspeare. A Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal: Lovell Company. 1875.

When we are about to visit a theatre in these days, what we ask and concern ourselves with is: Is the play entertaining? Does it "draw"? And, when we witness it, the question is: Do we enjoy it? or does it bore us? Will we recommend our friends to come that they may be entertained too, and that we may discuss it with them? or will we warn them to keep away? We very speedily settle these questions for ourselves. Doubtless we may and do inquire who the author is. But we do not enter into any discussion upon the subject, or charge our minds enough with the matter to doubt it when we are told. The author's name is, not unusually, printed on the play-bill before us; we glance at it indifferently, take what is told us for granted, and think no more about it. If the name happens to be assumed, we may possibly see its identity discussed in the dramatic columns of our newspapers next morning, or we may not. If the play entertains us, we commend it. If it drags, we sneer at it, get up and go off. That is all the concern we give it. The evening has slipped away, and with it any idle speculations as to the playwright who has essayed to amuse us for an hour.

If, three hundred years hence, a question as to who wrote the play we saw at Mr. Booth's theatre or Mr. Wallack's theatre last evening should come up, there would be very little evidence, not any records, and scarcely an exhibit to refer to in the matter. Copies of the play-bill or the newspapers of the day might chance to be discoverable; but these—the internal testimony of the play itself, if any, and a sort of tacit presumption growing out of a statement it was nobody's cue to inquire into at the time it was made, and has been nobody's business to scrutinize since—would constitute all the evidence at hand.

Now, this supposititious case is precisely all-fours with the facts in the matter of the dramatic works which we call, collectively, Shakespeare's. Precisely: except that on the evenings when those plays were acted there were no play-bills, and on the succeeding morning no daily newspaper. We have therefore, in 1879, much fewer facilities for setting ourselves right as to their authorship than those living three hundred years after us could possess in the case we have supposed. The audiences who witnessed a certain class of plays at Shakespeare's theatres, in the years between 1585 and 1606, were entertained. The plays "drew." People talked of them about town, and they became valuable to their proprietors. The mimic lords and ladies were acceptable to the best seats; the rabble loved the show and glitter and the alarum of drums; and all were Britons who gloated to hear rehearsed the

prowess of their own kings and heroes, and to be told that their countrymen at Agincourt had slain ten thousand Frenchmen at an expense of but five and twenty of themselves. But, if M. Taine's description of the Shakespearean theatres and the audiences therein wont to assemble may be relied upon, we can pretty safely conclude that they troubled themselves very little as to who fashioned the dialogue the counterfeit kings and queens, soldiers, lords and ladies spoke; or that they saw anything in that dialogue to make such speculation appear worth their while. Nor can we discover any evidence, even among the cultured courtiers who listened to them—or in the case of Elizabeth herself, who loved them—that any recognition of the plays as works worthy of any other than a stage-manager occurred.

Had any of these suspected that these plays were not written for them, but for all time; that three hundred years later—when the plays should not only be extant, but more loved and admired than ever—the thinking world should set itself seriously to probe the mystery of their origin, there might have been some interest as to their producer manifested, and we might have had some testimony competent to the exact point to-day.

But it is evident enough that no such prophetic vision was vouchsafed to them, and no such prophetic judgment passed. Nor is the phenomenon exceptional. The critic does not live, even to-day, however learned or cultured or shrewd, who would take the responsibility of affirming upon his own judgment, or even upon the universal judgment of his age and race, that any literary composition would be, after a lapse of three hundred years, not only extant, but immortal, hugged as its birthright by a whole world! Such a statement would have been contrary to experience, beyond the prophecy of criticism, and therefore only to be known—if known at all—as a Fact. Moreover, it could only be known as a fact at the expiration of the three hundred years. Doubtless few critics would care, in any case, to commit themselves upon record one way or the other in a matter so hypothetical and speculative as the judgment of posterity upon a literary performance, and certainly nothing of the sort occurred in Shakespeare's day, even if there were any dramatic or literary critics to speculate upon the subject. There can be no doubt—and it must be conceded—that the plays *did* pass with their first audiences as the compositions of Mr. Manager Shakespeare, and that probably even the manager's pot companions, who had better call to know him than any others, saw nothing to shake their heads at in his claim to be their author (provided he ever made any such claim; which, by the way, nobody has ever asserted as

a fact). If they did—with a single exception to be noticed hereafter—they certainly kept their own counsel. On the one hand, then, the question of the authorship was never raised, and, on the other hand, if it had been, the scholars and critics who studied the plays (supposing that there were any such) in those days could not possibly have recognized them as immortal. If they had so recognized them, they would doubtless have left us something more satisfactory as to the authorship of the compositions than the mere "impression that they were informed" that the manager of the theatre where they were produced wrote them; that they supposed he was clever enough to have done so, and that they therefore took it for granted that he did. That is all there is of the evidence of Shakespeare's own day, as to the question—if it still is a question—before us.

But how about the presumption—the legal presumption, arising from such lapse of time as that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—the presumption springing from tradition and common report—that William Shakespeare composed the Shakespearean plays? It is, of course, understood that one presumption is as good as another until it is disturbed. It is never safe to underrate an existing presumption; as long as it stands at all, it stands as conclusive; once overthrown, however, it is as if it had never existed.

A presumption three hundred years old may be a very strong one to overthrow. But if its AGE is all there is of it—if it be only strong in years—it can yet be toppled over. Once overthrown, it is no more venerable because it is three hundred years old than if it were only three. An egg-shell will toss upon the crest of an angry surf and, for very frailty, outride breakers when the mightiest ship man ever framed could not survive an instant. But it is only an egg-shell, for all that, and a touch of the finger will crush and destroy it. And so, formidable as it was in age, the presumption as to William Shakespeare's authorship of the great dramas which for three hundred years had gone by his name had only to be touched by the thumb and finger of common sense to crackle and shrivel like the egg that sat on the wall in the Kindergarten rhyme, which all the king's army and all the king's men could not set up again, once it had tumbled over.

But as the world advanced and culture increased, why did not the question arise before? Simply because the times were not ripe for it. This is the age and generation for the explosion of myths, and, as one after another of them falls to pieces and disappears, who does not wonder that they have not fallen sooner? For how many years has the myth of William Tell been

cherished as history! And yet there was no element of absolute impossibility or even of improbability—much less of miracle—in the story of an archer with a sure eye and a steady arm. Or, in the case of physical myths—which only required an exploration by physical sense for their explosion—the maps of two centuries or so ago represented all inaccessible seas as swarming with krakens and ship-devouring reptiles. And it is not twenty years since children were taught in their geographies that upon the coast of Norway there was a whirlpool which sucked down ships prow foremost. And here, in our midst, a cannon-shot from the office where this paper is printed, there was believed to be and exist a Hell Gate, which was a very portal of death and slaughter to hapless mariners. But there are no krakens, and not much of a Maelstrom; and for twenty years before General Newton blew up a few rocks at Hell Gate people had laughed at the myth of its ferocity. And so, in the case of the Shakespearean authorship, the day has come for truth to dispel fiction, and reason to scout organic miracle.

Besides, it is to be remembered that it is only our own century that has comprehended the masterliness and matchlessness of the "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and the rest of those transcripts of nature, the prophetic insight of whose author "spanned the ages that were to roll up after him, mastered the highest wave of modern learning and discovery, and touched the heart of all time, not through the breathing of living characters, but by lifting mankind up out of the loud kingdom of earth into the silent realm of infinity; who so wrote that to his all-seeing vision schools and libraries, sciences and philosophies, were unnecessary, because his own marvelous intuition had grasped all the past and seen through all his present and all his future, and because, before his superhuman power, time and space had vanished and disappeared."* The age for which the dramas were written had not come, in that Elizabethan era. The tongues of the actors were tied, the ears of the audience were deaf to syllables whose burden was for the centuries that were to come after; and so, again, the question was not "worth while." Let us remember that during the three hundred years—to speak in round numbers—since the first public production of these dramas, their now everywhere conceded superiority, to say nothing of their immortality, was very far from being constantly and universally recognized. Periods there were when scholars and men of taste preferred stilted rhymes like Addison's, or metrical platitudes like Pope's, or sesquipedalian derivatives like old Samuel

* Jean Paul Richter, "Titan."

Johnson's, to the Shakespearean well of English undefiled that flowed at their feet.*

Let any one interested enough in the matter to see for himself take down Dr. Johnson's own edition of Shakespeare, and read his commentaries on the Shakespearean text. Let him turn, for example, to where he says of "Hamlet":

We must allow to the tragedy of "Hamlet" the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity, . . . that includes judicious and instructive observations. . . . New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth; . . . the catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger and Laertes with the bowl.

Again, of "Macbeth":

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character. . . . I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakespeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

Again, of "Julius Caesar":

Of this tragedy, many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated. But I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, etc.

Let him imagine anybody thus patronizing those mighty and deathless monographs to-day! Let him imagine a better illustration, if he can, of what our Johnson's friend Pope called—in long meter—"fools rushing in where angels feared to tread"! And let him confess to himself that these were not the times nor the men to raise the question.

The fact is, that, until our own century, the eyes of the world were darkened, and men saw in these Shakespearean dramas only such stage plays as might have been written—not by "the soul" of any age; not by a man "myriad-minded"; not by a "morning star of song," or a "dear son of memory"—but by a clever playwright; who might, indeed, have easily devised "an expedient to kill Laertes with the bowl and

Hamlet with the dagger," or have thrown a little more fire into the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, but who, on the whole, to save the question, might be conceded a place alongside, perhaps, of Addison, with his sleepy and dreary "Campaign"; or Pope, with his metrical proverbs about "man"; or even the aforesaid Samuel Johnson himself, with his moral rhymed dictionaries about the "vanity of human wishes," and so on.

Those were the sort of days when Addison was pensioned for his dreary and innocent "Campaign," and a Mr. Pye made poet laureate of the land where an unknown pen had once written "Hamlet"; and, consequently, *not* the days for the discovery with which this century has crowned itself—namely, the discovery that the great first of poets lived in the age when England and America were one world by themselves, and that they now must draw together again to search for the master "who came"—to use, with all reverence, the words of Judge Holmes—"upon our earth, knowing all past, all present, and all future, to be leader, guide, and second gospel of mankind." But the fullness of time *has* come, and we now know that, whoever was the poet that he "kept," he was of quite another kidney than the manager of the theatre, William Shakespeare, who employed him to write Plays, and who wrote Revelations and Gospels instead.

If we are interested to inquire what manner of man Mr. Manager Shakespeare was, we have only to look about us among the managers of theatres in this latter half of our nineteenth century. Let us take Mr. Wallack or Mr. Daly, both of whom arrange plays for the stages of their own theatres, for example; or, better yet, take Mr. Dion Boucicault, who is an actor as well as a manager, and is, moreover, as successful in his day as was Mr. William Shakespeare in his. Mr. Boucicault has, so far, produced about one hundred and thirty-seven successful plays. Mr. William Shakespeare produced about a hundred less. All of Mr. Boucicault's plays show that gentleman's skillful hand in cutting, expanding, arranging, and setting for the stage; and in the representation of them Mr. Boucicault has himself often participated. In like manner Mr. Shakespeare, the manager, we are told by tradition, often assisted at the representation of the dramas produced on his boards, playing the Ghost in "Hamlet," and the King in "Henry VI.," parts now assigned to a "walking" or a "utility" gentleman. And that Mr. Shakespeare rewrote for the stage what his unknown poet composed, we have the tolerable hearsay testimony of his fellow actor Ben Jonson, who tells us that he remembers to have heard the players say that the stage copies of the plays were written in Shakespeare's autograph, and were all the more avail-

* So one Nahum Tate, supposed in his day to be a "poet," in 1681, finds "a thing called Lear," and after much labor congratulates himself on having been able to "make a play out of it."

able on that account, because he (Shakespeare) was a good penman, in that "whatever he penned he never blotted line." *

Mr. Boucicault, who is one of the most genial and accomplished of gentlemen, while claiming the full credit to which he is entitled, is quite too clever as well as too conscientious to set up for an original author or a poet, as well as a playwright. Neither does Shakespeare (as we have already said, and we shall allude to this again further on) anywhere appear to have ever claimed to be a poet, or even to have taken to himself—what we may, however, venture to ascribe to him—the merit of the stage-setting of the dramatic works which, having been played at his theatre, we collectively call the Shakespearean plays to-day.

There is scarcely any evidence either way; but the fact that the actors were in the habit of receiving their fair copy from the manager's—William Shakespeare's—own hand, seems to make it evident that he did not originally compose them. Indeed, if Shakespeare had been their author, well-to-do and bustling manager as he was, he would probably have intrusted their transcription to some subordinate or supernumerary; or, better yet, would have kept a playwright of experience to set his compositions for the stage, to put in the necessary localisms, "gags," and allusions, to catch the ear of the penny seats. Such a division of labor is imperative to-day, and was imperative then—or at least to suppose that it was not is to suppose that of his dozen or so of co-managers William Shakespeare was the one who did all the work while the others looked on.

But, as we have seen, Shakespeare was his own playwright; he took the dramas and rewrote them for the actors; he inserted the requisite business, the exits, and entrances, and—when necessary—suited the reading to the actor who was to pronounce the dialogue, according as he happened to be fat or lean. † Such was the employment which fell to the part of William Shake-

speare in the division of labor among the management in which he was a partner, and the resulting manuscript was what Ben Jonson's friends told him of. For nobody, we fancy, quite supposes that the poet, whoever he was, produced "Hamlet" one evening, "Macbeth" on another, and "Julius Cæsar" on another, without blotting or erasing or changing, pruning or filing a line, and then handed his original drafts to the players next morning to learn their parts from! This is not the way that poems are written (nor, we may add, the way theatres are managed). The greater the geniuses, the more they blotch and blot and dash their pens over the paper when the frenzy is in possession of them. And besides, the fact that there exist to-day, and always have existed, numerous and diverse readings of the Shakespearean text, does very clearly show that their author or authors did at different times vary and alter the construction of the text as taste or fancy dictated, and therefore that the manuscripts Ben Jonson's friends saw and told him of were the acting-copies, and not the originals of the Shakespearean plays.

Of the contemporaries of Shakespeare who lamented his death in verse, most of their eulogies are quite vague as to whether they considered their departed friend an actor or a poet, and may be construed either way. Ben Jonson calls him—

Slew Fortenbrasse in combat, young Hamlet's father,
He that's mad.

But in all subsequent editions the grave-digger says: "Here a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years." The effect of this alteration is to add considerably to Hamlet's age. "Alas, poor Yorick!" he says, "I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft," etc. How old, then, was Hamlet when Yorick died? But Hamlet's age is even more distinctly fixed by other lines which do not occur in the early edition of 1603:

Hamlet. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortenbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

First Clown. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent to England.

And presently he adds:

I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Mr. Marshall writes: "It would appear that Shakespeare added these details, which tend to prove Hamlet to have been thirty years old, for much the same reason as he inserted the line, 'He's fat and scant of breath,' namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in accordance with those of the great actor, Burbadge, who personated him." The edition of 1603 is generally accounted a piratical copy of the first sketch of the play.—*All the Year Round.*

* Ben Jonson's words are, "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted line," a statement hard to be reconciled with the illegible scrawls since pronounced to be authentic autographs of William Shakespeare.

† It may be noted that the line, "He's fat and scant of breath," does not occur in the early and imperfect edition of "Hamlet" of 1603. Was it added to suit Burbadge? And was there a further change made also to suit Mr. Burbadge, the leading tragedian of the time? In the edition of 1603 the grave-digger says of Yorick's skull:

Looke you, here's a skull hath bin here this dozen
year,
Let me see, ever since our last King Hamlet

... soul of the age,
The applause, delight, and wonder OF THE STAGE.

"Sleep, rare TRAGEDIAN," says William Basse. A tragedian we have come to regard rather as the interpreter than the writer of dramas, though it is fair to admit that, in Basse's day, the words "tragedian" and "dramatist" were used indifferently. Of course Gray's magnificent lines are evidence of nothing except the impression of his day, and Milton's testimony (regarded by many judicial minds as strongest of all in this connection) we are forced to sweep away as brusquely. All that John Milton knew about William Shakespeare was pure hearsay, derived from local report or perusal of the Shakespearean plays ("a book invaled," he calls them). For, even if we were called upon to do so, we could hardly conceive Milton—a Puritan, and a blind Puritan at that—as much of a play-goer or boon companion of actors and managers. But we are not called upon to imagine anything of the sort; for, as a matter of fact, John Milton was exactly seven years and four months old when William Shakespeare died. And so, what is called "the Milton testimony," even if competent in a court of justice to be weighed by a jury as to the question before us, would be absolutely valueless, either way, to direct their finding.

And so, in the first place, there was no great call or occasion for discussion as to the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas in the days when they first began to be known by the public; and, as for Mr. Manager Shakespeare's friends and the actors of his company, they testified to what they had heard, and, if they knew anything to the contrary, they kept it to themselves. If his friends, jealous of his reputation, they were not solicitous of heralding him a fraud; and, if the "stock" upon his pay-roll, they held their bread at his hand, and were not eager to offend him. If—as we shall notice further on—a wise few did suspect the harmless imposition, either they had grounds for not mentioning it, or there were reasons why people did not credit them. And so, in the second place, the times were not ripe for the truth to be known, because there was nobody who cared about knowing it, and nobody to whom it could be a revelation.

To suppose that William Shakespeare wrote the plays which we call his, is to suppose that a miracle was vouchsafed to the race of man in London in the course of certain years of the reign of Elizabeth. If, however, instead of probing for miracles, we come to consider that men and managers and theatres in the age of Elizabeth were very much the same sort of creatures and places that we find them now; that among the *habitués*

of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres in that reign were certain young gentlemen of abundant leisure and elegant education who admitted managers into their acquaintance by way of exchange for the *entrée* of the green-room; and that managers in those days, as in these, were always on the alert for novelties, and drew their material—in the crude, if necessary, to be dressed up, or ready made, if they were so fortunate—from wherever they could find it; if, in short, we find that among the curled darlings who frequented Master William Shakespeare's side doors there was at least one poet, and in his vicinity at least one ready writer who was so placed as to be eager to write anonymously for bread (and who, moreover, had access to the otherwise sealed and occult knowledge, philosophy, and reading, of which the giants of his day—to say nothing of the theatre-managers—did not and could not dream)—if, we say, we consider all this, we need pin our faith to no miracles, but expect only the ordinary course of human events.

But, miracles aside, to consider William Shakespeare as the author of the Shakespearean drama—for that he has christened it and that it will go forever by his name, we concede—involves us in certain difficulties that seem quite insurmountable. In the first place, scholars and thinkers, whose hearts have been open to the matchless message of the Shakespearean text, and who found themselves drawn to conclude that such a man as William Shakespeare once lived, were amazed to discover that the very evidence which forced them to that conclusion also proved conclusively that that individual *could not* have written the dramas since known by his name.* This evidence was of three sorts: 1. Official records and documents; 2. The testimony of contemporaries; and, 3. That general belief, reputation, and tradition, which, left to itself in the manner we have indicated, has grown into the presumption of nearly three hundred years.

We will not recapitulate the well-thumbed records, nor recite the dog's-eared testimony, which together gave rise to the presumption. But the dilemma presented to the student was in this wise: By the official records it appeared that

* Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Carlyle, Brougham, Emerson, Delia Bacon, Gervinus, and doubtless many more, clearly saw that the real Shakespeare was not the Shakespeare we have described. "In spite of all the biographies, 'ask your own hearts,' says Coleridge—'ask your own common sense to conceive the possibility of this man being . . . the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism. What! are we to have miracles in sport? or (I speak reverently) does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?'" ("Notes to Shakespeare's Works," iv., 56).—Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," 598.

a man-child was naturally born in Stratford village on the Avon, Warwickshire, in England, possibly on the spot where now stands a house called his birthplace, and possibly not,* who was named William Shakespeare. His father was of humble birth. But on acquiring some means as a village butcher (to which trade he had added the calling of wool-comber)—precisely as men of suddenly made fortunes do to-day—he set up to be somebody, and purchased himself a grant of arms from the Heralds' College in London. His name being Shakespeare, the heralds allot him an escutcheon on which is represented a shaking spear (symbolically treated)—a device which, under the circumstances, did not tax the heralds' ingenuity or commit them to any theory about his ancestors at Hastings or among the Saracens. But of William, son of John Shakespeare, we know even less than this: we find the date of his baptism, of his marriage, of the birth of children to him, and then, so far as the records go, no more, until he appears, all of a sudden, in London, owner of an interest in the Globe, and later on of a larger interest in the Blackfriars Theatre, in London; then another long hiatus, and he returns to Stratford, purchases land, and becomes a country gentleman. In Stratford we find no further record of his life, except that, as might be reckoned of the careful soul who raked a fortune out of two cheap theatres in London, he still saved his cents, and sued a neighbor for a matter of thirty-five shillings and sixpence "for corn delivered." There is the further record of his investing his savings in still more land, of his begetting several children, and of his final payment of the debt of nature, and being gathered to his ignoble fathers at the age of fifty-three years, leaving—still a man of finical detail and nice and exact economy—an elaborate testament, in which he disposes, item by item, of each worldly thing and chattel, down to the second best bedstead in his chambers, which he tenderly bestows upon the wife of his youth and the mother of his children. This is absolutely all that records show of the existence and the career of William Shakespeare. If he has done anything worthy of posterity, he shows no especial anxiety that posterity shall hear of it. Besides such contracts and business papers as he must sign in the course of his lesseeship at the theatres and in the investment of his savings, he leaves his name to nothing except a declaration in debt against a poor neighbor who is behind-hand with his account, footed at one pound fifteen shillings and sixpence, and a not over-

creditable last will and testament.* Is this the record of a demigod? of the creator of a "Hamlet" and an "Othello"? But this practical and thrifty soul, who ran away to London, worked himself up (as he must have worked himself up) to the proprietorship of a theatre, and in that business and calling earned money and kept it; invested in land; sued his neighbor for some shillings and sixpence; and finally cut his wife off with a second-hand bedstead—is also the identical man who singly and alone wrote the "Hamlet," the "Julius Cæsar," the "Othello," and all the splendid pages of the Shakespearean drama! The scholar's dilemma is how to reconcile the internal evidence of the plays, which is spread before them undimmed by age, with these records, which, however scanty, are as authentic and beyond question as the internal evidence itself. And, once stated, the dilemma of the scholar becomes the dilemma of the whole world. Let any one try to conceive of the busy manager of a theatre (an employment to-day—when the theatre is at its best, and half the world play-goers—precarious for capital and industry; but in those days an experiment untried before), who succeeded by vigilance, exact accounting, business sagacity, and prudence, in securing and saving not only a competency, but a fair fortune; in the mean time—while engaged in this engrossment of business—writing *Isabella's* magnificent appeal to the duke's deputy, *Angelo*, or *Cardinal Wolsey's* last soliloquy! or conceive of the man who gave the wife of his youth an old bedstead, and sued a neighbor for corn delivered, penning *Antony's* oration above *Cæsar*, or the soliloquy of *Macbeth* debating the murder of *Duncan*, the invocation to sleep in "*King Henry IV.*," or the speech of *Prospero*, or the myriad sweet, or noble, or tender passages that nothing but a human heart could utter! Let him try to conceive this, we say, and his eyes will open to the absurdity of the belief that these lines were written by the lessee and joint manager of a theatre, and he will examine the evidence thereafter, for corroboration, and not for conviction, satisfied in his own mind, at least, that no such phenomenon is reasonable, probable, or safe to have presented itself.

Then, last and greatest difficulty of all, is the Will. This is by far the completest and best authenticated record we have of the man William Shakespeare, testifying not only to his undoubtedly having lived, but to his character as a man; and—most important of all to our investigation—to his exact worldly condition. Here we have his own careful and *ante-mortem* schedule of his

* The house now visited by tourists as Shakespeare's birthplace is understood to stand upon one of two plots of ground owned by John Shakespeare, his father, at the date of William's birth.

* There is no shadow of anything but surmise as to his authorship of the doggerel, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake," etc., etc., carved over his tomb.

possessions, his chattels real and chattels personal, down to the oldest and most rickety bedstead under his roof. And we may be pretty sure that it is an accurate and exhaustive list. But if he were—as well as a late theatre-manager and country gentleman—an author and the proprietor of dramas that had been produced and found valuable, how about these plays? Were not they of as much value, to say the least, as a damaged bedstead? Were they not, as a matter of fact, not only invaluable, but the actual source of his wealth? How does he dispose of them? Does our thrifty Shakespeare forget that he has written them? Is it not the fact, and is it not reason and common sense to conceive, that, *not* having written them, they have passed out of his possession along with the rest of his theatrical property, along with the theatre whose copyrights they were, and into the hands of others? This is the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block for the Shakespeareans. If their hero had written these plays, of which the age of Elizabeth was so fond, and in whose production he had amassed a fortune, that he should have left a will, in items, in which absolutely no mention or hint of them whatever should be made, even their most zealous pundits—even Mr. King himself—can not step over, and so are scrupulous not to allude to it at all. This piece of evidence is unimpeachable and conclusive as to what worldly goods, chattels, chattel interests or things in action, William Shakespeare supposed that he would die possessed of. Tradition is gossip. Records are scant and niggard. Contemporary testimony is conflicting and shallow, but here, attested in due and solemn form, clothed with the foreshadowed solemnity of another world, is the calm, deliberate, *ante-mortem* statement of the man himself.

We perceive what becomes of his second-hand bedstead. What becomes of his plays? Is it possible that after all these years' experience of their value—in the disposition of a fortune of which they had been the source and foundation—he should have forgotten their very existence?

But if, diverging from the scanty records, we go to the testimony of contemporaries, what do we find then? Very little more of the man William Shakespeare, but precisely the same dilemma as to his assumed authorship of the plays.

We find that the country lad William was no milksop and no Joseph; that he was hail-fellow with his fellows of equal age; that he poached—shot his neighbors' deer; lampooned their owner when punished for the offense; went on drinking-bouts with his equals of the neighboring villages; and, finally, wound up with following a company of strolling players to the metropolis, where he began his prosperous career by holding gentlemen's horses at the theatre

door, while the gentlemen themselves went inside to witness the performance. We turn to the stories of the poaching, the deer-shooting, and the beer-drinking, with relief. It is pleasant to think that the pennywise old man was—at least in his youth—human. A little poaching and a little beer do nobody any harm, and it is, at all events, more cheerful reading than the record of a parsimonious freeholder taking the law of his poorer neighbor who defaults in the payment of a few shillings for a handful of corn.

There is a village school in Stratford, and Mr. De Quincey and all his predecessors and successors who have constructed pretty romances around William Shakespeare's unknown and unrecorded youth unite in making their hero attend its sessions. But he could not have attended them very perseveringly, since he turns up in London at about the age that country lads first go to school. In London he seems to have risen from nothing at all to the position (such as it is) of co-manager, along with a dozen others, of a theatre. Here, just as young lords and swells take theatre-managers into their acquaintance to-day, he became intimate with better men than himself, and so enlarged his skirts and his patronage as it was the part of a thrifty man to do. At this time there were no circulating libraries in London, no libraries accessible to the general public of any sort, in fact; no booksellers at every corner, no magazines or reviews; no public educators, and no schools or colleges swarming with needy students; even the literature of the age was a bound-up book to all except professional readers. But, for all that, this William Shakespeare, this vagrom runaway youth, who, after a term at Stratford school (admitting that he went where the romancers put him), cuts off to London at the heels of a crew of strolling players, who begins business for himself as link-boy at a theatre door, and by saving his pence works up to be actually a part proprietor in two theatres, and ultimately a rich man, begins to possess himself of a lore and knowledge of the Past which, even to-day, with all our libraries, lyceums, serials, and booksellers, it would need a lifetime to acquire. He did the work of a lifetime. Like Mr. Stewart, in New York, he began penniless, and by vigilance, shrewdness, and economy, rose to respectability, affluence, and fortune.

But, as we could not imagine Mr. Stewart, gentleman as he was, writing poems while slowly coining his fortune, and revolving poetry in his brain while overseeing the business that was evolving it, so do we fail to conceive William Shakespeare doing the same thing. How much less can we conceive of this man composing, not only poems of his own, but a literature of his own, drawing his material from the classic

writers (and notably from those Greek plays not at that time translated, and only accessible in the originals and in manuscript), from legal works, "caviare to the general"; from philosophical treatises not known to have been available even for reference; writing of the circulation of the blood in the human system—a fact not discovered until years after his own death! Let us find him, too, to set down, in writing, epitomes of all known wisdom; to ascertain the past, prophesy of the future; to lay down off-hand the philosopher's, the lawyer's, the leech's, the soldier's, the scholar's craft and art, which only they themselves, by long years of study, might attain to—and all this while coining a fortune in the management of two theatres; to have solved, in short, the riddle of the sphinx and all the as yet unspinning whirligigs of time! Verily a greater riddle than the sphinx's is this the riddle of the boy—Master Shakespeare. Thomas Chatterton found his wealth in a musty chest in an old muniment room. But here the chest and muniment room were not in existence till years after the boy Shakespeare has been a man, and traveled on to his grave. It is no solution of this riddle to say the lad was a genius, and that genius is that which soars when education plods.* Genius itself can not account for the Shakespearean plays. Genius may portray, but here is a genius that not only portrayed that which after his death became fact, but related other facts which men had forgotten; the actors in which had lain in the dust for centuries, and whose records had slept sealed in dead languages, in manuscripts beyond his reach! Genius, intuition, is beyond education indeed. It may prophesy of the future or conceive of the eternal; but only knowledge can draw record of the past. If the author of Shakespeare had been a genius only, his "Julius Cæsar" might have been a masterpiece of tragedy or pathos, or of rage; but it would have portrayed an ideal Rome, not the real one. His "Comedy of Errors" might have been matchless in humor and sparkling in contretemps, but ten years afterward, on translating a hidden manuscript of Plautus, the comedies would not have been found identical in argument! †

* This evidence can not be recapitulated in the space of a foot-note, but the curious reader will do well to refer to the chapter on the attainments of the author of Shakespeare at pages 56-65, Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition.

† In "Pericles" allusion is made to a custom obtaining among a certain class of Cyprians, which it is fair to say could not be found mentioned in a dozen books of which we know the names to-day, and which, from its very nature, is treated of in no encyclopædia or manual of information, or of popular antiquities. How could any one but a scholar, in those days, have possessed himself—not in this alone, but in a thousand similar in-

The precocity of a child may be intuition. But no babe learns its alphabet spontaneously or by means of genius; but out of a book, because the characters are arbitrary. Pascal, when a child, discovered the eternal principles of geometry, and marked them out in chalk upon the floor; but he did not know that the curved figures he drew were called "circles," or that the straight ones were called "lines"; so he named them "rounds" and "bars." He discovered what was immutable and could be found by the searcher, but his genius could not reinvent arbitrary language that had been invented before his birth; in short, to have possessed and to have written down in advance the learning and philosophy of three centuries to come might have been the gift of Prophecy (such a gift as has ere this fallen from we know not where upon the sons of men) descending into the soul of a conceivable genius. But second sight is not retrospective. And to have testified of the forgotten past, without access to its record, was as beyond the possibilities of genius as the glowing wealth of the Shakespearean page is above the creation of an unlettered man of business in the age of Elizabeth or of Victoria!

Here is the dilemma with which the Shakespeareans struggle: that in those years the man William Shakespeare *did* live, and was a theatrical manager and actor in London. (And at the same time this is the evidence that convinces the world to-day, that the dramas we call Shakespearean were so called because they were first published from the stage of William Shakespeare's theatres in London, just as we call certain readings of the classics the "Delphini classics," because brought together for a Dauphin of France; or certain paintings "Düsseldorf paintings," because produced in the Düsseldorf school. If, however, in the course of ages, it should come to be believed that the Dauphin wrote the classics, or that a man named Düsseldorf painted the pictures, even then the time would come to set the world right. If there had been no Dauphin and no Düsseldorf, we might have assigned those names to a power which might have produced the poems or the pictures.) If there had been no William Shakespeare, we might have idealized one who could have written the plays. But, unhappily, there *is* an actual, living, breathing man in possession of that name, who declines to assign it to another, and who is anything but the sort of man the Shakespeareans want!

But there is a legal maxim to the effect that he who destroys should also build up. We are asked then, If William Shakespeare did not, who

stances—of such minute, accurate, and occult information?

did write the Shakespearean plays? We answer that we know not. At the distance of three hundred years it is a hard matter to decide. Perhaps Lord Bacon.* Perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh. Perhaps both. Possibly neither. But, whoever did, the statement that William Shakespeare did *not* tallies with all the internal evidence of the plays themselves, all the known facts and testimony as to his personality, and resolves all the difficulties which Mr. Wilkes and Mr. King find in the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays. Let us make this last statement a little more evident. We are told, on the one hand, that William Shakespeare wrote the plays; on the other hand, that Francis Bacon wrote them; and, again, that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote them. The truth is probably somewhere among the three. Francis Bacon was the most learned man of his time. He could and did read Greek in the original, and he did have access to untranslated manuscripts, such as the "Menæchmi" of Plautus. He was a philosopher, and he *did* come nearer to a prescience of the philosophy of ages to be than any man who ever lived—as witness his own acknowledged works. Sir Walter Raleigh was a wit and a poet, a gentleman, a man of elegant nonchalance, a very Mercutio, to the day of his execution. He was liberally educated, cultured, and would have been all this in a more cultivated day than his own; moreover, he was idle and a scribbler of *belles-lettres*. Perhaps he killed time by writing speeches for his hail-fellow manager to put into plays for his stage. Anonymous or pseudonymic authorship has ever been a *penchant* of the gentle and idle. Shakespeare was a shrewd man of business, who kept up with his times, as are managers of theatres to-day; he was quick to perceive where a point might be made in his plays, and moreover he employed—or perhaps was fortunate enough to secure by way of friendship—a poet to turn his ideas into speech for the mouths of his players. That he used his pen to prepare the prompter's manuscript of the pieces performed at his theatre, we have already seen there is reason to believe. That he ever composed, on his own account, we have only a sort of innuendo of certain of his brother actors and playwrights, and a Stratford tradition, which we can trace to no other source

than the source of the belief outside—that is to say, to the fact that the plays were produced under his management in London. The innuendo dubs him a poet; the Stratford tradition makes him to have written a doggerel verse to cut over his own tomb. But this latter we venture to disbelieve.

Still, writing his life, as we do, from imagination, it is much easier to imagine the three men—Bacon, Raleigh, and Shakespeare—producing between them "Hamlet," "Othello," or the "Comedy of Errors," than to imagine William Shakespeare alone doing it. Especially since, apart from the internal evidence of the plays, he "had his hands full" of work besides—the work in which he earned his competency. That Bacon and Raleigh, whose ambitions did not lead them to seek renown as playwrights, should have contributed their share to the plays—the first for gold which he needed, and the second for the pastime which he craved—is not remarkable; we can see hundreds of young lawyers scribbling for gold while waiting for practice, or young "swells" trying their hand at comedies for the sport of the thing, by opening our eyes to-day. That the shrewd and successful manager should carefully pick into presentable and playable shape for his stage, these productions of his young friends is, likewise, the easiest thing in the world to conceive of, or to see managers doing to-day. Clearly, William Shakespeare, or some other skilled playwright, took the dialogues of Bacon and Raleigh, put them into the form of plays, introduced a clown here or a jade there, interpolated saws and localisms, gave the characters their names, looked out for the "business," arranged the tableaux—in short, did what Mr. Wallack, or Mr. Daly, or Mr. Boucicault would have to do to-day to fit a play for the stage. We think that Shakespeare himself did it because the plays are said to have been seen in his handwriting, and because, from that fact or otherwise, they went, as a collection, by his name in the days when they were first produced in London.

This sort of joint authorship will not only explain away the antagonism which grew up between the evidence of the man Shakespeare and the evidence of the Shakespearean plays, but will account for the difficulties of Messrs. Holmes, Wilkes, and King. This explains the parallel passages in Bacon's writings and in the plays which Judge Holmes has so painstakingly sorted out; this explains the little inaccuracies of law and of grammar, of geography and of history, in the plays themselves; this explains the "seacoast of Bohemia," or the introduction of gunpowder at the siege of Troy—absurdities which it is morally impossible to suppose of the portrayer of antiquity who wrote "Julius Cæsar," or the

* Judge Holmes has collected in his stout volume overwhelming cumulative evidence to prove Lord Bacon's authorship of the plays, which it is difficult to read without conviction. It is important, however, since we have restricted the Shakespearians to the production of *legal* evidence, to insist on the same in Bacon's case. The strongest of this latter is doubtless Tobie Matthews's testimony (conveyed, it is true, in the form of innuendo), to which we have alluded elsewhere in this paper. (See Judge Holmes's book, p. 134.)

knowledge that framed the historical plays. If, however, we consider them as the interpolations of a stagewright* aiming at stage effect, they are easily enough accounted for. The stagewright saw an opportunity for the introduction of a stage ship or shipwreck, hence he puts in the "seacoast" hap-hazard. He needs an alarum of guns to impress his audience on the coming evening with the fact that a fight is in progress. And even if it should occur to him to doubt if there were any guns at the siege of Ilium, he is pretty certain that it will not occur to the groundlings or the penny seats, from whose pocket all is grist that comes to his mill, and so makes the guns and the cannon a part of the "business." So, again, we have only to understand this, and the character of Bardolph—supposed to have puzzled the critics since critics first began to busy themselves with these dramas—is explained. Bardolph is the walking comedian, inserted by the experienced manager to tickle the *fritti ciceris et nucis emptor* with his fiery nose, and to break in with his "There's the humor of it," just as Rip Van Winkle dwells upon his favorite toast, and Solon Shingle upon his ancestor who "fitted into the Revolution." And who can doubt that this accounts, too, for the little dashes of obscene display, the lewd innuendo, which came never from the same pen as the master-strokes, but which it is simple enough to conceive of an actor or manager interpolating, to the delight of Monsieur Taine's audience, and for the stolen delectation of the maids of honor and city dames who went, in men's clothes, to mingle with them.

This origin, too, accounts for the poems dedicated to Southampton. Lax as was the court and reign of the Virgin Queen, there was but one man then living bold and reckless enough to stand patron to the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rapé of Lucrece," and that man was the noble young libertine Southampton. Similarly, there was but one man available upon whom to father them. A man with no reputation to lose, a vagabond—at anchor, indeed, but still a vagabond—a

nobody, pretending to no standing or consequence save on the boards of his own playhouse, would father them, and that man was William Shakespeare. And so the joint or several productions of certain young men about town, certain "curled darlings" who affected Shakespeare's green-room, were foisted upon the wildest and most brazen of them all, and sworn upon the complacent manager, who doubtless saw his profit in it. On the whole, he may be said to have seen a pretty fair profit in it too. We have evidence, indeed, to prove that his profit was no less a sum than one thousand pounds, which doubtless was made a "permanent investment" for young Southampton, without loss of time.

Whether Bacon wrote the poems or not (and the probabilities are strongly that he did not and could not have written them, though Raleigh might have done so), he evidently knew of their authorship. We have said that the audiences before whom these Shakespearean dramas were first presented could not have estimated them as what we of this age recognize them to be. But we may be sure that, had he chanced to light upon them, Lord Bacon could have appraised them, and the genius that created them, at their true worth. But while Lord Bacon's writings teem with mention of his own contemporaries (Mr. W. H. Smith points out the fact that we owe about all we know of Raleigh's skill in repartee to Bacon's "Apothegms"), he nowhere alludes to such a man as William Shakespeare!—to William Shakespeare—who, if popular belief is true, was his lordship's most immortal contemporary, the one mind mightier than Bacon's, and yet not a rival or a superior in his own particular sphere, of whom he could have been jealous. The truth which makes this strange riddle plain is, that (to use Sir Tobie Matthews's words in his famous letter to his patron) "the most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."* And, indeed, Sir Tobie was fonder of nothing than of indulging in sly allusions to Lord Bacon's secret, of which he had become possessed. In another letter than that just quoted, he says again to his lordship: "I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but *measure for measure* . . . and there is a certain judge in the world who in the midst of his popularity toward the meaner sort of men would fain deprive the better sort of that happiness which was generally done in that time."† But we have not marked out for ourselves, in the limits of this article, a recapitulation of the evi-

* It is nothing less than marvelous that this simple explanation should not have occurred to the wise men who have been knocking their heads against "the seacoast of Bohemia" for the last hundred years. That this error is a part of the "business" and not of the play, is very evident from a casual reading of Act III., Scene III. The stage direction for that scene is simply, "SCENE—a desert country near the sea"—and to fit it, Antigonus, the first speaker, says to the mariner: "Art thou perfect, then? Our ship hath touched the deserts of Bohemia." There is no further allusion to the troublesome geography in the play. So, too, the gunpowder used at the siege of Troy is a part of the "business," and should be assigned where it belongs—to the playwright and not to the dramatist.

* Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," second edition, p. 175.

† "Bacon and Shakespeare," by W. H. Smith, p. 96.

dence in the possession of this century, which, taken piecemeal, can be separately waived aside, but which, when cumulated and heaped together, is a mountain over which the airiest skeptic can not vault.

Let us illustrate our idea of the composition of a Shakespearean play. Let us take, for an example, "The Merchant of Venice"—as it stands, one of the most perfect plays in the language, in correctness of form and in preservation of the unities, but at the same time the most glaringly improbable in theme and fullest of errors—especially of errors of law—of any of the Shakespearean dramas. This play was produced in 1596. Let us conceive, then, Shakespeare desiring a novelty, carrying to his poet or writer the old stage-worn and hackneyed play of "The Jew of Venice," with directions to rewrite the speeches and modernize it. Let us suppose that it comes back to him with the magnificent court scene—the *pièce de résistance*—so arranged that Portia, sitting on the seat of judgment, after patiently listening to the Jew's wrongs, decides in Antonio's favor and adjourns court, whereat the spectators surround the disconcerted money-lender, pull at his beard, and drive him, half torn to pieces, from the place. This would arouse the virtuous applause of the audience—for spitting at Jews has always been accounted of Gentiles for righteousness; and besides, Shylock had a standing in court on the merits of his case. But to the managerial eye this is hurrying matters. The Jew, indeed, is to be nonsuited, but it must be done more harrowingly and revengefully. He must be played with first. He must be led to believe that the judgment of the court is to be in his favor, must be allowed to gloat over that supposition while the audience feel a blow to their own sensibilities in the idea of justice to a Jew. Then, all of a sudden, the *coup d'état* must come and come again; decrees must thicken and thicken until, far from being contented with setting his debtor free, the Jew himself departs not thence save with the loss of his whole fortune, his house, and his very religion. Surely none but a manager, looking to catch the "public taste," could go quite so far as this. But, in order to do this, it is necessary to find some law—seeing that this all is to occur in a "strict" court of justice; and the law—c'rowner's—quest law indeed it is—is forthcoming. In the first place, Portia decides for the Jew in that, not having paid the principal sum, Antonio must suffer in the foreclosure of the mortgage, as it were, upon his person. Mr. Wilkes has pointed out that this is against the letter of the whole law, which gives an equity of redemption to the debtor in all such cases. But Mr. Wilkes might have continued his search for legal monstrosities and

been rewarded with them at every step. Portia's next decision is that the Jew has his election between the principal sum and the penalty, and that, with his election, not the law itself can interfere. This, again, is not law; for the law abhors a penalty, and even in a foreclosure will not allow the debtor to be mulcted in more than the face of his debt, interest, and costs. But now, having decided, against all law, for the Jew, Portia begins deciding for the Christian, and the first point she makes is that, when Shylock takes his pound, he must not take a hair's weight more or less, nor yet one ounce of blood. This, again, is clearly not law, since it is an eternal principle of jurisprudence that, when the law grants anything, it also grants everything that is necessary to the conversion of that thing to possession (as, when it grants a farm, it likewise tacitly grants a right of way to that farm). So, if Shylock had had any title to his pound of flesh, he would certainly have had a title to draw as much blood as it was absolutely necessary to draw in cutting out that pound, and such portions of flesh over and above a pound as it would be absolutely necessary to cut out, providing the cutting out was done by a skillful operator and not a bungler. Astounded at this turn of the tide, Shylock deliberates, and finally cries, "Well, give me my principal and let me go!" Portia thereupon renders her fourth decision, which is the most astounding of all—namely, that, having once refused a tender of the money in open court, the Jew is not entitled to change his mind and take it! Since the days of Moses—certainly since the days of Littleton—a tender has never quite destroyed a debt, but only the interest and costs accruing upon it, after the tender! If this is a sample of the law we are to have when women become judges, let us pray that the day is not o'er-close at hand! But it is not Portia's fault. Such a glaring and high-handed sacrifice of common law and common sense to stage effect could only have been conceived of by a manager anxious for the plaudits and the pence of a crowded house.

But did none of William Shakespeare's contemporaries suspect the harmless deception? There is no proof at hand, nor any evidence at all positive, that the intimates of the manager understood him to be, or to have ever pretended to have been, the original author of the text of the plays he gave to his players. Let us at least do William Shakespeare the justice to say that we can find nowhere any testimony to his having asserted a falsehood. But, if he did so pretend to his intimates, certainly some of them must have wagged their heads in secret. Surely, Ben Jonson, who bears testimony that his friend Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," must have queried a little within himself as to

where certain things he read in the text of his friend's plays came from, always supposing that he did not know perfectly well where they *did* come from. It seems more than probable, as we have already said, that whoever suspected or knew the source of the plays—and who also knew, if such was the fact, that they were claimed as Shakespeare's compositions—had more cue to wink at than to expose the humbug. We find, indeed, that one, Robert Greene by name, did protest against "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers" (i. e., pretending to be a dramatist when he was not), "that, with his tygres heart wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrey." That is to say, in language more intelligible at this day, that, being a sort of Jack-of-all-trades around the theatre—holding horses, taking tickets, acting a little, putting pieces on the stage, and writing out their parts for the actors—he (Shakespeare) came in time to consider himself a dramatist, a manager, and a tragedian, all in one.

Doubtless Greene was inspired by jealousy—for he was a writer of plays for the stage himself—in making and publishing this sneer. But, as he was endeavoring to make his remarks so personal to Shakespeare as to be readily recognized, he would not have alluded to him except by some well-known characteristic. So he calls him a "Jack-of-all-trades," that is, a man who did a little of everything. Is a Jack-of-all-trades about a theatre the ideal poet, philosopher, and seer, who wrote the Shakespearean drama—the ideal of the Shakespeareans?

But, to recur to the volumes before us, we find Mr. Wilkes wasting no time upon the Baconian or any other theory, in his American point of view, but proceeding, like all his predecessors, to construct a Shakespeare to suit himself. It is to his praise that he has endeavored to construct this Shakespeare out of the Shakespearean pages, rather than to have unreined his fancy. But he makes his own particular Shakespeare, nevertheless.

The Wilkes Shakespeare is a Romanist. We consider this to his praise, for to be a good Romanist is to be a good Christian, and to be one in a Protestant reign is to be a consistent Christian as well. But this is all the good Mr. Wilkes's Shakespeare is. Beyond that he is base-born, a man despised of his equals, and a flugelman and tidewaiter at the knees of an aristocracy to which he can not attain—an obscene jester, etc., etc.—and this author he calls Shakespeare. Such a one, whoever he is, is neither Bacon nor Raleigh, at all events.

Mr. King, in his abounding zeal for "our Shakespeare," gives us much eulogy, very little argument, and remakes but one or two points, namely, that a large proportion of the Shakespearean characters are made to bear Warwickshire names, such as Ford, Page, Evans, Hugh, Oliver, Sly, Marion Hackett, the fat alewife of Wincot, Curtis, Burton Heath, Fluellen, Bardolph, and so on; and that certain expressions which have puzzled commentators, such as "make straight" (meaning "make haste"), "quoth" (meaning "went"), the use of the word "me" in place of "for me," "old" for "frequent," etc., etc., are Warwickshire expressions, and current in no other parts of England.

But, as anybody can see, the majority of these surnames are far from being uncommon names, and are quite as prevalent in New York, for example, as they are or were in Warwickshire. So, therefore, if, as we have suggested, Mr. Manager Shakespeare dressed up his friends' dialogues for his own stage, and tucked in the clowns and jades, this usage of Warwick names might well be accounted for. Four of these names are taken out of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and three of them from the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew"—matter in the composition of which Shakespeare or any other playwright might have had the largest hand, without entitling himself to any Olympus.

And if, in the dressing up, Shakespeare inserted a clown or a sot here and there, to make sport, nothing would be more natural than that he should put into their mouths the *argot* he had grown up amid in his boyhood, and make the drunken turnkey in "Macbeth" to say, with hiccoughs, "If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have *old* turning the key." For, as Mr. King can see for himself, the cardinals and kings do not use these phrases; nor, we may add, are the surnames he particularizes ever bestowed on them, but only on the low-comedy characters of the plays.

According to the chronicles and the record, then, one William Shakespeare, a "general utility" actor, and *Johannes Factotum*, lived and thrived in London some two hundred and fifty odd years ago. At about that date a book is likewise written. Who are these who find this book, and make this man to fit it? Verily there are none so blind as those who are determined not to see! To have written that book one must needs have been, let us say—for he was at least all these—a philosopher, a poet, a lawyer, a leech, a naturalist, a traveler, a student of Bible history! Strange to say, at the time this book—in portions—is making its appearance, there are two men living, each of whom is a poet, a philosopher, a student of laws and of physics, and a

traveler. One of them is known to have read the Bible, then what we understand to-day by a "current work." Together these two men possess in themselves about all of their age with which subsequent ages care to connect themselves. But it is not suggested that these two men, Bacon and Raleigh, might have written the book for which an author is wanted. Oh, no; we are to pass them by, and sift the dust at their illustrious feet, if haply we may find a fetich to fall down before and worship!

Must the man that wrote the dramas have visited Italy? Mr. Halliwell and others inform us of Shakespeare's visit to Verona, Venice, and Florence. Must Shakespeare have been at the bar? My Lord Campbell writes us a book to show his familiarity with the science of jurisprudence. (That book has traveled far upon a lordly name. It is an authority until it happens to be read. Once we open it, it is only to find that the passages of the Shakespearean dramas which stamp their author's knowledge of the common law are the passages his lordship does not cite, while over the slang and dialect which any smatterer might have memorized from turning the pages of an attorney's hornbook his lordship gloats and postulates and relapses into ecstasy.) Must Shakespeare have been a physician? There has not been wanting the book to prove him that.* And, crowning this long misrule of absurdity, comes an authority out of Philadelphia, to assure us that the youth Shakespeare, on quitting his virgin Stratford for the metropolis, was scrupulous to avoid the glittering temptations of London; that he eschewed wine and women; that he avoided the paths of vice and immorality, and piously kept himself at home, his only companion being the family Bible, which he read most ardently and vigorously!† It is to be

* "The Medical Acquirement of Shakespeare." By C. W. Stearns, M. D. New York, 1865.

† "Shakespeare and the Bible." By John Rees, etc., etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

We commend to readers of this paper this latest authority, and can not forbear noting a few of his "discoveries." Mr. Rees has found out (p. 37) not only that William Shakespeare wrote the lines—

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ("The Tempest," i. 2),

but that he took them from Deuteronomy viii. 4—

Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell—

which is a very fair sample of the wonderful disclosures of his book.

So he finds (p. 34) in "The Tempest," i. 2, the lines—

. . . . All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel.
. . . . Not a hair perished.

hoped, for Charity's sweet sake, that our latest author has truth for his color and testimony for his oil. The picture has at least the freshness and charm of utter novelty!

And so the work of Shakespeare-making goes on. The facts are of record. We may run as we read them! Unless, indeed, it be necessary, out of reverence to the errors of our fathers, that we refuse to read at all, and accept instead the ideal of Halliwell and De Quincey, of Grant White, and of ten thousand more, who prefer to write their biographies of William Shakespeare, not in the first person, like Baron Münchhausen, nor in the second person, like the memoirs of Sully, but in the probable and supposititious person of "it is possible he did *this*," and "it is likely he did *that*."

Columbus discovered the continent we call after the name of another. Where shall we find written the name of the genius whose fruit and fame this Shakespeare has stolen? Having lost "our Shakespeare," both to-day and forever, it will doubtless remain—as it is—the question, "Who wrote the Shakespearean dramas?" The evidence is all in—the testimony is all taken. Doubtless it is a secret that even Time will never tell, since it is hidden deep down in the crypt and sacristy of the Past, whose seal shall never more be broken. In the wise land of China, when a man has deserved well of the state, his countrymen honor, with houses, and lands, and gifts, and decorations, and public testimonials, not himself, but his father and his

And in Acts xxvii. 34:

There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.

In which the parallelism is in the word *hair*!!!

Or, again (p. 36):

Though they are of monstrous shape, . . .
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any ("The Tempest," iii. 3);

and also:

In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously, . . . who also honored us with many honors; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary.—(Acts xxviii. 7-10.)

In which—unless it be in the fact that one of these passages is in *an act* and the other in *Acts*—the reader must find the parallelism for himself, without assistance from Mr. Rees.

Shakespeare, Mr. Rees tells us, never neglected his Bible, because (p. 28) "he was indebted to one whose love added a bright charm to the holy passages she taught him to read and study—to his mother was Shakespeare indebted for early lessons of piety, and a reverence for a book from whose passages in after-life he wove himself a mantle of undying fame!"

mother. Learning a lesson from the Celestials, let us rear a shaft to the fathers and the mothers of that immortality which wrote the Book of Nature, that great book which "age can not wither nor custom stale," and whose infinite variety for

three centuries has been, and until time shall disappear shall be, close to the hearts of every age and cycle of men—household words forever and ever! The book—thank Heaven! we say again—that nothing can divorce from us!

APPLETON MORGAN.

"A MAN MAY NOT MARRY HIS GRANDMOTHER."

(Conclusion.)

IV.

IT was not given to Devons at once to find an opportunity for telling his adventure to Marcia. She did not appear at the next lecture, nor at the following one. He saw her at the library, but she was inaccessible there; although once when he was peeping over his book at her he saw her, as he for a moment fancied, return the covert glance, but he could not be sure of this, since he had no opportunity to confirm his fancy. In default of a more intelligible acquaintance, he was forced to content himself with such growth of knowledge as could be reached by silent observation. He could not fail to see how much she was deferred to by the other attendants.

"Don't ask me, ask Miss Church; she knows; she knows everything," he overheard one say to another, and there was an air of fitness to the place about her, which was not wholly the effect of her slight, trim figure, as she moved quickly and silently about the rooms. The others, in the absence of the head librarian, had a way of gathering in the corner and amusing each other with the thousand and one things which seem to young girls amusing. It had chanced to Devons once to be unwittingly an eavesdropper, behind a barricade of books, to one of the animated conversations that looked so engaging at a distance, and when he extricated himself he could better understand why Marcia never seemed to have for such groups anything but a slight smile as she passed. Thus it was that putting together numberless trifles he found a character growing out of them which never seemed to fail when applied as a test to the girl. His own difficulty of approach, perhaps, added to the dignity with which he invested her, and the longer he remained at a distance the more perfectly he adjusted to his vision the figure which he saw in the perspective. He jested with himself sometimes—a mode of reflection which has its disad-

vantages—upon the fascination which he felt creeping over him and drawing him to the library, even when he had no special errand among the books. There was an ancient reader there, who had occupied a certain station so long as to acquire a sort of preëmption right to it, and enjoyed privileges not accorded to others. He had his books arranged as a kind of fort about his work, and within the inclosure his papers lay; here he worked or trifled, whichever it was that he was doing, and no one ventured to remove the books, nor did he himself carry away his papers. It was his private desk, and he would sit at it interminably mending quill pens, and making notes in a diminutive handwriting on scraps of paper, keeping up a muttering to himself, or a gentle murmur which was not unlike the sound of bees on a summer day. Devons used to look at him with curiosity, and to wonder if he himself might not be growing like him; whether, indeed, the old gentleman had not at some remote period been under a like glamour with himself, and had come to haunt the library long after the charm which drew him had ceased; could it be that he was himself becoming spectral in his nature, and destined to suffer his dawning interest in this girl to evaporate slowly for lack of more positive encouragement?

He was half scorning himself in this fashion one forenoon as he came to the library, and for a moment was disposed to brush the whole illusion away by turning on his heel, but suddenly conceived the more manly purpose of going in to his work and entirely disregarding the thin web which he had so fantastically woven. As he began to ascend the staircase, he noticed an elderly lady, stout and short-breathed, and apparently a little lame, toiling up the steps before him. She stopped a moment and turned about, with so much fatigue in her manner that he came to her side and offered her his arm for support.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she said, taking it.

"I'm not used to climbing these long flights. Never would do it, but I had a special errand this morning. I don't lean too hard?"

"Not at all, ma'am. I go up so often that I am almost a part of the staircase myself."

"Dear me! Well, perhaps if I was younger I shouldn't mind it. I suppose I should go through a good deal to get at the books. You're not one of the librarians, are you?" she asked, with a sudden interest.

"Oh, no; I use the library as a student, but I am here so much that I am well used to it."

"Then perhaps you'll do me a favor. I want to see one of the librarians, and I'm not used to the place. It makes me nervous to go to strange places, and I've never been here, though my daughter's been a librarian here for a good while—as much as two years now, I think. Is this the door? Well, will you give me a seat, and tell Miss Church her mother's here?"

Devons placed the old lady in the nearest seat, and went off cheerfully in search of Miss Church. She was not in plain sight, and he began to try the various rooms and recesses where she might be at work. He was gone for some time on a fruitless search, and at length came back to the mother, who was fanning herself contentedly on a long settee near the door where he had placed her.

"I am sorry to be so long about finding your daughter," said he, "but I have not yet seen her. There is one other place, though, where I have not looked," and saying this he tried a staircase which led him to the top of the building to a room used partly as a storeroom, and not much frequented. Here he was more successful. Marcia was in a corner, turning over a heap of books, and so occupied in her business that she did not at first discover the visitor. He pleased himself for a moment with watching her, absorbed as she was, and thinking on what an odd errand he had come. She turned about presently and saw him. His attitude of watching could not be dissembled.

"You looked so intent, Miss Church, that I did not know if you would thank me for interrupting you. Your mother would be glad to see you."

"My mother!"

"Exactly, or at any rate a lady who asks to see her daughter, Miss Church. I offered to find you, for as I had called you by that name several times without being contradicted, I thought the circumstantial evidence tolerably conclusive. But perhaps there is another Miss Church here besides Miss M. Church?"

"Oh, no. I beg your pardon. I was surprised for a moment, as mother never had been

here before. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Devons."

He started to go down with her.

"I have never had an opportunity," he plunged into talk, "to tell you about my visit to the Shakespeares. I went to see them, and tried to rescue your sonnet, but did not succeed. But I did see Susanna, and I should really like to tell you about her. Why are you not at the lectures? They are almost over."

"I know it," said she, and hurried forward to her mother. Devons parted from her as they emerged into the large room, and confessed himself unaccountably unsuccessful in his interview. He had not been long at his table before Marcia came forward to him, somewhat ill at ease, and said, hurriedly:

"Mr. Devons, my mother desires to thank you for your kindness to her. Will you have the goodness to speak to her?"

He followed her to the settee, and the daughter formally introduced him.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Devons, I'm sure," said she. "I didn't know, till my daughter told me, that you were an author. I'm sure I feel very proud to have had your help coming up these long stairs, and I want to thank you very much indeed, and for hunting up my daughter, too. I'm sure I never could have found her without your help."

"It was a very small service. You must not thank me too much."

"Well, I won't. I like people to take things naturally, but I couldn't go away without thanking you."

"If you are going now, may I do another smaller service by helping you down stairs?"

"Well, now, I call that real polite, and should be obliged, for if there is one thing as bad as going up a long flight, it is going down the same."

She called her daughter, too, and Devons on one side and Marcia on the other piloted her safely to the street.

"Come and see us, Mr. Devons," she said, as she left them. "Come and see us. We live plainly at No. 5 Ash Street; we're an old-fashioned family; but you'll be welcome."

"I certainly will come," he said, and he added, as he turned back with Marcia: "I really don't know whether you introduced me to your mother, or your mother introduced me to you. May I ask if you two make up the family?"

"There are none others. We live very quietly alone."

"But you do not withhold your invitation, do you?"

"Oh, no. Mother does not have a great many friends, and it will be a favor to have you come."

It was with so guarded an invitation as this that Devons was obliged to content himself, but at least it gave him admission, and the slight difficulties in the way of his approach to Miss Church served to enhance in his mind the value of what lay at the further end. He called, therefore, that very evening. He had already been as far as the door with Marcia herself, and had passed the house more than once in his daily walk, with an eye to such disclosures as the outside of a house might make. It was situated in a neighborhood where business was encroaching on dwelling-houses, and the house in which the Churches lived was somewhat isolated by having its yard hemmed in on either side by tall warehouses. The house was an old-fashioned wooden one, placed endwise to the street, and a little garden occupied the inclosure. Marcia herself answered his knock, and ushered him into the little parlor where her mother sat.

"You see I took you at your word before you could forget it, Mrs. Church. I have not so many friends in the city that I can afford to lose a new one by any carelessness of mine."

"You will make them easily if you are always as attentive to old ladies as you were to me."

"You have found some new ones in Mr. Shakespeare and his daughter, have you not?" asked Marcia.

"That is my daughter's way of putting it, Mr. Devons. She is so much at home with books that I tell her sometimes she talks like a book."

"She is talking of real life now, though," said Devons. "We happened each to see an oddity who bore a striking resemblance to Shakespeare, and I followed the acquaintance, and found he actually carried that name."

"Was his daughter Shakespearean?" asked Marcia, "or did she look like Mrs. Hemans, who, I believe, has been called Shakespeare's daughter?"

Devons laughed at the recollection of Susanna.

"I have been trying to make out what character in his dramas Shakespeare drew from Susanna, but I can not, unless it was Beatrice, and I should want some of Shakespeare's skill to describe her. She is a red-haired, frolicsome Irish girl, with a dash of unlearned wisdom."

"Unlearned wisdom?" said Mrs. Church. "That is impossible. Marcia here is the wisest girl I know, but she has got her wisdom through learning. I'm sure she didn't catch it from me."

"Is your name really Marcia?" asked Devons, with an amused look. "I supplied you with the name long ago for my own satisfaction, and when I saw M. Church in your Chaucer, I was

very curious to know for what M. stood. How odd!"

Marcia looked somewhat confused, and got up to mend the fire.

"I think it is very natural," said she, "to fit names to people, or people to names. They are generally given too soon to be very descriptive, or peculiarly appropriate."

"I think your name suited Mr. Devons very well," said her mother, complacently.

"Mother!"

"And what was the name?" asked Devons. "I hope you named me late enough to make it appropriate."

"It was a piece of childish play," said Marcia, vehemently. "Mr. Devons, please to say no more about it."

"Why, it wasn't so bad, Marcia," said Mrs. Church, deprecatingly.

"Have you found the lectures on Chaucer interesting?" asked that young lady.

Devons replied becomingly, and the talk entered upon various topics pertaining to literature and the fine arts. He found Miss Church uncommonly familiar with subjects which he had himself studied, and wondered to himself how she had managed to make herself acquainted with them sufficiently to talk so understandingly. Her mother said little, but rocked gently in her chair, and listened to the two with a satisfied air, which became rather oppressive at length. There was, however, to Devons, a pleasure in talking with a girl who looked at literature from much the same point as himself. Mrs. Church was not far out of the way, in explaining this, when, at one turn of the conversation, she appealed to him with the question—

"Mr. Devons, don't you think Marcia might be an authoress?"

"It is not a question that Mr. Devons can determine, mother," broke in the one most interested; "you speak as if I had only to choose that position as I would choose at which shop I should buy a dress."

"But I should be untrue to my own profession," said Devons, "if I did not believe it worth the ambition of any one."

"Of course," said Mrs. Church, "that's just what I tell Marcia. And she's had such excellent opportunities by being in the library. I think you ought to see some of the things Marcia has written, Mr. Devons."

"Mother! Mr. Devons can read literature, and does not need to read studies for literature."

"None the less, I should like to see something of yours."

"You may wait till the world sees it."

"Now, Marcia, that sounds ruder than you mean, I'm sure."

"Then you must not make me say such things. I wish sometimes I had never seen a book or used a pen."

"There was one summer, Mr. Devons, when I took my daughter to the seaside, and we went for three months without reading or writing a word. You'd hardly believe it possible, but Marcia was so run down after she left school that the doctor said nothing else would answer. It took a good deal of courage. I'd like to show you a couple of pictures I have that I keep to show how much any one could change.—Where's that album, Marcia?" but the girl had slipped out of the room.—"Oh, I know, it's in the secretary." She rose and brought it. "Now see here," and she called his attention to the first picture in the book. It certainly entirely answered the description which Mrs. Church had given of her daughter: a nervous, anxious-looking schoolgirl with a face which could be known as Marcia's, but almost painful to look at. "There, that's the way she looked when we went down to York. I had that picture taken, because I thought she might be going to die. But just look at this one now, taken when we left the seashore." Mrs. Church laid the book before him, and looked triumphantly at the young man over her glasses. Her daughter's absence gave her a certain freedom and confidence which she was not slow to use.

"The change is wonderful," said Devons, who looked eagerly at the picture of a brown face, which showed, even more than the living one with which he was familiar, a certain force and clear gravity. "But what is this by the side of it—this old lady? It looks not unlike your daughter. Is it your mother?"

"Now I think you're real smart. It does look wonderfully like my mother, and it is a picture of Marcia. It was taken at the same time down at York. The young people had been having their charades and tableaux, and Marcia took the part of an old lady reading a book. They all said it was so good that they insisted on her having her picture taken so. You see she's got on a cap and a handkerchief, and is reading a book. When I saw her dressed up in that way I said I shouldn't have known her from my own mother, though I never thought before that Marcia favored her especially. But likenesses do come out sometimes in families wonderfully." Devons looked back and forth from one to the other, and was amused to see how the simple change of dress should so affect the likeness as to make it somewhat difficult to identify the two, and, curiously enough, his problem was not how to make the young face look old, but how to make the old look young. Left to himself, with no previous knowledge, he would have

more easily believed that the older lady had, by dexterous adjustment of dress and surroundings, restored her youth and betrayed the spectator into believing that it was dress only which had made her ever look old; as in the pantomime Columbine suddenly sheds her panoply of decrepitude and stands forth in radiant youthfulness. He chose the more gallant way of disclosing all this when he said:

"Well, Mrs. Church, you may please yourself with thinking that you have seen your daughter as she will be, and that she never will look any older than she does now."

"That's well said, Mr. Devons, and it's not of every one you can say it; but Marcia isn't like some girls, and she doesn't ruin her constitution by going to parties and getting into all manner of excitement. I'm sure you look at these things sensibly." Devons bowed and silently wondered how sensible he was. "I wish I knew whether Marcia was coming back soon. I'd like just to show you some of her poetry."

"Pray do not. Perhaps Miss Marcia herself will some day show it to me, when she comes to have more confidence in me. I know how sensitive one is about one's writing." Marcia entering at this moment disturbed the conversation about her. She sat a little moodily apart from the others, and there was a pause implying more or less guilt, which had been stopped by her coming. "Suddenly she turned to Devons and asked:

"Does Shakespeare's daughter share her father's luxury?"

"They have almost convinced me between them that they are the original people; certainly they do not consciously act a part, and the girl's belief in Shakespeare himself is curiously blended with an affection for her father."

"I should think it would all be artificial and unnatural. I should think you would even feel as if they were a pair of mountebanks ridiculing great ideas by their very assumption of these personalities. I like sane people. I don't like gigglers or loons."

"Do you count your associates at the library as gigglers?"

"They? They're a set of geese, and I think it's intolerable sometimes to hear them cackling among those wise books."

Disdain certainly was becoming to Marcia; and Devons caught himself wondering if her face would not find its prototype on a Greek coin—a fancy which was helped out by the classical poise of her head and simple arrangement of her hair. He had a way of falling into abstractions when overtaken by a sudden fancy, and he blushed now as he recovered himself to find his eyes fixed on the girl, and an awkward

silence upon all. He rose to go, and in some confusion extricated himself from the house without clearing himself of his apparent unmanliness.

"Marcia," said her mother, when he had closed the door behind him, "what will Mr. Devons think? How can you say such things? Did you not see how he looked at you?"

"He may look any way he wants to," said the girl, bursting into tears and running out of the room.

V.

IT was not late when Devons left the Churches, and as he walked through the streets it suddenly occurred to him that it would be worth his while to look up the Shakespeares again. He resented a little the violent judgment which Marcia had pronounced upon them, yet felt a secret misgiving lest she were right, even if a little harsh in her expression. He found himself making a touchstone of Marcia, and asking how would this or that person or idea stand when confronted with her apprehension. He could not deny her a penetration which made him a little uncomfortable even as regarded himself. There had been times when she seemed to pierce his consciousness, and his own perception appeared to be cloudy when acting under her eye. Undoubtedly she had a fascination for him, but fascination has a dangerous duplicity of meaning.

Be this as it may, Devons was moved by his impulse to see how Susanna would look by lamplight and in company with her father. He looked up at the window in Half-moon Court and found it lighted, which was not to be said of the passage in the house through which he groped his way to the Shakespeares' apartment. He heard a thrumming on some instrument as he came nearer, and, knocking at the door, Susanna again flung it open with a haste which showed she was expecting some one. She broke into a laugh when she saw the young gentleman in his calling attire.

"I thought it was Tommy," she exclaimed.—"Father, it's not Tommy; it's the Richard Devons I told you of."

Shakespeare had a fiddle in his hand, and was screwing it preparatory to use. He put his instrument down, and came forward with his hand thrust in his waistcoat.

"Ye're wilcome again," he said, with dignity. "Me daughter towld me of yer coming on Wansday, and I was sorry I was not at home. It was business called me away. Sit ye down."

"And who's Tommy?" asked Devons, who was stripping his hands of their gloves.

"Oh, Tommy's a neighbor," said Susanna. "He was coming in with a friend or two for a little dance.—Father, show the gentleman your

fiddle. If he knows a fiddle, he'll find yours a rare one."

"I'm no expert in fiddles," said Devons, "but I'm amazingly fond of the sound of one when its played on with life."

"With life, is it? Play him a jig, father."

There was a curious difference the young man at once felt in the Shakespeare who had a daughter and the one who was receiving a visitor; or perhaps there might be some magic in the fiddle, for Billy—no other name would now suit him so well—gave a little laugh at his daughter, turned the pegs a moment, seized the bow, and, drawing it once or twice with a preliminary flourish, set off upon a rollicking jig which he emphasized now and then by an additional quaver of his body, legs, head, and arms. The carpet had been rolled away, and the hard floor with its faded coat of arms had been cleared of encumbrances. In the midst of Billy's performance a sound of steps was heard, and Susanna, who seemed just ready to obey the imperative call of the jig, spun to the door and opened it for the new-comers. Billy kept on with his music, and a little uproar ensued as a sturdy young Irishman came in with a pretty Irish girl who surrendered herself to Susanna.

"Where's Jack, Tommy?"

"I looked high and low for him, and couldn't find him annywhere, so I gave it up at last and came along with Kathy without him."

"Jack may stay away if he wants to," said Susanna. "We've got a friend here who'll take his place.—Mr. Richard Devons, allow me to introduce me special friends, Mees Kathleen Mavourneen and Mr. Thomas Moore."

She made a low courtesy herself, and swept her hand approvingly over the company.

"Now go 'long wi' you," said Kathleen. "Ye're foolin' him. Me name's Kathleen O'Rourke."

"And mine is Thomas McNamara," said the young man, who hastened likewise to get into his proper person, having no assurance that Thomas Moore was a reputable person at all.

"It's all wan," said Susanna; "how do I know but Mr. Richard Devons is an alias?"

"Ye'll be disowning your own name yet, Susanna," said Thomas, casting a prodigious wink at Devons.

"Tush! I'm Susanna, ye know; the last name's nothing." She said it low, with a look toward her father.

"Na, it's nothing at all, at all," said the young Irishman, winking in a promiscuous way at the whole company; "and it's Jack Connaught that thinks so."

"Glad to see ye," said Billy, who had now finished his jig, and could give his divided atten-

tion to his guests. "Have ye introjuced our frind, Susanna?"

"Yes, father, and he expresses himself as very happy to make their acquaintance." The sudden assumption of Devons's society gravity was accompanied by a twinkle which repaid the young gentleman for the apparent loss of dignity which he might be supposed to suffer. He laughed with the rest, and the general merriment of the room was as hearty as it was unreasonable. Billy took his fiddle again, happy whenever he could flourish it, and without more ceremony the little company was spinning about the little room, or executing little jigs, half impromptu, but always in keeping with the unwearyed fiddle. It can not be said that Devons was a very skillful dancer; he had never valued the little accomplishments of that kind which he had been taught, but then he never had found dancing much more than a languid accompaniment to feeble wits. Here he was with dancers who danced for the fun of it, and he caught some of the inspiration which possessed them. Even his *faux pas* added to the general stock of pleasure.

"O Richard, Richard!" exclaimed Susanna at one point, "where did ye learn that step? Is it the literary step ye are showing us?—Much learning has not made you a dancer."

"O Susanna, Susanna!" he retorted gayly, "your father's fiddle is bewitched, or it never would have led me into such a scrape as this. I've not danced for a year, I believe." He looked on with admiration not unmixed with envy as he saw the lusty Thomas perform a muscular *pas seul* with an energy which was exhilarating even if not supremely graceful. Kathleen, too, danced well, but all yielded the palm to Susanna, who, entering into the fun with an honest *abandon*, threw so much roguish mirth into face and action that Devons entirely forgot himself and the company in his enthusiasm for the captivating dancer. Susanna herself was overflowing with frolicsomeness. Her bright hair fell over her eyes, and she tossed it back or peeped through it with a brightness of glance which bewitched Devons as it fell on him. The dance broke up with a childish merry-go-round, to the briskest tune that Billy could play, and as they flew apart into the four corners at the sudden peremptory scrape of the bow, Billy himself jumped up, and there was a lively game of puss in the corner. Romp succeeded romp until they were all really too overcome with laughter and fatigue to go any further. Thomas and Kathleen retreated tumultuously, but Devons lingered to take a final taste of his pleasure.

"Do you always have such jolly evenings?" he asked.

"That depends on our company. We don't often have an author to spend the evening with us."

"Nonsense, Susanna! How much of the author have you seen in me this evening?"

"Why, I thought all along it was the author that was jolly," she persisted. "But I'll take it back if ye like, and say that Richard Devons made merry, and Mr. Devons, the author of the dear knows what, was in the doleful dumps."

"Ye have not towld us what work it is that ye have written," said Shakespeare, who had laid aside his fiddle and stood in a dignified attitude before the two.

"Susanna only calls me an author to tease me," said Devons.

"And pray who told me you was an author?" she asked. "It was yourself, and I've not forgotten that ye have written about—but we'll not name him, or ye'll say he was an author, too."

"Well, was he not?"

"Not a bit of it. He was just a great man, and the dramas and the poems came out from him as me words come from me lips; d'ye think he stopped to pick them up, and put them in order, and pat them, and rub out this, and stick in that, and make a book, and go round like a loony and wander whether folks were reading his plays?" Devons winced a little as he recalled his own petty delight in his own work, but he was not to be put down.

"No, for plays were not made into books then till they had been tried on the stage. Shakespeare published his plays when he set them at the Globe, and I warrant he was glad when Ben Jonson praised them. Nobody can help liking to have his work liked. Come, honestly, Susanna, you like to talk, don't you?"

"I'll not be questioned in the dark," said she, warily.

"And you like to dance, for you dance well."

"Manny thanks to such a master of dancing," she said, rising and making a courtesy.

"Well, now, I don't believe but you like to have me like your talk, just as Shakespeare liked to have his plays crowded, and as I like—"

"Tut, tut!" said she, closing his mouth. "Shakespeare and you, indade, in one breath!"

"And you," he gurgled, laughing and extricating himself.

"That's a great name, yoong man," said Shakespeare himself, who had been looking on and dimly apprehending the dispute; "ye must say it varry sariously."

"Ay, that ye must," said Susanna. "For Shakespeare made men, and ye write a book about Shakespeare, and pray is some one to tell fibs about you?"

"Have ye written a book about Shakespeare?" asked the man, eagerly.

"Yes, I have," said Devons, stoutly, "or rather not a book, but a magazine article on Shakespeare's observation of nature. I'll bring it to you, but Susanna shall not read it."

"What a mighty loss!" said she, with mock scorn.

"Shut your eyes, then, when I come again, so as not to know what you miss.—Good night," and he shook hands with Shakespeare. Susanna followed him to the door.

"You'll bring it, will you not?" she whispered, coaxingly. "You'll not disappoint him?" tossing her head toward the room.

"No, nor you, for you will want to make more fun of me."

"But I'm in earnest," she called out after him. "Richard!" He came back at the summons. "It's a small thing will give my father pleasure. Ye'll let me read it to him?"

"I were but little happy if I could say how much," he laughingly said, as he left her.

He did not fail to come again the next day with his article, but neither Shakespeare nor his daughter was at home, and he was forced to leave the parcel with Kathleen, who lived on the lower floor, and showed in the daylight the same pretty, honest face which she bore the night before.

"You are not the worse for the frolic last night," said Devons.

"Hoh! 'twould take more than waning to floor me, or Susanna ayther. But Susanna's a jewel of a girl. How she takes care of that poor loon of a father of hers!"

"He seems pretty well able to take care of himself."

"Oh, ye don't know him, ye don't know him," said Kathleen, shaking her head. Devons forbore to ask more, unwilling to gossip with such near neighbors, and feeling, indeed, that there was something in the relation of father and daughter which was not to be made the subject of idle talk. Nor was he quite ready to talk of his odd acquaintance with Marcia Church. He did not feel quite sure that she would entirely understand or enter into Susanna's spirit, and a sense of justice forbade him to make an ineffective showing of the Shakespeares. She asked him once or twice about them, but he passed the question by. To tell the truth, though he would scarcely have borne to hear the truth, he was a little afraid of Marcia. Her judgment seemed so clear and incisive, her whole attitude was so fixed, that whenever he himself wavered in opinion or feeling he was tolerably certain that the expression of his doubt would at once call out from Marcia some decisive word which would

humble him in his own self-esteem and make him admire anew her unflinching decree.

More and more frequently he sought her society, and in his work she supplied the test. Not only when any paper was completed did he invariably seek her house and read it aloud to Marcia and her mother, but he acquainted her with the steps by which he moved. His own knowledge was wider than hers and he had a more thorough training, so that he rarely failed to bring her something new as the result of his scholarship and his reflection; yet given the knowledge, which she easily apprehended on his statement, her own inductions were oftentimes revelations to him of secrets which he had never suspected.

Thus it was that by some instinct which he did not submit to her test, he refrained from telling her of his occasional visits to Half-moon Court. He would have been indignant at the assumption that he was ashamed of his new acquaintance. On the contrary, he often speculated on the chance of bringing together these two girls so unlike each other, and wondered how they would meet; only in such case he confessed to himself that he would rather be an invisible spectator than an active medium of communication. With each apart he found exceeding pleasure. He came upon Susanna one day as she was reading to her father the essay which he had left for them, but he could not pin her down to any expression of criticism upon it. Racy as her talk often was, he sometimes found it easier to talk to her, and often with an apparent caprice she would not let him talk at all, but would sing song after song to him or engage him in some game or sport. Tommy and Kathy would occasionally drop in upon them, and once a sheepish Jack, who sat in the corner and smiled incessantly, came also; the father rarely joined in talk, but sometimes, especially after an exercise on the fiddle, would caper about in some lively game. Devons had come to notice also a certain watchful care which Susanna took of her father, but never could he detect any anxiety.

Nevertheless, his own visits there grew more infrequent. His silence with regard to them when visiting Marcia began to oppress him. He could not go back and explain them; he could not take them for granted in talking with her; he never felt accountable to Susanna for his visits to Marcia, yet in some curious way he felt accountable to Marcia for his visits to Susanna, and it was a discomfort to him that he should be concealing them from her; it was easier to give them up than to confess them and continue them. So, little by little he detached himself from Half-moon Court, and became exclusively occupied with the Churches.

They took their pleasure together in other

ways. Marcia had no care for music, but she enjoyed tragedies, and, it must be confessed, lectures even more than tragedies. So they went often to the Institute and occasionally to the theatre. The awkwardness of their earlier meetings had long since worn off, and Marcia seemed to accept her friend with an even contentment, which made it not impossible even for him to jest with her as he recalled their informal introduction to one another. He was sitting alone with her one evening at her house on return from the Institute, and she had not yet removed her hat. Whatever she wore, he would tell her, had a faint suspicion of old fashion, though he would have been puzzled to say in what it consisted, and he always noticed the effect most in the somewhat stiff room which served as half library, half sitting-room, at the Churches'.

"How fashions come round in course of time!" he said, eying her more curiously than he knew.

She lowered her chin, and looked down on herself, to discover what he was remarking.

"You have an extraordinary way of looking as if you saw something, Mr. Devons."

"Oh, I was noticing the handkerchief which you wear round your throat."

She untied it and took it off.

"There, the effect's gone; but you had a singular likeness just then to that quaint picture which your mother showed me once of you, taken as if you were your grandmother. Pray let me see it again."

She found the book for him, and they looked at the picture together.

"I remember very well when that was taken. I stood before the glass and tried to fancy how I should feel when I was as old as I looked, but of course I could not."

"No; it is fortunate that we never can really be anything else than what we are at the moment, and you were only simulating an old woman."

"I don't believe I shall mind being one. I would rather stand at the end of such a life of ours than at the beginning. Fifty years hence, when you and I begin to feel old, we shall have all the more to remember, shall we not?"

There was something of a surprise in her words, and in her voice as well, which was rarely so tender.

"Give me the two pictures, will you not? Then fifty years hence we can look at them and see in which you are imitating the other."

He laid his hand persuasively beside hers on the book. She drew out the two pictures, and looked again at them.

"Well, take them, if you like, and look at them once more fifty years from now."

"I suppose I may look at them before that," he rejoined, smiling, as he took them from her. Marcia did not respond, and the conversation passed upon other matters. Devons felt a constraint which made him awkward in his words. He seemed to be talking almost in another voice, and he rose presently to take his leave. Marcia gave him her hand at parting, an unusual gift for her. He held it a moment.

"I shall not seal the pictures, 'To be opened in fifty years,'" he said, as he left her, and he hurried away, profoundly agitated in his mind. A word, a look, a tone had seemed to make an opening in some invisible curtain which hung between them. Why had he not, with the boldness of watchful love, seized the rent and made it irreparable?

VI.

THERE had been a number of raw, east-wind days in the spring, which conspired to keep people in-doors, while Spring was privately making arrangements for her yearly surprise. The governor had appointed the customary fast, which fell on a Thursday in the middle of April. The usual doubts were expressed by people as to the propriety of continuing the observance, and the usual preparations were made by the bulk of the people for enjoying a holiday after the long winter seclusion. Devons, used to a country home, was possessed with a longing to get into the open fields; he could, indeed, go any day he chose, but the regularity of his life made an individual holiday something against the rules, and he was as glad as others to avail himself of a State holiday. Moreover, he had been pleasing himself with the idea that he should like for once to separate Marcia from her books and her house, and taste the pleasure of unrestricted companionship under larger skies. It was to be a holiday for her, too, for the library would be closed.

"Let us go into the country Thursday," said he, as they sat over the wood fire a few evenings after she had given him the pictures. "Let us celebrate Spring by going out to meet her. I have no complaint to make of the winter, but I begin to feel my wings twitch, and I want to try them a-field."

"I am a little restless myself," she replied, with a smile. "I am not sure that I am quite ready to fly, but I will look on and see you—"

"Fly away? I hope not."

There followed one of those long pauses which had grown somewhat common of late with them. It was broken by Devons saying:

"I can not help wishing that you played or sang. Silence is sometimes better than talk, and music is sometimes better than silence. I confess I should be glad, in the indolent mood I am now in, if you were to sit down unbidden at

some instrument, or, better still, sing some plaintive melody."

"That is, you would like me to do the work for you when you were lazy? Thank you. I like my thoughts better than jingling sound."

"Then pray let me have your thoughts."

"They are not enough my own yet for me to give them away," she replied presently. "Various things were passing through my mind. . . . Shakespeare's daughter sang, did she not? I think you told me so."

"Yes. I never heard her sing anything very plaintive, though. How came you to speak of her?"

"Oh, she was one of the various things that passed through my mind. . . . I think I should like to see her. . . . No, I should not."

"You would rather fancy her, eh?"

"It is not that. . . . When did you see her last?" she suddenly turned to him and asked.

"I saw her yesterday." He tried to speak carelessly, and he was vexed that so slight a matter should discompose him. "I went in last evening for a few minutes. It was a good while since I had seen her father, and I did not want him to think me neglectful of him."

"After you were here?"

"Yes. You know you sent me away while it was still early. You said you had some work you wanted to do by yourself."

"What do you do when you go there? Do you discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses? Tell me what you did last night."

Marcia was looking keenly at him.

"I found two or three friends of the family there, and the 'divine Williams' was playing the fiddle. Have I told you what a *virtuoso* he is? He plays the fiddle with all his might. It is positively exhilarating to hear him, and you would hardly know him for the rather fierce-looking dramatist who accosted you once with such aggressive politeness."

"And they were dancing, I suppose?"

"Yes, having a very merry time."

"Dancing Irish jigs?"

"Dancing Irish jigs. Innocent Irish jigs."

"And you put your arms akimbo, I suppose, and danced with them?"

"This dreadful fact is unquestionably more dreadful from having been extorted from me an inch at a time."

"I am sorry I can not offer you any jigs for your entertainment."

"Why so scornful? Do you think I have been taking these pleasant evenings here this winter in anxious expectation that you would at length propose an evening of jigs and breakdowns?"

"I don't dance."

"Susanna Shakespeare says I can't. Please tell me what you were doing when I was off on this disreputable rout?"

"No, I will not. I did mean to, but I can not now. I will go with you Thursday on one condition."

"What is that? Do not make it too easy."

"That you will not go to the Shakespeares before we go." She turned away, though she had been looking him before in the face.

"Poh! Make a harder condition than that."

"Well, that you will not want to go."

"That's easily accepted," said he, gayly.

It lacked but a day or two before Thursday, and Devons was for some reason out of tune for work. He could not pin himself to his desk, and spent much of the time sauntering about the streets. The condition imposed upon him he had found no difficulty in accepting, yet the recollection of Half-moon Court persistently came to him. He tried to banish it as constructively disloyal, and used the remembrance of his many evenings with Marcia Church as an expulsive power; so it was that he seemed in his mind to be running back and forth between the two houses. It was a relief on Thursday to present himself bodily at Ash Street. Mrs. Church received him cordially.

"I'm glad you are going to take Marcia out to-day, Mr. Devons. The poor girl is growing pale with so much confinement, and if she goes on like this I shall have to take her to the shore again. Do you know, I don't believe it's wholly the library work?" She looked very mysterious, and Devons had an uncomfortable feeling that she was implying some understanding with him. "I think—now mind, I don't say it—but I think she's writing a book."

"That would certainly account for her palor," said Devons, "but I myself had not noticed any special paleness. I thought the other night I never had seen her looking better."

"She always does look better when you're here. She don't get much other company, and company always brightens her up; that is, some company. But I'm pretty sure it's a book. Oh, there she is!—Marcia, don't you let Mr. Devons tire you out. You know he tells us he's a great walker."

"I have two gaits, Mrs. Church, and my fast-day gait is my slower.—Miss Marcia, this day is made for us. The east wind has gone off to sea."

"To bring your ship in, no doubt," said Mrs. Church, looking with admiration at the two young people as they set out on their excursion. They had chosen, at Marcia's suggestion, a direction which took them through an adjacent town famous for its college; she had not been

there for years, and was curious to see the changes, to note the new buildings which had risen, and all the signs of increasing prosperity. Devons was a trifle impatient at their detention among these urban sights; he was for leaving all semblance of the town behind them, and so he finally led his companion out beyond the college into more open country. They passed many strollers and riders; a gentle warmth was in the air; Spring was everywhere giving signs of her speedy and triumphant return, and it was a hardened heart, indeed, that could fail to respond to her advances.

"I wonder if the English spring brings quite as much deliverance as ours?" said Devons.

"Chaucer could not compare the English spring with ours, but he thought himself another man when it did come. Do you not remember the pretty passage where he seems to throw his books into the corner and goes out to meet the daisies?"

"Yes; well, indeed. And yet I am afraid that I never shall read Chaucer with the historic imagination, for I never can take him up without my mind recurring at once to the first lecture when I was so forward in speaking to you."

"Does that destroy your power of imagination?"

"No; it separates Chaucer, though, from other writers."

"It is a pity that you should have to associate him with those blank walls of the Institute."

"We'll associate him with this, then," he said. They had stopped by an old-fashioned fence, where they had turned aside from the road into a lane. "There is nothing blank about this landscape, and you and I have moved here from the Institute. We have brought with us the best that those four walls had to give." Some steps behind them made them turn. "Why, that's the very professor who lectured to us," Devons said in a low tone, as a small party drew near. "It would be becoming in him to thank you for the favor you did him that first evening." The company sauntered past, and they were left alone again. Devons was half annoyed at the interruption, and half grateful for it. What his next words would have been he could scarcely say, and he was conscious of a strange search for just such words as would serve his purpose. The silence which they kept was by no means oppressive. "It would never come again," he said to himself, with a curious faculty of playing upon his own emotions. Marcia at length turned toward him with a smile.

"Well, shall we go on?"

"Which way shall we go?" he asked, for the sake of saying something. Then they stopped to listen, for they heard a voice singing

a little farther down the road. Devons knew it in a moment, and made a movement to lead his companion away from it.

"Let them pass us," said she; and at that instant two people came round a bend in the road. There was no mistaking Shakespeare at any rate. He was swinging his stick and stepping along with all his familiar positiveness. Susanna was by his side, and it was from her that the song came, freely and melodiously. She stopped on seeing the two people. Marcia looked hard at her.

"So this is your friend, is it?" she said in a low voice to Devons—"this Irish girl?"

"Friend?" he repeated, in a half-hesitating way. Marcia's lip curled. "Yes, she is," he said, vehemently, his better nature coming back with a rush of shame as the pair came nearer. He stepped quickly forward.

"Susanna, have you walked out here?"

"That I have, Richard. Is it such a weary way? 'Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad one tires in a mile-a.' Is that the sonnet-writing lady?" she added in a lower tone, looking curiously at Marcia. But Shakespeare had already recognized her, and had taken off his hat. Devons stepped back to Marcia's side.

"I'm your obedient servant, miss."

"You know she's anonymous," said Devons, interrupting him.

"You're right, an' I'll only say wan word. If iver I find anny piece of the great Shakespeare's writing, I'll wrap it in the sonnet by the nameless leddy.—Come, Susanna," and, with a proud satisfaction of having made his most gallant speech, he stalked off. Devons laughed nervously when they were gone.

"Shakespeare could certainly pay you no higher compliment. I don't know that you thank me, though, for cutting him short, and I did not introduce his daughter to you."

He was going on with he scarcely knew what rattling talk, but Marcia checked him.

"Did you call that girl Susanna?"

"Very likely."

"And did she call you Richard?" Her face flushed as she said the name.

"I never heard that word from you before," said he, trying gallantly to stem the current. "I have wished for it many a time. Is it too late for you to begin now?"

There was a singular consciousness with him, as if he were retreating slowly from a position which he had been on the eve of taking. She had turned from the fence, and was slowly walking back over the road by which they had come. She did not speak for a moment. Then she looked at him steadfastly.

"I never shall call you Richard."

The road back was a highway, and brought them soon to a horse railway. They took their seats in a car, which was soon crowded with passengers, separating them and rendering all conversation impossible. It was rather a relief than otherwise, for it was impossible for Devons not to know that there was left for him only such commonplaces as were open to any one. His lips had almost parted once to say words which could never be unsaid. A moment more and they were forever sealed. He walked quietly to the door with her. Her mother opened it, and a broad smile overspread her face.

"Good evening, Miss Church," said Devons.

"Good-by, Mr. Devons."

He turned and walked rapidly away. She entered the house, brushed past her mother, and locked the door of her room behind her.

A lover's quarrel is a not infrequent prelude to a more ardent protestation. But what if there is no quarrel, only a sudden separation with a rapidly widening gulf? Certain it is that Devons, looking across the afternoon, saw his morning's thoughts in a very remote perspective. A great possibility had been before him that day—a hard fact lay behind him. Two people—nay, one person—had passed in a moment between him and Marcia, and he knew that he had lost her. The very suddenness of the catastrophe might have had in it something whimsical could he have disengaged his own feelings from the spectacle, but the shock had at all events a certain petrifying effect upon his mind, preserving for him as in some insoluble form the movement which had been going on within him during the past few months, with this result, that he seemed able to detect arrested movements and sensations, and to discover the meaning of half-instinctive feelings. He led a solitary life for weeks, walking restlessly over the country and shunning the city as if it were something to dread. He never entered the library now, and indeed avoided people. He was not very well pleased with himself. There seemed to him to have been a failure in his nature. He had received abundant credit, yet all at once he discovered that he was bankrupt. It was not an agreeable discovery, and his pride resented the imperative conclusion that he had been pursuing a mistaken venture.

Yet he was of too frank a nature to bear long a period of prostration; so it came about that one afternoon he found himself slowly walking toward Half-moon Court. As he entered the court Susanna stepped forward to his side.

"Are you coming to see me?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will let me."

"You were walking so slowly I began to think you were ashamed to come."

"Perhaps I ought to be, Susanna, after

keeping away such an unconscionably long time."

"Yes, it's four weeks the day since I spoke with you, and it's a week since I saw you. Come up stairs."

When they were in the room, Susanna took her seat in front of him.

"Richard, have ye been sick?"

"No, I have been tired."

"I saw ye a week ago in the street, and you did not look up. You were very pale. You are pale now."

Devons looked at her in surprise. He had never known her so quiet.

"But I am not sick, Susanna. Tell me about yourself."

"There's little to tell about me."

"Then tell me about your father."

"So ye did not know? I thought you had been sick. You did not come to us. Me father asked often to see you, but I did not know where to seek ye, and whan I saw ye a week ago ye would not see me." She spoke abruptly, and with an effort. "It would have been a comfort to him, for he set great store by you. I've cried my eyes out, Richard, and there are not many tears left for myself. I'd rather cry for others. It's ill weeping long over one's own troubles. He was not like other men. He was better. Ay," and the old ring came back to her voice, "the people about scorned him, and thought him a poor loon; but is there anny one of them that could forget himself for some greater man, and live, and think, and spake, as if his own poor mind and body were just nothing at all, at all? Is there anny one of them that could walk as honest and upright as he, who owed no man annything, and was willing to give up his own name, and live under the shadow of another? He was na more himself, but he just walked this earth full of gret thoughts and passions, and he'd niver mind the little pape and the little things that'd try to make sport of him. An' he loved his daughter, an' oh, his daughter loved him!"

The tears were rolling down her cheeks now, and she sat looking straight at Devons, with her large eyes filled with a reverent sadness.

"What comfort can I bring you?" he asked.

"It is a comfort to see you here," she said, simply. "I did na know I should iver see you again, and it was hard to lose iverything at wanst." She sat like a child on her low chair, looking earnestly at him. "You'll not leave me intirely?"

"I will not leave you at all if you will let me stay." She looked at him wonderingly. He rose and held out both his hands. "I had found out that I loved you. I came here this afternoon to

tell you so. Is it wrong to give you my love for comfort in your trouble."

"And do you really love the like o' me?"

"There is no like of you but yourself."

The Institute was sacredly set apart to lectures by men; it was the audience only that knew no distinction of sex. But other halls were open, and certainly a generation that had grown up under all the advantages of hearing lectures should be capable of producing some who should be able to give lectures as well.

"Hark to this, Richard," said his wife, one day. "There is to be a course of lectures on Shakespeare by Miss Marcia Church. She was the sonnet lady. It's a wonder to me, honey, that you never married her instead of this ignorant little woman."

"I suspect she came among the forbidden relations, Susanna. You know a man may not marry his grandmother."

"And yet you married a lady of the sixteenth century."

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER FROM A NEW HISTORY.*

THE reign of George III. will always be remarkable for the development of British industry and British trade. The ability and ingenuity of a few great men placed new resources at the disposal of the nation, and by substituting the steam-engine for the hand of man, the road for the track, and the canal for the road, increased a hundred-fold the resources of the country, and its capacity for industrial enterprise. It is questionable whether great wealth and great prosperity are favorable to the cultivation of literature, science, and art. The noblest literature of Rome was, indeed, produced amid the prosperity and wealth which made the reign of Augustus Cæsar memorable. The Tuscan school flourished under the patronage of the wealthiest and the wisest of the Medici. But Raphael in modern history, and Virgil in the ancient world, owed more to the tone of society and to the tone of thought of the ages in which they lived than to the patronage of Augustus or the Medici. Horace did more to perpetuate the name of Mæcenas than Mæcenas did to cultivate the genius of the poet. This country has become much wealthier since the days of Elizabeth and the days of Anne. But it has failed to produce a second Shakespeare or a second Dryden.

The almost unanimous verdict of competent critics has pronounced the most brilliant era of English literature to have commenced with the age of Elizabeth and to have closed with that of Anne. The century and a half which is embraced in this period produced the three greatest masters of the English language—Shakespeare,

Milton, and Dryden. But other writers, some of whom were hardly inferior to these, dignified this golden period of English literature. Spenser, Sidney, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, Cowley, Selden, Clarendon, Bunyan, Butler, Defoe, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Bolingbroke in various ways illustrated and enriched the noble language of their common country. A circumstance with which they had no direct connection themselves stereotyped the expressions which they used. The Bible was translated into English at the very time at which Shakespeare was writing. The Reformation placed the work in the hands of every Englishman who could read. The language of the Bible became the language of the nation; the expressions which its translators used became for ever part and parcel of English speech. An ordinary person can hardly read the pre-Reformation writers without a glossary. No one requires a key to enable him to appreciate the beauties of the Elizabethan dramatist or to understand Raleigh's "History of the World."

Success in any line of life usually leads to imitation. Where one man achieves fame, a hundred others think that they may become equally famous. Birmingham ware has in every age been foisted on a credulous public; and Brummagem has appeared in spurious literature and art nearly as frequently as in spurious silver and gold. The scholars of Raphael imitated with matchless fidelity the finish of their master; and an uncritical age, enchanted with the beauty of their pigments, forbore to notice their want of originality and power. Exactly the same thing occurred in literature in the eighteenth century. Few writers, indeed, had the hardihood to imitate the imagery of Shakespeare, the diction of Milton, or the vigor of Dryden. But

* A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815. By Spencer Walpole. London, 1878.

a dozen writers succeeded in copying the rhythmical excellence of Pope. Though, however, they caught the trick of Pope's style, they failed to imitate the vigor of his language. Churchill, the most successful of them all, attacked with power and venom some of the vices of his time. No satire was ever more severe than his description of Fitzpatrick, the nameless thing, in the "Rosciad." But the "Rosciad" ranks as a poem below the "Dunciad." Three times in the century, indeed, different writers, each of considerable power, cast a temporary ray upon the darkness which obscured the literature of England. For the style and finish of their pieces, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper have never been surpassed. "The Elegy," "The Deserted Village," and the "Lines on my Mother's Picture," are admirable examples of perfection in composition. But, though these pieces are evidently the productions of intellects naturally of a high order, and polished with the most careful culture, they have failed to place their authors in the very first flight of English poets. The polish is almost too bright, and its brightness seems designed to atone for the absence of higher qualities. If, however, such authors as Gray, Cowper, or Goldsmith failed to attain the highest rank in English literature, what shall be said of the lesser poets, who were read and admired during the same period?—

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign.
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

During the first seventy years, then, of the eighteenth century, the literature of Britain gradually declined from the high position which it had occupied in the reign of Anne; but, during the latter portion of this period, at any rate, the gradual decadence of imaginative literature was accompanied with a remarkable development of reasoning, investigation, and research. The foremost thinkers of the time were no longer satisfied with accepting the theories which their predecessors had venerated as axioms, and the boldest inquiries were freely pushed into every branch of human knowledge. This intellectual activity was equally visible in England and Scotland. In physical science, Scotland produced Black and Hutton; England, Priestley and Cavendish; Scotland the land of his birth, England the country of his adoption, have an equal claim to the merit of John Hunter's profound investigations into the structure of men and animals. The glory attaching to the great inventions of the period belongs equally to the two countries. England produced the machines which revolutionized every branch of the textile industry; a

Scotchman discovered the motive power, without which these inventions would have been deprived of half their value.

The profound investigations which were made by Black, Priestley, and Cavendish in physical science; the knowledge of the anatomy of the lower forms of animals which John Hunter succeeded in acquiring; and the foundations which Hutton laid of the modern science of geology, had ultimately a prodigious effect on the thinking portion of British men and women. This effect will, however, be more conveniently considered in connection with the great religious movement which commenced toward the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, and which was in reality the reaction of the more superstitious portion of the community against the free thought which scientific investigation had produced. For the present, therefore, it is unnecessary to refer any further to the purely scientific investigations of the eighteenth century. But the same intellectual activity which animated Priestley and Black characterized also another class of thinkers, who exercised an enormous influence on the minds of succeeding generations. The decade in which Black was born gave birth to Adam Smith; and Adam Smith may be said to have changed the whole theory of government, and in this way to have contributed more than any other person to the great revolutions of the nineteenth century.

At the time of Adam Smith's birth the foremost statesmen and thinkers were of opinion that a legislature by wise laws could exercise a beneficial influence on its country's fortunes. The political arithmeticians of the previous century had adopted the erroneous notion that the precious metals, the most useless of all commodities, were the sole sources of wealth. In their view, consequently, a country could not be prosperous unless its exports showed a balance over its imports, which the foreigners had to pay for in gold. The acceptance of this theory logically led to the artificial encouragement of the export trade and to the artificial discouragement of the import trade. The first object was attained by the grant of bounties on the export of articles of British produce, the second by the imposition of import duties on articles of foreign produce. Both courses proved equally fatal to the home consumer, since the price of every commodity in common use was enormously raised by the system; in the long run they were equally fatal to the capitalist, since they induced him to invest his capital in undertakings which did not thrive naturally on the soil of Britain, but which had to be fostered, like tropical plants, by artificial methods.

Indirectly, the conclusions of the political

arithmeticians were even more disastrous. If every article of foreign produce had to be paid for by a sacrifice of British wealth, it naturally followed that the welfare of the nation depended on its being self-supporting. It seemed absolutely necessary, therefore, that the country should grow at least as much corn as it consumed. It seemed obvious that more land would be cultivated, and more corn would be grown, if the price of grain were high than if it were low; and a series of laws were in consequence passed to discourage the importation of foreign corn, and to raise the price of British corn. The same chain of reasoning induced politicians to conclude that the welfare of the country depended on labor being cheap. If wages rose, the British manufacturer would compete on less favorable terms with the foreigner. Cheap labor and dear corn were, therefore, the miserable objects which every patriot was bound to desire.

A creed of this sort was naturally acceptable to the ruling classes, to whom it was addressed. They were not likely to question conclusions which increased their rent-rolls and raised their own importance. They willingly accepted the welcome doctrine, and pushed the theories of the political arithmeticians to their logical extreme. For the sake of securing a favorable balance on the foreign trade of the country, they undertook to interfere in the commonest affairs of life. They endeavored to regulate the clothes which the living should wear, and the shrouds in which the dead should be buried. The Irish were to devote themselves to linen goods; the English were to have a monopoly of the woolen trade, pure cotton goods were not to be worn, and French silks were to be confiscated at the instance of any informer. When legislators thus attempted to regulate the ordinary details of domestic life, they naturally carried their principles into larger concerns. The carrying trade was to be confined to British ships; British ships were to be manned by British crews. Capitalists were only to charge specified rates of interest for the use of their capital. Every one entering a trade was to undergo an apprenticeship. The direct interference of the Legislature was, in short, visible in every affair of life, and the time of Parliament was occupied with minutely regulating the conditions on which every trade and every industry should be conducted.

The minute regulations which were in consequence made in every branch of industry would undoubtedly have materially interfered with the development of British trade which subsequently occurred. At the very time, however, at which the great inventions of Watt and Arkwright were being perfected, Adam Smith was engaged on the profound investigations which he made

into the true causes of the wealth of nations. Smith was born at Kirkcaldy in 1723; "*The Wealth of Nations*" was published in 1776; its author himself imagined that his fame would ultimately rest on a previous work—"The Theory of Moral Sentiments." His idea in this respect only proves how imperfectly he appreciated the importance of his own labors. For one person who has read "*The Theory of Moral Sentiments*" a thousand have probably read "*The Wealth of Nations*." The former work exercises, at the present time, no perceptible influence. The influence of the latter work has been continually increasing for one hundred years.

It was the object of "*The Wealth of Nations*" to prove that the economical conclusions which had been universally accepted in the world were erroneous. Wealth, the author showed, was produced by labor, or—which is really the same thing—by capital, which is the accumulation of previous labor. The laborer and the capitalist were better judges than the state of the industries in which their capital and labor might most usefully be employed; and all interference with their freedom was therefore unnecessary and objectionable. The favorable balance of trade, which political arithmeticians had been intent on securing, was an object with which legislators had nothing to do. Importance had only been attached to it because the political arithmeticians had fixed their attention on the foreign trade of the nation, and had overlooked the internal or domestic trade, which was of more importance and a surer source of wealth. The chief rule of legislation should be to leave men to themselves. Every man was the best judge of his own interests, and what was true of each man taken singly was true also of any body of men in the nation.

The conclusions which Adam Smith thus expressed in "*The Wealth of Nations*" entirely subverted the ideas which had previously been fashionable. Protection had been the natural result of the doctrine which had been taught by Adam Smith's predecessors. Free trade was the logical consequence of the new teaching. The change was so great that the minds which had ripened into maturity under the influence of the old ideas were unable to grasp the full force of the new gospel. Even Fox, who in every respect was one of the most liberal of his generation, declared that "*The Wealth of Nations*" was "plausible and inconclusive"; while Tory statesmen, like Lord Ellenborough, thought the book so dull that they were absolutely unable to read it.* But younger minds, whose convictions on economical subjects were not already stereo-

* Romilly, vol. iii., p. 52; Colchester, vol. ii., p. 71.

typed, were unable to resist the reasoning and the authority of the great Scotch thinker. The impression which "The Wealth of Nations" made upon them may be understood even now by any young politician who, nursed amid Conservative traditions, and trained amid the Conservative surroundings of a great English public school, ventures, on the threshold of his career, before his convictions are confirmed, to open "The Wealth of Nations." The great truths which will then dawn upon him for the first time may possibly lead to no immediate change in his habits or in his professed opinions; but they will slowly and surely induce a train of thought which will gradually undermine the faith of his boyhood, and replace it with a broader and a more generous creed. The light which may thus break on any youthful Tory now dawned a century ago on the rising generation. Great thinkers, like Pitt, immediately perceived the importance of the truths which were thus revealed to them; other men, with less ability than Pitt, more gradually adopted the conclusions which the leading intellects of their own age accepted as axioms; and a generation, in consequence, arose prepared to dispute the doctrines on which their fathers and forefathers had acted, and to embrace the novel principles of free trade.

"The Wealth of Nations" was published in 1776. At the time of its publication Adam Smith was fifty-six years old. In the same year a much younger man, destined to exercise a considerable influence, had published anonymously in London a "Fragment on Government." Jeremy Bentham, the author of this essay, was born in 1748. Endowed with precocious talents, his education was completed at a period of life when the serious work of most men is only beginning. He took his B. A. degree in 1763, when he was only fifteen, and at once commenced to study for the bar. His own ability, and the interest of his father—who was a solicitor—pointed to his success in his profession. But Bentham had no inclination toward its active duties. While he was passing through Oxford, Blackstone had been delivering the famous lectures which were afterward published in the "Commentaries on the Laws of England." Mere boy that he was, Bentham satisfied himself that he detected some fallacies in Blackstone's reasoning. The experience which he gained, and the information which he acquired, while he was studying for the bar, confirmed these views, and induced him in 1776 to publish his "Fragment on Government."

The "Fragment on Government" was suggested by a well-known passage in the "Commentaries," in which Blackstone had considered the various forms of government which the

world had known; had dwelt on the peculiar excellences of the English Constitution; and had declared that it was the right and the duty of the supreme power to make laws. Bentham, in his admirably reasoned reply, showed that Blackstone's loose language had, in reality, no meaning whatever. Governments rest on no other foundation than their utility; their so-called right to make laws depends on the utility of the laws they make; the obedience of the subject is again a question of utility; and "it is allowable and incumbent on every man, as well on the score of duty as of interest, to enter into measures of resistance when, according to the best calculation he is able to make, the probable mischiefs of resistance (speaking with respect to the community in general) appear less to him than the probable mischiefs of submission."

A work containing views of this description, and boldly grappling with the greatest legal writer of the day, naturally attracted considerable attention. It was "variously attributed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and Lord Ashburton." But exception was roundly taken to the novel doctrines of utility. It is a dangerous doctrine, said Wedderburn, among others. Yes, replied Bentham, it is dangerous; but it is dangerous only to those who profit from a system of government which is not founded on the great principle of utility. "In a government which had for its end the greatest happiness of the greatest number, Alexander Wedderburn might have been attorney-general and then chancellor. But he would not have been attorney-general with fifteen thousand pounds a year, nor chancellor with a peerage, and with five hundred sinecures at his disposal under the name of ecclesiastical benefices, besides et ceteras." Though, however, Bentham gave this crushing reply to Wedderburn, Wedderburn's attack induced him to alter his definition. In his "Principles of Morals and Legislation," in which this reply to Wedderburn appeared as a note, instead of referring everything to utility, he based his system on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The same principle had been advocated by Beccaria in Italy, and by Hutcheson and Priestley in this country; but it had never been made, as it was Bentham's object to make it, the keystone of a system of jurisprudence. To Bentham's exact mind there was probably no difference between the definition which he thus adopted and the one which he discarded. "That is useful," so he wrote, "which taking all things and all persons into consideration leaves a balance of happiness." But though, in Bentham's logical mind, the change of a phrase made no difference in his argument, the alteration made his meaning much more intelligible to his readers, and "the great-

est happiness" principle secured a popularity which the utility principle would probably have never enjoyed.

Bentham's labors were directed to secure the reconstruction of the whole system of jurisprudence. He applied the principle of utility to every subject in succession, endeavoring in each of them, not merely to point out the faults which he detected, but to explain the manner in which they should be remedied in accordance with his principle. Bentham, therefore, at the close of the eighteenth century, was doing for jurisprudence what Adam Smith had already done for commerce. Bentham's works, however, never enjoyed the popularity of Adam Smith's, because the majority of them were not written in the clear style of the great Scotch philosopher. Bentham's earlier essays, indeed, are models of exactness of language and purity of style; but, in his later works, in his efforts to be exact he is occasionally obscure. He uses words which he is at pains to define, but which ordinary readers hardly understand. He would himself have replied that he did not write for ordinary readers, and that he did not care to be read by those who would not take the trouble to appreciate his meaning. The teacher, however, who will not descend to the level of his disciples will always incur the danger of thinning his school. If it be worth while to write at all, it is certainly worth while to render the meaning of words as plain and clear as it is possible to make it.

The obscurity of some of Bentham's later works probably accounts for the circumstance that, while the majority of mankind have long ago accepted most of his opinions, they have not given their originator the credit of them. Every one associates free trade with Adam Smith; but few people attribute the reform of the criminal code or the alteration of the Poor Laws to Bentham. The degree of credit, however, which Bentham has obtained is immaterial. The point for observation lies in the circumstance that, twenty years before the close of the eighteenth century, two great thinkers in Scotland and England were almost simultaneously questioning the system on which the British Government was founded, and the policy which it had constantly pursued. The views which Smith and Bentham thus propounded were almost immediately accepted by some of the younger and more generous of their fellow countrymen. Yet, notwithstanding their acceptance, they made no impression on the Legislature. At the period at which this history opens nearly forty years had passed since the publication of the "Fragment on Government." More than thirty-five years had passed since the first appearance of "The Wealth of Nations." Yet the old commercial

system, which Adam Smith had attacked, flourished with greater vitality than ever. The old views, which Jeremy Bentham had proved erroneous, still animated the Legislature.

The circumstance appears, at first sight, more remarkable, because the earlier years of Pitt's administration were undoubtedly distinguished by a disposition to adopt a wiser system. In negotiating a commercial treaty with France, Pitt showed his appreciation of Adam Smith. In supporting Parliamentary Reform he displayed an inclination to accept the "utility" doctrine. Up to 1790 everything pointed to the gradual adoption of the novel principles which Adam Smith and Bentham had applied to legislation. The happy promise which was thus given to the nation was almost immediately afterward broken. The circumstances under which it was broken are familiar to nearly every one. The gross abuses which permeated every department of government in France led to the great convulsion of society which is known in history as the French Revolution. An infuriated people, suddenly emancipating themselves from an oppressive tyranny, and finding themselves in possession of an almost uncontrolled power, were hurried into excesses which it was impossible to defend. The horror which these excesses created produced a reaction in Britain. The generation in which they occurred took its stand on old traditions, and refused to receive any new doctrine. The great convulsion, in short, which delivered France for ever from some of the worst features of its Government, condemned Britain for another generation to submit to the abuses of the old system.

Burke was, of course, the prominent representative of this reaction. A statesman whose whole career had been distinguished by admirable efforts to reform and enlighten every department of the Government was so shocked at the course which revolution had taken in France as to modify his old opinions, to sacrifice his old friends, and to support a system which in other times he had resolutely opposed. It is immaterial for the present purpose to consider whether, in 1791, Burke's great intellect had or had not been weakened by affliction and disease. That is a purely personal question, with which this chapter has no immediate concern. In this place Burke is merely regarded as the leading spokesman of an influential portion of the nation. The feelings which Burke expressed in Parliament were largely shared by other classes. They influenced the thoughts, the habits, and the writings of Englishmen for twenty years; and thus continued for the whole of that period the remarkable reaction which commenced with the outbreak of the French Revolution.

It is possible to trace the violence of the storm which was thus raised in nearly every branch of English literature. Up to the outbreak of the French Revolution, Smith and Bentham had been calmly and logically examining the various questions of policy and government with which they were occupied. After the outbreak of the Revolution, none but the very calmest minds were able to preserve their equilibrium, and political writers were hurried either, like Burke, into a violent attack on the change in France; or, like Paine and Godwin, into as violent a defense of it. Amid the excitement of the moment the gravest thinkers, in short, became partisan writers. It was, under such circumstances, inevitable that men like Paine and Godwin should rush into a defense of the events which Burke so uncompromisingly attacked, and that they should propose to reconstruct society on new principles. But the doctrines of these writers only increased the horror with which the Revolution was already regarded by the more influential section of British society. Godwin, especially, by attacking the traditions which had hitherto been regarded with an undeviating reverence, appeared to be loosening the bands by which society was held together. The "Political Justice" of the one author, the "Rights of Man" of the other, thus intensified the reaction against the principles which they supported, and convinced the nation of the necessity of combating a revolution which Burke had condemned and which Pitt was attacking.

For some years, then, after the French Revolution broke out, the passions, by which men of all classes were agitated, proved unfavorable either for patient inquiry or for careful thought. The recollection of republican excesses was, however, gradually effaced amid the stirring events by which the Revolution was succeeded; and men, forgetting the extravagances of Godwin and Paine, were able again to devote themselves to speculation and research. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Malthus published his essay on the "Principles of Population." All animals, he showed, had a tendency to increase at a rate of geometrical progression. Their food could not, by any possibility, be increased at a greater rate than that of arithmetical progression. A thousand persons, doubling their numbers in every quarter of a century, would multiply to sixteen thousand in a hundred years. Their food, during the same period, would be increased fourfold. It was impossible, therefore, for man to go on multiplying at the natural rate of increase. The multiplication was checked by preventive and positive checks. In the early stages of society, the positive checks of famine, war, and disease were in operation. In the later

stages, prudential considerations, which Malthus regarded as preventive checks, produced the same effects. It followed from this reasoning that the most populous countries were not necessarily the happiest; and that the men who refrained from marrying might possibly be as good citizens as those who married and had large families. These views were received with a burst of indignation at the time at which they were first published. Starving curates, with large families of starving children, had no patience with a writer who ascribed their misfortunes to their own improvidence. Employers of labor, whose interests depended on the continuance of low wages, resulting from an overstocked labor market, objected to a philosophy which pointed to an era of dear labor. Even subsequent generations, compelled to accept Malthus's conclusions, have hardly forgiven the writer, who has convinced them against their will; and ignorant people still speak of Malthusian philosophy as if there was something shocking about it.

Ricardo's great work was published nearly twenty years after the "Principles of Population." Ricardo was of Jewish extraction, and engaged during some years of his life in commercial pursuits. He embraced, however, the doctrines of Christianity, and sealed his allegiance to his new faith by marrying a Christian. Amassing a large fortune in business, he decided on exchanging commerce for politics, and entered the House of Commons as member for the Irish borough of Portarlington. The circumstances under which he obtained his seat were so characteristic of the times in which he lived, that they deserve to be recorded. Lord Portarlington, the patron of the borough, was desirous of borrowing forty thousand or fifty thousand pounds. But his credit was not good enough to enable him to obtain the money at the rate of interest which the law allowed at that time. Ricardo accommodated him with the loan, and was nominated for Portarlington in return for it.* This singular arrangement afforded Ricardo a quiet seat, and gave his country the great advantage of his services in the Legislature. The position which he gained in the House of Commons will be seen in later chapters of this work. The present chapter is only concerned with his contributions to political economy. Malthus had addressed himself to a problem which Adam Smith had not noticed. Ricardo had the merit of correcting one of the few defects in the "Wealth of Nations." Adam Smith had concluded that the price of corn was dependent on three things—the wages of labor, the profits of the farmer, and

* The story was told by O'Connell on March 8, 1831. "Hansard," 3d series, vol. iii., p. 201.

the rent of land. The doctrine had been doubted at the time by Hume, the historian, and Anderson, the well-known author of the "History of Commerce." But these doubts were forgotten, and Adam Smith's conclusions were generally accepted, till their erroneous nature was finally demonstrated by Ricardo. Rent is, in reality, the surplus profit which any given land, either from the convenience of its situation or from the fertility of its soil, yields over the worst land in cultivation. The worst land in cultivation pays no rent. This conclusion is now accepted by all reasonable men. In 1816 it had not been realized by even the foremost thinkers of the age.

At the close of the great war, then, four thinkers of unusual power had demonstrated the falsity of the old doctrines which politicians of all classes had previously accepted. Adam Smith, the greatest of the four, had exposed the follies of the old system of protection. Jeremy Bentham had, almost at the same time, attacked the whole system of jurisprudence. Twenty years afterward Malthus had, for the first time, explained the principles which govern the multiplication of mankind; while, at a still later date, Ricardo had expounded the true theories of rent. The conclusions of all these great writers had been unfavorable to the system which the governing classes had hitherto pursued, and to the influence of the landed interest. Adam Smith had exposed the folly of protecting any one class at the expense of others. Bentham, carrying the principle into jurisprudence, had based his polity on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Malthus's reasoning had pointed to a preference for dear wages; and Ricardo had represented the landlords as monopolists, appropriating the surplus profits of the soil. These great truths, authoritatively propounded for the first time, were generally accepted by the younger portion of the nation. Their influence may be clearly traced in the legislation of the succeeding thirty years; and the history of Britain, during this period, can not be thoroughly understood by any one who omits to notice the impression which these four men had made on the minds which were ripening into manhood at the conclusion of the war.

The conditions which characterized the philosophical writings of the age under review were also visible in other branches of contemporary literature. Up to the period in which Adam Smith was writing, the history of Britain had never been related by a British historian. Hume and Robertson supplied the deficiency: the former relating the annals of the English; the latter, in his shorter history, the fortunes of the Scottish nation. The example which these writ-

ers had afforded was soon followed; and Gibbon produced the work which many competent judges still regard as the greatest history in the English language. Gibbon wrote in the same generation as Hume; but there is a broad distinction between the treatment of their subjects by these two authors. Hume, the earlier of the two, desired to write a classical work. He completed his task in a period which made elaborate research impossible; and his history, unrivaled as a work of art, does not display any particular desire on its author's part to investigate and analyze original authorities.* Gibbon, on the contrary, before he attempted his history decided on "reviewing the Latin classics under the four divisions of historians, poets, orators, and philosophers, in a chronological series from the days of Plautus and Sallust to the decline of the language and empire of Rome."† The laborious task which he thus set himself to perform distinctly proves how thoroughly he identified himself with the spirit of research which was one of the distinguishing features of the closing years of the eighteenth century. William Mitford, who at the commencement of the nineteenth century was the fashionable historian of Greece, in one respect resembled Gibbon. Like Gibbon, he examined for himself the entire range of Greek literature, and founded his history on original authorities. Unlike Gibbon, however, his style was unequal and occasionally bad. At his best he is pure, simple, and clear; at his worst he is involved and unintelligible. He lays himself open to the charge that he is translating Greek, instead of writing English; and his translations are so poor that a schoolboy would be punished for them. But his history is open to a more serious charge. The first volume of the work was published in 1784; the second in 1790; the others at various dates between 1790 and 1810. The later volumes of the work were, therefore, composed amid the excitement which the French Revolution occasioned. It was inevitable that Mitford should be moved by the storm around him. His brother, the first Lord Redesdale, was one of the ablest of Tory lawyers, and one of the most vigorous advocates of Tory principles. Mitford, sharing his brother's views, felt his apprehensions of the consequences of the Revolution. His feelings immediately found expression in his history. His first volume, published before the Revolution occurred, contains a passage on Draco's legislation which reads like an extract from Romilly; but in his third volume, written amid

* See on this point some remarks by Brougham in "Men of Letters and Science," p. 211.

† See Gibbon's own autobiography. The passage in the text is also quoted in "Annual Register," 1796, p. 336.

the passions which the Revolution had provoked, he expressed his conviction of "the inherent weakness and indelible barbarism of democratical governments." A writer who could express such views as these was ill fitted to write a philosophic history of the Greek republics. In his own lifetime, indeed, his opinions increased the popularity of his work; but they insured its supercession in a later age. Thirlwall and Grote were educated under circumstances differing from those amid which Mitford had lived. With equal ability and equal industry they embraced other views. Grote occupies the position which Mitford once filled; and a Liberal age praises and reads the Liberal writer, and neglects the industrious Tory who preceded him in his task.

It was Hallam's good fortune to be born at a later date than Mitford. Before he grew up to manhood the agitation which the Revolution had occasioned had been allayed. His mind was, therefore, free from the feelings by which Mitford was disturbed, and every topic which occupied his time was dealt with by him with the judicial calmness for which he was eminently distinguished. No great historian ever wrote with less passion, or was more anxious than Hallam to place the whole of his facts, for what they were worth, before his readers. In this respect, then, Hallam displays a marked contrast to Mitford. In elaborate research he was at least Mitford's equal. The long intervals at which his three great works were produced afford some indication of the pains which he devoted to their preparation. The "History of the Middle Ages" was published in 1818, the "Constitutional History of England" in 1827, the "Literature of Europe" in 1837. It may be doubted whether three works of any other author contain the results of such extensive, varied, and careful reading. The same spirit of research which characterized the concluding years of the eighteenth century is remarkably visible in the works of Hallam. But Hallam also unconsciously owed much to the writers who immediately preceded him. It was natural that Hume, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, should endeavor to found his history on a classic model, and to produce a book which should be admired as a work of art. It was equally natural that Hallam, writing at the commencement of the nineteenth century, after the publication of the "Commentaries," and in the lifetime of Bentham, should examine the constitutional questions which Hume had neglected, but which Blackstone's labors and Bentham's criticisms had raised into importance. The period at which he wrote was eminently favorable for the dispassionate consideration of these matters; and Hallam, therefore, may be cited, like Ricardo, to prove that, toward the close of the war, the

calmest minds were escaping from the influences which had disturbed their predecessors, and were again devoting themselves to quiet investigation.

It is probably possible to show that the other historical writers of the period were influenced by the same circumstances as those which affected Hallam and Mitford. Turner, for instance, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, is remarkable for the diligence with which he investigated the details of early English life. A defective style is perhaps the chief cause which has interfered with the continued popularity of his work, James Mill, on the contrary, the historian of India, was full of the new ideas which the Revolution had created. His history is an elaborate attack on the policy of the East India Company. In this way Mill may be said to have represented the new school of thought to which the closing years of the eighteenth century gave birth; Turner, the Conservative reaction, which was the immediate consequence of revolutionary violence. The most remarkable instance, however, of the effects of the Revolution is to be found in the case of Mackintosh. In one sense Mackintosh can hardly be regarded as an historian; in another sense he is the most philosophic historian that ever lived. He accomplished so little that his fame rests on a small basis; but the little which he accomplished is remarkable for so much knowledge, research, and discrimination, that his studies deserve especial attention. A Scotchman by birth, Mackintosh was educated in an atmosphere peculiarly favorable to careful thought. Born in 1765, he grew up to manhood while Adam Smith was producing the "Wealth of Nations." He was originally intended for the medical profession, and he did not change his plans, and decide on studying for the English bar, till he was more than twenty-four years of age. He arrived in London on the eve of the French Revolution; but he arrived with views which were already formed, and which were not liable to be easily disturbed by the force of popular passion. The Revolution occurred; and Mackintosh, like Paine, endeavored to reply to Burke's reflections upon it. Paine had addressed the "Rights of Man" to the middle orders of society; Mackintosh intended his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" to be read by thinkers like himself. His thoughtful work gained him at once a very great reputation: it apparently marked him out for a high position in the ranks of the Whig party. Yet Mackintosh had hardly won his first success, and defeated Burke, as his admirers declared, in argument, when he began to doubt the justice of his own conclusions. He quailed, as Burke had quailed before him, at the excesses of the Revolution; declared that he had been seduced by the love of what he had thought liberty; that he had been undeceived by a melan-

choly experience; and that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm. Once convinced of the error of his previous conclusions, his course was rapid; till he at last brought himself to admit that he had no zeal for anything except the destruction of the French Revolution.

Little or no attention has hitherto been paid to the remarkable alteration which was thus effected in Mackintosh's opinions. Yet the change is surely one of the most noteworthy that ever occurred in the mind of man. That the ablest defender of the French Revolution should have no zeal for anything but the ruin of the cause which he had won his spurs in upholding, is even more singular than the conduct of Burke, in the evening of his days, on the same subject. The force of a reaction which induced Mackintosh to reverse his published opinions must have been great indeed. Mackintosh's subsequent career, however, makes the change seem all the more remarkable. At the beginning of the nineteenth century he accepted the recordership of Bombay, and consequently retired for a few years of his life to the comparative quiet of a residence in India. In India he was removed from the agitations which had influenced his opinions, and was able to resume the habits of study and thought which were his chief solace. He returned from India in 1811, and accepted a seat in Parliament. But it was soon evident that, in the interval of his Indian office, he had forgotten the fears with which revolution had inspired him, and had reverted to his original opinions. His was the voice which was raised the loudest, and which was heard most frequently, in defense of revolution in South America. He was the statesman who was the foremost opponent to the foreign-enlistment act, and who desired to allow the rebel colonists to carry on the war against Spain from the shores of this country. His later opinions, in short, were reconcilable with the views which he had commenced his career by propounding. They were irreconcilable with the opinions which his horror of revolutionary excesses made him temporarily adopt in his middle age.

Mackintosh, then, represents in his own person three distinct phases of thought. He began his life full of the liberal philosophy which men like Bentham were proclaiming. He participated in the reaction which was occasioned by revolutionary excess, and he ultimately reverted to the old philosophic habits and liberal tendencies which had distinguished his earlier career. No other of his leading contemporaries followed so closely the successive changes of opinion which distinguished this remarkable period of history; but nearly all of them felt more or less acutely the force of the passions which the Revolution in France had excited. This circumstance, it is

believed, will be much more apparent on a careful review of the imaginative authors who lived and wrote at the same time. A poet, indeed, in ordinary times, is probably less influenced than any other person by political passions. But, when a poet does feel the force of a great popular movement, he feels it more acutely than his other contemporaries, because he is more impressionable than they are. It is easy to see now that many circumstances pointed to a great revival of poetry at the close of the eighteenth century, but that the direction which the revival would assume was doubtful. The great intellectual activity which characterized the period was almost certain to produce the rise of a new author of works of imagination. The intellectual movement was most visible in Scotland, and Scotland accordingly led the way in rescuing poetry from the degraded position to which Pope's imitators had consigned it. In metaphysics Scotland produced Hume and Reid; in history, Hume and Robertson; in physics, Black and Hutton; in physiology, Hunter; and in poetry, Burns. The sturdy strength of Burns's language did more than the most polished criticism could have done to demonstrate the inherent weakness of the smooth poetry of the day. Here was a poet, without culture, without finish, clothing his vigorous thoughts in vigorous language, and employing the almost unintelligible words which he had learned "bousing at the nappy" and following the plow. Yet the very first edition of his works secured his popularity. The Cotter's Saturday Night, Tam o' Shanter's rollicking ride, the Jolly Beggars' carouse, the exquisite lines to his dead Mary, proved the variety of his fertile genius, and justified the popularity which his writings at once acquired. The vigorous and beautiful poetry which Burns thus produced gave men a new standard of criticism. The decasyllabic meter, which Pope had made fashionable was at once discarded, and most of the great writers of the period adopted either original or other styles.

There is, indeed, one poet who forms an exception to this rule. Crabbe was born in 1754; his earliest poem, "The Library," was published in 1781; and, though his literary life extended till 1819, his style was formed before Burns's vigorous language had revolutionized poetry. He could not escape from the groove in which his ideas moved, and he continued till the close of his life composing the jingling decasyllabic verse which he had made popular at the beginning of it. His poems were the natural consequence of his position in life. He was born at Aldborough, a town which is now rising into a dreary watering-place, but which was then a little fishing hamlet, returning two members to Parliament. Abandoning medicine, for which he had origi-

nally been designed, for literature, he was ordained; accepted in the first instance the curacy of his native borough, and afterward some desirable pieces of preferment which the Duke of Rutland's partiality obtained for him. His usual method, in writing poetry, was to string together a variety of stories which he had learned in the ordinary rounds of a country parish. Every one of his parishioners was, in his eyes, a hero; every village lass a heroine. This one had married for money, and had been unhappy; another had married for love, and was happy. One man wanted a family, and had no children; another had a troop of children and no money. One pretty girl had been seduced and deserted by a villain; another had resisted temptation and had married happily in her own rank of life. Simple stories of this kind could, of course, be collected in every almshouse and every cottage. Crabbe strung them together in very rhythmical couplets and called them poetry. The generation in which he wrote read, approved, and admired them. But the poems, after all, were not poetry, but mere tales in rhyme. There was nothing but the meter to distinguish them from prose.

The critic who desires to understand the nature of the great poetical revival which took place toward the close of the eighteenth century can not do better than compare the verses of Crabbe with the poetry of Burns. The purer taste which Burns had originated almost immediately produced a new school of poetry: the two men who were his leading successors in this school were also Scotchmen. Campbell and Scott, however, both commenced their poetical careers after the outbreak of the French Revolution; and both of them felt the convulsion which was shaking society to the center. But the feelings which were thus excited affected the two writers in very different ways. It was Campbell's especial characteristic to be always looking forward; it was Scott's habit to be always looking back. Campbell's first great poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was written at a period when the hopes of freedom had fallen to the lowest ebb. Liberty in France had been extinguished by military ambition; Poland had been cruelly partitioned among the neighboring empires. Campbell described the fall of freedom in some of the most beautiful lines which were ever composed; and the vigor of his descriptions breathed new life into the cause of the popular party, both in England and Europe. The generous feelings which Campbell thus displayed may be traced through his later works. In "Gertrude of Wyoming," for instance, which ranks second among his longer pieces, the author's sympathy is with the Americans in rebellion against the British Empire.

A love of freedom, then, is the distinguishing

characteristic of Campbell's poetry. Twenty years later his disposition might possibly have driven him into the violent language which some of his successors habitually used. But Campbell was not exposed to the influences to which Byron and Shelley afterward succumbed. He began to write amid the reaction which revolutionary excesses had occasioned. Like Mackintosh, he shared the generous feelings which were contained in the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," but, like Mackintosh, he was horrified at the excesses of the Revolution. In Campbell's verse Britain is the land of freedom, and the navy's glory is shared by all Britons. It is recorded that, on one occasion, his enthusiasm for the cause of liberty exposed him to some suspicion. He was arrested, and his papers were seized. But the sheriff who made the arrest found in the poet's traveling-cases the few lines "*Ye Mariners of England*," which are perhaps the most heart-stirring national verses in the language. No better refutation could have been given to the unworthy suspicions which had been cast on the author.

Campbell, then, was full of the generous ideas which he must have learned in his very boyhood; but equally ardent in his enthusiastic support of the war with France in which his country was engaged. Scott never looked forward. There is hardly a passage either in his writings or in his biography which can be quoted to prove that he thought that the succeeding age was likely to be more generous or more happy than the preceding one. His ideas were essentially antiquarian, and all his best pieces dealt with former ages. "The Lay" is a tale of Border warfare; "Marmion" of Flodden; "The Lady of the Lake" of James V.; "The Lord of the Isles" of Bruce; "Rokeby" of the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The same thing is true of the novels which the great author subsequently produced with marvelous rapidity. The first of them all was a tale of "sixty years since"; "Guy Mannering" was, chronologically, a continuation of "Waverley"; "The Antiquary" of "Guy Mannering." But the third of the series only brought the author up to the period of his own youth. Having ventured so near his own time, Scott immediately reverted to the period on which he was fondest of dwelling. "Rob Roy" is a story of the middle of the eighteenth century; "Old Mortality" of the seventeenth; "The Black Dwarf" of the earlier years of the eighteenth century. The "Legend of Montrose" is a tale of the civil wars; "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" of George II.; the "Bride of Lammermoor" belongs to a still earlier period. "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth" are all stories of the sixteenth century; while in "Ivanhoe" the novelist carries his readers back to the days of the Crusades.

This list, which it would be possible to extend, includes the whole of Scott's earlier novels. The mere recital of it makes it obvious that Scott refrained, as a rule, from writing about his own times, and that his thoughts were almost always concentrated on the wild life which his fellow countrymen had led in previous ages.

Yet Scott, antiquarian as he was, felt the force of the reaction in which nearly all his contemporaries participated. Almost every line of his writings is intensely national. But there is the broadest distinction between the nationality of Scott and the nationality of Campbell. There is hardly a line in Campbell to show that he is a Scotchman. "Ye mariners of England, that guard our native seas"; "And England sent her men of men the chief"; "Now, joy, old England, raise, for the tidings of thy might"; "Steer, helmsman, till you steer our way by stars beyond the line: we go to found a realm, one day, like England's self to shine," are a few examples of the many which might be quoted to prove that, in Campbell's verse, his individuality as a Scotchman is almost always merged in his nationality as an Englishman. But Scott, on the contrary, never forgets he is a Scotchman. "It is the harp of the North" which he desires to waken. It is of the old times and old manners, before "a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne," that the latest minstrel sung. He can not avoid the passing wish that "Flodden had been Bannockburn." The hero of his first novel is an Englishman, but an Englishman who, amid Scotch surroundings, strikes a blow for Prince Charlie at Preston Pans. This distinction between the two authors was the inevitable consequence of their different dispositions. A Scotchman who was always looking back was sure to dwell upon the old rivalries of the Scotch and English; while a Scotchman who was always looking forward was as certain to remember that the thoughts and interests of the two nations had become identical. Scott, to the end of his life, was never able to free himself entirely from the old Scotch feeling. George IV., indeed, won his heart; but then George IV. put on a Stuart tartan in Edinburgh. The only occasion on which Scott seriously attempted to interfere with politics was on the attempt of Parliament to extend to Scotland a measure of currency reform which it was applying to England.

The intense love of his own country, which is perceptible in all of Scott's novels, accounts, however, for much of their beauty and much of their popularity. He saw Scotland as no one had ever seen it before. Up to the time at which he wrote there was no general taste for scenery. It is a striking observation of a forgotten writer, which has been reproduced by

Mackintosh, that "there is no single term in Greek or Latin for prospect." "So recent is the taste for scenery," wrote Mackintosh on another occasion, "that a tour through Great Britain, published in 1762, speaks of Westmoreland as remarkable only for wildness, notices Winandermere only for its size, Ulleswater for char, and at Keswick passes the poor lake entirely."* There is hardly a line in Burns to show that he had any appreciation for the grander features of his native land: his most exquisite imagery is taken from objects found in lowland as well as in upland—a mountain daisy, a mouse, a field of poppies. Scott, on the contrary, forgets the daisy in looking at the bolder features in the landscape. He is the Turner among poets. His heroes and heroines move among the lovely valleys of his native land, or sail along the sublime coast of western Scotland; but they are only the accompaniments to the landscape, the figures in the foreground of the painter. Scott's works have, in consequence, become a guide-book to Scotland, and have taken thousands of visitors to the border-land in which he lived and wrote.

Scott's antiquarian tastes saved him from feeling the shock of the Revolution so acutely as other writers. He may be said to have represented all that was best in the conservatism of the period in which he wrote. Three other writers, his friends and contemporaries, were moved by the remarkable reaction to which Burke and Mackintosh succumbed. Southey is the most prominent example of the effects of this reaction. He had begun life as a radical; he had written a short drama, "Wat Tyler," in which he had openly advocated radical principles. "Curse on these taxes!" says Hob Carter in this play; "one succeeds another":

Our ministers, panders of a king's will,
Drain all our wealth away, to fill their armies
And feed the crows of France. Year follows year,
And still we madly prosecute the war:
Draining our wealth, distressing our poor peasants,
Slaughtering our youths—and all to crown our chiefs
With glory!—I detest the hell-sprung name.

This wild declamation was written in 1794, when Britain was at war with France. About four years afterward, Southey composed the much better known lines on the battle of Blenheim:

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

* Mackintosh, vol. ii., pp. 97, 126.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout :
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

"But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I can not tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

It is evident from these extracts that, up to the close of the eighteenth century, Southey still retained his earlier opinions, and detested the French war. But in the nineteenth century all his opinions were altered. Instead of counseling peace, he desired the prolongation of the struggle.

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour ?

he exclaimed in 1814.

Woe, woe to England ! woe and endless shame,
 If this heroic land,
 False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
 Hold out the olive to the tyrant's hand.

Hob Carter's reasoning and little Wilhelmine's objections were both forgotten : Napoleon's victories had done more than all the revolutionary excesses, and had made the poet of peace at any price the fiery advocate of the war. His old friends, the radicals, still retained their former opinions, and desired peace. Southey, therefore, had no alternative but to join the Tory party and become a courtier. The violence of his earlier radicalism was soon effaced by the fury of his later Toryism. His language toward Napoleon was simply brutal :

Too cold upon the road was he ;
 Too hot had he been at Moscow ;
 But colder and hotter he may be,
 For the grave is colder than Muscovy ;
 And a place there is to be kept in view,
 Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue.

The indecency of these lines is, however, less marked than the profanity of the "Vision of Judgment." Byron's satire has given that poem an immortality which it would never otherwise have gained. But Southey's poem is more profane than even Byron's. Southey really ventured on anticipating the judgment of Heaven ; Byron only intended to sneer at Southey's gross presumption.

Southey's contemporaries had no words to express their scorn for his conversion to Toryism.

And now, my epic renegade, what are ye at ?
 says Byron, in "Don Juan."

He had written praises of a regicide ;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory.

So Byron wrote on another occasion. In one sense, this charge was unjust. Southey, in passing over from the extreme of radicalism to the Tory party, was in reality only a type of the reaction which affected many other of his contemporaries. Vainer than most of them, his conversion was later than theirs. More violent than most of them, it was much more thorough. Southey's egotistical vanity is visible throughout his writings :

Come, listen to a tale of times of old !
 Come, for ye know me. I am he who sang
 The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed
 Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.

Such was the invitation with which he besought the public to attack the most formidable of his "epic mountains," "Madoc." "Madoc" failed, and it deserved to fail. Prescott, since "Madoc" was published, has traveled over the same ground in his history of the conquest of Mexico ; and Prescott's prose is more eloquent and more poetical than Southey's blank verse. Southey's self-conceit, however, never suffered from his failure. The public would not read "Madoc." So much the worse for the public. The author knew that its execution was perfect, that it could not be better. Well might Macaulay write of him that he was arrogant beyond any man in literary history : for his self-conceit was proof against the severest admonitions.*

Southey's name is usually associated with that of the two other Lake poets—as they are called—Wordsworth and Coleridge. The career of the three authors was, in many respects, very similar. All three began life as Liberals. All three were induced, either by the effects of the Revolution or by the results of the war, to change their opinions and become Tories. Coleridge, who was closely connected with Southey by marriage ties, seems to have passed through the same phases of thought as his kinsman. But it is less easy to follow Coleridge than to follow

* Trevelyan's "Macaulay," vol. ii., p. 458.

Southey, because it is more difficult to appreciate the full meaning of his conclusions. He loved to be mysterious and obscure; and this mystery and obscurity are constantly visible in his most beautiful poetry. Why was the Ancient Mariner to be doomed to perpetual misery because he had shot an albatross? Why was the exquisitely pure Lady Christabel to be cursed for the performance of an act of Christian charity? The argument offends the reason as much as the language charms the sense. The same mystery which pervades the writer's poetry is to be found in his political writings. In the course of 1817 Southey and Coleridge both wrote to the Prime Minister to protest against the seditious writings of the time. Southey's letter was characteristically plain. "Make transportation the punishment" of seditious writings, was the advice of the author of "Wat Tyler." Coleridge apparently meant to say the same thing. For he told Lord Liverpool that "the fan is still in the hand," and went on, instead of concluding the text, to pray God that his lordship might carry out "the necessary process in meekness." But the minister confessed that he could not "well understand" the poet's long letter; and probably every one who has since read Lord Liverpool's memoirs has equally failed to understand it.* The mystery, then, in Coleridge's language makes it difficult to follow his changes of opinion; but amid all the mystery it is evident that, like Southey, he began life as a Liberal, and that, like Southey, he abandoned his old friends, and altered his old principles.

It ought to be possible to follow the growth of Wordsworth's mind much more accurately than that of either Southey or Coleridge. In the "Prelude"—one of the dullest of his poems—the author has related the story of his life, and has examined the various phases of his thoughts. He was born in the Lake Country, and in due course was sent to Cambridge. He visited London, he made a tour in France, and felt—as far as his calm temperament was capable of feeling—the stir of the Revolution. His mild disposition, however, was horrified by the bloodshed which disgraced the cause of liberty; and he retreated to his native hills for the calm and the leisure which were essential to his happiness. There he learned, to his inexpressible delight, that Robespierre was dead; and there he described the impression which the news made upon him:

... Nor was a doubt,
After strict question, left upon my mind,
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

It is evident from this short analysis that

* For the letter see "Liverpool," vol. ii., pp. 298-307.

Wordsworth's Liberalism had flowed originally in a very peaceful current, and that his subsequent Toryism was equally tranquil. The poet's nature was averse from the violent agitations of political warfare. The aim of his existence was to pass his time without any definite object before him: "Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought, abstruse." He shrank from the bustle of humanity. In his youth London had seemed to him a "monstrous ant-hill on the plain of a too busy world." In his old age he protested against the quiet of his native valleys being desecrated by the whistle of a railway engine. Even when he went to Cambridge he could not shake off the desultory habits which were a part of his nature. He gravely narrates how he went

From shop to shop about my own affairs;
To tutor or to tailor, as befell;
From street to street with loose and careless mind.

The loose and careless mind, which he acknowledged in his youth, was visible in his later writings. He is, perhaps, the only great author who would have openly acknowledged that he had forgotten the name of a place, and that he was too careless to search for it.

Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged
By the first Francis wooed.

The leisurely life which Wordsworth thus led accounts for the placid nature of his political feelings. Like Southey, he had felt the force of the reaction against Liberalism. But, unlike Southey, he had retired to muse away his time in philosophic leisure. Amid the calm of the beautiful scenery of the Lakes he composed the greater portion of his numerous poems. The circumstances under which these works were produced probably account for the ridicule with which they were received at the time, and the popularity which they have acquired in a later age. The active intellects of the generation to whom they were addressed had no patience for

The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May.

The many obscure and involved passages* by which his finest poems are marred increased his feeling; and the length to which many of his puerile fancies were worked out made critics yawn or even smile.† But the more reflecting

* See, for instance, the clumsy sentence in the sixth book of "The Excursion," in which the poet prays that the modern priesthood may be as constant as their forefathers.

† M. Taine says: "Certainly a cat playing with three dry leaves may furnish a philosophical reflection, and figure forth a wise man sporting with the fallen leaves of

generation by which these commentators were succeeded appreciated the philosophic harmony of the poet's writings; and admired, as they de-

served to be admired, the many fine passages which are scattered through "The Excursion."*

(Conclusion next month.)

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES.†

ON this occasion I have thought that instead of enlarging on the commonplace topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, to say a few words suggested by a recent journey to the United States, which will not be unsuitable to the general interests of an institution like this. It is not my purpose to give to you what are called "impressions of America." Even if the circumstances of my journey did not render such an undertaking impossible, I should have felt that, before an audience at Birmingham, the ground had already been preoccupied by a distinguished pastor well known to all of you, whose activity and zeal must be admired even by those who most widely differ from him, and whose controversial vigor of style few can imitate or emulate. I propose to confine myself to that side of American life which perhaps was of more interest to me than to most travelers: its purely historical aspect—that aspect presented by the original Eastern States to which my journey was confined. It is a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen are strangely ignorant—at least I speak for myself—until their imagination has been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent with its inspiring suggestions and recollections.

I. There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology, "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities." The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part of which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time, "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi*," "The age of the world is also its youth." But there is the reverse of this saying, which is equally true, "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." It was a fundamental

maxim of the historical philosophy of a great teacher once well known in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and I trust not yet forgotten, Arnold of Rugby, that every nation has its ancient and modern history, irrespectively of the chronological place which such a nation may hold in the general succession of events. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of America. Its youth brings it within the category of a period of history which may truly be called ancient, because it still breathes something of the freshness of its first beginnings, because it still exhibits society, not in the shape of absolute achievement, but of gradual formation. No doubt the scientific and material appliances of the nineteenth century, in some respects carried to a further extent in the New World than in the Old, give an appearance of novelty, and in a certain sense of perfection, which is altogether alien to the first origin of a people; but, when we penetrate below this, we shall find that there are abundant traces of this youthful, childlike, and therefore primitive aspect. The youth of America corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present, and its future, which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive. It is a characteristic which, in a large measure, it shares with Russia, but which in America is brought to a nearer focus from the shortness of the career it has hitherto run.

The history of the United States may be said

* There are four passages in "The Excursion" which are probably as fine as any that have been composed during the present century. The first is the well-known "Exchange the shepherd's frock of native gray for robes with royal purple tinged," etc. The second is the reflection, "How from his lofty throne the sun can fling colors as bright on exhalations bred by reedy pool or pestilential swamp, as by the rivulet sparkling where it runs." The third is the comparison of moral truth to the water-lily. The fourth, the reflection that as the murmuring of the shell expresses to the child "mysterious union with its native sea, e'en such a shell the universe itself is to the ear of faith."

† An Address given before the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, December 16, 1878.

file. But eighty lines on such a subject makes us yawn—much worse, smile.—"History of English Literature," vol. ii., p. 262.

to class itself into four principal epochs, which emerge from the level to which the larger part of its annals are confined :

1. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is perhaps the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian states, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less involved in a cloud of fable, while those of the American Commonwealth stand out in all the distinctness of living and actual personalities.

It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Salem in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and names from those who had first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first governor, and on the other side the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed, governor of the colony. The office itself was well represented by the honored citizen who in direct succession filled it at that moment. On the right hand and the left were the Saltonstalls, the Bowditches, the Wilders, and the Higginsons, names obscure here, but household words there. Their progenitors were not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants, or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or the other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the trees they had planted, the fruit they had reared, the churches they had built, were still among us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great-grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It gave that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the state which is so marvelously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe"; where, with perhaps a too close foreshortening of his picture, he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front-de-Bœuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States,

George Bancroft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure—well known in America; dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterward, was checkered with a series of marvelous risks, which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval Crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardor which has descended to his lineage in this country—including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth—was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affection of the Indian tribes against whom he alone was able to guard the infant colony. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards: Calameta, the lady of Hungary; Trabegizonda, the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that while Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest, Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. "Here," such was his epitaph, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the bay of Plymouth in New England, and see without a yearning, as toward the cradle of a sacred state, the Mayflower winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore—the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record

of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one half of the little colony, the others hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighboring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of their peaceful invaders, and then the stern determination with which they allowed the vessel, after five months, to return on its homeward voyage without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern General Bradford; the Yorkshire soldier of fortune, doubtful Puritan, and doubtful Catholic, Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic, Oceanus Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White!

Or, again, look at that singular, eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavored to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe, till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which, in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name still immortalized in the State that sprang from his exertions, "Providence."

Or, again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a state which should appeal not to war but to peace for protection, and which should "improve," to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the city of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, and the spruce of the forest in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was, "Let your light shine among the Indians, the blacks, and the whites."

Or, in Georgia, look at the fine old churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwavering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul."

He and those I have named may surely be reckoned among those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place among the benefactors of mankind—the founders of states and empires. They are examples of the hoary, sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

2. I pass to the next epoch; it is that in

which the French and English nations contended for the possession of the American Continent, as they had once in the middle ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare—the only thoroughfare—through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those vast overhanging woods. See at the point between the lakes the fortress, of which the ruins still remain, almost the only ruins to be seen perhaps throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the fortress of Ticonderoga, or, as the French called it, Carillon or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen in the neighborhood among the descendants of his famous clan: or gaze on the historic splendor which surrounds the name of Lord Howe, commemorated by the grateful Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or, again, look more northward still to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly, red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his chivalrous adversary, the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapped in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, the Jacobite Highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war-whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and

the colors of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which assure us that the American novelist, Fenimore Cooper, rightly chose them as a theme of his most heart-stirring and picturesque tales, and which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing them he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles. And when in the hills of the American Berkshire we see the huge boulder which with its simple inscription marks "the grave of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers," we feel that we stand on the boundary of those days when the civilized man and the savage were not yet parted asunder, when there was still a sense of mutual gratitude between the two races such as carries us back to the times when Goth and Roman, Celt and Saxon met in their varied vicissitudes of war and peace.

3. We pass to the third epoch, that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savor of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who, for the first, perhaps we may say the only, time in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. When in the public place at Richmond we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious sagacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson—when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression, answered, "The separation of the American States"; and when, in his hundredth year, he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former days, his last words murmured something of "the war

with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; on the other side is a monument, erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with one hand on the plow and the other on the musket, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living writers, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village who was present at the time of the conflict:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years, with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of almost regal majesty, looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has devoted to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American Commonwealth.

4. There is yet one fourth group of events which makes us feel that even now, in the time in which we live, America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet welded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles I., were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and the Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smoldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface. I do but glance at it and move onward.

II. What I have said of the history, so to speak, of America at once illustrates and is illustrated by some of the chief characteristics of the present condition of the United States, and also of our expectations of its future.

1. Look, for example, at the extraordinary munificence shown in the multiplication of institutions emanating in a large degree from the piety and liberality of individual founders and

benefactors. The very phrase which I use recalls the mediæval beneficence out of which sprang some of the chief educational institutions of our own country. I do not say that this munificence has died out of the nineteenth century, at home or in the older countries. In one branch, that of public libraries for general use—which is the chief glory of the modern institutions of the United States, as its almost total absence is the chief reproach to the metropolis of London—in these public libraries I understand that at least in Birmingham a near approach has been made to the generosity, whether of corporations or of individuals, in the United States. Still the freedom, almost the recklessness, with which these benefactions are lavished beyond the Atlantic, bears upon its face the characteristic of an older age, reappearing amid our modern civilization like the granite boulder of some earlier formation. For the likenesses in our English history to John Harvard, to the “Ten Worthy Fathers” of Yale, to Johns Hopkins and Astor and George Peabody and Peter Cooper, we must look to our Wykehams, our Waynfletes, our Wolseys, at Oxford, and those whose names are immortalized in Gray’s splendid ode on the benefactors of Cambridge.

2. Again, the distinct character, the independent government, the separate legislation of the various States which compose the Republic of North America, represent a condition of political society to which modern Europe offers no parallel, except perhaps in the small federation of Switzerland, and for which on so large a scale we must for an example go back to the not yet developed states of Europe, just emerging from the old Roman Empire into the new Christian empire of Charlemagne, each indeed marked by the separate nationalities which were already beginning to show themselves, but even in the sixth or the ninth century speaking, as in the vast continent of North America at the present day, at least among the educated classes, one language, and subject, at least in name, to one central government. You will not suppose that in thus referring to the independence and diversity of the different States of America I am presuming to enter on that most delicate question of American politics, the exact point where the rights of the separate States terminate and the rights of the central Government begin. I treat of it only in its general features as an unquestionable phenomenon, which indicates that the American Commonwealth is yet in the beginning of political society, and that the end may be something far different from that which we now behold.

3. Again, in the relations of the laboring classes to the educated or upper classes of America, without intrenching on the thorny questions

of capital and labor, of socialism and of political economy, which are now beginning to agitate the New World as they agitate the Old, there is a peculiarity which exists in no European country at the present time, and which is a problem kindred to the first arrangements of the states of the ancient classical world. It is the peculiarity by which mechanical and manual labor is performed, for the most part, not by natives but by foreigners. What the Pelasgians were in Attica, what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Israelites were in Egypt, what the Canaanites were in Palestine, what the Greeks generally called by the varying names *Paræci* or *Periæci*, that is to say, the aboriginal or foreign element which the ruling class appropriated to itself for these inferior purposes—that, in some measure, the Irish, the negroes, and the Chinese are to the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. It has often been observed how widely this diversity of the Grecian commonwealths from those of modern Europe influences any judgment which we may draw from them and their condition to ours; it is not less true that a like precaution is rendered necessary by the appearance of this similar phenomenon in the United States of America.

I might multiply indefinitely the instances of this divergence in the relative stages of social and political and ecclesiastical existence in America and Europe. Whether we condemn or approve the institutions of the United States or of our own country, the main practical condition under which we must start on any comparison is, that to a very large extent the two spheres of the Old World and the New World are as almost incommensurable as the period of Theseus or Lycurgus with the age of Alexander, or the period of Egbert or Charles Martel with the period of Henry VIII. or Charles V.

But besides the light which this view of American history throws on the past and the present, there is also the further question of the light which it throws upon the future. It does not follow that because a nation has flourished for many centuries it is near its end. Far from us be any such desponding fatalism. Yet still it can not be denied that the longer the retrospect is, there is produced a sense of satiety or of completeness which, to a certain degree, contracts the vision of the future. It is the reverse of this feeling that is produced by what I have called the near and, as it were, closely present antiquity of the American States. We insensibly look forward to the possibility of a vaster development than we do in the older nations. And this expectation is no new thing. Amid all the evil forebodings, and all the failures of American existence, it has always been present. Whether from the remarkable circumstance of its first beginnings, certain

it is that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny, unfolding in a distant future, had taken possession of the minds both of Americans and of Englishmen. Shakespeare (or it may be Ben Jonson) had but just seen the first dawn of the earliest settlement in Virginia, and yet he was able to place in the mouth of Cranmer the prediction that, in the foundation of the town and river which bore the name of King James—

His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall make new nations.

"Let it not be grievous to you," was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, "that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end, for the memory of the adventurers to this plantation shall never die." Bishop Berkeley—who by a strange fate was diverted from his projects for Bermuda to settle on the pleasant shores of Rhode Island, and there within the humble mansion which is still existing, and in the jaws of an overhanging rock which may still be visited, composed one of the finest of his philosophical treatises—was inspired, as he looked on the scenes around him, with a sudden enthusiasm, and uttered those famous words which have only within the last year been inscribed on the portals of the university on the shores of the Pacific—

Westward the course of empire holds its way.

Burke, in his magnificent speech on the American colonies, while describing them as "a fierce people who are still as it were but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," could not look at their growth without marvel, and when he spoke of them was constrained to say, "Let us auspicate all our proceedings of America with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda*." We may freely grant that these predictions, impressive as they are, do not of necessity carry with them their own fulfillment. There have been predictions even of a more sacred character with regard to the fortunes of a far more sacred people, which have hitherto failed of their full accomplishment, because the nation of which they were spoken knew not the time of her visitation, and heard the divine call with closed ears and hardened hearts. But the peculiarities of American history on which I have dwelt give at least fresh substance to these lofty dreams. When we see how young, how new, how primitive is the form of American history and American society, it reveals to us the possibility, nay, the probability, that there is still a long course to be run; that the foundation of these States is, as Penn said of Pennsylvania, a noble experiment which

it depends upon themselves under God to accomplish or to ruin. The very defects and shortcomings of the present are, if not a pledge, an incentive to what may yet be in store. Of these defects I do not speak. They are sufficiently set forth in the teeming columns of the American journals. Many of them belong to what I have ventured to call the mediæval, the infantine state of American life; some of them have already faded away from their own Eastern States before the touch of superior civilization—some before the criticism of foreigners—some of them are flagrant still. But whether recently extinct or yet unsubdued, they are elements of a social condition, not toward which the civilized world is advancing, but from which it has escaped or, with whatever speed, is escaping, century by century.

In thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts? In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one as the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full; and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, bursting forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the devouring, fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present.

Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has an historical substance, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States. And for this purpose I select three points from the history of the past which conduce to a confidence which, if not without "trembling," still "rejoices" always—points on which I venture to insist, because they bear practically on an educational institution like this:

1. First, there is the marked peculiarity of

the American people, apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate; it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter, yet on the whole this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world where imagination still plays so large a part, and where so much is given to assurance of victory even more than to victory itself. If, perchance, the United States have too much of it, we, it may be, have too little: and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical, and social system is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear the citizens, and churchmen, and Christians of England despair of our country, our Church, and our religion.

2. Secondly, there are the elements of that character which they possess in common with the English race, with which their past history shows them to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness which is perhaps the inevitable outburst of the effervescence of communities not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control, and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law, on which we pride ourselves, and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the mother country and the daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is in the essential elements of character and social sympathy yet unbroken.

We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneousness of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that as we were their fathers, so in large measure

we are responsible for them—our children; responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are strong incentives to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and, on the other hand, every attempt on our parts to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion or faction, simplicity and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates every part even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense and knowledge of our joint history not to be proud of their English parentage and their ancient home.

3. Thirdly, with them as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there is the chance that the voice of the reasonable few may more and more make itself heard. It is in literature (and for this reason I call the attention of this Institute to the fact) that this voice is chiefly to be heard and felt. The literature of America is still young; but that small but select band who are its leaders have exercised, and doubtless still will exercise, a controlling effect by their increasing identification with the better elements of the nation.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson, through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which can not but render any future dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects

and the historic splendor of their own country.

Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attached themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts both of America with England and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial or municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."

And yet further, it is not only in this more subtle and indirect manner that the writings and the voices of the few may guide the opinions and passions of the many. It is by those direct lessons of wisdom and moderation which now and then the few have the courage to utter, and the many have the good sense to welcome.

In these latter days it has been sometimes urged that the uneducated classes are always right, and the educated classes always wrong. But in every neighborhood, and not least in this great center of populous life, we meet from time to time with instances which reveal to us as with a lightning-flash the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time (that of "the Claimant") received, if I mistake not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a groundless and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it is never to be forgotten that the last of the Pilgrim Fathers, as we may call him, who was forced to migrate for conscience' sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven hence, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We now all acknowledge that the mob was wrong, and that the

few who would have tolerated Priestley were right. This ultimate deference to mature knowledge and generous sentiment is as needful to cultivate in the institutes of our great English towns as in the United States of America.

It was only this year that the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature ventured in a lecture on the "Fortunes of the Republic" to point out one by one the salient faults of his countrymen, to express his certainty that their civilization is yet incomplete, that it has not yet ended or given signs of ending in a hero. It is this modesty, this sense of incompleteness, that entitles him to close with the expression of calm trust in their future. "Our helm," he says, "is given up to a better hand than our own. Our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows its way, and has the force to draw men, and states, and planets to their goal. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence veils the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that we shall not by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

In like manner it was one of the most striking features in that banquet at Salem of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, to hear the impassioned recitation of a vigorous ode by a gifted sculptor and poet, a native of that American village, but well known in this country and in Europe, who spoke to his countrymen words of terrible remonstrance, which were received, not with reprobation or aversion, but with significant and universal applause. He evidently had in his mind that abstraction of the higher order of characters from public affairs which, though happily not yet seen among ourselves, is said to prevail at least in the Northern States of America. He blamed

The careless trust, that happy luck

Will save us, come what may.

The apathy with which we see

Our country's dearest interest struck,

Dreaming that things will right themselves,

That brings dismay.

He rebuked those who

Apart in selfish silence stand,

Hating the danger and the wrong,

And yet too busy to uplift their hand

And do the duties that belong

To those who would be free.

He called on the

. . . noble men and true,

High, low, young, old, wherever you may be,
Awake! arise! cast off this lethargy!

Your ancient faith renew,
And set your hands to do the task
That freemen have to do.

Words like these, so uttered and so received, can not but beget a confidence that the country for which they were written, and in which they were spoken, has within it the instruments of regeneration, and the germs of future greatness. And as they give a forcible, perhaps too forcible, representation of the dangers and the hopes which lie wrapped up in the history of America, so also—conscious of that affinity of which I have before spoken, which unites the two countries together—I have ventured to quote them here in the conviction that, by analogy, they are applicable also to England. Not only they in their youth and freshness, but we in our green old age, need to be reminded that we also, in spite of our long ancestral traditions, and “the ancient inbred integrity” of the English nation, have kindred dangers threatening us on the right hand and on the left. Our safety, like theirs, lies in listening to the voice of those few noble souls and high intelligences who rise above the passions of party and the sordid interests of the moment, who have the wisdom not merely to denounce but to discriminate, and the desire not merely to preserve or to destroy, but to improve and bring to perfection the inheritance committed to our trust.

One word in conclusion. When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of deeper and higher characters, I am sure that I should not be doing justice to your feelings, nor, I may add, to the feelings of the great Republic which we have been considering, if I did not allude to the mingled grief and respect which will ever pervade all true English hearts, whether British or American, when they

hear of the stroke of sorrow with which the royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who has gone from us became first known to the public through her noble conduct by her father's death-bed, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother assuredly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and her children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not be grudged her in any home or any institution. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an Englishwoman can do in the noble discharge of the duties of her station. Her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of the family which the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem to which I have already referred, there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing “Our old Homes,” there was sung the English National Hymn, “God save the Queen.” That same sentiment will inspire thousands of American hearts to respond in a deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all join—“God save and bless the Queen.”

A. P. STANLEY (*Dean of Westminster*), in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

A PARALLEL.

GREAT names come filtered through the sands of time,
 That in their time those very sands obscured;
 Immortal Shakespeare, even in his prime,
 From the insensate crowd neglect endured;
 Vainly he sang his Orphic strain sublime,
 “Dumb show and noise” to “groundlings” dearer were
 Than numbers breathing of Olympian air.
 Thus the dull Phrygian, when Latona's son
 With Pan contended for Euterpe's meed,
 Apollo's lute from him no plaudit won;
 But the shrill discord of the Satyr's reed,
 More consonant by far, he hung upon
 With blatant glee, and, when the conflict ceased,
 Ignored the god, and crowned the semi-beast.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

ON CERTAIN PRESENT PHENOMENA OF THE
IMAGINATION.*

IF I attach its due meaning to the name of your institution, and if the most important periodicals of the time are a fair test of the interests of the mind of England, I need not apologize for addressing you this evening on a speculative subject, rather than on one of those scientific or literary topics which usually engage your attention in this hall.

When I first thought of such things, some fifty years ago, Samuel Taylor Coleridge had gained a great ascendancy over the intelligence of the younger generation by his interpretation of the more recent German philosophy, illuminated by his own fine imagination and eloquent diction. The Scotch philosophers, who hitherto had had almost a monopoly of philosophical education, were fast losing their authority. A transcendental color was imparted to literature, to poetry, to theology, and even to present politics; Wordsworth superseded Byron; Paley and Pearson became unsound and plausible advocates; the artists of Düsseldorf inaugurated the pre-Raphaelite school, and hurled contempt on the masterpieces of Continental art; Jacob Boehme was raised to the level of Francis Bacon, and Immanuel Kant was disregarded as too intelligible. But a counter-influence soon set in, when Thomas Carlyle touched so deeply, with the hand rather of the prophet than of the professor, the springs of the moral nature of his countrymen, and metaphysics fell into disrepute as inconsistent with a serious apprehension of the veracities of life, and a wise submission to the inevitable conditions of existence: the realism which, under the methods of the eighteenth century, had been regarded as ministering solely to the animal portion of man, and as degrading him from all higher responsibilities, became under this teaching a system as completely spiritual as ever Calvin had devised, and as terribly judicial as ever Knox had preached.

The reaction from this absorption of the mind in a world of absolute fact and positive duty came not, as might have been expected, from the idealists whose imagination rebelled, or from the gentler natures whose humanities were unsatisfied, but from the apostles of utility and the servants of science. It is to such men as John Stuart Mill and Charles Darwin that we mainly

owe the present satisfactory condition of speculation in this country, in which subjects affecting the most difficult processes of thought, and the most solemn possibilities of human destiny, are not put aside as intangible because abstruse, or as unmentionable because emotional, and in which a spirit of toleration prevails among earnest men which implies neither indifference nor scorn.

I can therefore speak to you without fear of offense or misapprehension, without any notion on your part that I wish to underrate any feeling or standard of belief; and if I either raise or lower your present estimate of the quality of imagination, do not forget that in the great operations of the mental world into which every man enters at his birth, as surely as he steps upon the earth he is about to inhabit, there is no question of proportion, but that the simplest sensuous perception is as wonderful as the highest development of genius.

The phenomena to which I am about to allude are compatible with every theory, from that of the purely physiological effect of the material universe on the human brain, to the complete identity of the objective and subjective imagination, as the sole condition of existence, expounded with much ability in the recent work of Professor Frohschammer, of Munich, "*Die Phantasie als Grundprincip des Weltprocesses.*" I have to deal with the images as I find them received by the mind through the senses, and retained by that process of connection which we may call Memory. The cessation of that connection is the most ordinary form of the condition which we designate as Insanity, which, however, does not exclude the retention of certain past images which may occupy the whole range of thought, and confuse and neutralize the others as they arrive. Now, as the imagination is above all things a constructive power, we might expect to find, as indeed we do find by experience, that insanity is rarely imaginative; that even when preserving a relation to the faculties of intelligence and for the forms of art, it seldom produces anything admirable in itself, or beyond the effects of singularity and oddity of construction. Much the same may be said of the act of dreaming, whether in ordinary sleep, or in the less frequent conditions of hallucination and somnambulism, in its natural form, or artificially produced by mesmerism or hypnotism. An ingenious writer has

* Delivered before the Leeds Philosophical Society, December 17, 1878.

lately had great success in literally translating into language the grotesque contradictions and extravagant combinations of this mental state, and "Alice in Wonderland" has been not only the delight of childhood, which recognized in it its own modes of unreason, but the amusement of maturer minds. Such literary exercises as the "Somnium Scipionis" or the "Vision of Mirza" are not dreams at all, but hallucinations.

There seems no doubt that in sleep the imagination acts independently of the will and the conscience and the reason. Even passion or desire is incapable of producing a required dream: in the midst of intense grief dreams are frivolous and irrelevant, and the dearest images can not be recalled at pleasure. The moral sense is non-existent; there is animal fear, but no remorse; there is personal anxiety, but no responsibility. The confused multitude of images destroy the orderly succession which constitutes the category of time: you know the numerous instances where the dreamer remembers on waking that he has gone through an almost interminable series of events, and yet it is proved by circumstances that he has only been asleep for a few moments. The image of a word will suggest by its sound a whole series of events in the most ludicrous connection. There is a story given by Monsieur Maury in his work, "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*," where the word *kilomètre*, coming up in the mind of the sleeper, sent him walking an enormous distance counting the mile-stones; then changing to *kilogramme*, placed him in a grocer's shop, in which he was put in a balance against a number of weights; then from a jumble of sound transported him to the island of Gilolo, of which he did not remember ever to have thought; then to a garden full of the flower lobelia; then to Cuba with General Lopes; and lastly, to a game at *loto*. In the same way, when the exclusion of the senses is not complete, the lightest impression suggests some curious analogous image. Descartes mentions that the bite of a flea made him think himself wounded by a sword. Dugald Stewart mentions a dreamer with a hot bottle at his feet fancying himself going up Mount Etna; and there may be some present who will remember an analogous effect of sounds, especially those of music. So far, there is meaning in the expression of a noted physiologist, that sleep is a short insanity, and that you should never make any decision or calculation for some time after you wake, for you may be unconsciously still under the power of some dominant image which the normal action of the senses will clear away.

In ordinary somnambulism, which is now regarded as a malady of the nervous centers, the

presence of the memory of anterior images is not only distinct, but, to use a conventional expression, supernaturally delicate: the patient passes over the most dangerous localities with perfect certainty, and among obstacles which, in his waking state, he could hardly avoid; and yet, if the usual position of those obstacles is changed, he runs against them and wakes. In this condition the image seems to transform itself into action, and the senses connected with that image to acquire an exceptional vitality, while those not connected with it are suspended. In a case cited by Dr. Mesnet, that of a somnambulist girl occupied in writing, if an opaque object was placed between her and the paper, she showed great annoyance; but if the light was so intercepted that the ordinary vision could not distinguish the lines, she wrote on just the same. But there is a singular distinction in this action of the memory—while dreams are at least partially remembered, the impressions and acts of somnambulism are entirely forgotten in the waking state, but are capable of being recalled in a subsequent return of the condition. The abnormal life has its own associations, and therefore its own memory. The familiar apparition of Lady Macbeth seems justified by experience. Criminals have avowed in somnambulism what they denied when waking, and even have gone through the horrors of execution. The action of the will is undoubted, but partial, as is seen in the common case of somnambulists searching for something lost or hidden with an absorbing persistency. Now all these phenomena appear in the states of artificial somnambulism which are called hypnotism or mesmerism, and in which the image imparted comes, not from any outward object, or from the consciousness of the sleeper, but from the impulse of sympathy with another mind and will. I will not here go into the vexed question of the mode and nature of this action. How far it is dependent on the readiness of the recipient to be attracted, how far it is limited to diseased conditions of the nervous system, how far, even though real, it lends itself to fiction and imposture, I will not now discuss; there remains enough of certain fact to illustrate the dominant character of the images superinduced, and the consequent submission of the will, even when the reason or the conscience resists.

While these morbid conditions afford the most convenient facts for the consideration of the subject, the operations of the imagination on childhood and savage life bear to them a great analogy and retain most of their characteristics. Instead of saying that a baby takes notice, it would be more correct to say that it receives. And so complete is the possession that the poet Wordsworth could only explain it, as you know, in his

fine "Ode on Immortality," by the notion of a previous existence :

Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Except in connection with nutrition and the affection toward certain persons who impart it, the infant lives in the surrounding universe. It draws no distinction between men and animals—the very perception of difference in number is only guided by resemblance. M. Percy mentions the bewilderment of a child of eight months in making out that two gray cats of the same size were not one and the same creature. Its very identity is at first only a proper name in which the child regards itself as a third person ; and the identity, when it comes, not only part of the present, but, by some strange anticipation, of future universal life. The girl has in her doll the fetich (to use a word on which I shall immediately enlarge) of her distant unborn child.

With regard to primitive peoples, it may be asserted that there is no fraction of humanity that does not manifest its ability to receive some interpretation of the universe, and does not show a desire to do so. Auguste Comte has said with perfect truth that "the human mind in relation to the outer world is in an habitual state of vague preoccupation, which, although normal and universal, produces none the less an effective equivalent to a permanent and general hallucination, in which, by the dominant powers of the imagination over the intellectual life, the most absurd beliefs can absolutely change the direct observation of almost all natural objects." Hence that personification of nature which is commonly called Fetichism, and which must not be confounded with Polytheism, being in fact its antagonist, as was admirably expressed by Bossuet, "all was God, except God himself." In this infancy of the human mind the identity of man with external nature is complete. There is no distinction between the animate and non-animate ; mountains move and have friendly relations ; stones have sexes ; the ocean walks in its tides ; lakes gather their fishes together, and vanish in the air to get away from people who will not cultivate their borders ; wells are good or malicious ; trees are demons that can be punished if they do not choose to grow, by taking off their skins ; and orders of plants, such as rice, have each their personal being, which can be asked to come back if the harvest looks bad, and congratulated when it is good. Through the traditions of subsequent polytheism, we follow those imaginations that have lived and still live among mankind. Various peoples have their venerated stones, and Oriental monotheism did not banish the especial sacredness of the Holy Hill, or the stone on which

Jacob slept, and which he anointed and set up in Bethel, any more than it has abolished the *ærolite* which is honored at Mecca by the pilgrimages and prayers of multitudes of men. Cicero claims for Neptune as good a right of godhead as Tellus ; the beneficent Nile still holds a personal power over the imagination of the Egyptian fellah ; and the mystic waters of Lourdes perpetuate the tradition that hangs around so many holy wells, especially among the Celtic peoples. From the graceful images of dryads and hamadryads we pass to the Egyptians satirized by Juvenal ; to the magic tree in the pampas of Patagonia which Mr. Darwin saw covered with votive offerings of food and cloth and cigars ; to the tutelary family tree to which the Christian Esthonians still sacrifice a black cock on feast-days, and to the songs of the girls in Little Russia carrying tribute to the favorites of the forest, singing : "To ! To ! poor green oaks, no cakes for you ; happy birches, for you are the girls and the cakes and the flowers"—the birch being evidently the survival of some lost tradition.

The relation of primitive man to animated nature is still closer. Seeing around him other forms of animal life, in many cases superior to himself in strength and sagacity, the collective image of such creatures becomes an object not only of interest and reverence, but by some retrospective process arouses a conviction of preëxistence and unity of origin. Thus, there is scarce an animal that has not been selected—to use a term now familiar to physiology—as an ancestor of some portion of the human race, or taken as the sign of the individuality of different tribes of the same people. The bear, the wolf, the turtle, and the beaver are the most honored progenitors among the northern Indians ; in South America, the rattlesnake, the jaguar, the eagle, and the toad ; among the Caffres, the lion and the crocodile ; among the Esquimaux and Kirghizes, the dog. The Malays call the tiger grandfather ; and one tribe of them alone, the Orang-Benoni, as far as is yet known, take the ape for its founder. The very resemblance to man which, under scientific observation, has become a question of so much interest and controversy, seems to have repelled the early imagination, which rather contented itself with combinations that now seem absolutely unnatural.

Under the polytheistic development, the worship of animals was the inevitable consequence of these beliefs. All the "wisdom of the Egyptians," which included so much advance not only in the material arts but in the higher moralities, excavated those magnificent cemeteries of innumerable birds and cats which we see contiguous to the tombs of the Pharaohs, and the worship of Apis is still a living force throughout the great

empire that shares the civilization and interests of England. The reverential affection for horses lasted so long among the Scandinavian peoples that the common interment of the horse and the warrior was especially forbidden by the Christian Church; and there are still popular ceremonies in Catholic countries in which animals are brought into the sacred edifice. A Danish soldier on the west coast of Africa having lately killed a wolf, the negroes were not appeased till the animal was buried with great pomp, and when a man was accidentally shot on the occasion they were satisfied that its soul was avenged. It follows from these perceptions that the peculiar instincts of animals which we now study with so much curiosity especially stimulate the fresh imagination. Monkeys are thought not to talk, only to escape being set to work; dogs could talk easily enough, but they are too proud to do so, having been snubbed by man. The cat is said by the Arabs to show by his gravity that he understands the Koran; and the horse is too sensible not to read it if it falls in his way. Assuredly, nothing can be more natural than a sympathy between the human imagination and the instincts of animals, in which we acknowledge certain actions of the external world on the intelligence, which are more inscrutable and less in accordance with the laws of association than anything we can observe in the human mind.

From this curious ancestry of nature, a transition of human progenitors is but a continuation of the imagination; and this is all the more vivid, by being accompanied by no habit of historical tradition. The savage who is adoring his forefathers can not trace them back even to a third generation; and even if he attaches a name to any one of them, he can not fix on any period of his earthly being. But, if thus indifferent to the past, he has a clear sense both of the present and the future. With his conception of death, as a change from the visible to the invisible universe, involving no break in existence, his relations to those who are gone are close and immediate. This conviction allies itself with his hopes and fears, his affections and his appetites. The cruel customs of Dahomey and Ashantee are religious ceremonies, in which the large and capricious sacrifice of human life is but a means of communication with the other world. "Who is this criminal?" asked Captain Burton, when, on landing at Dahomey, he saw a man crucified on a tree. "No criminal," said they; "he is the best man we could get, to pay you the greater compliment. We could not let a British consul arrive for the first time in uniform without informing our fathers and dead friends"; thus expressing a realization of another state of existence more absolute than Dante's Comedy—the

"gates" between the two worlds not "ajar," but open. This abolition of Death, contrasted with its intense actuality and aspect of sorrow and separation in a higher civilization, illustrates how inevitably, though imperceptibly, rises on mankind that sense of discrimination which in its maturer forms we call skepticism, and which divides the constant and ordinary objects of sense from the reflex action of its images; in modern language, the natural from the supernatural.

Rapidly this transformation exhibits itself in polytheism and monotheism, not in necessary contrast, but often in coexistence.

The gods of all nations and notions tend to a common center. A distribution of attributes and powers takes place, till out of the maleficence of nature rises the beneficence of God. Reason repels the contradiction and works for a solution. Jupiter controlled by the Fates, Ahri-man, the dark genius, "merged in light at last," Man lost by Nature and saved by Grace, are not formulas, but efforts at conclusions. Out of the multitude of phenomena supplied by the imagination the human reason strives for some solution on which to rest, and when it fails it falls back on the image itself, finding in it contentment and repose. Thus an ideal divine presence produced by sensible means is a fact that satisfies the thought and conscience of the mass of the Christian world, and combines the natural and supernatural in relations as indiscriminate as ever possessed the early mind of man.

The modern study of history is no longer confined to the enumeration of dates, or even the sequence of events. It attempts to penetrate into the sources of action and the motive powers of the actors. In it we are continually confronted with circumstances involving serious consequences to humanity, which are unaccountable on the supposition that men were guided by their material interests, or even the impulses of momentary gratification. We find rulers pursuing for a long period an intelligible and sagacious policy, and suddenly engaging in some enterprise that leads to their desertion or destruction. We see people establishing themselves in various forms of civil order, and in the profitable use of natural resources, and all at once acting on some new and violent desire, of which the end, if attained, bears no proportion to the efforts and sacrifices which it entails, and which often concludes in misfortune and disgrace. On the other hand, we have small bodies of men, banded together by some ideal association, attracting others to themselves till they form a power which spreads its sovereign will over immense spaces of the globe, or else remaining self-contained within a narrow local range, exercising an influence

almost infinite in duration over the intellectual destinies of mankind.

Keeping this in mind, let us go back to the foundations of society, to that instinct of association which, though powerful enough to account for the expansion of the family into tribal or other communities, could hardly, without some positive action of the imagination, establish an authority which could enforce the submission of the individual to the general advantage, and constitute a distinct political entity. Aristotle, the prime observer, speaks of man as a "political animal"; but, to make him so, it requires that the notion of city or country, of king or republic, should have been called into existence. Now this the primitive imagination accomplishes without distinction of worth between the poorest or the wealthiest nature, the happiest or the most miserable surroundings, and advances till that which was little more than brute self-defense becomes exalted into the virtue of patriotism. When centered on an individual it is arbitrary in its choice and indiscriminate in its application. The images of faith and confidence and love gather strongest round the chief when he represents both himself and a locality, and the hereditary principle is soon invented as the most convenient method of the continuation and transmission of the authority. Among the more imaginative peoples a divine origin of rulers is the ordinary basis of belief, and the language connected with this notion survives long after the belief is superseded. In the Oriental monarchies of Asia, and in the semi-Oriental empire of Russia, that "East without sun," the patriotic imagination still survives for all the purposes of absolutism, even when brought into immediate contact with Western civilization and subjected to the criticism of history. And when, by the transcendent energies of such men as Luther and King Henry VIII., the mighty image of spiritual authority that overshadowed the mind and heart of central Europe and England was shaken to its foundations, the popular imagination, eager for submission, intensified the authority of the divine right of kings. And now, in our day, in the very center of European culture and political thought, the persistent regard for the legitimacy of a royal race on one side, and the legend of a military conqueror on the other, are still enervating the natural unity and delaying the establishment of permanent government. The reasonable loyalty of a limited monarchy would itself fare ill without some imaginative associations, which the extension of education and political interest show no tendency to diminish.

To deprive patriotism of prejudice, and to substitute a sound judicial estimate of the real

merits and advantage each citizen enjoys for the collective enthusiasm that attaches to the image of country, would probably result, not in an extension of sympathy for a common humanity, but in a condition of moral indifference that would imply a national decadence as well as an indirect injury to mankind. But there is nothing in the progress of society to indicate any considerable advance in this direction. The existence of individual minds of such a temper may affect the course of speculation, and even of moral philosophy, but in the face of an aroused and angry imagination they will retire to the study and lament the limitations of the human intelligence.

Powerful as seem the operations of this faculty in the organization of society, they are weak in comparison with its effect in peopling the globe and dispersing the human race. The great migrations may have been from the less fertile soils and less pleasant climates to more productive and agreeable regions, but these benefits could scarcely have been tested before the multitudes set forth to cross mountains, traverse deserts, and fight their way against all comers toward the images of acquisition of land and gratification of appetite, and perhaps of ultimate rest. To us, who live in the fullness of time, these things are mostly matters of history; but we have under our eyes, and within the scope of our own immediate political relations, a vast empire sparsely peopled, with immense interests, demanding for their development capital and peace, with inhabitants for the most part gentle, frugal, industrious, and religious, unable to restrain a vague desire of increase, a greed of new dominion, to the loss of wealth which it can ill afford and life it can not replace, with no such excuse of wild curiosity as drove Attila to the walls of Rome, or of savage ferocity as impelled the hordes of Genghis Khan. What would have been the present material prosperity of Russia if, during the sixty-six years that have elapsed since her magnificent repulse of the French invasion, she had husbanded her resources and limited her ambition to the cultivation of her soil, the growth of her manufactures, the extension of her commerce, and the development of those peculiar institutions which combine a community of interests with reverence for authority?

By the side of this, so to say, waste of the imagination, we may place the advantageous part it has played in the progress of modern colonization. Stern necessity, such as we experienced a few years ago in the Irish famine, has had its share in the motives for emigration, just as there have been refugees from political discord, and exile from religious persecution. But these causes

would not have sufficed for a continuous exodus from prosperous and contented nations to distant and unknown shores. The countries familiar with the sea—Spain, Holland, and England—have naturally supplied the greater portion of the adventurers, but, with all facilities of transit, if the other realities of the change of life had stood out clear before them, by how few, comparatively, would they have been confronted! Even the lesser trials of a commodious age, the separation from friends and associations, the enforced loneliness, the break in habits, the confusion of orders of society, would have disheartened thousands, who with the image of a new world which they were to help to found, and other Englands they were destined to create, have merged the disappointments and disillusion of individuals in the aggregate success, and realized the poet's dream.

Among the imaginative influences that affect, to some extent, the well-being of modern societies, there are none more worthy of consideration than those schemes and speculations for the improvement of the condition of the mass of mankind which are generally classed under the name of Socialism. They are for the most part benevolently designed, and even at the worst aim at an immense ultimate good, through certain intermediate sacrifices and sufferings. They represent the revolt of the imagination against evils which it refuses to regard as inevitable, and against the slow processes of improvement which it stigmatizes as base and cowardly. The literary shapes of political and social Utopias are endless, from Plato's Republic to Karl Marx's "Capital," and they are more necessarily connected with pillage and assassination than the Epistles of St. Paul with the Spanish *auto-da-fé*. The horrible follies and destructive stupidities of the Commune at Paris had far more to do with the physical effects of the long siege, which pathologists have specially designated as "*fièvre obsessionnelle*," and with the corruption of the forced idleness it induced, than with any theory of government by large or small communities, or even social envy, or division of classes. After the French Revolution of 1848 the amiable philanthropists of the time produced each his panacea for the evils and shortcomings of society—some of whom fairly tried their experiment in distant countries, and failed, as they no doubt believed, by the injustice of fortune. Others were put down by the strong hand of the law, others went on in chronic rebellion against the existing order of things under such chiefs as Delescluze, who was seen in the last hour of the Commune standing with his arms folded on a barricade, appealing against gods and men till the destined bullet felled him; others, like Louis Blanc, still brood-

ing over their theories and hoping against hope, not without the sympathy and kind regard of their fellow men. We here in England, who, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, have given to every man not only his *droit de travail*, but even his right to live without working, can afford to treat socialistic views with indulgence, while we absolutely deny their efficacy to reorganize mankind on better principles than have developed themselves under the process of constitutional liberty. We hold by the great standards of political economy, not as arbitrary rulers of right and wrong, but as the eternal laws of nature to which men submit, just as we do to the laws of gravity that pervade the material creation. At the same time, and from our very practical experience and understanding of these things, we doubt the wisdom of dealing with these extravagances by means of legal control and personal severity. For these notions live in the images that accumulate in the intelligence of leaders and masses of men—hopes unreasonable and infinite—combinations benevolent and impossible—theories indicative of virtue, but at the same time flattering to the vices of the human heart—all born of the lasting transformative hallucination which will not recognize the real and the inevitable, and will substitute its own impression for that of the surrounding universe. Against such an impalpable power legislation is impotent: it aggravates the very evil it attempts to remove, and it will fail in a persecution which, by the very constitution of modern society, it can not carry out to such a completion as of old trampled down religious liberty in Spain and Italy, and which engages against itself the sympathies and aspirations of generous minds.

For the hostile relations of mankind the imaginative force acts with eminent vivacity. Civilization has so far subdued the combativeness of human nature that personal conflict, so long the test of worth and the seal of honor, has fallen in some countries into entire disuse, and in others is only endured as a necessity for the protection of good manners. With us death in duel is murder, whatever be the provocation, and prize-fighting is assumed without any authority of statute to be a breach of the peace. The zest of cruelty which has had its open recognition and acknowledgment in the national sports of every people, and which lies so deep in the secrets of history, is now not only unavowed and unsatisfied, but is pursued by opinion and even by legislation in directions and with a zeal that would have been regarded by our ancestors as an infringement on personal liberty. And yet, let a state of war be once proclaimed, and all these scruples and humanities are cast to the winds. The moral and sentimental conditions are reversed, and a peace society which

tries to sustain them in their old positions clamors in the desert. It is not that any contradiction is admitted—it is that the collective imagination is directed in another channel. For the immediate agents the taking of life becomes a duty—the application of science to every form of destruction the best exercise of intelligence. Every noble nature, every unselfish instinct, is marshaled in the cause, and the good soldier becomes the ideal of humanity. His fortunes acquire an interest they would never have obtained in civil life, and his death confers a certain dignity on all who belong to him, which mitigates the sorrow of his loss. For the spectator on either side there is a totally different canon of sympathy than before existed. Even the miseries which fall so especially and so undeservedly on the non-combatants are, as it were, lost in the contemplation of victory or defeat. Within the last few months we have ourselves witnessed the indifference with which the multiplied horrors and abominations of the late war in Turkey have been regarded, in comparison with the compassionate indignation aroused by one occasion of barbaric violence that occurred in a time of peace, and on which the popular imagination had been arbitrarily fixed by an accidental political conjuncture.

For one more illustration of my subject, I will observe that the mere exchange of simplest articles of subsistence in the earliest social state implies a considerable mental act, and that the transition from barter to an arbitrary standard of value is an effort of the imagination more wonderful than any symbol that human ingenuity has since adopted, from the African cowry to the promissory note. The adoption of a metallic standard is easily intelligible from the uniformity and durability of the material, but the universal attraction of gold is hardly to be deduced from the pleasure excited by its brightness and color. The human imagination, however, seems to have fixed upon it with an especial energy, and its usefulness has been confirmed by the experience of ages. It had much to do with the intercourse of Oriental peoples, including those with which we are familiar in Scripture. It had a prominent influence in the irresistible fascination that led to the discovery of the other hemisphere, and in our own days it has brought the Anglo-American nation to the golden gate of the Pacific Ocean, and transformed uncultivated wastes into the granary of the world. Upon our own colonies the effect has not been as great, and certainly not as beneficial; indeed, if the labor expended on the gold-mines of the antipodes had been employed on almost any other object, it would have been productive of more wealth and happiness. Nevertheless, it has been a powerful agent in the immediate development of Australian prosperity.

However conventional the metallic standard of value may be, it is limited in production, and has a reality about it. Not so its paper representative, which is a purely arbitrary production, and can mean nothing except as the convenient counterpart of the coin into which it can be converted at the will of its possessor. And yet so forcibly has this symbol of wealth worked on the imagination of mankind, that every civilized country has been the scene of countless delusions on the subject of currency. We have all of us not only read the writings but heard the words of men otherwise intelligent, practical, and self-commanding, absorbed by the notion that an inconvertible paper is the remedy for all financial embarrassments and fluctuations, that a nation was only poor because it chose to be so, by limiting to a fixed sum its available wealth. At this moment, opinion on this subject is the main division of parties in the United States. Little wonder, perhaps, that the believer in so simple an expedient for the diminution of human suffering should be maddened at the stupidity of his fellow men who will not recognize it. And, indeed, if their force of imagination was equal to his own, it would go far, not, indeed, to justify an impossible theory, but to authorize its temporary application. For in times of violent excitement, such as a revolution or a civil war, paper money is all-sufficient for the daily wants of society, and the day when the assignat or the greenback becomes worthless may be so long deferred that the system seems to break down at last under external pressure, and not from its essential unsoundness. The fabric of national credit is at once the creature and the promoter of this aspect of wealth; and the column of your newspaper which is most under the dominion of imagination is not the record of fashionable folly, or the occasional fiction, but the sober money-market article and the state of the funds. I remember hearing Sydney Smith say “the greatest fools he had known in life were the three per cents,” and any mature man of business would be inclined to agree with him, when the nature of the fears and hopes that affect their fluctuations is duly considered. As an historical application in connection with our national debt, it is impossible to conceive a more complete arithmetical delusion than that of the sinking fund, which, originated by Sir Robert Walpole in 1716, and sanctioned by Mr. Pitt in 1786, was continued by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer till 1824. As long as it meant only not spending a certain portion of a surplus, it was an economical process; but when it was maintained in face of a deficient Exchequer, the difference between the rate of interest at which money was borrowed, and at which purchases were made by

the commissioners, between 1793 and 1814, cost the country more than eleven millions sterling. Yet Mr. Wilberforce spoke of this system as almost a divine revelation, and Mr. Vansittart calculated the exact year in which the national debt would be paid off—I think it was 1830—and speculated on the difficulty the moneyed interest would have in finding investments after the event. It is difficult to explain by mere error of judgment this delusion of men versed in finance, and intrusted with the administration of national wealth.

When we pass to the private transactions of commerce, and the expectations of profits, which should rest on ascertained facts or a rigid calculation of probabilities, how strangely do we find the shrewdest men indulging in the wildest hopes, and communicating their beliefs contagiously to others! The very power of observation and detection is lost. The mine not only of dubious produce, but of dubious locality; the culture of land, not only barren, but inaccessible; the loan to states, not only indebted, but insolvent; the trust in some magical operation of coin and credit that shall create the non-existent; the extraction of dividends, not only from present but from future capital—these are every-day occurrences, beyond the combinations of fancy or the tale of fable. And who, for minds in this condition, for intellect thus dazzled and disturbed, for the moral sense thus damaged and abused, shall draw the thin frontier line between delusion and deception, between ignorance and fraud? Who can fix the moment in which the desperate hope passes into the criminal intent, in which the weakness of a divided responsibility overpowers the sense of individual action, and the man so lately endowed with a clear conscience and the good regard of his fellows becomes the ruin of himself, of those most dear to him, and of all who have confided, not only in his probity, but in his intelligence?

In the reigns of the applied sciences there is only one to which I will allude, on which the imagination seems to intrude to an extent that seriously affects our confidence in its operations, and of which I have never heard an adequate explanation. It might, indeed, be expected that the science which has for its object the mitigation of the evils of nature and the sufferings of mankind must rest exclusively on the observation of compensating forces and remedial phenomena. The medicine-man of savage life may start from some recuperatory instinct which induces him to believe in his own exceptional powers, but, without some rude experience of advantage, it is difficult to conceive the belief of other men in their beneficial efficacy. And when, in the processes of civilization, therapeutics have attained to the rank of a science, the physicist might expect to be able

to follow the track of its discoveries and the steps of its inductions in a distinct order, and without retractions and contradictions. If the disappointment of this expectation is attributed to the immensity and variety of the phenomena of human life, and the consequent incompleteness of the science, there can be nothing more to say. But it is difficult to reconcile this apology with the assumption of certainty in the effect of each system as it comes into common application. It is unnecessary to specify the different modes of the treatment of human infirmities, that have prevailed among the best authorities even during our own lives and in our own country, or to refer to such large mutations of world-wide practice as the use and disuse of phlebotomy, or the use and abuse of alcohol. Now each of those medical systems must have been founded on a certain number of experimental observations, and have had its inception in some physical theory. How, then, are we to explain the temporary predominance of each of these scientific conclusions, and in many cases their entire extinction? Assuredly it might have been assumed that their occasional failure was owing to too large an application to unknown and untested conditions, and not to an absolutely erroneous principle, so that the successor might eliminate the sound experience, and avoid the excess. But, just as the abundant imagination leaves the practitioner to regard the theory of the moment as all-sufficient, so the imagination of the following school strives to obliterate the utility of the past, and to establish itself as the sole authority of the time.

In considering how much abstract science has been affected by imagination, I need not revert to the commonplaces of the connection of alchemy and chemistry, or of astrology and astronomy; Zadkiel's "Almanac" still lives beside Lord Rosse's telescope, and a few years ago the price of bismuth rose extravagantly in the market by the formation of a company organized to convert it into gold. I can appeal to Professor Tyndall's generous lecture to the British Association at Liverpool, and direct your attention to the range of modern science which deals with phenomena which no eye has seen and no mind has conceived, to that composite and creative unity in which reason and imagination are so absolutely blent as to lead us into a world not less real than that of sense, and of which the world of sense is the suggestion and justification. The microscope reveals molecules beyond its power, and the telescope worlds beyond its range, and here observation would be arrested but for the imagination which comes to their aid, and anticipates the conclusions which it constructs and combines. And yet beyond this is a world of symbol and number, a world in which the imagi-

nation works alone, but under the strong and unbroken direction of the inductive reason—the world of pure mathematics.

I do not know that I can find a better turning point than this for the consideration of the method by which the mind frees itself from the tyranny of the images it receives, and asserts its own consciousness and liberty. In the morbid conditions already noticed, it is by painful and fitful efforts that the disorderly impressions are met, while in the normal and healthy nature the images take of themselves a certain form, and ask for organization and control. There is a thought of Immanuel Kant's which I have tried to concentrate in a distich :

Two things I contemplate with ceaseless awe—
The stars of heaven, and man's sense of law.

And in this we may well speculate how much, in all probability, the inward phenomenon owes to the external. The character of the movements of the heavenly bodies, in connection with times and seasons, must have gone far to impress on the susceptible mind of early man the sense of something beyond succession, and of a recurrence beyond accident or even arbitrary will. At any rate, it is by the action of law that the images are contained, arranged, and applied; and it is where and when that influence ceases that danger and disease begin. It is conceivable that the senses themselves may be limitations of perceptions, which without them would be infinite, but no such theory is necessary to explain the value of the subordination of the images we receive through the senses to some comprehensive law, whether it result in moral or social order, or in the knowledge of the phenomena of the universe, which we designate Science, or in the arrangement of form and color which is comprised under the name of Art, or in the combination of images and language which is signified by Poetry. Where the imagination has these legitimate outlets and employments, the peril of its unhealthy uses is largely diminished, and any notion of essential difference between science and art in this aspect arises from an entirely false estimate of both. Science is not the result of calculation alone, but of a synthesis which can not be attained without an act of the imagination as positive as could be the composition of a picture or a poem. It is thus that the appearance of a great mathematician or natural philosopher is as rare as that of a great poet. Art, again, must conform to the laws, among the thousands of currents considered by students of sound, or color, or language—to be anything but a confused and unintelligible fragment; and it is in the application of these laws that it finds its greatest satisfaction. No pleasure in scientific discovery can exceed the

delight and astonishment with which a youth discovers in himself an artistic or poetic capability: it is pathetically amusing to see how he conceives that he is a new phenomenon which the universe is bound to recognize. Thus, too, the scenes which in nature are commonplace become supernatural when he transfers them to paper or canvas, and the thought to which when in prose he would attach no importance becomes something divine when married to the music of more or less harmonious words. The young musical genius swims in an ocean of illimitable sounds, and possibly may have actual nervous sensations of his own, beyond the usual perceptions, just as to those without a musical ear all music itself is unintelligible. If to this contentment of the individual imagination in art may be added the necessity, for the production of any solid or important work, not only in our day but in all historical record, of the combination of genius with those very qualities of industry, accuracy, and perseverance, that are required for success in the ordinary walks of life, it will follow that there are positive as well as negative advantages in the possession and use of artistic powers.

But, because the faculty of clothing the images that invade or possess the mind in beautiful forms, attractive sounds, or delightful words, is not always accompanied by an equally balanced judgment or harmonious life, it is often assumed that the strength or fertility of the imagination is the cause of the deficient conduct of affairs, or the moral error—a conclusion not only unjust, but untrue. As a single example, which from the familiarity of the names may bring my meaning home to you, I would take a group of poets, whose characters are present to all your recollections: Cowper, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron. Now, Cowper, speaking of his inability to put the terrible religious despair that possessed him into words, says: "You may tell me, perhaps, that I have written upon these subjects in verse, and may, therefore, if I please, in prose. But there is a difference. The search after poetical expression, the rhyme, the numbers, are all affairs of some difficulty; they amuse, indeed, but are not to be attained without study, and engross perhaps a larger share of the attention than the subject itself. Verse is my favorite occupation, and what I compose in that way I reserve for my own use hereafter." His poetry was in truth the salvation of his reason. Coleridge said if he had not had two shelves in his mind, on one of which he could put his imagination and the other his daily life, his mind would have gone altogether. Shelley, in whose nature the tenderest and most noble intents were mixed with the most unruly and unhappy practice, was ever rising out of the moral confusion as his art developed, and but for

his untimely death would, to all appearance, have risen to an equality of his spiritual conception and material Being. Byron, well styled the "poet of revolt," and lawless even in his verse, was nevertheless elevated by his art into passionate sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, and guided to the heroic end which crowned a self-indulgent life. I could enlarge this argument far further, by the story of the influences of other arts, but I must pass from the individual to the collective life, and ask you to discern how, if the most prosperous periods of nations coincide with their best artistic development, the prosperity is quite as much owing to art as the art to prosperity. The satisfied imagination imparts vigor to the other faculties by allowing other images to act surely and rationally on the public mind. The Homeric poems were the prognostication, as the art of the time of Pericles was the confirmation, of the political and intellectual grandeur of Greece. In Spain, in Holland, and in Venice, painting has seemed to rise and fall with the commercial and social ability of the people. In France, the constant employment of the popular imagination in the chief centers of national life, while often a source of political disturbance, has also sustained the heart of the country in disasters that would have overwhelmed a brooding and torpid community, and has repaired their material and mental life by the ever-fresh supply of present distractions and imaginative hopes.

I once asked a great musical composer whether there was not reason to believe that all the simple combinations of melody which make the most delightful airs had been exhausted, and whether the complicated music of the future was not a necessity in novel productions. He gave me the agreeable answer that there was a possibility of just as many future melodies yet unimagined as of those that had hitherto charmed mankind, and he probably had good grounds for this assertion in the mere arithmetic of combinations. In the plastic arts so happy a supposition is hardly probable. Their present condition seems to oscillate between bald repetition and ingenious distortion. Representation in stone or color, even without nobility of classic or the sweetness of mediæval art, may confer a pleasure of their own by accurate observation and affectionate study of nature, and in the infinite variety of the universe may find scope for an interminable series of effects and impressions. But the very

merit of this imitation excludes the sense of the ideal transformation which has given so deep a satisfaction to mankind. On the other hand, the present caricature in art and literature has not that continuous presence of contrast which gave grace and meaning to the old grotesque: absurdity is not only permitted, but prized for its own sake; and extravagant oddity is commended and admired, while, in truth, the mere confusion of images, whether of nature or of previous representations, is the very opposite of art, and affords no hope of future originality.

It is otherwise in the higher spheres of physical and mental speculation, where there is no fear of any relaxation of the imaginative forces. The formula which supplies so much contentment to present physiologists, the process of natural selection, assumes an instinct of fitness and beauty, not only in every range of animal and vegetable life, but in the apparently insensible elements of the universe. The bird mates for beauty just as a man might do, the insect selects and propagates the brightest flower, and the very crystal in the depths of the earth grows by its sense of form. Art is the very arbiter of nature, and the argument of design is no longer applied to an external power, but to the imagination, which becomes identical with creation itself. So, too, the faith which aims at the ultimate absorption of all philosophies and religions, the positivist doctrine, demands an act of imagination as difficult and abstract as has been required by any previous theology or theory of existence. The conception of humanity as the integer of which every part is consistent and sympathetic with the whole, the apotheosis, not of an individual but of the race, the preference of the immortality of the species to that of self, are imaginative propositions implying as complete an identification of the natural with the supernatural world as ever possessed and actuated primitive man. Thus the demands of our present complicated civilization, the pressing necessities of our crowded lives, the occupation of our manifold contests with the powers and uses of nature, all fail to hold down the human mind to the material wants and demands of the hour, to the exclusion of the infinite and irrepressible interest it takes in the images of the world about it, which sometimes subjugate the reason, but which, by strength of will and command of intellect, it is enabled to regulate, to transform, and to subdue.

HOUGHTON, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

INTOLERANCE AND PERSECUTION.

LET me make it quite clear what I here mean by intolerance; and I will not shrink from giving the word its fullest and most unpopular meaning. I mean by it, at least as I am now using it, potential persecution; and by persecution I mean the use of coercive measures to restrain a man, if not from holding certain religious opinions, at all events from communicating these opinions to others. Now such coercive measures can be applied only when the religion that is ready to persecute is allied to the state, and when in taking these measures the state will either act for or protect it. And therefore, when we say that a religion is intolerant, we mean that it would, if it could, apply the secular arm for the suppression of any intellectual forces that might be dangerous to itself.

And now let us ask what is implied in a man's holding any dogmatic creed at all? He does not hold such a creed simply as a truth. He of course thinks that it is true; but he thinks of it as truth of a special kind. He may, for instance, hold it true that "Childe Harold" has four cantos, or that there is no atmosphere in the moon. But though he holds each of these beliefs as firmly as he holds (let us say) that Christ died for him, their relation to himself is something very different. He might think men wrong for denying them, but he would gain nothing by restraining such a denial, beyond the possible gratification of his own personal temper. But it is quite otherwise with the truths of his religion. These, he holds, are not truths only, but truths on the recognition of which our whole well-being depends. They are, as it were, not mere facts of astronomy, but facts of astronomy bearing on the practical art of navigation. A creed he considers as the soul's nautical almanac, and his own creed he considers to be the only correct edition. And he may look on his creed in this light for two reasons. He may consider that there is something salutary in the mere assent to its articles; and he may consider this assent as of value also in its results upon practical conduct. We shall have to treat these two reasons separately by and by; but it is enough for the present that, for one or other, or for both of them, a creed is regarded by its adherents in the way I have just described.

This being the case, let us suppose for a moment that an entire nation is unanimous in its assent to a single creed, and that on this creed the whole value of their lives depends for them. Considering it to be certainly true, they

consider it necessarily to be the one legitimate conclusion of their moral and intellectual faculties; and any denial of it can therefore arise only from either moral obliquity or from intellectual imbecility. Suppose, then, that in such a nation a man arises who does deny this creed, and who can not be convinced that he is wrong in doing so. If he be not an immoral man, nor an advocate of immorality, the nation will regard him but in one light—that of a man suffering from a kind of mental ophthalmia: *as such*, he will be nothing but an object of pity, and if his case be evidently incurable, he will simply be left alone. But, if it should appear that his disease not only afflicted him, but was in a high degree contagious, it is evident that the only possible course will be to prevent any further intercourse between him and his fellows. He must be placed in a kind of perpetual quarantine. A writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" has very recently made some excellent remarks on cases of this kind. "It is easy," he says, "to say that opinion can not be coerced. But this, in the first place, is true only of the small minority of mankind who are in the habit of thinking for themselves; and secondly, if it were true, it would only show that in some cases persecution is too late to be effectual. Not cure but prevention is the main object. A disease may be incurable as to the individual it has once fastened on, and yet the infection may be cut off by sanitary police."

Now here are intolerance and persecution exemplified in their simplest form; and, if we consider them in this form, their true character will readily become apparent. No matter what the creed be of the nation we are considering, be it Catholicism, Mohammedanism, or dogmatic atheism, let the nation be but convinced of the truth and the importance of it, and they will persecute for heresy, as surely as they will prosecute for theft. An officer is liable to punishment who wrecks the ship he is intrusted with. A quack would be equally liable to punishment who forces on the ship of the soul a falsified nautical almanac. In the eye of a nation which believes that a man's spiritual welfare is at any rate of equal importance with his material welfare, and that the conditions of both are equally certain, persecution is not a thing apart. It stands on the same basis as the ordinary state regulations, and is to be classed either with the enforcement of ordinary sanitary restrictions, or with the awarding of ordinary criminal punishments. With the first of these it is certainly

right to class it. The question is, Is it ever right to class it with the second as well? The heretic in the first case is treated as an involuntary leper. He is not punished for that; he is secluded only. If he tries to break from his seclusion and spread his leprosy, are we to treat the attempt as a voluntary criminal act, or merely as a symptom of the disease? The answer to this question is practically of no importance, as the measures taken in either case will be the same; but to glance at it in passing may help to give clearness to our view of the matter. There it another classification, however, of the aspects under which persecution may be looked at, which is something more to the purpose. We may look at it as curative, we may look at it as preventive, we may look at it as retributive. We may look at it as any or as all of these three. Its object, that is, may be to cure a disease, to remove a source of infection, or to punish a criminal. Now, that persecution can be a curative, we may regard as an untenable proposition; that it ought to be retributive we may regard as a doubtful proposition; but that whenever possible it must be used as a preventive, we may regard as a necessary proposition. It is, therefore, as a preventive only that it is really necessary to consider it.

Plato says that the nature of justice may be examined better in the state than in the individual; and we have just been examining intolerance and persecution in the same way. We have seen, as regards intolerance, that it is neither the vice nor the virtue of any one creed in particular, but that it is the common necessity of all creeds that are sufficiently definite to be capable of contradiction, and sufficiently important to be worth it. Thus if the Church of Rome is the only intolerant religion we have to deal with, this does but mean that she is the only religion convinced of its own authority. We have seen further, as regards persecution, that when there is a practical probability of its fulfilling its proper end, there is also a moral necessity for it. The one great point to remember is that this end is prevention, and that persecution, if it does not attain this end, will defeat it. The whole question resolves itself into one of practical judgment. If a whole nation be orthodox, and there be but one heretic, the success of persecution will be certain. The same may be said if the heretics be but two, or three, or four. But let the numbers increase, and the answer gradually ceases to be certain one way, and by and by it becomes certain the other.

Intolerance and persecution, therefore, though they are nearly related, and though the latter in certain cases may be the necessary result of the former, stand upon two quite different footings.

The one is a thing of necessity; the other of expediency. The one is a necessary judgment and a necessary solicitude; the other is an expression of these in action that is only sometimes possible. But this last, let us remember also, is, when possible, not possible only, but obligatory. I may give as an instance of my meaning, though this is only one that could be given out of many, the case of the Church of Rome in England. Suppose that Church in another fifty years were to gain a complete ascendancy in this country, and the deliberate conviction and the most valued hopes of the great mass of our countrymen were to be embodied in her, in the interest alike of intellect, of morals, and humanity, she would put a forcible check on all the arguments that could be used against her.

Doubtless this sounds sinister and illiberal enough; but it will cease to seem so if we examine it more closely. Such language as that I have just used is misunderstood generally for two reasons. It is forgotten, in the first place, how large the conditions are that must be fulfilled to justify persecution; it is forgotten, in the second place, what essentially persecution is. It is forgotten that to persecute with success, and therefore with justice, the religion that persecutes must embody the entire force, moral and intellectual, of the nation. Its ascendancy must represent the fact that a national decision has been come to; and that the national thought, whose freedom was for a long time anarchy, has at last arrived at more perfect freedom, which is order. It is forgotten, further, that persecution is not essentially a cruel or barbarous thing. It has been peculiar hitherto to barbarous ages; and it was conducted, naturally, in a barbarous manner. But this is only an accident of it; it is not the essence. How distorted the conception of it is in the popular mind, may be seen in the fact that a common synonym for it is *the stake*. But if persecution is really discredited by the barbarities that formerly attended on it, the administration of civil justice must be discredited in the like way. Torture was not peculiar to ecclesiastical trials, nor was the stake peculiar to ecclesiastical executions. It is not so long ago that men were hanged in England for stealing sheep. This was barbarous enough; but we do not therefore think that sheep-stealing should not be prevented. Nor, because it was a barbarous thing to burn a heretic, is it necessarily a barbarous thing to prevent the spread of heresy. If ever persecution were again revived in the world, we may be sure that its aspect would be as much changed and softened as has been that of secular justice.

The only general objection, then, that can be urged from without against intolerance is that on

religious matters there is no certainty attainable; and intolerance is only decried in the present day because it is a protest against this opinion. Macaulay said that the Puritans disliked bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men. In the same way, modern thought sets its face against intolerance, not because intolerance denies certainty to others, but because it claims certainty for itself.

There are, however, other objections from within that it will be also well to deal with—objections that will be more cogent with those who have some basis for intolerance than with those who disclaim any. The simplest of these is the respect that is due to the conscience. Let there be but one man a heretic in a nation, and let all the rest be orthodox, it may still be felt by the orthodox that if the man be in good conscience he should be allowed to practice his religion and, so far as in him lies, to promulgate it. Mr. St. George Mivart, among modern English Catholics, has lately urged a liberal view like this. But if the persecuted minority in question be really in good conscience, the answer to this position is not difficult. When it is a duty for the majority to persecute, it is a privilege for the minority to be persecuted; and if they are not enough in earnest to accept the pain as a privilege, they very certainly deserve it as a punishment.

Further, the dogmatist, in times like ours, may be perplexed possibly by the following question: "How can he reasonably advocate intolerance, when it is only through the tolerance of others that this advocacy is rendered possible?" The answer to this is that he lives in unfortunate times, and tolerance is at present, on all sides, a provisional and unfortunate necessity. When the fever of opinion has got to a certain pass, it must be allowed to run its course. Any check would be fatal. In days like ours, if we regard the world as a whole, there is no body of believers that could possibly persecute with advantage—that is, that could apply persecution to its one legitimate purpose. Persecution is, as it were, a pair of bellows, the one use of which is to blow out the fire of heresy. But at present it would blow it up instead of blowing it out. When, therefore, it is said, as it so often is said, that the Catholics of to-day would persecute with the same vigor as ever if they only had the chance, these words, if they mean anything true at all, can only mean this—not that Cardinal Manning, for instance, would imprison or burn Dr. Tyndall to-morrow, if the law would only allow him, and if he could do so without obloquy; but that, were the whole condition of things changed, and were Dr. Tyndall's views regarded by the vast majority as nothing but the embodiment of an

ignorance that was just plausible enough to be mischievous—that then, in a state of things like this, the majority would take what steps it could to prevent this mischief from spreading.

The great point to remember is, that intolerance is but one facet of all certain beliefs that have any practical import; and thus it can only be condemned on one or both of the two following grounds—that religious beliefs are either essentially uncertain, or that they are essentially unimportant. Intolerance, then, is but the necessary temper of dogmatism when confronted with other opinions. Or we may say that it is the name of every dogmatism, as translated into any other language than its own. But the question of persecution is not one of principle at all. It is a question of expediency only, and of practical politics. The general thesis that it is right or that it is wrong to persecute has no more meaning by itself than that it is right or that it is wrong to administer castor oil. It is a matter that depends entirely on the circumstance of the moment. That supposed error can, under certain circumstances, be checked or extinguished by persecution, must be admitted on all hands; and also that, if it be worth extinguishing, it ought to be extinguished. And we by no means admit that medicine is not an excellent thing on occasions, because there are conditions of sickness when it would do more harm than good.

A Catholic, then, can maintain quite consistently that toleration is theoretically an evil, even though the prospects of his own creed may for the present largely depend upon it. For toleration can have no existence except where there are many opinions to be tolerated; and when there are many opinions in the world about one important subject, the larger part of the world is necessarily in disastrous error. Toleration, therefore, may fairly be called an evil (and the same applies to persecution equally well), inasmuch as it is but the name for a way of bearing evil; just as patience under a calamity, or a painful struggle against it, are really names for that calamity as falling on a patient or a resolute man.

But though on due occasion the Catholic Church would be doubtless as ready in the future as it has been in the past to express its spirit of intolerance in the practice of persecution, it is to be observed that a very important change has grown into that spirit, which would be sure to influence the character of the practice. Catholicism, it is observed commonly, is essentially opposed to progress: it stands apart from and unsoftened by the progress of mankind outside it. Nothing, however, can be more untrue than this. The moral sense of the Church is a thing for ever capable, not indeed of change, but of development; and the Church's way of regarding

heresy and atheism is a noticeable instance of this. In former times she invariably regarded these as crimes; now she is growing to regard them as, at least in most cases, misfortunes. Her intolerance is, therefore, gradually losing its old vindictive character. And this change seems to have come about from the recognition of two facts; of which, while they both make misbelievers seem less deserving of consideration, the second makes misbelief seem even more so.

The first of these facts is the general intellectual confusion in which the world is at present, and the evident desire for light in many who proclaim most loudly that for the human eye, when open, the only possible spectacle must be always but darkness visible. In other words, the existence of invincible ignorance is becoming more and more clearly recognized.

The second fact is, though less obvious, perhaps even more important. It is, that erroneous opinions must not be judged by their immediate fruits. They may take a long time before they become practically operative, and thus, though their present exponents may themselves be excellent men, the results of the system they advocate may be by and by practically execrable. The history of Protestantism, though it is not an *example* of this, is an excellent *illustration*. The original reformers did not deny the validity of dogmatic teaching themselves; on the contrary, they strenuously supported it; and for a long while their position, thus far, seemed a secure one. But, as time has gone on, the real meaning of their position has become slowly apparent. It is seen that their principles have an application far wider than they ever dreamed they could have; and this application is now being made daily with a more and more pitiless logic. Protestantism is dividing itself into sects more and more numerous, and these naturally regard each other with an increasing tolerance. They have nothing to hold them together; they have no common standards to appeal to; and thus, each for a time having claimed exclusive truth for itself, the conviction is now dawning that it can rationally be claimed for none. But it has taken three centuries to make this quite evident—to deduce the theological conclusions of Dean Stanley from the theological premises of Luther. In the same way the present advocates of atheism or agnosticism may themselves be moral men, just as Luther was a dogmatic man; but their morality, in the course of years, will meet with the same fate as Luther's theology. This view of the matter will at once justify the largest charity toward atheists, combined with the most absolute condemnation of atheism. It will enable us, without the least confusion of either thought

or feeling, to love the former while we hate the latter.

This absolute dependence of morality upon religion, or rather the interdependence of the two, is of course denied by many. But I am speaking now from the standpoint of those who admit it; and these include many who are opposed, theoretically, alike to dogmatism and intolerance. Sir James Stephen himself, than whom no one on religious points could be less dogmatic, has said that, to see the moral value of a belief in God, we must wait to see a generation grow up on whom this belief has not had the slightest influence; and then he says, "the light thrown on the subject may prove possibly to be a very lurid one."

All this I have just said as to intolerance and persecution is, I am well aware, not new. My arguments, as it were, lie upon every man's table; but, to judge from the language heard and the ideas held so commonly, they lie in general in a state of litter and confusion, which renders them worse than useless for any practical purpose. In a former paper I described my aim in writing as that of an intellectual chimney-sweeper. I may compare it, in the present one, to that of an intellectual housemaid. I have been trying to arrange the litter which every man has at his elbow—to sort and dust his thoughts for him, and show him what they really come to.

There are one or two things further that still remain to be said. The matter in question may be rendered clearer, if we look a little more narrowly into our own daily practice, and see how much of intolerance, and of persecution also, of necessity enters into them. Let us consider the law of our own country first. That law is largely based upon certain definite views as to morality, and is to a certain extent enforced by reason of them. There is a certain censorship of the press and of the theatre; and there are certain offenses which, simply from their supposed immorality, are treated and punished as crimes of the gravest kind. Now all these are offenses which, from the principles of modern agnosticism, may not only be logically defended, but can not be logically blamed. When the law, therefore, punishes them, it acts strictly as a religious persecutor. It is the expression of the intolerance of a moral dogmatism. The man who gives a sentence of penal servitude for a revolting moral offense, and the licenser who prohibits a play because of its violation of decency, are respectively in the exact logical position of an ecclesiastical persecutor. If, then, there is any degree of immorality which the law will be justified in prohibiting, any speculative opinions which will lead to such immorality must surely fall equally within the law's cognizance. The most tolerant

of men would probably not wish to tolerate the opening in Piccadilly of a public temple to Priapus, nor even the delivery of lectures in which men were urged to his practical worship, let the speculative ground of this teaching seem never so sound and rational. Or let us take the theory of medicine. A quack is at perfect liberty to theorize about such matters as much as he pleases, and to publish his theories. But if the publication of such theories could be proved to infallibly result in the sale of poisonous drugs, the law would very soon step in, and the publication would be prohibited. We may come nearer home than this. What is the education of any child but a system grounded on intolerance, and carried out through persecution? If a Protestant mother keeps a Jesuit out of her house, that, in its own degree, is a religious persecution. If a father burns a licentious book, lest his boy shall read and be corrupted by it, in burning that book he, so far as is practicable, burns the author of it. Law-suits often arise, in these days, between parents of different religions as to which shall have the religious care of the children. What is it that, on either side, each parent claims? It is the right to a religious persecution on the child's behalf.

Finally, if persecution should still seem such a barbarous thing to contemplate, and such a sinister thing to anticipate, let us again remember what is its only possible end and its only legitimate condition. Regarded in its usual and more extended sense, it can fulfill its own end only when it represents the conviction of the vast majority; and if ever it be again had recourse to in the future, let us consider what that conviction it represents will be. It will be the deliberate and the solemn conviction of every one worth considering in the world; it will be a conviction led up to or sustained by every branch of human study, every exercise of the human intellect, and the need of every human emotion that humanity agrees to reverence. In other words, a religion, to persecute in the future, will need to represent and embody the entire intellect, morals, and force—in other words, the whole higher humanity—of the nation that arms it for this purpose. Until some religion does that, persecution is a thing we need none of us fear; when it does that, it is a thing that we shall all of us welcome.

W. H. MALLOCK, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

VERIFY YOUR COMPASS.

OF the many ethical errors to which humanity is prone is one which is curiously common, and yet against which, as curiously, we are little on our guard. It is difficult to correct, because it is not easy to recognize. It is not that we are habitually given to follow our impulses—that error is too universal to be astonished at, or written about. It is that we are so apt to be proud of our failings, to worship our weaknesses, to canonize our defects, to mistake the beacon which should warn us off the rocks for the lighthouse which was designed to direct us into port—to enthrone in our blindness the very qualities and fancies and predilections which we ought sedulously to watch, and severely to imprison—to dress them up as idols and then worship them as gods—to glorify them with a hallowed name, and then to obey them with a devoted loyalty which is almost touching, and which would be admirable were it not so easy, so mischievous, and so tenacious. We take, as our guide in life, some Will-of-the-wisp which is the mere miasma of our fancies and our passions, and follow it

as if it were the Pillar of Fire which was sent to point our course amid the pathless desert and the forest gloom. We do this in all sincerity—often indeed almost unconsciously; nay, it may even be that those who fancy themselves virtuous, and who pass as virtuous in others' estimation, are specially liable thus to swerve from the true line; and then when we have gone far astray and have done much wrong, some of us pause amazed and aghast, and a few—very few indeed—perceive their error and repent.

Probably of all qualities which have done most business in this way one of the most notable and most rarely recognized is that which goes by the name of Conscientiousness. In noting the curious amount of mischief this has wrought in the world, as well as the smiling self-approval and inflated complacency of the perpetrators, we are provoked to inquire whether this may not be the most active of the faults which contrive to get themselves canonized as virtues, or at least knighted or coroneted as such, by an inconsiderate and hasty public.

We have most of us the misfortune to be connected, or at least acquainted, with a man who is a "slave to his conscience," and who prides himself on being so. The Italians have a special word for this particular sort of pride; they call it *pavoneggiarsi*—to peacock one's self. Probably we shall agree that of all our circle of associates such a man is often the most provoking, unmanageable, incalculable, and occasionally the most cantankerous. He does not reason on ordinary principles; he does not act on commonly received doctrines; he is not guided by the axioms or habits which govern the conduct of the mass of men. You never know where he may turn up; and when he has turned up anywhere, you can scarcely ever move him. "He must," he tells you, "act uprightly—*fiat justitia ruat cælum*. He must do whatever his conscience directs"—and sometimes his conscience whispers very odd commands. Sometimes, also—which is more to our present purpose—other voices usurp the functions of conscience, forge its exact signature, speak in its name, and imitate its very tones.

Often what a man takes for the dictate of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse, a caprice, a crotchet, which an undisciplined mind can not distinguish from the deliberate decision of a competent intelligence; and the more impetuous the impulse, the more sudden and vehement the caprice, the more it is likely to represent itself to his imagination as a sacred command of the monitor within. There are some persons who can no more discriminate between a desire and a duty than others who have a mere smattering of arithmetic can cast up a long addition sum right. Yet these are precisely the characters most prone to be dogged and persistent in their noxious blunder, and to dress it, both to themselves and to the world, in the gaudiest guise. How frequently do we meet with men, incapable of injustice or cruelty themselves, who will defend the most scandalous instances of both if perpetrated by women whom they love, and maintain that "chivalry" forbids them to do otherwise; or who, if they themselves had wronged a fellow creature, would be prompt with the amplest apology, but who would repudiate as pusillanimous the suggestion of enforcing similar atonement when a wife is the offender!

In most instances of this sort mental confusion or defect must bear the blame, because it really is the origin of the faults which are laid at the door of conscientiousness, and unrighteously suffered to pass under its name. But in five cases out of six mere conceit is the *fons et origo mali*; and in such the deceitful veil should be rudely torn away—not the less rudely because

the deceit is often self-deception, and genuine self-deception too. We are all of us probably familiar with men—usually young men or narrow-minded men, often mere prigs and puppies—who affect a course of action, or a standard of right and wrong, at variance not only with that of the general world (which might often be permissible enough and even praiseworthy), but with that of those whom they are bound to defer to, and can not but respect, whom in their secret hearts perhaps they do respect—not only fathers and mothers whose character they can not fail to reverence, whose experience they must recognize as at least affording a *prima facie* probability of wisdom, and whose views they know to be the very reverse of inconsiderate or low—moralists by profession, whose tone and thoughtful depth only the most presumptuous could dare to question. They venture to condemn where their teachers would acquit, and to admire where these teachers would reprobate or deplore; to become enthusiasts in a cause which older and wiser men regret, and which in riper manhood themselves are certain to abandon. They are "conscientiously" resolute in acting up to their own convictions, fancying all the while that they are more deep and far-sighted than others, when in truth it is only that they are more inexperienced, and pluming themselves on the simplicity and purity of their vision, while their shallowness and narrowness are leading them astray. Life abounds in specimens of this class, and the character is a favorite one with novelists.* They are often cured, but usually too late. They sometimes repent of their errors, frequently outgrow them, but not till they have done endless mischief, and inflicted incalculable pain, and perhaps embittered and embarrassed their whole after-life. Meanwhile the plea of conscience, and the supposed obligation of obeying the orders it issues as those of a despot by divine right, enable them to escape alike condemnation and contrition.†

* "Literary and Social Judgments," p. 135.

† Mrs. Gaskell's beautiful novel "Ruth" affords an excellent instance. Ruth, innocent and beautiful, left an orphan and without connections, is turned out of doors at sixteen by a rash and hasty mistress, in whose establishment she had been placed to learn dress-making; and, not knowing whither to turn in her despair, is persuaded by a gentleman, who had already half-engaged her youthful fancy, to accept shelter and assistance from him. She goes astray, scarcely if at all conscious that she is doing wrong, but from a gentleness of nature that never dreams of resisting the influence of those she loves. . . . The process by which her character is purified and elevated, and her fault redeemed through the influence of Mrs. Benson and her passionate attachment to her child, is described with a fidelity to the deeper secrets of our nature as beautiful as it is unique. Among the members of Mr. Benson's congre-

Often, again, what is called conscientiousness is simply the egotism of a willful and intolerant nature. We are passionate advocates of our wrong opinion because it is ours; we insist upon following our mistaken or mischievous course for the same reason, and because our unchastened temper is impatient of contradiction or control; we make a virtue out of one of the most dangerous and offensive of our vices. We sail under false colors, and go through life a sort of moral pirates, carrying a lying flag at our masthead. Occasionally the case is even worse, and it is pure love of power which uses the plea to throw dust into the eyes of an unpenetrating and indulgent world. A position of command—about the weightiest burden of responsibility which can be laid upon a scrupulous nature—is too constantly exercised merely as the privilege of an imperious volition; and the pressure of obligation which might be in danger of paralyzing action in a truly conscientious man is scarcely even felt by one who only credits himself with being such, and fancies he is discharging his duty when he is, in fact, only obeying his propensities.

Probably, however, the most notorious and flagrant instance of conscientious crime is religious persecution. It is also the most widely spread and the most enduring. It has been the curse and the obloquy of mankind for the last eighteen centuries. It did not exactly come in with Christianity, because specimens of it, or what looks like it, are traceable in classic times, and the temper and ideas which are its excuse and inspiration now were partly at least its inspiration among the early Israelites in their treatment of the Canaanitic tribes; but it can scarcely be denied that its prevalence, its systematization, its

gation is a wealthy and influential merchant, Mr. Bradshaw—the very distilled essence of a disagreeable Pharisee; ostentatious, patronizing, self-confident, and self-worshipping; rigidly righteous according to his own notion, but in our eyes a heinous and habitual offender; a harsh and oppressive tyrant in his own family, without perceiving it, or rather without admitting that his harsh oppression is other than a grand virtue; yet driving by it one child into rebellion, and another into hypocrisy and crime, and arousing the bad passions of every one with whom he comes into contact; having no notion of what temptation is, either as a thing to be resisted or succumbed to, for the simple reason that all his temptations—those of pride, selfishness, and temper—are yielded to and defended as virtuous impulses; prone to trample, and ignorant of the very meaning of tenderness and mercy. This man, reeking with the sins Christ most abhorred, turns upon the unhappy Ruth (who, after six years, had become governess in his house), as soon as he learns her history, with a brutal violence and a coarse, unfeeling cruelty which we need not scruple to affirm constituted a far greater sin than poor Ruth would have committed if her lapse from chastity had been persistent and deliberate, instead of being half unconscious, transient, and bitterly and nobly atoned for.

elevation to the rank of a duty and a virtue, is due to those who would monopolize what they abuse—the name of Christians; and Islamism, which commands the extermination of infidels, only follows our example and betters our instruction. It would almost seem as if the habit and the principle of persecution had begun with the first dawn of a true faith, had spread with the spread of monotheism, and had culminated with what the world has agreed to recognize as its purest and loftiest form. Nay, more, it must be admitted, we fear, that the spirit of religious intolerance has been rampant just in proportion as belief has been enthusiastic and dogmatic, and that the periods of most earnest convictions have precisely and invariably been those when persecution has been most active and most barbarous.

Now, while unquestionably this form of misguided conscientiousness is of all the most noxious and desolating, it is probably at the same time the most honest and the most logical. While as wrong-headed as any, it has in it less of semi-conscious self-delusion or self-indulgence than most. It has in it more of principle and less of passion. No doubt that impatience of difference of opinion to which we are all so prone, and that domineering temper which is among the least amiable of our faults, lie at the bottom of much religious intolerance, and are mixed up with nearly all; but the doctrine which really dictates and sustains persecution—without which it could scarcely have survived the growth of our intelligence and the increasing tenderness of our nature—is a legitimate inference from the gospel teaching, a false conclusion and conviction common to nearly every Christian Church, professed by nearly every sect of sincere believers, and warranted, it is vain to dispute, by the Scriptures which nearly all accept. The received creed, which we are only slowly beginning to outgrow or to expurgate, pronounces that men's salvation depends not on what they do, but on what they think; not on righteous conduct and a Christian spirit, but on sound dogma and correct belief; not on being imbued with and governed by "the mind which was in Jesus," but on having accepted right ideas as to who Jesus was and what he taught. Till this fatal notion is exploded, Christianity can neither bear its destined fruits nor deserve its borrowed name. So long as it reigns paramount, religious persecution can neither be denounced as illegitimate nor resented as iniquitous. If my eternal salvation really depends upon the faith I hold, it is impossible to argue that any severity, any barbarism, any oppression which offers the prospect of converting me to the faith that opens the gates of heaven, may not be the most righteous and kindly treatment to pursue toward me—is not, or may

not be, not only a justifiable course, but a sacred and a solemn duty. "The theory of persecution," it has been well said, "would be invulnerable if its major premise were not unsound."

To mention other instances in which "conscience" is quite astray, or rather in which what calls itself conscience must be content with the more appropriate name of prejudice or ignorance, we may refer to two which have cropped up not unfrequently of late. The error in each case maintains itself upon a scanty but undeniable fragment of argument and fact.

The "Peculiar People," as they are termed by those they puzzle, are a small sect of Christians of the most uneducated class, who, if their children fall ill, refuse to have recourse to ordinary use of drugs or doctors, but pray over the invalid and leave the issue of the matter in "the Lord's hands." If the child in the course of nature recover, they thank God. If he die, the British magistrates commit the parents for manslaughter, as having neglected to employ the recognized means of cure. Both the law and the offenders have much to say for themselves; and the parents, *granting the assumed premises common to both*, have undeniably the best of the argument; they are the closer logicians, but the greater fools. They plead: "We are ignorant and simple folk, but we must obey our consciences. Our teachers, Christian lawgivers, Christian magistrates, Christian ministers, all agree in telling us that the New Testament is the best guide for people like us, and indeed they say an infallible guide for all. Now, James, an inspired apostle of Christ, speaking in the Holy Scriptures (James v. 14, 15) saith, 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' We acted as God by the mouth of his prophets ordered us; and 'whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye,' as another apostle, Peter, said." Whereupon the magistrate, if he be an honest man, is considerably puzzled; if he be a skeptic, he replies that such is not the law, and that he must obey the law, and that the peculiar person is very ignorant and simple (which is precisely the groundwork of his argument); if he be an ordinary believer, he mutters something about unlearned folk "wresting Scripture to their own destruction," abuses him for want of sense, and assures him that he is mistaken in his interpretation of the Testament. But both alike send the unfortunate defendant away with his sentence of fine or imprisonment added to the loss of his child, quite unconvinced, greatly shaken in his understanding

by this conflict between law and Scripture, probably fancying himself a martyr and his condemnor a cruel oppressor, and at all events resolved to sin again. But no one regards him as a man who can "afford to keep a conscience" or is entitled to so high a privilege.*

Another set of unqualified devotees of conscience are to be found among more educated circles, and have more to say for themselves. Their error is traceable less to want of knowledge than to partial and incomplete knowledge. We refer to those who refuse to have their children vaccinated, as the law requires, on the plea that the (vaccine) lymph used for the operation has, or may have, become vitiated by long transmission through the human constitution, of which it may have contracted, and does occasionally convey, some of the impurities, and even some of the diseases—one, at least, certainly of the most offensive. The fact on which the plea is advanced is admitted—is undoubtedly valid for requiring the amendment and modification of the law; whether it ought to be recognized as warranting violation of the law may assuredly be questioned. The arguments *pro* and *con* lie in a nutshell, and the premises on which they are founded are not disputed. Small-pox is about the most loathsome disease to which our race is liable, and was for long the most fatal. It was also the most rapidly and inescapably contagious. Nobody could argue that it concerned himself or his family alone. Every small-pox patient was a risk and a probable agent of death to all with whom he came in contact. Vaccination, when pure and well administered, used to be an *almost* absolute preservative. It is so still, even as at present administered, in ninety cases out of every hundred. Still, it is admitted that the lymph employed is not as good as it once was, having been "*humanized*," as we are assured, to the extent of *two and a half* per cent., and even diseased in quality *in very rare cases*.† But vaccine lymph procured direct from the animal has been introduced in Belgium (and now, we understand, in St. Petersburg) with the most complete and

* We must observe, however, that the most decisive argument of the magistrate in favor of enforcing obedience to the common law is that the father is dealing with the case of his children; he is playing, as is believed, with the lives of others, not with his own. He is charged with manslaughter, not with suicide. Now, no man is entitled to be *whimsical* in dealing with the lives of others. Justice as well as law (as far as may be) requires that these shall be governed and determined by the common sense of the world at large. You may not choose to take physic yourself; but you are not entitled to deny it, any more than food, to those whom you are bound to support.

† See Sir Thomas Watson, "Nineteenth Century," June, 1878.

unexceptional success, and without the slightest liability to the objection which has to some slight extent given countenance to the aversion which has arisen here. With this amendment of the system once introduced, it becomes obvious that the law of "compulsory vaccination" is a righteous one, and that the dislike and opposition of any individual to a beneficent arrangement determined by the sense, and appointed for the safety, of ninety-nine of every hundred in the community qualified to form a judgment, ought to be sternly overridden. Conscience is a far more unendurable plea for disobedience in this case than in the last. There disobedience threatened only the life of the offender's child; here it threatens the lives, health, and comeliness of thousands of his fellow citizens.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from all these considerations, stated nakedly and broadly, would strike most persons as somewhat startling. It is this: that conscientiousness in its absolute form—that is, being a slave to your conscience, always doing what it tells you to do—is commendable or defensible only on the preliminary assumption that you have taken every available pains to enlighten and correct it. You can be safe and justified in obeying it implicitly only when you have ascertained, or done all in your power to ascertain, first, that it is qualified to command; and, secondly, that what you take for conscience is not in reality egotism, ignorance, incapacity, intolerance, or conceit under a thin disguise. To make sure of this is no easy business. It requires not only good sense (a much rarer gift than we fancy), but great intelligence, a cultivated mind, modest as well as earnest searching after truth, to entitle a man to give himself over to his conscience. Never must he be allowed to plead it as an excuse for mistake or wrong. In fine, and in plain truth, it is not every man—perhaps we might say it is but few men—that can *afford* to keep a conscience—a conscience of this absolute and imperious sort at least. To direct floundering or blinded souls, just as much as to cure diseased bodies, needs a license and a diploma from some college competent to confer such.

In the navy, and I believe in the merchant service as well, it is the practice as soon as a ship is ready for sea, or ordered on an expedition, to pass her through a preliminary ceremony, known technically as "being swung." It is absolutely indispensable; she is not held to be fit for duty till it has been performed. It consists in *verifying her compasses*—ascertaining by actual and minute comparison with compasses on shore that those instruments by which she is to direct her course throughout her voyage are perfect and accurate, *point aright*, are impeded in their operation by no fault of construction, and liable to no deviation from the influence of disturbing attractions. As a matter of fact the magnetic compasses of few ships are found to be thoroughly exact, or to point truly and precisely to the north—sometimes swerving from that direction as much as ten degrees, and owing this variation most commonly to the position and amount of iron of which the ship is partially constructed. Before the ship is suffered to sail, this variation must be either rectified or, as is more commonly the practice, registered and *allowed for*. It is obvious that, unless this were done, not only would the vessel not know for certain whither she was steering, nor arrive except by accident at her intended port; but that ship, cargo, and the lives of the crew might every day be wrecked on any hidden rock or headland—in fact, that her course and fate would be at the mercy of chance.

In the case of ships setting forth upon voyages across the Atlantic Ocean all this anxious caution is observed lest the guiding instrument to which they trust should be imperfect or misleading. Yet men habitually set out upon the voyage of life—far longer in duration, beset with perils from rocks and hurricanes immeasurably greater, and fraught with issues incontestably more serious—with a compass as their guide which they trust as blindly and obey as implicitly as any mariner who ever sailed the seas, yet which in countless instances they have never been at the pains to test before installing it in a position of command, and which they seldom if ever pause to question, verify, or adjust.

W. R. GREG, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

SOME MODERN ARTISTS.

FORTUNY.

FORTUNY was probably as original a genius as any that the art world has ever known, and no less so in the shortcomings than in the successes of his work. With a power of drawing detail as marvelous in its way as that of Meissonier—nay, really more marvelous, because attained seemingly without effort—he would nevertheless habitually leave at least half of his work hardly begun. With a power and ease of composition which I have never seen equaled among modern painters, he habitually disdained to compose at all, and threw his figures together with an insolence of neglect that can hardly be expressed in words. There would be—as, for instance, in the picture of the Alhambra, in this gallery—a little bit glowing like a jewel in the middle of the picture, finished with the most delicate minuteness, and all round it a bare plastered wall and paved floor, destitute alike of interest and beauty. He would paint, as in a little picture here, a woman's figure with such delicacy of contour and light and shade as hardly to be surpassable, and he would surround it with a mass of coarsely daubed, dull-green paint, representative of absolutely nothing. There was a little picture here of a Bedouin Arab on a horse, against a white wall, man and horse certainly not more than four inches high, in which every detail of horse and man was rendered with a fidelity, and yet a breadth, which, as I have said above, could only be compared to a Meissonier, without the labor. That was the great attractiveness of the man's work, it looked so easy. It was hard to persuade one's self that any one could not produce similar results. Another very peculiar characteristic of it was its almost perfect use of *bright* color. Sense of the real beauty of color (in gradation of tint) Fortuny, I believe, had little or none, but it seems to have been positively impossible for him to use wrong color in combination. He puts the brightest of all bright tints together—azure against emerald, and gold against rose; he heaps them one upon the other in a reckless prodigality of strength; and yet, as far as I have seen, he is invariably justified by the result. To me, these pictures of his (and I happen to have had the opportunity of living in the same house with one for several years, during which time I studied it thoroughly) are stupefying, in their contradiction to all my preconceived notions of art, and I can compare them with no-

thing that existed previously. That the man, despite his genius, was all wrong with himself and his art, I do not think any one would doubt for a moment; but as to referring his work to predecessors and a school, I can not do it. The effect of this work on the mind of the Italian and Spanish artists seems to have been almost immediate—probably followed directly on its recognition in Paris, where the artist's paintings sprang at once into popularity. Always ready for the contradictory and the bizarre, the style of Fortuny was the very one to captivate the French mind, and to this day his reputation is greatest in Paris. But the Italian and Spanish artists saw simply the facility and the beauty of the work, saw the perfect mastery over bright color, attained apparently without effort and with little labor; saw that if color could be so manipulated, the subject matter of the picture was of little importance, and that if they could once master the secret of the work, they might go on producing *ad infinitum*, without the exercise of thought; and so, missing in their narrow interpretation what was undoubtedly the fact, that Fortuny's genius was great, and his pictures wonderful, not *because* of his method, but *in spite* of it, they set themselves deliberately to work to copy his eccentricities, in the hopes of sharing his fame. Such is an exceedingly weak and imperfect, but, I believe, in the main, correct view of the rise of the Fortuny school in painting, that school which at present includes nearly all the artists of Italy and Spain. I do not know how to bring the style of the pictures vividly home to my readers. Try to imagine a world where there is no sunlight or shade, but over everything a ghastly glare (such as the gas companies tell us is the effect of the electric light), and then try to imagine crowds of people, in dresses of the most varied hues, moving rapidly about, intent upon nothing. Banish from their faces every trace of emotion, nobility, and thought; fill in the background with emerald trees, azure sky, and clouds of dust; and then you will have a typical picture of this school.

It is the old story of Croesus, after all; the artists have gained their wish, the only thing wanting to complete their triumph was the one essential that they never thought of acquiring. They have produced Fortunys by the dozen, by the thousand, but they are Fortunys only in their errors. The method and the trick have been learned more or less successfully, but the light of genius which redeemed them both is for ever wanting.

MILLAIS.

WITH regard to Millais, I am in doubt whether I can make my readers clearly understand, in a few words, the extraordinary merits and defects of his work. Every one knows what his early work was; every one remembers the "Ophelia" and "The Huguenots," and perhaps some have even seen the "Apple Blossoms," the most typical works of this painter in his younger days. Many of my readers are probably also readers of Anthony Trollope's works, and if they will take the trouble to turn to "Framley Parsonage" or "The Small House at Allington," or, best of all, "Orley Farm," they will be in a position to judge of what Millais might have done, as well as what he has done. In those early pre-Raphaelite days (Millais was one of the three original "Brethren") there were three things that Millais did better than they had ever been done before. The first, and the greatest, was the expression of emotion; the second was the power of investing the most simple incidents with a grace and beauty which have only been equaled by one man (Fred Walker), whose work I will speak of directly; the third was the reproduction of animal and inanimate nature faithfully, and yet in perfect combination and subordination to his chief subject. Had he continued as he began, had he lent to the pre-Raphaelite school the influence of his keen sense of beauty, both of emotion and nature, it is impossible to say what the English school might not have been at the present time. I do not judge of any man's motives, and I will not raise the question here, but, from one cause or another, Millais forsook his old ways, gradually turned his attention to portrait and landscape painting, became fashionable, and threw his influence mainly against the school he had once belonged to. When I think of the "Ophelia" and "The Huguenots," and then of the series of pictures called "Yes," "No," and "Yes or No," the change seems to me almost pathetic—that a painter should begin his work with the noblest deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism he can find for subjects, and end by painting a "brown ulster" and a beef-eater's uniform, for those are practically the chief subjects of the two last large figure paintings of this artist! The realism is still there, my readers will perhaps say. Yes; that is just the whole point of the question. That is what I want to lead my readers to see clearly, if I may, in this article—that realism is not noble in itself, if it have no higher object. Realizing an inkstand or an ulster will not give you a picture; what you want to realize is the beauty which dwells in nature, and also the relative degree in which various natural objects possess it; and you can not stop even there—that

will give you beauty, but only that of death. The next step is the all-important one, the one which can only be taken by one man in a thousand, and which he must take, unless he is false to his art and himself. This is simply the connection of material beauty with immaterial thought. I wish I had space to dwell longer upon this. I should like to try and show how all nature really depends for its chief interest on humanity; how dead and cold it becomes the instant all trace of man's thought, interest, and emotion is removed from it. I once tried to show this (in an article devoted to the purpose) to the readers of the "Spectator," and straightway a lot of wiseacres thought I wanted a man in the foreground of every picture, and set to and abused me for so doing. So it is with fear and trembling that I let this sentence stand—that the simple copying of nature, no matter how minute or skillful, will never make a great picture, or a great artist. An artist must not only see more clearly than other people—he must also see *more*; he must, if he is to be an artist in anything but name, see those hidden significances in commonplace things, that poetry of the ordinary which, in another form, is revealed to us by the poet. Like him, too, his work must be

... bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The wingèd shafts of truth;
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

THE GREEK ARTISTS OF ENGLAND.

By Greek artists I mean those who follow, either in subject or theory, Greek art. They are five in number—Watts, Leighton, Poynter, Alma-Tadema,* and Albert Moore. Now, of these, the first and perhaps the last are Greek in spirit; the other three only in form. For instance, let us take Leighton's "Music-Lesson"—a mother teaching her child to play some stringed instrument. I am not going to say a word against the beauty of this picture; as a specimen of skillful painting, and as a piece of delicate color, it is a perfect feast for the eye; that the delicacy of the skin and its transparency of tint are too great to be natural is, I conceive, exactly what the artist intended—his reading of the fact that what the Greeks sought in art was beauty. But is this the right interpretation of what the Greeks meant by "beauty"? Do these soft robes of palest sea-green and blue, with their golden embroideries, harmonize with what we know or imagine of the stern simplicity of Greek art? This waxen rose-

* So long domiciled in England and so well known, that I mention him here, though I believe he is French by birth.

leaf complexion and coral lips seem more fitted for an Eastern harem than for rocky Ithaca, and the sentiment involved is essentially modern. That is to say, no Greek would have considered the scene fit subject for art. It may be said, and very likely will be, that this does not profess to be a Greek picture, that you may ascribe it to any country you please; but what I want to insist on is that the artist, in everything he has ever painted, has made the chief object of Greek art his chief object—that is, “beauty”—and that with all his great powers of coloring and draughtsmanship—and in both his powers are exceptionally great—he has mistaken the way to attain his end; and the reason is evident. The Greek knew only of the beauty of perfect form and heroic endurance. Take, for instance, the Venus of Milo, and the Laocoön; into his admiration of that he could throw his whole soul. Suppose he had been doubtful whether perfect form was the most noble thing in the world. Suppose that the mass of the people among whom he lived certainly thought otherwise! Do you think he could have produced the work he did? Nobody will say for a moment that it is likely. Well, if that be the case, what chance is there for a modern artist, who seeks to rival the Greek on his own ground, while he feels—must inevitably feel—that he is pretending all the time? The purely sensuous element of Greek art had, by the circumstances of the national life and religion, various refining elements inextricably mingled with it; perfection of form with the Greeks was a sign almost of godhead. So I come to this, that “beauty,” of the Greek ideal, can not be produced on a modern artist, among a people whose ideas of excellence have a totally different basis from the old classical one; and that all attempts to infuse into modern work the spirit of ancient times must from the very nature of the case be failures. A man must paint with the spirit of the age he lives in if he paints at all; all attempts at retrogression must necessarily be failures; they remind me of George Eliot’s powerful picture of Mr. Casaubon “groping amid the ruins of the past, with a farthing rushlight.” The way in which Leighton errs, though even in error he is greater than nine tenths of his fellows, is this—he has deliberately refused the better part; beauty and truth have come to him as they came to Hercules, in the old fable, and he has rejected truth and chosen beauty, and the consequence is that his pictures are dead and cold, and have become more so year by year, till now they are indeed (in the words emblazoned round the Academy gallery)

Fair-seeming shows,

and nothing else. I must not say more on this

head, though I feel how excessively inadequate my words have been to express correctly the view I hold.

Poynter’s work is always, or nearly always, classical in subject, but he is perceptibly influenced in his treatment by the old Italian masters, especially Michael Angelo. With an almost absolute precision of drawing, he is, as compared with Leighton, as a cart-horse with a racer—rough strength, instead of swiftness and symmetry. If his subject requires delicate or graceful treatment, his work is unsatisfactory; if it needs strength of color and depth of feeling, it distinctly fails; but if the artist take a subject in which mere accuracy of detail and power of composition are wanted, and in which his magnificent drawing of the figure has full and varied expression, he produces work which, though still cold and academic, still producing less pleasure than astonishment, rises to a height of skill which is almost genius. The two pictures which Poynter has in Paris, “The Catapult” and “Israel in Egypt,” are of this latter kind, and in the latter work what I have said is particularly exemplified. I have called this artist Greek in form, and certainly his preference has hitherto been for showing the beauty of form and action rather than that of thought, and his subjects have been chiefly what is called classical; but in the same way that Leighton has failed to catch the spirit of the Greek work, Poynter also has failed; he, too, is groping with his rushlight. Study of the antique, at South Kensington and the Academy; admiration (and perhaps imitation) of Michael Angelo, and continual grappling with difficulties of complicated drawing, of attitude and action—all these, joined to a firm hand, a clear eye, and great industry, will do much; but they will not bring to life again the grace, beauty, and unconsciousness of Greek art; as I said above, they will give us its form, but not its spirit. I should be doing this artist less than justice, were I not to say a word here of the great excellence of his portraiture, especially in water-colors. I know of nothing in modern portraiture, with the one exception of Watts’s best work, which surpasses the four or five women portraits exhibited by Poynter in the Grosvenor Gallery of last year (not last season). There was in them a mingling of refinement and strength, and the coloring, though rather subdued, was as admirable as the drawing and composition. Of Tadema I will not say much; the classical part of his painting is hardly more than the outside, but that outside is so perfect a reproduction of antiquity, that it almost satisfies us—almost, but not quite. To this remark there is one broad exception, difficult to explain shortly, and which will, I fear, sound as a very harsh criticism. It is this—that though

in Tadema's works there is little or nothing of the spirit of Greek art and life, nothing, that is to say, of its unconsciousness, strength, and flawless beauty, there is in them much of the spirit of Roman art, of costly, luxurious degradation. I do not say this without hesitation, but with the firmest conviction of its truth, and I think that I see the reason for it: The inner life of Paris at the present day bears no slight resemblance to the life of Rome in its decadence; the spirit of those degenerate classical times differs little in essentials from one phase of modern life. It is in his unconscious faithfulness to the *nineteenth* century that Tadema has caught the truth of the *second*. I have said that Watts is true to the spirit of Greek art, rather than to its form, and I can well fancy that in this many of my readers will utterly disagree with me. Nor can I convince them. The intensely religious character of the best Greek art is well enough known, but I doubt whether many people have thought of the predominance of this in Watts's painting. Yet it is evident enough, only its religion, as the present time understands religion, seems not to be fixed upon a solid foundation of belief, but only to be desirous to find some point in which all may agree. Such, if I mistake not, was the meaning of the painter's large work, "Dedicated to all the Churches." And to me much of the unconscious beauty of Greek art is reproduced in Watts's work. The picture, for instance, of the dove's flight from the Ark, exhibited some years since at the Royal Academy, had this element, and it appears in nearly all the artist's portraits. Again, two of the most striking elements of Greek art are simplicity, both in aim and the means employed to produce the desired effect, and of both of these elements Watts's works have a large share. Lastly, there is one idea which runs through Greek art, and may be traced most plainly in all their poetry—that is, the inevitableness of Fate, the comparative insignificance and impotence of human passions, when confronted by "Necessity." In many of Watts's pictures is this thought expressed, notably in the two which have been, during the past two seasons, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery—"Love and Death" and "Time and Death." For these and many other reasons which I need not dwell upon here, I have called Watts a painter of the spirit, as opposed to the form of classical art, though I do not seek to conceal from my readers that the underlying sadness of his work has no parallel in that of ancient times. As much as is possible to us, in these later times of change, of the simplicity and earnestness of Grecian work has, I think, been preserved by this painter. Of such kind are the works of those of our great figure-painters who

devote themselves to the representation of classical times, and of the painter who derives his inspiration, though not his subjects, from the same source; and perhaps in this list should be included the work of Albert Moore, which, though not of such assured merit or reputation as these others, has yet many merits peculiar to himself. Never, probably, in England have the folds of clinging drapery been painted as this artist paints them, their subtle intricacy rivaling that of the drapery on the Ionic fragments of statuary in the British Museum.

LESLIE.

LET me now turn to the work of another group of figure-painters, at the head of which stands George Leslie, R. A. A graceful if not a vigorous draughtsman, endowed with a clear perception of the beauty and innocence of girlhood, and with keen sympathy for the brighter aspects of English landscape, there are still in Leslie's work some fatal errors which prevent it from doing much to interest us. After all, it is not England, nor English life, at all events not "the way we live now," that we find in these pictures; these graceful girls casting roses into the stream, these good children gathering round their quondam schoolmate, or singing "Home, Sweet Home," in the old-fashioned schoolroom, are graceful, pure, and idyllic, but—are they natural? Would not all this artistic simplicity rather weary one if it did exist, and have any of us ever seen anything like it? It is a dream of the present, as Leighton's work is a dream of the past, redeemed only by the artist's tenderness of feeling. This narrow rendering of one side of things is more marked among figure-painters of this school than any other. Thus, for instance, Mr. Marks, recently elected an Academician, makes us laugh; Mr. Frank Holl, in like manner, causes us to weep; Messrs. Orchardson and Pettie play on our fancies for the picturesque and dramatic—and so on *ad infinitum*; and the one is ludicrous, and another sentimental, and a third pathetic, to the end of the chapter. But Marks will not leave off his "middle-age grin," and Holl will not paint anything but the hour after death, and Pettie does not think a man worth depicting unless he has got on a buff jerkin or a suit of armor; and the consequence of it all is, that their pictures grow less interesting year by year. It is impossible for artists to deliberately restrict themselves to one phase of feeling, and one archaic kind of subject, without growing year by year more narrow in mind and duller in thought.

HARRY QUILTER, *in the Spectator*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is considered desirable by some persons that the States of the Union should have in the Senate a proportional representation, based on population, and the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to secure this end has been discussed by some of our contemporaries. The New York "Evening Post," while of opinion that any discussion of the question is idle, inasmuch as the necessary consent of three fourths of the States to such an amendment could not now be secured, argues as follows :

It [the fifth section of the Constitution] declares that Congress, or a convention called for the purpose, may propose amendments which shall take effect when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the States, "provided," among other things that are mentioned, "that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Suppose that this section never had been incorporated with the Constitution. Will it be pretended that the instrument never could be amended? Scarcely; for that the power which makes a written law, whether legislative or organic, statutory or constitutional, has the power to abrogate it wholly or to modify it, seems as clear as anything can be. That the nation in its sovereign capacity—whether we call it a confederacy of States or the people of all the States, as the final source of power, acting together—can for ever deprive itself of the right to act again in its sovereign capacity, to reconsider what it has done, and to do something different, is a proposition which can not be entertained for a moment. Even if the fifth section had not been adopted, if no specific provision for amendment had been made, the right to amend would still have existed. The fifth section merely directs how amendment shall be conveniently made. The right to amend applies to all parts of the Constitution; to one section as well as another; to the fifth section as much as any other. The Constitution may be changed in respect to the provision for its own amendment in the same way as in respect to every other provision. The fifth section, if this position is correct, may be amended not only in its substantial declaration of power, but also in its proviso; in its prescription of a method of amendment, and in its exemption of a particular part of the Constitution from amendment.

We do not agree with the "Post" that this question need not be discussed for the reason that there is no likelihood of its becoming a practical issue as the States now stand. It is best to inculcate correct views of the Constitution at times when the

people are not blinded and inflamed by partisan zeal; and, that wrongful issues regarding the Constitution should not be opened, it is necessary that we should all study that instrument, and master both its letter and its spirit. The time may come when the large States shall be numerous enough to attempt a senatorial subordination of the small States, and hence it is timely and wise for us now to consider the validity of such a change in the organic law by which this could be brought about.

The argument which we have quoted from the "Post" is plausible, and in a certain sense sound. It is true that three fourths of the States have the power to amend the Constitution in any way they may determine; there is no legal authority superior to them; there are no practical means of restricting their action. Whether we consider the Constitution an organic law or a treaty, an ordination or a compact, absolute power rests with three fourths of the States to make and enforce any change in the Constitution they may see fit. But such an exercise of power in many instances would be equivalent to conquest; it would be the force by which the strong subdues the weak; it would be a violation of the rights of the minority, and a distinct disregard of the pledges given at the time of the formation of the Constitution. It is well known that the small States would not consent to enter the Union unless some distinct guarantee was given that their integrity and their rights as States should be preserved. The proviso of the fifth section of the Constitution, which declares that no amendment of that instrument shall abridge their equal suffrage in the Senate, was intended as an express limitation upon the power that a majority of three fourths of the States might exercise. It was a pledge to the smaller States made necessary by their attitude at the time, it was a pledge which they accepted as a perpetual guarantee of their equality in the Senate, and this pledge can not now, nor at any time, be disregarded without a flagrant violation of faith.

It is impossible in dealing with the Constitution to escape the fact that, in some particulars at least, it was a compact or treaty. The proviso which we are considering is clearly in evidence of this fact. The power which makes a written law is competent to abrogate or change that written law; but, when several powers unite to make a common law, special considerations come into operation, and this was the case with the adoption of our Constitution. "The

people of all the States acting together," is the picture drawn by the "Post," but no such thing ever occurred, no such thing can occur, under the arrangement which makes us a Union. The several peoples of the several States acted, not together, but each community for itself, and each acted in view of the concessions and declarations made by the rest. The people of Rhode Island did not act with the people of New York; they acted separately, at a later date, and their decision referred solely to the attitude of their own State, although governed by the attitude of the peoples of other States. This special feature gives a special characteristic to the affair. Generalizations in a matter like our Constitution will never do. Being a product of concessions and compromises, broad statements about "sovereign capacity" and the "will of the people" are peculiarly misleading. The complex system by which the States are bound together must be considered in all its fullness. How unsafe it is to rest upon any generalization is well illustrated by the fact that the first sentence of the preamble to the Constitution and the last clause of the document distinctly contradict each other: the first affirming that the people "ordain and establish"; the other, in referring the instrument to the States for ratification, showing that they did no such thing.

There is one other point. Three fourths of the States have such power as numbers confer to amend the Constitution as they may determine, but every amendment should, in justice, and in the spirit of the Constitution, bear upon all parts of the Union alike. There is no way to enforce this principle, but it is a principle nevertheless. An amendment that established proportional representation in the Senate would be an amendment that operated specially upon the smaller States: while nominally applying to all equally, it would really be an amendment discriminating against certain parts of the Union, thus operating specially and not generally. So long as amendments to the Constitution concern all the States equally, no great harm can come of them; but, if a three-fourths majority can inflict disabilities upon a one-fourth minority, the Union becomes a danger and a threat, rather than a protection and a guarantee. A little reflection will show that this theory of an absolute right to make the Constitution that which the majority elect it to be, is fraught with startling possibilities. According to this doctrine, if the people of three fourths of the States become Roman Catholic, the Constitution at their behest can be so amended as to make the Roman Catholic religion compulsory upon the people of all the States. The guarantees in the Constitution

of religious liberty, just like all its other guarantees, must go for nothing if at any time there arises a majority sufficiently large which at its pleasure may overthrow them. It is obvious that the guarantees of the Constitution must be regarded as sacred. Whatever amendments or changes may be necessary to secure its harmonious working are proper things to be brought about; but all amendments or changes that strike at its elementary principles, that do violence to the pledges and assurances that it utters or implies, should be resisted to the last—should be stamped as nothing less than perfidy.

THE NUDE IN ART.

CERTAIN literary and art folk have so prompt and arrogant a fashion of stigmatizing everybody as a Philistine whose opinions differ from theirs that not a few people shrink from controversy with them. Perhaps this dread of being classed among the Philistines arises from a vague and apprehensive idea as to what a Philistine is, and what it is that really constitutes Philistinism. These persons are much like the market-woman in the oft-quoted anecdote, who burst into tears upon being called an hypotenuse. That a Philistine is a person whom artists and poets cover with intense scorn, they readily see; but how to avoid being a Philistine, how to discover the mark by which a Philistine is known, how to escape the damaging epithet, are ceaseless puzzles and perplexities. And yet with all the care in the world few can escape the offensive classification, for what layman can assent to all the notions and wild theories that obtain in the studios and in the Bohemian circles of the beer-gardens? To take a literary view of art—which means, we believe, to judge of a picture by its motive and story rather than by its *technique*—is to be a Philistine; to assume that art and poetry are not the highest things in life is to utter rank Philistinism; to intimate that morality should be a force and a factor in the arts is to show one's self wholly incapable of discerning the high purpose of æsthetics, and as a consequence to merit being cast into the darkness and dreariness of Philistinism for ever. No art topic is so dangerous in this way to laymen as that of the propriety of nudity in art. The dictum of the studios is that not only is it proper to depict the human figure "as God made it," but that he who shrinks from displays of this kind, who questions their righteousness, who believes or fears that they do not exercise a good influence upon the imaginations of impressible people, is not only a Philistine, but a prurient one; he is a person whose

carnal tendencies have not been chastened and purified in the high atmosphere of the Bohemian attic. Some recent controversies on this theme induce us, notwithstanding this lordly attitude, to muster up a little courage and look these utterances in the face.

In a recent paper read before the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, England, Mr. P. H. Rathbone affirmed that "the nude human figure—male or female—is not only a fit subject for art, but is the noblest and most elevating of all subjects that art can treat"; that "to say that the crown and glory of creation is an improper subject for art is to accuse the Creator of obscenity"; that he was prepared to maintain it to be "necessary for the future of English art and of English morality that the right of the nude to a place in our galleries should be boldly asserted." But let us quote from him more fully:

The human form, male and female, is the type and standard of all beauty of form and proportion, and it is necessary to be thoroughly familiar with it in order safely to judge of all beauty which consists of form and proportion. To women it is most necessary that they should become thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of the ideal female form, in order that they should recognize the perfection of it at once, and without effort, and so far as possible avoid deviations from the ideal. Had this been the case in times past we should not have had to deplore the distortions effected by tight lacing, which destroyed the figure and ruined the health of so many of the last generation. Nor should we have had the scandalous dresses alike of society and the stage. The extreme development of the low dresses which obtained some years ago, when the stays crushed up the breasts into suggestive prominence, would surely have been checked had the eye of the public been properly educated by familiarity with the exquisite beauty of line of a well-shaped bust. I might show how thorough acquaintance with the ideal nude foot would probably have much modified the foot-torturing boots and high heels which wring the foot out of all beauty of line, and throw the body forward into an awkward and ungainly attitude. It is argued that the effect of nude representation of women upon young men is unwholesome; but it would not be so if such works were admitted without question into our galleries and became thoroughly familiar to them. On the contrary, it would do much to clear away from healthy-hearted lads one of their sorest trials—that prurient curiosity which is bred of prudish concealment.

Now, we have only to glance at the past of mankind to see that in all ages and in all countries the instinct of every people has been to drape and conceal the person. Even the rudest savages make some slight attempt to cover up their nakedness, while every race as it emerges from savagery indi-

cates its progress by its multiplication of apparel. There is no state of nature in which human beings are wholly unconscious of nakedness, animals alone enjoying this lofty superiority to evil. That which was originally an instinct has been strengthened by custom, until clothes have become almost our second selves. Hawthorne, being much wearied and even disgusted with the excessive nudity in art everywhere in Rome, affirmed that in our developed civilization we are fairly born with our clothes on. It is certain that the human race, civilized or half civilized, is now known only in its habiliments. Everywhere men and women protect and conceal their bodies and limbs, guarding their persons with watchful care as something sacred to themselves. There are and have been some modifications of this principle, but modesty has always essentially been looked upon as one of the first of the virtues. From the earliest infancy this principle is instilled—from childhood every rightly trained person is taught to respect, to hold apart, to veil this "crown and glory of creation." How is it, then, that that which is so reverently covered up in actual life may be so fully revealed in art? How is it that, if

The chariest maiden is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon,

that maiden beauty may be unmasked in painting and sculpture for all the world to look upon with unconsciousness, without a blush, without a suspicion that it is wrong? Of course, it is impossible. Instinct and education unite in declaring that if nudity is inadmissible in fact it must be inadmissible in all forms of imitation. Every modest person looks at first, we are convinced, upon nude art with shrinking and inward questioning; and it is only by a train of artificial reason, by a suppression of instincts and natural impulses, that he teaches himself to think it permissible. Civilization has made a mystery of the person, whether wisely or not, and it is simply impossible for art to uncover this mystery without grave consequences. Art, moreover, is never content with depicting the female figure simply and severely, but idealizes it on the side of voluptuous beauty, enriches it with every fascination of line and tint, carves it with every elaboration of skill, in order that it may appeal distinctly to the senses and the emotions. Realistic nude art would often be disenchanting enough, but what nude art is there that is not purposely made seductive, that is not intended to fascinate and allure? It is asserted that familiarity with the human figure in art would deaden the impressibility to it, but this it is not easy to prove or deny. Art is prolific and free among in-

flammable peoples; but, while some may believe that nude art has not stimulated passion in these communities, it is certain that it has not restrained it.

The attitude of the artist in this matter is necessarily different from that of the layman, and explains his views of the subject. It is affirmed that it is impossible to learn to draw the draped figure accurately without a knowledge of the conformation beneath. If this is true, life-schools are necessary, and it is easy to see how pupils at these schools may draw from models without falling under the influences which nude art exercises in public galleries. The artist here is on common ground with the surgeon or physician in many delicate duties, when an important and special purpose dominates all other ideas. The student is delighted with the admirable lines and curves of the human figure; he is struggling to master the difficulties of form and expression, and hence his attitude is wholly academic. But he is in error when he assumes that this academic relation to art does or can exist generally among laymen. The feelings that a beautiful form excite in the artist are certain to be different from those which spring up in the breast of the ordinary observer, who is sure not to be occupied with questions of execution or artistic scholarship, but with the emotions which take possession of him. The affirmation so often made that nudity in art is to be accepted because "to the pure all things are pure" seems to us very foolish. It is just because we are not in this sense pure that the propriety of nude art is questioned. Sexual passion is implanted in all healthy natures, which it behooves us to keep under subjection, and in order to do this it is only wise to avoid temptation in every form.

NOVEL-READING.

It is one of the settled things to sneer at novel-reading, but it is nevertheless one of the settled things to read novels. There are many persons who seem to fear that their intellectual superiority would be questioned if they failed to express their contempt for novels, for which purpose they have always at hand a number of set phrases; but we suspect that even these lofty persons take occasion once in a while to indulge themselves in a good work of fiction, for if there are any men and women who never read a novel their imaginations must be

... as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.

But even many of those readers who frankly confess that they like novels are apt to look upon novel-

reading as an indulgence that at best is not specially harmful, and that for really intellectual enjoyment they must go to other kinds of literature. That there is a good deal of idle and feeble novel-reading there is no need to say, but there is a fashion of judging novels solely by their weak and foolish examples, whereas other branches of literature are judged by their best. There is a great deal of dull and even foolish history, and a good deal of thin gruel in the essay and the homily. People who sneer at the novel, and many who apologize for it, seem to be ignorant of the breadth and height it has attained in the hands of the masters. In an address written by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, and read before the Church Congress recently held at Cincinnati, we find the following well-put argument:

We must allow that there are all sorts of novels, as there are all sorts of society, and that fiction swarms with vitality akin to that of nature in her range from humming-bird to vulture, spaniel to tiger, and from rose and lily to nightshade and upas-tree. We must choose from fiction as from fact, and both belong to our being and our birthright. We have part in each of the great schools of romance—the revolutionary school, that began the new fiction; the historical school, that sought to counteract its madness; and the realistic school, that now carries the day and tries to unite revolution with history in its telling portrait of things as they are in themselves, and their essential laws and principles. The great stories of our time belong to this realistic school, and they deal with the facts of actual life. Kings and queens, as such; fine gentlemen and fine ladies, and their costume and etiquette, have gone by, and the thing most cared for, even in regard to them, is the real pinch of life, the actual motive or passion, the pain or pleasure that gives color or form to their experience. Everything that occupies or interests men and women now goes into romance, and is treated with the most accurate observation, the most earnest thinking, and the most diligent art. Love, of course, is and is likely to be the main topic; but all other things go with it and are made to be its ministers—all sciences, arts, ambitions, enterprises, crimes, charities, affinities, hatreds, aspirations, all go into fiction, and are often treated with such depth and power that it is no longer proper to call the novel light reading, as a matter of course. In fact, much fiction is in a sense severely scientific, and aims to set forth the personal impulses and social instincts as forces of nature and subject to the same laws of selection and fatalistic destiny as material phenomena.

As many readers may be surprised at finding a clergyman defending novel-reading in these terms, it is only just to add that the reverend gentleman does not fail to enforce the necessity of careful and wise

selection, and of proper self-restraint so that even "the best novels shall make a moderate proportion of our reading." The significance of the extract we have quoted is in the recognition of the novel as an intellectual force, as something more than mere story-telling. Every person of alert and sympathetic intelligence will realize the truth of the assertions that Dr. Osgood makes. It is true that many readers are almost wholly insensible to the deeper purpose and psychological significance of the novels that they read, and find in them little more than a stimulus to emotional excitement, but do readers of this intellectual caliber find any higher significance in other forms of literature? Is biography to them anything more than gossip, or history better than a

record of intrigues at courts or of exciting conflicts on the battle-field? What does any person get from books more than idle entertainment if his reading is not penetrative and searching, if it is not pursued with a studious spirit, if the imagination does not go with the theme into its depths and its reaches? To an attentive reader a novel may be full of earnest thought and high philosophy; it may give insight into character and into periods that is invaluable; while grave books in the hands of cold and inattentive readers will be sure to afford no illumination and awaken no thought. In view of these facts, it is time it came to be generally recognized that "light reading," so called, is always simply that which is lightly read.

Books of the Day.

AMERICAN literature seems to acquire a new dignity in being made the subject of such a work as Professor Tyler's painstaking and elaborate History,* the scope of which is so comprehensive that two goodly-sized volumes are required for the survey of the Colonial Period alone. The work is something more than a literary history in the ordinary sense—that is, a descriptive chronicle of authors and writings with which the public at large is apt to be tolerably familiar. Early American literature is, as the author says, a neglected literature; and it is certain that the great majority of readers will be made aware for the first time, through Professor Tyler's researches, of the variety, the copiousness, and the richness of the materials which await the student of our literary annals. These materials, so far as they belong to the Colonial Period, are reached only with great difficulty. Of many of the most important works but very few copies are extant, and these constitute the jealously guarded treasures of a small number of libraries and private collections. To the greater number of students they are, of course, entirely inaccessible; but by diligence, persistence, good fortune, and by availing himself of that sympathy with his undertaking which would naturally be felt by all who are interested in American letters, Professor Tyler has been enabled to survey them all; and the accumulated results of his long years of laborious gleaning are brought together in his History. This history possesses at least one charm which can never be possessed in quite

equal degree by any similar work. American literature is the only literature which can be traced through all the intermediate stages from its first infantile accents to the multitudinous chorus of contemporary utterance; and these initial volumes, in particular, have that picturesque interest which attaches to the description of all beginnings.

The plan of Professor Tyler's work is quite different from that of the previous works in this field with which it would naturally be compared—the compilations of Kettell, Griswold, and Duyckinck. He has not undertaken, as he explains in his preface, "to give an indiscriminate dictionary of all Americans who ever wrote anything, or a complete bibliographical account of all American books that were ever written": what he has aimed to furnish is a "history of those writings, in the English language, produced by Americans, which have some noteworthy value as literature, and some real significance in the literary unfolding of the American mind." In other words, he has aimed to be, not an annalist or a cataloguer, but an historian; not to produce a mere chronological record of the procession of books and authors, but to discriminate between the significant and the trivial, to fix the relative place of writers and their writings, to trace and explain the influences from without and from within which shaped thought and expression, to establish the point of view from which we are to regard the various works brought to our notice, and to reconstruct for each period and author what Taine calls the *milieu*—the surroundings, conditions, circumstances, and antecedents which must all be taken into account in forming an adequate and true judgment.

Such a work is not only one of great labor and difficulty; it devolves a very grave and solemn responsibility upon the author—so much so that we

* A History of American Literature. Vols. I, and II. The Colonial Period (1607-1765). By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 292, 330.

should be inclined to say that the qualities requisite for the satisfactory performance of it are quite as much moral as intellectual ; that conscience is quite as important a factor as industry, insight, or skill in composition. Applying this test, we are glad to be able to say that, after the capacity for patient industry which it exhibits, the quality of all others for which we should praise Professor Tyler's work is its conscientiousness. The author has taken no hackneyed or second-hand opinions, nor passed judgment upon books from casual examination or hearsay testimony. He has consulted the originals for himself, formed his own estimates, and records his own conclusions, for which he is always able to give a good reason and a citation of evidence. Moreover, through his reference in the foot-notes to the sources of his information, and his constant and copious reproduction of illustrative passages, he has rendered it easy to check and test his conclusions at every point, and to decide how far they conform to or diverge from the evidence on which they profess to be based. At the same time, while sparing no pains to make them correspond to the facts, there is no lack of clearness and precision in his verdicts. Readers may either approve or dissent from Professor Tyler's conclusions, but they can not complain of them as being hazy, or indistinct, or incoherent. They are the judgments of a man who has mastered his materials, and who is conscious of having mastered them.

It should be said in qualification of this high praise that the most difficult portion of Professor Tyler's task—the real test of his adequacy to it—is yet to come. So far his work is descriptive and biographical rather than critical, and whether he will be able to weigh and measure and establish the relative place of the authors who have really made American literature remains to be seen. Had he applied very rigidly to these earlier writings the standard which he will have to use during the remainder of his history, he would have left himself no materials to work upon ; for it must be confessed that the Colonial Period produced little or nothing that possesses "noteworthy value as literature," and that in dealing with this period on such a scale it has been necessary to accept as literature almost everything that was the product of the pen or the printing-press. For this reason these earlier volumes of Professor Tyler's work are more interesting as a picture of a people, and for their portraiture of personal and local character, than as a history of literature pure and simple ; but they reveal enough of the method and quality of the author's criticism to win the confidence of the reader, and to make it certain that whatever Professor Tyler may have to say of our later literary magnates will at least be worthy of attentive and respectful consideration.

As regards arrangement, method of treatment, and style, the work is deserving of high praise. Professor Tyler writes always with vigor, clearness, and simplicity ; and, if his style can rise with the occasion to dignity, picturesqueness, and pathos, it can also drop, if need be, into an epigrammatic piquancy of phrase. His History, even in its present incom-

plete state, must be pronounced a highly important and permanently valuable contribution to the literature whose origin and growth it narrates.

THIS is perhaps as favorable an opportunity as we shall have for noticing Mr. Charles F. Richardson's "*Primer of American Literature*,"* which has lain for some time upon our table, and which anticipated by a month or two the appearance of Professor Tyler's History. It need not detain us long. It is a very slight and perfunctory piece of work ; useful, perhaps, as a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the leading American authors and their principal writings, but altogether too incomplete, inadequate, and untrustworthy to serve as a guide to or *résumé* of the literature with which it professes to deal. It would possibly be an exaggeration to say that it requires greater mastery of a subject to write an acceptable primer of it than to prepare an exhaustive treatise upon it ; but it certainly requires a more perfect command of the materials, a greater firmness and clearness of conviction, a more easy familiarity with all its details, and a more luminous power of summing up the results of a long train of analysis in an epithet or a sentence. All these qualities, and others of a still rarer and higher kind, are displayed in Mr. Stopford Brooke's incomparable "*Primer of English Literature*," but Mr. Richardson's work gives no indication of being the overflow of a mind full to the brim with its subject, but seems rather the product of hasty "cram" for a temporary purpose, which was accomplished as soon as the book was ready for the printer's hands. We intend to imply no discredit to the independent researches which Mr. Richardson may have prosecuted, but it is certainly true that a much better chronicle of American literature could be abridged from Griswold's and Duyckinck's compilations ; while, for the critical verdicts passed, they are mere echoes of hackneyed opinions when they are not too hazy and indefinite to mean anything at all. More real insight into the subject is shown in the opening sentence of Professor Beers's little volume noticed below than in Mr. Richardson's entire book. "*The literature of the American colonies*," says Professor Beers, "contains much of historical interest, little of purely artistic worth." Whether true or false, this would be suggestive and provocative of thought, but its truth and sagacity are exemplified in nearly every page of Professor Tyler's more elaborate work. Mr. Richardson rarely ventures upon such generalizations, or in fact upon generalizations of any kind ; and when he does they are more apt than not to be either incorrect, or inadequate, or inapplicable.

THE praise given above to one acute observation in Professor Beers's "*Century of American Literature*"

* A *Primer of American Literature*. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 18mo, pp. 117.

ture"* can hardly be bestowed in equal measure upon the book as a whole. No doubt many of the defects of the work are attributable to the inadequacy of the space at his command; but then it is no slight part of an author's duty to fit his plan to his space, and Professor Beers must have known quite as well before he had begun as after he had finished that no adequate "illustration of the growth of American literature from 1776 to 1876" could be furnished by such selections from the writings of the American authors of that period as could be put into a small, openly printed volume of four hundred pages. Any other century of American literature might have been fairly well delineated within these limitations, and that such a book could be made both interesting and instructive has been proved by Professor Tyler and also by Mr. T. W. Higginson. But what idea of Irving can be gained from "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Storm-Ship," delightful and characteristic as these are? or of Cooper from a twenty-page extract from his "Deerslayer"? or of Hawthorne from a few paragraphs of "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Marble Faun"? And what idea of the *growth* of American literature from 1776 to 1876 can be obtained from a collection of such extracts from authors ranging from Philip Freneau to Robert Kelly Weeks—including William Cullen Bryant, because he happens to have died the other day, and omitting Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and Whittier, and Dana, and Emerson, with dozens of others who have made our literature what it is, because they happen to be still alive?

The principal fault of the book—and it pervades every part of it—is meagerness. The introductory sketch of "The Colonial Period" is excellent as far as it goes, but is too meager to be of material service either to the student of that period or to the reader who wishes to get a tolerably accurate and comprehensive idea of it. The list of authors, and the selections from the several authors, are too meager to accomplish the avowed purpose of the book. And the biographical sketches prefixed to the selections from each author are too meager to place the reader at the proper standpoint for judging of the author himself, of his writings, or of the stage which they mark in the *growth* of the literature of which they form a part. It must be said, too, that even such value as these sketches possess is greatly impaired by careless and incorrect statements. Richard H. Dana certainly did not edit the edition of his brother-in-law Washington Allston's poems published in 1850, as asserted on page 52; and in a short notice of twelve lines concerning Fitz-Greene Halleck Professor Beers has succeeded in making no fewer than three mistakes which might have been avoided had he taken the trouble to consult General Wilson's memoir of the poet published in 1869. Halleck

was not born in 1795, but in 1790; he came to New York in 1811, not in 1813; and "Fanny" was not published in 1821, but two years earlier. In his preface the Professor states that he has "gone behind the returns" in all but a few instances where the original works were not accessible to him, but he has apparently failed to consult even the most easily accessible returns in the foregoing instances, as well as in several similar ones that might be mentioned.

Whatever of positive merit the book possesses lies in this, that to any one not already familiar with its contents it offers as large an amount of entertaining and characteristic reading-matter as could well be compressed into equal space. It is to be feared, however, that most readers who are at all likely to feel any interest in the history or growth of American literature will find by far the greater number of its selections more familiar than twice- or thrice-told tales.

It is a vast subject which Mr. Bayard Taylor chose as the theme of "Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama"—nothing less, in fact, than the development and destiny of the Human Race. "The central design, or—as it might be said—germinal cause of the poem, is to picture forth the struggle of Man (which term always and inevitably includeth Woman) to reach the highest, justest, happiest, hence most perfect condition of Human Life on this planet. . . . Such a struggle, prolonged through a period of more than two thousand years, the Author hath endeavored herein to present, using the device of making Personages stand for Powers and Principles, yet (he earnestly desireth) without losing that distinctness of visage and those quick changes of blood which keep them near to the general heart of Man." The drama opens with the emergence of Christianity as a popular faith, and the consequent decay of the old Classic Mythologies; reminiscences being offered of that primitive period when Prometheus and his brother Titans contended with the Olympian gods in behalf of man. The next act, which is placed a thousand years later, portrays the culmination of the Dark Ages, when the Papal System had consolidated its power, and "essay'd to shape and compel to its service all the forces of life." The Poet (Dante) and the Artist (Michael Angelo) disown allegiance to the ecclesiastical system as typified in Medusa, and prefigure that renaissance of the classic spirit and that new seeking after knowledge as expressed in science which characterize the present age of the world. This age—the present time, in short—is delineated in Act III., in which we witness the decadence of Christianity just as in Act I. we saw the dying out or superseding of the old classic faith. "In the fourth and closing act, the Author adventueth only far enough into the

* A Century of American Literature. 1776-1876. Edited by Henry A. Beers, Assistant Professor of English Literature in Yale College. Leisure-Hour Series, No. 100. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 497.

* Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 4to, pp. 171.

Future to predict the beginning of an Era, of which no simply loving and believing Creature of God can fail to discover the prophecy within his own nature."

It will be seen from this summary, which is partly in Mr. Taylor's own words, that "Prince Deukalion" is less a drama than an ontological speculation, less a poem than a disquisition. The *machinery* of the drama is perfect. There is a due sequence of scenes and acts, an adequate supply and distribution of *dramatis personæ*, and a certain grandiose impressiveness in the scenic accessories. The verse, too, is facile and pliant; grave and stately in the more serious passages, charmingly and variedly musical in the lyrics. Nevertheless it was a thinker rather than a poet who conceived and constructed the drama, and it is the thought rather than the emotion or the music that gives it whatever interest it possesses. The fact that the personages introduced are the merest abstractions becomes more evident at every successive stage of the story; and at last the only curiosity felt by the reader is as to the gist or outcome of it all—what it is that the author really believes.

There are indications, too, that Mr. Taylor himself regards the book as in some sort a confession of faith; and that he thinks it can be understood and interpreted only by those who approach it in a sympathetic and reverential spirit. "Whosoever turneth to the work," he says, "from mere instigation of curiosity, or in imitation of others whose tastes are of authority, will surely not be edified." It is of intention that the form and manner of its expression have been made "caviare to the general"; and the author seems to consider it as a new esoteric mystery which could only too easily be profaned. Yet we venture to think that, if his creed were written down in the plain terms of prose, it would be found neither very original, nor very novel, nor very startling. Mr. Taylor has merely accepted what may be called the comparative or scientific view of religion, and regards all the historic faiths (and Christianity among them) as so many steps or stages in the progress of human growth, each of them having in turn first aided and then retarded that growth. The common fault of all the creeds—of Protestantism not less than of Roman Catholicism—is that they have fettered man on one side or other of his nature, whereas the only perfect condition of human life is that in which free play is allowed to the whole of his nature—to the promptings and delights of the senses as well as to the intellect and the religious faculty. That joyous era of the swift-coming future when such a condition of things shall have arrived is already visible to the prophetic eye of Mr. Taylor; and he holds further that no simply loving and believing creature of God can fail to discover the prophecy of it in his own nature. The reader will perceive, we think, that there is little of originality or individuality in the creed, and that it is simply one of those phases of poetical nature-worship for whose benefit the expressive term Paganism has lately been revived.

Finally, and in plain terms, we consider "Prince Deukalion" a mistake in so far as it aims at a poetical rendering of what is essentially a metaphysical speculation; and a failure in so far as it attempts to embody in dramatic form what George Eliot has called "the long travail of mankind."

—It may be well to explain that the foregoing was written before the receipt of the unexpected and melancholy announcement of Mr. Taylor's death at Berlin. There is an appearance of ungraciousness, perhaps, in speaking thus candidly of the last work of a recently deceased and honored author; but the book is too prominent a contribution to current literature to remain entirely unnoticed, and our review expresses our sincere opinion of it as a poem, untainted by personal feeling of any kind. This is not the place to discuss in general terms Mr. Taylor's career and work; but, aside from the pain which all must feel at the premature cutting off of a useful and fruitful life, lovers of literature will feel a special regret that he did not live to write that "Life of Goethe" for which he had made such great accumulations of material, and for which, we venture to think, his powers were peculiarly adapted. That this work, had he lived to complete it, would have given him a real and enduring title to fame seems to be indicated by his translation of "Faust"—the one poetical production in which he achieved the highest excellence.

IN all Mr. Black's novels, without an exception that we can now recall, the interest and the sympathies of both author and reader are concentrated upon some charming young woman, who is usually a victim of the insincerity, the unappreciativeness, or the obtuseness of a man. In "Macleod of Dare,"* this customary relation between the principal characters is exactly reversed, and it is a trusting, faithful, and noble-natured man whose life and happiness are wrecked upon the shoals of misplaced affection. Partly for this reason, and partly because of the overwhelmingly tragical catastrophe of its close, the story will probably be less popular than most of his previous ones; yet it contains some of the author's very best work, whether in the portrayal of character, the artistic adjustment of incident, or the poetical description of scenery. The character of Macleod is drawn upon comparatively simple lines and is not very novel: he is merely the German lieutenant of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" metamorphosed into a Scottish Highlander. Yet the personality in its new situation has evidently appealed very powerfully to Mr. Black's sympathies, and Macleod is on the whole the most impressive, natural, and manly type of man that he has yet created. And if Macleod exemplifies the

* Macleod of Dare. A Novel. By William Black. Illustrated by J. Pettie, R. A., T. Graham, G. H. Boughton, W. Q. Orchardson, R. A., T. Faed, R. A., J. E. Millais, R. A., and other Celebrated Artists. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 406.

author's art in its strength, simplicity, and dramatic realism, the portrait of Gertrude White, the actress; exhibits that art in its most refined and insinuating phase. During nearly half the story the reader deludes himself with the idea that the author is trying to "gild refined gold" by presenting an idealized type of Lady Sylvia—a type retaining all the graceful and tender womanliness of Lady Sylvia, but embellishing it with a sprightliness and vivacity of intellect, and a variety of social accomplishments, which add the spice of piquancy to the original charm. The touches by which Miss White's real nature is revealed are so delicate and unobtrusive that the most attentive reader will find it difficult to say when or how his disillusion was brought about; and it is a fine tribute to the consistency and reality of the delineation that the reader feels almost as much pain, surprise, and incredulity as Macleod himself, at the successive revelations of her weakness and unworthiness.

Miss White is a type of character which is common enough in real life, but which, so far as we are aware, is new to fiction—certainly new in the precise form in which Mr. Black has depicted it. Beautiful, brilliant, amiable, sympathetic, ardent, and impulsive, she is precisely the kind of woman to catch the hearts of the youthful and the unsophisticated; and in the havoc which in one form or another is sure to ensue she is herself almost as much a victim as any of the other sufferers. For the defect of her character is not that she is consciously insincere or deliberately cruel, but that she is hopelessly shallow and frivolous. The deception which she seems to practice is quite as much a self-deception as a deception of others. What she professes to feel, she really does feel—at the time; the real difficulty is, that her fancies are vagrant as a butterfly's, and her impulses as momentary, if as exhilarating, as the effervescence of champagne. It is a character which is not necessarily either wicked, or mean, or callous—which entitles its possessor to our pity quite as much as to our contempt; yet it is a character upon which more fair promises of happiness have been wrecked than probably upon any other known among men. In many cases the disenchantment follows so close upon the charm that no great harm is done; but when the comedy is played with an intense, passionate, fine-strung nature like Macleod's, the result is likely to be tragic, whether, as would commonly be the case, the victim summons up resolution to brave his fate and silently endure the inevitable, or whether, as in the more soul-piercing catastrophe of Macleod of Dare, his dethroned and distempered reason prepares for both betrayer and victim an oblivion-luring draught of "Death's black wine."

The interest of the story is to a great extent concentrated upon these two leading personages; but the minor characters are very happily grouped and delineated. Old Hamish, the butler, *factotum*, privileged servant and friend of Castle Dare, in whom a proud independence of spirit coexists with the loyal fervor of an ancient Scottish clansman for his chief, and in the special case of Macleod with an almost

parental tenderness of affection, is such a character as Mr. Black draws thoroughly *con amore*. At the opposite end of the scale, Ogilvie, the young man of the period, and the well-intentioned but depressing pedant, Mr. White, are portrayed with scarcely inferior skill; and the Major is a more genially humorous figure than Mr. Black usually conceives. The descriptions of scenery, too, though poetic and full of color as ever, are kept in due subordination to the movement of the story; and we are inclined on the whole to say that Mr. Black's latest is also his most satisfactory novel.

AN ingenious application of the anonymous principle of the "No-Name Series" is to be found in "A Masque of Poets,"* which contains seventy-five poems, supposed to be contributed by the "leading English and American poets," but printed without the authors' names. It is expected, of course, that the reader will derive some amusement from the effort to assign the several poems to their proper authors; and the publishers have so arranged the table of contents as to invite and facilitate this experiment in guessing. We should say, however, that the task will prove in most cases a wellnigh hopeless one. There are perhaps four or five "pieces" so individual and characteristic that names might be attached to them with some feeling of certainty; but of the collection as a whole it must be said that it tends to prove what has often been asserted, namely, that the poets of our day constitute a well-trained choir rather than a group of singers with each a voice and a message of his or her own. Setting aside the four or five poems to which we have referred, the entire collection might easily pass muster as the production of any one of a dozen poets whom we could specify. Mr. Bayard Taylor, for example, has sounded a greater variety of chords than are touched in it; and it is no very extravagant praise to say that he has produced quite as agreeable music.

The publishers accompany our copy of the book with an insinuating list of the poems, and an intimation that they would be pleased to have us guess their authors and return them the table of contents filled out. We shall not imperil any little reputation for critical acumen we may chance to possess by walking into this trap for the unwary, but we will hazard one guess:

QUESTION AND NO ANSWER.

Is it Ethics or Physics? Ah, that is the question:
Is it trouble of Conscience or morbid digestion?
Is the temper that makes all my family quiver
Ill-disciplined mind or disorder of Liver?
Does the Passion, that makes even wise men eccentric,
Proceed from the Heart? and, if so, from which ventricle?
Are duty and courage fine functions of Nerves—
Just as one horse goes steady, and another horse swerves?

* No-Name Series. A Masque of Poets. Including "Guy Vernon," a Novelette in Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 393.

Is the Genius that nature can hardly contain,
A film of gray marrow effused on the brain ?
... Don't believe it, dear lady, or better, don't know it,
But contentedly stick to your Parson and Poet.

If that is not Holmes, then some imitator has caught not merely the trick of his verse, but his mode of thought and vivacity of expression.

JUDGED by its popular circulation, its political and social effects, and the extent to which it has been reproduced in foreign languages, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the most important work in American literature; though to one who reads it now, after the special conditions with which it dealt have passed away, and when the test applied must be a purely artistic one, its enormous success will be somewhat difficult to account for. That it is both powerful and touching as a story the most unsympathetic reader will be compelled to concede; but one who would understand the impression which it made and the influence which it wielded must reconstruct for himself the period when it appeared—must appreciate the significance of the fact that it crystallized and gave forceful expression to what was undoubtedly the deepest and most universal sentiment among a vast multitude twenty-five or thirty years ago. Whatever the causes of its success, however, the work has become historical, and it is none too early, perhaps, for us to have such a record of its genesis and history as we find included in the *édition de luxe* which has just been issued from the Riverside Press.* In a somewhat ecstatic introduction Mrs. Stowe gives an account of the origin of the story, of the circumstances under which it was written, of the method and manner of its composition, of its aim and meaning, and of the profound sensation which it made in both Europe and America. Following this is the most striking feature of the edition—a bibliographical account of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mr. George Bullen, of the British Museum, cataloguing first the various English editions of the work, then the translations, and finally the reviews of it which have appeared in British periodicals. From this bibliography we learn that there are in the Museum library copies of thirty-five distinct editions in English, besides eight abridgments, and nineteen translations in as many different languages. And even this list is not complete. For the rest, the book is very handsomely printed and very poorly illustrated.

FOR the first work of a new and evidently youthful writer, "The First Violin"† is certainly a very remarkable story. It is not impervious to criti-

cism, if one is disposed to criticise: it is awkwardly constructed, with two autobiographies running parallel to and supplementing each other, but with no artistic distribution of the work between them; it is too long; it is so disfigured with German idioms and phrases that the publishers have found it desirable to append a glossary; and the latter portion of the story is distinctly inferior to the rest. But it possesses that nameless quality which redeems and excuses all defects, which animates and vivifies what would ordinarily be simply mechanical commonplaces, which touches the feelings while stimulating the imagination, and which interests and pleases in a way that mere artifice can never achieve. There is an air of genuineness about the story which gives one the impression that it is in the main a transcript of real experiences; and the occasional awkwardness and maladroitness rather deepen the *vraisemblance* than otherwise. The tangled threads of human life seldom reel themselves off quite so smoothly as in the imaginary looms of the novelists, and there is always the danger in constructing and arranging a story that it will lose in realism what it gains in art. The scene of the story is laid in Germany, the hero being leader of the orchestra in a small German city; and the story as a whole gives a lively and probably entirely trustworthy picture of professional musical life in the one country of the world where music ranks in dignity and in the ardor which it arouses in its votaries with any of the other professions and pursuits. The character-drawing is particularly good; the incidents are cleverly managed if now and then involving rather too much of coincidence; and the local color is maintained by very delicate and artistic touches. Altogether, Miss Fothergill's first work conveys such an impression of power and varied resource on the part of the author that much may fairly be expected from her future labors in this field.

ETIQUETTE has been well defined by some cynic as "the art of magnifying trifles," and certainly the achievements of the ordinary compilers of manuals of etiquette put to shame those of the lawyer in "Hudibras" "which could a hair divide betwixt its south and southwest side." From most faults of this kind, and also from the gushing sentiments which usually disfigure the manuals, the little code of "Social Etiquette of New York"* is notably free. It is a plain, practical, and concise digest of the existing customs and usages in New York society, and where there is any deviation from the clear statement of the rule into explanation or commentary, the author's remarks are nearly always sensible, judicious, and to the point. Considering the objects for which society exists, it is somewhat depressing to read of such minute regulations; but since they obtain, it is perhaps well to know what they are, and in point of fact no social customs are quite so rigid in practice as they are apt to appear when formulated into a code.

* Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work, by George Bullen, F. S. A., British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the Work. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. lxxvii-529.

† The First Violin. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 432.

* Social Etiquette of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 187.

A TIMELY addition to "Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series" is a brief and popular account of the career, achievements, personality, and character of the Earl of Beaconsfield, by George M. Towle.* No attempt is made in this volume to relate all the details of the political mutations through which an obscure member of a despised race has climbed to his present exalted position; but the decisive incidents of the life and the salient characteristics of the man are brought out and illustrated with picturesque force and no little dramatic skill. Particularly vivid are the personal sketches, which are based on details recorded by many observers, and which bring very clearly before the reader Disraeli's appearance and method and manner as an orator. Mr. Towle's portrait is somewhat more favorable than is usually drawn of the statesman who has lately stirred such bitter antagonisms; but it is no doubt easier to portray a character through sympathy than through antipathy, and Mr. Towle would doubtless feel amiably toward any one whose career would furnish him with so many apt anecdotes.

A PICTORIAL version of the Earl of Beaconsfield's life, almost as complete and intelligible, it may be said, as any that has been written, and certainly much more amusing, is to be found in "The Beaconsfield Cartoons"† reproduced from the pages of "Punch." The cartoons number one hundred and eight, comprise numerous designs by Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel, and illustrate the entire political career of Disraeli from his entrance into Parliament in 1843 down to his recent return from Berlin, bringing "peace with honor." Some of the drawings are wonderfully good merely as pictures, and the series as a whole marks the highest point to which the art of caricature has attained. That this is so is no doubt due in part to the humor, versatility, and skill of the artists, but it is due in at least equal measure to the exceptional ductility of the subject. A better opportunity for caricature was probably never afforded than by the personal appearance, career, and character of Disraeli. Always able by his genius to secure a conspicuous position, and to render himself interesting to the public, there has been from the very beginning of his career just that touch of charlatanry in his public performances which makes caricature seem the proper and natural medium through which to view him. What a "sweet boon" he has been to "Punch" may be seen by comparing the Disraeli cartoons with the Gladstone series. The latter contains some dignified and respectable political satire, but it entirely lacks that touch of *diablerie* which gives piquancy and point to the Beaconsfield series. It would not be satire but gross abuse to picture

Gladstone in a predicament like that in which his great rival finds himself in the really tremendous cartoon entitled "St. George and the Dragon (after the Performance)"; yet as representing Beaconsfield, not even his party associates venture to deny its appropriateness. It should be added that in the foregoing remarks we have had in mind the cartoons as printed from the original "Punch" drawings. In Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's edition they are reproduced by a chemical process which loses nearly all the finer touches of the pictures.

THERE are both the promise and the fragrance of mature fruit in the little volume of "Apple Blossoms," by Elaine and Dora Read Goodale.* It consists of verses by two children, written in the one case between the ages of nine and fifteen, and in the other between the ages of nine and twelve; and the unmistakable charm which they possess lies in the fidelity, the freshness, and the *naïveté* with which they express and depict and interpret childhood. The authors have felt the usual emotions of children and have given them metrical expression; they have looked out upon nature—upon the woods and fields, the mountains, the running streams, the procession of flowers, the march of the seasons—and have written down what they saw; from the phenomena of the external world they have drawn the obvious and inevitable morals, partly no doubt the result of spontaneous perception in its rudimentary stage, more often the reflection of ideas gleaned from reading or the conversation of older people. There is no abnormal precocity of thought, no symptom of a premature development of the emotions or passions: the verses are all healthfully objective, and their artless simplicity is the best and most conclusive evidence of their authenticity. It will be seen from the foregoing that we do not share the "genial" opinions regarding the volume which have been expressed in certain quarters. There is abundance of promise in it; but it would tend to defeat the very hopes which the volume raises to lead its youthful authors to suppose that there is anything more. Facility of versification and the comprehensiveness of the vocabulary are the really striking features of the work; but children who are old enough to make verse are also old enough to be told that mere verses, however skillful, do not constitute poetry. We suspect, moreover, that the ability to rhyme is much more common among children from ten to eighteen than the amount of youthful verse which actually gets into print would seem to suggest. The healthy skepticism of friends, the equally healthy growth of taste on the part of the rhymer, the impracticableness of editors, or the distrust of publishers, usually consigns the verse to another destination than that of the printing-press and the bookseller's shelves.

* Beaconsfield. By George M. Towle. No. 22, Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 163.

† The Beaconsfield Cartoons, from London Punch. One Hundred and Eight Caricatures by Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

* Apple Blossoms. Verses of Two Children. Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 253.

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M Y C O M E D Y.

I.

DRAMATIC writing had no special charms for me. In the plight I had been in, a struggle of some painful years, if, reversing a great English dramatist's career, I had thought that a trowel would have led to speedier results than a pen, I should have at once adopted the mechanical calling.

I had battled for actual existence, winning my bread crust by crust. At last I was fortunate in securing the publication of some stories. It happened that an English playwright had clapper-clawed an anonymous story of mine, and had put it in action on the London stage. I owed this person no grudge, but was rather grateful for the accident. I wrote, telling him that he was perfectly welcome to my crude material. In a courteous reply, in which some remuneration was offered me, the author suggested "that perhaps in dramatic composition there might be an opening for me." In the letter were inclosed a few words of introduction to the manager of a New York theatre. I at once accepted the situation. Very deliberately I set to work to write my first play, and, although my poor mother almost starved during the time necessary for its production, at last my drama was completed. Strangely enough, by sheer luck, my first work found a theatre. Whether from want of merit, dramatic construction, or because it was at the end of the season, my play was withdrawn after a few weeks' performance. If not the success I had wished, at least it was no failure.

Knitting my brows with a feeling rather akin to anger, I made another venture, and wrote a second piece. This new effort was fortunate even beyond its deserts, yet I can not say I felt the elation I was longing for. Such applause as I received I only considered as the interest on a capital spent during some years of toil and pri-

vation. At least, my pride was no longer wounded. I had finally emerged from that most painful of all situations—that of the writing jackal, who waits hungrily for such lumps of literary garbage as may be thrown him. Thanks to rather an old head on young shoulders, such unmeaning or unsubstantial compliments as I received I took exactly for what they were worth. All I believed was that, having found a vocation, my work was now really to begin. Without being sordid, I was grateful for the money I had earned. Thank God, it gave me the opportunity to surround a mother with some few of the comforts which my former extreme poverty had deprived her of.

A third piece of mine had been accepted by a leading manager. Having completed my task under less stress, perhaps with a certain degree of spontaneity, for the first time I felt surer of success. Still, the school of misfortune had left its impress on me. With most men an improved physical condition rapidly effaces former mental sufferings. If I was not exactly morbid, and did not recur to those troubles which had been, nevertheless a certain elasticity of spirits was foreign to my nature. Without being morose, I was not genial.

That pleasing *bonhomie*, that graceful ease, that hail-fellow-well-met manner some of my contemporaries possessed, which undoubtedly surmounted many a difficulty, I did not have. People on the stage did not know me as Dick, for Dick would not riot nor hobnob with the best of them. Even had Mr. Launcelot, the manager, slapped me on the back, I should have been quick to resent the liberty.

Mr. Richard Carter was not a favorite in the green-room. As that channel into which was to be filtered all the vapid nonsense, the private bickerings, the senseless jealousies of stage people, I was the most undesirable of confidants.

Intent solely on the business I was engaged in, when my rehearsals came, and it was necessary to impart instruction, I gave it, possibly, in a pedagogic way. Why should I not have done so? If I had not taught a night school some few years before, I should have starved, and possibly the insistent manners of the schoolmaster still remained.

My relationship, then, with professional people was of a restricted kind. A certain glitter of very thin metal, a resonance that was jarring, a tension too prone to snapping, an over-gushing from a very scanty emotional source, a facial contortion simply indicative of muscular suppleness, which I deemed all these people had, made them distasteful to me. I suppose I should have waited until the comedians had emerged from the house in order to appreciate some natural differences. But in their homes I knew none of them. Having little time to waste, such invitations I might have been honored with, as to dinners at certain artistic clubs with the men, or to gay reunions with the women, I had politely declined. "Carter is a bear," I had heard it intimated, and Richard Carter had very carelessly accepted the ursine characteristics.

Mr. Launcelot, the manager, had said to me more than once words to this effect: "My dear boy" (Mr. Launcelot would have been familiar with a grandee of Spain after an introduction of five minutes), "you don't advertise yourself. Now, I wouldn't have you eccentric. It really doesn't pay talent nowadays to wear hair hanging around one's shoulders, nor to sport a dress-coat lined with cherry-colored satin; but really you don't show enough."

"My brilliancy does not shine, then, through my bushel basket? Is that what you are driving at?" I asked.

"A certain amount of intimacy with the people behind the curtain is a necessity. You don't—indeed you don't—seem to be enough with us, or of us. Now, please don't allow your pride to run away with you. Please don't get it into your noddle that any of our ladies want to make love to you. I am rather inclined to think they enjoy sometimes a quiet laugh at your expense. Don't you pose just a trifle? I would not for the world be officious in proffering my advice, but, on my word, you are the most unsociable human being I ever met with. I can't say you are modest, for, by George! you hector me at times, and have a most obstinate way of asserting your rights. You aren't tricky, or anything that way, and are a serious man, and I believe good to tie to—only, can't you unbend at times? A theatre is not the Supreme Court of the United States, nor are actors undertakers. Where you are wanting in is sympathy. You are a lump of ice—a log of wood."

"Permit me, Mr. Launcelot," I replied. "I appreciate a great deal the kindness on your part—"

"Well, that's more than you ever said before, dear boy."

"But, Mr. Launcelot, this house of yours is nothing more to me than an hotel. Among your numerous people I am only your butcher. I try and bring you a good piece of beef, freshly slaughtered, with alternate streaks of fat and lean. Your actors and actresses are the cooks, who baste the meats and apply the sauces."

"I keep an ordinary, then, do I?" inquired Mr. Launcelot, rather testily.

"Exactly, and you dispense your feasts to a hungry public. You pay your purveyor liberally enough. But why should the cooks want to be on familiar terms with the butcher?"

"It is an exceedingly coarse way you have of putting things, Mr. Carter."

"I am sorry you think it so, Mr. Launcelot. The simile is a Greek one, some thousands of years old; but I did not mean to be discourteous."

"I hate all classic nonsense; but, as you will, Mr. Carter."

I was sitting, then, rather moodily in the corner *fauteuil* of the orchestra during a third rehearsal. It happened to be a convenient position, because there was an entrance from the *couloir* of the house to the stage, and Mr. Launcelot could come easily to me. The manager's comments in regard to my play under rehearsal were peculiar:

"That's a send-off! When she works off that first act in a dove-colored shot-silk with black lace flounces—cost two hundred and fifty (catch Claudia Aubrey going for any of those duds one finds in Sixth Avenue, though Mrs. Launcelot is glad enough to buy there)—and has a train five feet long, with the nicest little nigger you ever saw to hold it up, and Claudia shows that handsome arm of hers—no enamel there—and that hand of hers waves an ostrich-tipped fan, the jewels just dripping from her fingers, she will electrify the house!" Then the manager lowered his head and bolted through the hole in the passage.

"Don't you think," inquired Mr. Launcelot, anxiously, when he returned with a piece of brocade in his hand, "it would be better if our ladies showed their feet a trifle more? Clocks on stockings, dear boy, were made to be seen. What a delicious pair of high-heeled shoes Miss Aubrey has for the part! Now, couldn't she loop up her dress a trifle more? All the rest of the women want to do it, but she won't, and if you veto short costumes there is certain to be a row. You just bother with a woman's make-up, and you're

gone! Propitiation is the thing, dear boy—propiti-a-tion. Pray, now, don't give Claudia any chance to get miffed with you. In fact, she knows her business so well that she won't allow it. My wife and Claudia are great friends. You may, of course, in your position as author, backed up by me, bully the men up to a certain extent, but be at least politic with our leading lady. Oh, I say, this is the color of the furniture, and it lights up with a perfect blaze. The whole rig brand-new—stuff costs seven dollars and sixty-five cents a yard."

Now a man in shirt-sleeves appeared through the gloom of the dark passage.

"Yes, I sent for you, Mr. Balders. Buy twenty yards of crash and cover me up all that new furniture, or the damask will be ruined. Women smear things so with their cosmetics. I don't care who it is, I won't have anybody flop down on my chairs until they are in use on the stage. If necessary, have bits of wood studded with nails—jagged ones—and put them on top of all of them, like those on carriages, to prevent the boys getting up behind. Miss Aubrey is late, and you are in a fidget? The call was for two o'clock, Mr. Carter, and it's 'most a quarter after. Ah, here we are at last! Oh, I say, Perkins, that branch of that tree in the forest-set got swinging last night in the most ridiculous way. Hop up and fasten it with a bit of light stuff and some nails. We don't want our brains knocked out—we none of us have too much to spare. Ah, now we are going to have it! There, that opening seems to go along pretty smoothly, don't it?"

"Only tolerably for a third rehearsal," I replied, rather indifferently.

"There you go, freezing again! Now comes one of the happiest points in the play."

"Which, allow me to remark, I deem to be the weakest. It is just that portion which I do not like."

"What, the snuff-box scene? There is a deal of point in it. Believe me, experience, my dear boy, has shown me that a snuff-box or a warming-pan always delights a house. I have seen a pinch of snuff save a poor piece and carry it through triumphantly. Once out in California, when I started in the business, I ran a small concern in Sacramento; I had a regular miner's supper in the piece. The play was awful stuff, but the scent of the frying onions brought out the biggest yelling you ever heard, and the onions were encored every night."

"So much the worse for the public taste. Now to return to the piece. In compliance with your wishes, what was but a simple incident in the original conception you have allowed your people to amplify quite unnecessarily. If this

scene fails, the fault is yours. Mind, beyond a certain point I will allow of no such liberties with my text."

"I never made a mistake in my life, Mr. Carter, and the scene will do. Now watch Jenkins—best man for the part in the universe."

"Come, Mr. Launcelot, you really do not mean to say that you have collected under one canvas all the wonders of the world? Keep your puffs for the programme. I might like Jenkins better if he did not put in so many gags."

"But it is a trivial rôle, only a few lengths here and there, and he wants to prop it up. Dear boy, we have Jenkins entirely for his gags. He is the cleverest gagger at this present moment on the stage. Four snuff-boxes, and all out at the same time! Good! An idea for you. How would it do to make an incident, for some future piece, out of snuff-boxes? Have poison in one of 'em, and then the heroine comes in, and just in time saves her lover by dashing the poisoned box to the ground—eh?"

"It would be simply disgusting, Mr. Launcelot."

"I don't know. But what is the matter? That's an ugly look you have put on."

"Would you expect," I replied, "that a duke, a marquis, would take his snuff out of such trumpery wooden boxes—no better than one sees on the bar of a lager-beer cellar?"

"Seize your idea at once. Want 'em rich? They ain't wood, but horn.—I say, Mr. Balders, clap me some gold-leaf on those boxes, and get—get me a paste shoe-buckle (there are lots of them knocking about in the old property-box), and putty me an odd shoe-buckle on the duke's box.—Are you satisfied? Nothing like keeping up the unities."

The "unities" was a word Mr. Launcelot had picked up somewhere, but with the faintest conception of its appropriateness. Whenever Mr. Launcelot collared The Unities, he invariably wiped his forehead with a musky handkerchief. The Unities annoyed me less than another pet word of the manager's—"an anachronism." When Mr. Launcelot lugged in that he always invoked a pantomimic benediction, casting his eyes in a supplicating way toward the chandelier.

I had little fault to find with Miss Claudia Aubrey. The lady's dramatic instincts were of undoubted excellence. Still, I thought, as far as this rehearsal went, that Miss Aubrey had remaining on her mind the reminiscence of a rôle she had lately created and which she had played during a whole season. Her diction had less of a former mannerism than her action. Possibly with the lady, as with myself as an audience, the physical impression was the more lasting.

My acquaintance with Miss Aubrey had only dated from a first rehearsal, which event had taken place a week before. Then our conversation, after a formal introduction from Mr. Launcelot, had been limited exclusively to the business of the piece. I was pleased by what seemed to be a natural and straightforward manner. I had fancied, though, after closely watching the lady's expression, furtively scanning the pure outlines of her handsome face, that a certain fixity of the lips indicated no small force of will. I dreaded a latent obstinacy, and feared that Miss Aubrey might be disinclined to accept any suggestions on my part.

"My impressions of the part, Mr. Carter," the lady had said in rather a nonchalant way, "are quite vague and confused. I have scarcely studied it—in fact, merely glanced at it. I have no doubt but what you say is quite right and proper; only, of course, when I settle down to the work I shall want elbow-room—latitude, in fact. I am led to believe that Mr. Carter is quite difficult to satisfy—you may rest assured, sir, that I am equally hard to please, not only in regard to my own task, but as to the work of others." Then a pretty gloved hand was waved toward me. I had bowed gravely and was dismissed.

During the first and second rehearsals, which simply indicated the situations, matters, as they always do, went haltingly. There happened to be a line which Miss Aubrey objected to, offering something else in which the alliteration was manifest. Interrogated directly by the lady as to the propriety of the change, I politely declined altering the line, and without much insistence gained my point.

At this third rehearsal, which I am describing, Miss Aubrey was letter-perfect, and the improvement on all sides was manifest, though the lights and shades in the picture were still indistinct. Presently the call-boy handed me a note. It contained the following words, written in a clear, bold hand: "Miss Aubrey's respects to Mr. Carter. Miss A. does not like the opening of the second act. As the Duchess, Miss A. comes in too soon. Would Mr. Carter kindly reconsider it? There should be further preparation before the Duchess's introduction. Mr. Carter has forgotten, possibly, that an elaborate toilet has to be prepared. That alone should appeal to his gallantry."

I read the note over twice—the first time, I must acknowledge, without much regard to the sense, but simply critical as to the spelling. There was not a slip, nor a word underlined. My reply, written on the same piece of paper, was as follows: "Mr. Carter feels obliged to Miss Aubrey for her polite suggestion, but sees no necessity for a change. The second act can be rung

up five or ten minutes later in order to allow for any exigencies of costume."

In a second back came that bit of paper, now somewhat crumpled, with only two words, "You must!" Worse than the curtness of the two syllables, they were underscored. My reply might have been, "I won't!" but, restraining myself, I wrote: "When Victor Hugo wrote 'Hernani' for Mademoiselle Mars, this great actress declared her unwillingness to recite a certain line, and insisted that the author should change it. Like a good, kind-hearted woman she accepted the inevitable, and, in her rendering of what was an objectionable phrase to her, made it the most famous passage of the drama. Very respectfully, Richard Carter."

In another second back came the piece of paper with this on it: "I am neither good nor kind-hearted. You are not Victor Hugo!"

I was out of patience—utterly so—and my impulse was to reply in the childish tit-for-tat style; but, commanding myself, I wrote, "But Miss Aubrey may become a Mademoiselle Mars."

The unpleasant correspondence ended here for the nonce. It was Miss Aubrey's *entrée* again on the stage. I noticed, as she swept on the stage, her black silk dress rustling as it went, that she held a wretched bit of paper in her gloved hand. Quite carefully, ostentatiously I fancied, the lady tore the scrap into minute bits and scattered the fragments of our correspondence like a snowstorm on the stage.

Seated in my *fauteuil* reconsidering all these indications on the part of the lady, I felt some real annoyance in regard to the fate of my play. A whim on the part of Miss Aubrey might damn my hopes. As the rehearsal went on, however, I was pleased to notice that the lady warmed up with the part. At the conclusion of one of the acts, a short soliloquy falling to her share, she was so happy that a salvo of applause greeted her from her comrades on the stage.

"Can't you, my dear boy, just bring those palms of yours together in the feeblest way?" asked Mr. Launcelot, who was now again by my side. "A kind word accomplishes miracles. Get down from your high horse!—Capital, Miss Aubrey! Capital! a brilliant effect. Mr. Carter is delighted! It will be a big thing—a monstrous big thing! We must fetch it this time! Pro-pi-ti-ate, dear boy!"

Miss Aubrey smiled for a moment—playing with the rich trimming of her dress—then, as she came forward, said, not unpleasantly:

"A *claque* of two, or rather of one, can't be called very effective. However, I trust to carry it through. Now, what next?" and she glanced at the manuscript copy in her hand, and said to the prompter: "Now, Mr. Jonas, I fancy I am fairly

up to the close of the act—quite letter-perfect. Only there is one bit of business here that isn't quite clear. Well, here goes. Ah! one moment.—Miss Mortimer, when you come on, don't now, please don't burst in on me. I can't stand that kind of thing. If not a liberty—begging the author's pardon, for Mr. Carter has a singular aversion to even the most moderate suggestions—I should suppose Mr. Carter intended that Clare—that's Mortimer—should be a kind of stealthy innocence—goodness creeping in like a cat. Now I personate a whirlwind. Where I go, doors bang and hinges creak. The Duchess is a tigress, Clare is a kid.—Do I catch your meaning, Mr. Carter, or am I making a mess of it—putting my foot in it, as usual?"

I fancied that Miss Aubrey's mock humility concealed the least bit of irony.

"As the Duchess of Beaulieu is the type of a passionate, revengeful woman, your conception, up to a certain point, is quite just. Still, innocence need never be cringing. I should conceive that innocence in time acquired a force of its own, and gathered strength as it grew."

"Gad! Miss Claudia," said the gagger, Jenkins; "oh! come, now, spare us a lecture on metaphysics, do, and let us get through."

"Sir," replied the lady, turning on him sharply, "if it suits me to understand the part perfectly, I trust you will allow me to acquire such information as may more fully interpret the author's meaning. I have not your faculty of inspiration, Mr. Jenkins!"

"Good," I remarked to Mr. Launcelot; "your clown had it pat that time."

"I don't know, my dear boy," replied the manager. "Claudia has a quick tongue. I know her best—rather a decided kind of person at times. Rather afraid she has made Jenkins a scapegoat for the moment. It may be anybody's turn next. Watch out. Pro-pi-ti-ate, dear boy. Now for it—she has full swing. Listen to her! There is pathos for you, and as good an effect as I ever saw. When she will jot me in a sob or so, like plums in her pudding (no woman ever did sob as Claudia Aubrey can—no hiccough about it), there won't be a dry eye in the house."

I was fain to confess that Miss Aubrey had pleased me. Only now and then, ever so slightly, was there a faint resemblance to that former heroine which the lady had created.

Miss Aubrey was through for the time being, and had retired to a chair in the wings, nearly opposite to me. It was Mr. Launcelot in person who brought me another note. It read as follows: "Miss Aubrey's respects to a very taciturn author, and pray what is the matter *now*?"

Had my impassive face shown any trace of annoyance? Since this epistolary method was

the one to be adopted, I was forced to resume it. I wrote: "Mr. Carter's respects to Miss Aubrey. Mr. Carter fears that there is the very slightest reminiscence of Miss Aubrey's former powerful creation of Julia in the present Duchess. An author should be, must be, jealous of an inspiration not his own. Miss Aubrey's former Julia was an American woman of common birth; the character she is now playing is that of a Duchess of the realm, who is the rival of a Queen of France. The taciturn author, since it pleases the lady to call him so, would beg for a trifle less *abandon*, and a shade more dignity."

I could not see the lady as she read this. All I noticed was that a sable muff fell on the floor of the stage, and rolled along as if started with no small propelling force. There came no reply. Now it was the leading lady's *entrée* on the stage. I watched Miss Aubrey's face, but it was a blank. Then the climax in an act was reached, and with so true an effect that I expressed my satisfaction. I had hoped at least for a smile from the lady, but it did not come. Now there was an insignificant passage or two, where Miss Aubrey referred to the Duke, her husband, as "the Duke of Beaulieu."

Now, the French *i-e-u* is not so easily pronounced. Miss Aubrey made a good name sound absurdly. I could not stand *Bowloo*. As I had with infinite pains and annoyance drilled a subordinate into sounding the shibboleth, this mispronunciation on the lady's part was a blemish I would not allow. I think I was excessively polite about it—at least I tried to be—when, during a short pause, I rose and said:

"Pray permit me, Miss Aubrey, to pronounce that unfortunate name phonetically. It is not *Bow-loo*, though the first syllable is near enough to pass criticism. Please drop the *w* in *Bow*, and make it *Bo* short. As to the final syllable, it is a compound of our English *le* and *u*—a dieresis in fact. Would you kindly say, then, *le-eu*, with a slight emphasis on the *le*?"

Miss Aubrey's eyes shone on me like meteors. They were dark-blue eyes shaded with the blackest of lashes. I noticed that the lady's face crimsoned. Not that gradual suffusion which quietly flows upward, but the tumultuous impact of blood which fairly surges, draining the lips, and tingeing the ears red hot. Undoubtedly I had offended the lady mortally. I almost fancied I heard two sets of very white teeth close with a snap, then a pearl-colored glove was stripped to shreds.

Rising from her chair in a dead silence, the lady said:

"Mr. Carter, my French may be New York French for you, yet I can say *Boo* to a—" Then she paused.

"Propitiate," whispered Mr. Launcelot to me. "Come, now, Mr. Carter, Miss Aubrey can not pronounce it. Would it not be easier for us to change it? Don't, my dear boy, beard Miss Aubrey—it won't do, you know."

Actors tittered, Jenkins sniggered. A couple of women on the stage openly made observations, by no means complimentary, in regard to what they were good enough to term "my blocking the ordinary business, and teaching them like children."

I had full command of my temper, though I smarted internally over the rudeness. Somehow a sense of the ludicrous very fortunately got the better of me, and I could not help but smile.

"You must know, Miss Aubrey, that simulated passion rarely approaches true natural inspiration. Now, if you will be kind enough to remember the last act—when your lover discards you—perhaps that movement of a moment ago would be of the greatest avail to you. I am sure that I, for one, would be quite willing to find you in gloves nightly. A capital point—very happy indeed!"

"Sir!" said Miss Aubrey.

"Permit me" (I had resumed a graver manner). "Such advice as I may have had to impart has been in regard to the most trivial points. Your talent, Miss Aubrey, wanted no prompting for the broader, stronger parts of my work."

"Propitiate, dear boy. Tell her you will drop that Duchess of Bully, and make it a name any American Christian can pronounce," urged Mr. Launcelot.

"But, Miss Aubrey"—I was losing my temper now—"I must insist on the perfectly simple pronunciation of this name." I rose here, and, moving toward the stage, said loud enough, I hoped, to be heard only by her: "To reason with you in regard to the impropriety of what was certainly a rudeness on your part I hardly deem worth my while. It would, I am afraid, be both loss of time and perhaps patience. You certainly are not amenable to those same rules of conduct which might govern others of your sex. Proper resentment arising from offended dignity I might respect. I honestly think you incapable of such finer feelings. Your impulses are as feverish as your words are heedless." My blood was up; I could have withered the woman with my scorn.

"You are insulting," was the reply, given in a whisper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I resumed, "as to the pronunciation of this word, I have before had the honor of giving it to you. Trivial as it may seem, my insistence in regard to it will only be the greater. So perfectly indifferent am I, however, after all, as to the whole business, that I am

determined, unless attention is given to it—at least by those of you who have sufficient judgment to comprehend how ludicrous and slovenly are such mistakes—that I shall have not the least hesitation in withdrawing the piece."

Mr. Launcelot looked aghast for a moment, and prevented my leaving the house.

"Come, my friends," he said, "the unities"—here the gagman grinned as the manager wiped his forehead—"must be preserved. Anachronisms must no longer exist, certainly not in a house I have the honor of conducting. Ladies and gentlemen will please pay attention to Mr. Carter's advice. Just consider the success of this piece—your success, my success! It is a sure thing, and you would be a parcel of donkeys to muddle it. I don't know but that a course of French might benefit all our manners. But no more nonsense. Don't behave like a lot of spoiled children, and let us get through. There is hardly time now for the carpenters to fix up the stage for to-night's performance."

There was the faintest semblance of dissent. I had taken a newspaper and was reading it when the work of rehearsing commenced anew. Miss Aubrey, with the utmost nonchalance, went through her part. When the lady came to the name which gave her trouble she either evaded it or called it the "Duke of Um-um." There was an occasional laugh here and there when she did it, in which I joined in the most natural way. When this occurred it did not seem to please her. At the conclusion, Miss Aubrey repeated her last scene half off the stage, and then disappeared without bidding any one good-by.

Mr. Launcelot looked gloomy as he left the house.

"It is a mess—confound it!" he said. "I don't think Claudia Aubrey would play us false. What was that you said to her—eh? You lose your temper too quickly. Why didn't you go and see her? She has been in town for three weeks. Not calling on her was a rudeness. You may be sure she can't abide you. It's a disagreeable thing for an author to be at daggers drawn with people who may make or mar him; and Claudia Aubrey, just as likely, will snub you on every occasion."

"Upon my word, Mr. Launcelot, Miss Aubrey's disposition toward me is a matter of the utmost indifference. I even can't compliment you on the half support I received from your hands. Good day."

II.

I WENT homeward feeling uncomfortably. It had not been the first of these ridiculous squabbles which theatrical business had inflicted on me. I had hoped that I had become indifferent

to them. I had mostly had my way at last, and in this present instance I had decided that I would not budge an inch. Still I had some fault to find with myself. Since Miss Aubrey had sent me occasional written objections, why had I not carried out the epistolary method? "Perhaps," I thought, "it was this woman's way of doing it, and I had hurt her pride." Maybe I was inclined to be dictatorial and exacting? Was there anything of a termagant about the lady? No, she was not a termagant, only imperious, and that was a distinction. How superb she looked in her anger! "People," I argued, "express their anger so differently. I am afraid I have a way of sneering which is passably insulting. Pro-pi-ti-ate! That's moral cowardice; but still somehow I wish I had not quarreled with those deep-blue eyes. I could stand sharp, black, piercing eyes, which like ferrets worm into you, but—" I ceased here arguing with myself.

From the close, stifling atmosphere of the theatre to the pure, bracing air of the streets was indeed a relief. Would I go home and look over that second act, and arrange a new entrance for the Duchess? It might only take two or three hours' work. There was a struggle for a moment, and I was undecided. I remembered, then, that a new book on costumes had been published, which I wanted to purchase. I was just passing the publisher's in Broadway. I went in, secured my book, and was leaving the shop, when I noticed a quiet coupé on the street and a lady in the act of entering the vehicle. I could not have mistaken the ample folds of that lustrous black silk. I found myself even familiar with the peculiar ivy-leaf embroidery. Two hands, one ungloved, were on the door of the coupé in the act of closing it. It was Miss Aubrey. She might have driven away right then, but fortunately (why I was glad I hardly knew) an over-voluminous underskirt had been caught somewhere in a hinge. It was this accident I seized upon. I thought it might be proper—no, not exactly to apologize, I had nothing to apologize for; only simply to express some slight and quite formal regret at my having unwittingly been the cause of a disagreeable scene.

"Miss Aubrey," I said, with some diffidence, "might I release your dress? and, pardon me, could I—"

"Mr. Carter!" replied a somewhat surprised voice.

It was a superb face. The brisk cold had colored the cheeks with a healthy glow. It was—I felt glad of that, too—an unpainted face. As to expression, it was rather proud and haughty. That was when the deep-blue eyes were opened wide. Just now those eyes were in repose, and their lights only glistened with an inquisitive look,

half childlike, half mutinous. Those pretty hands, however, still clutched the door of the coupé.

"Can I not make my peace with you, proud Duchess?" I asked, with a smile.

"Pray, Mr. Carter, drop the shop. Does that shock you? The expression is not elegant, but I mean it. I wanted, though, to forget all about it. I am in a fume, and not over it yet. Of all the people I hate with varying degrees of intensity, in a kind of mathematical progression, first comes Mr. Richard Carter, next Launcelot, and lastly myself. We never shall get along, Mr. Carter—never, never—I know we won't."

"And pray why not?"

"Why not? Because I hate to be schooled, in the way you like to school, and, what is more, I don't intend to be. You are not the first playwright I have had to deal with. Almost all of you assume too much. You crave for your works over-refinements and vaporish ideals which no human being could render. You impose a whole lot of conventionalities which restrain art."

"I am not prepared on this occasion to discuss with Miss Claudia Aubrey—at least on the sidewalk—the sacred rights of authors," I replied, rather coolly.

"Well, then, what are you here for?" inquired Miss Aubrey, hotly; and now the great eyes were expanded for a moment. The two little hands still held fast to the door. The ungloved hand had a single jeweled ring on a taper finger. It was a dimpled hand, and the cold had reddened it.

"What am I here for? I am sure I hardly know. It is decidedly a false situation. Your dress was caught; I might have presumed to assist any lady in the same situation."

"Perhaps so," was the sententious reply.

"Could I not, in order to efface somewhat of an abrupt manner which I have—could I not make the poorest of offerings?" I inquired.

"Pro-pi-ti-ate, like Mr. Launcelot? I hate the word. Pray how?"

"Those charming hands of yours are not fully gloved, and the air is keen."

"Oh, my hands! I tore up one glove. What of it? I often do it. It is cheaper than smashing china vases, and crockery is not always handy. I have other gloves. See here!" One of her hands was unloosed then. "This pocket in my coupé is full of old gloves of all shades and colors."

"Might I offer you a pair of gloves?"

"I don't know. They don't sell decent gloves about this part of Broadway."

"Would you kindly inform me where they do sell what you call decent gloves?"

"Such ignorance on Mr. Carter's part in regard to gloves does not tell well for his *savoir-*

faire. Was that pronounced rightly, Mr. Carter?—ahem!”

“Admirably—the purest Parisian. But it seems to me that Miss Aubrey reverts to what she designates as the shop.”

“I did not intend to.”

“Will Miss Aubrey kindly indicate the exact locality of her glove-shop?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Please don’t stand there with your head uncovered. The wind is chilly. Pray don’t redden in the face that way either. Keep your temper, and don’t get a cold in your head.”

“The gloves, Miss Aubrey.”

“Why, you are as insistent as Othello with the handkerchief. I’ll wager you do not know what size I wear, Mr. Carter?”

“I should say sixes—outside.” It was a guess on my part.

“A shade small. My hands spread when I used to stitch books and made fifty cents a day at it. A lucky guess. Yes, sixes. Have you a sister, Mr. Carter?”

“No, Miss Aubrey.”

“No women about you?”

“Yes, thank God!”

“What expansiveness! Who?”

“A mother.”

“A mother! Who may be waiting for you now?”

“It might be. I accept the dismissal,” I said, curtly, feeling hurt.

“No, I didn’t mean that. But aren’t you dawdling away your precious time? Is it not near your dinner-hour?”

“My good old mother has all kinds of excuses for my tardiness. She always spoiled me.”

“That is the reason why you insist on having everything your own way, I suppose. Exemplary young man who dines with his mother, and does not luxuriate at his club.”

“Please don’t laugh at me, Miss Aubrey. There is a dear old mahogany table—a kind of relic—that once was surrounded by happy faces. There are only two people now left to sit at it; but, thank God! those two do not glare at one another. There are certain dishes I have a childish liking for, and these a good mother prepares for me with her own dear hands. After a day of annoyance, there is a sweet calm about that hour spent with my mother which effaces many a sting. Silly domestic traits these, Miss Aubrey, which can not interest you.”

“But they do—they do, Mr. Carter; I like to hear about them.”

I checked an unguarded movement of expansiveness which was novel with me, when Miss Aubrey asked, “Does your mother know anything about me?”

“Certainly. I have sounded your praises. I told my mother that your engagement would assure my success.” I always detail to my mother the incidents of the day.”

“All—all of them—even the disagreeable ones?”

“Without any familiarity with the theatre, my mother admires it—from afar. She reads about it. Think of that dear old soul giving me the other day a wonderful scrap-book, red and gold, and in it she had collected all the kind notices she could find about her son.”

“And the unfavorable ones—those that bite and hurt so?”

“The good woman had never seen any. I had always kept them from her.”

“An act of filial devotion on your part. Would—would”—here the lady paused—“would she like to know me?”

“Why, certainly,” I replied.

“If the piece succeeds, won’t you bring her to me some day? Of course she will come to the theatre while your play is running.”

“My mother rarely ventures out in winter.”

“I understand, Mr. Carter. I have had a lesson in manners which I accept.”

“How—how, Miss Aubrey?”

“Oh, I don’t blame you—serves me right.”

“It is her health which is delicate; and, if I must tell you, it is you who should come and see my mother.”

“Oh, is that it? I understood you so differently.”

Then there was a dead silence. Still I lingered.

“Look here,” at last she said, as she opened the door and spoke to the coachman, giving him an address, “you may buy me my gloves after all, Mr. Carter. Will you ride with me, sir?”

I hesitated for an instant, somewhat wonder-stricken at the suddenness of the invitation. My moment of irresolution I hoped had escaped her. The hand was withdrawn from the door. In an instant I was by the lady’s side. It was a soft, luxurious coupé, a very boudoir on wheels.

“My caravan, Mr. Carter,” said Miss Aubrey, evidently desirous of putting me at my ease. “Here is my ambulant library. See my tools.” Here the lady opened a kind of case in the side-lining of the vehicle, and exposed to view a collection of small play-books. “Thumb-marks, and grease, and dog-ears. See that one! Scraped up for weeks, a penny at a time, before I could call that old thing mine. It’s an awful rubbishy farce, but I made my *début* in it years—years ago. You may fish down to the bottom. That is a manuscript play; they follow me all around, and drive me crazy. Yes, that is an old Bible. I read it sometimes, have read it ever since I knew

how to spell. There, unloosen that button. That is my hand-mirror. I study all my most killing grins in that. What is in that box? Candy, sir; have some? Yes, look there, if you want to. I do not hesitate to show you the whole menagerie. That is ruddle, and the best ruddle that money can buy. Comes to me from France, and is worth more than its weight in gold. Every one of the women pester me to learn where I get my rouge for use on and off the boards, but I never will tell them. It is my secret; but it is nasty stuff at the best. There, now, is your curiosity satisfied? Some day when I am old and fagged out, the time will come soon enough, I may go round and round, not in a coupé, but in a circus-van with a screaming calliope. That's the end of many of us. Please don't fidget so. Oh, I see there is a parcel on the seat and you are not comfortable. Just place it on the floor."

I removed the package which was incommoding me, when the wrapper came off, showing me a couple of books.

"Yes, it is an Ollendorff, and something on French pronunciation. I bought them at the book-store, but had I seen you there I should not have entered the shop." Then she added, simply: "I am capable of sitting up half the night to catch an idea. What is a diæresis? How should a lot of idiots know what a diæresis is?"

I explained briefly what a diæresis is. Miss Aubrey was all attention, and in an instant understood it.

"Well, a diphthong, which isn't a diphthong. We will try Beaulieu, if you please, schoolmaster." Beaulieu was at once pronounced correctly. "But we shall quarrel over the very next thing which comes up—see if we don't, Mr. Carter."

"If other dissensions should arise, with such pleasant terminations, I might court them, Miss Aubrey."

"Better not try. Well, I shall study these books all the same, if only for the chance I may have of picking up other people in their French. You did not bother much in showing me?"

"I have had a good many pupils in my time, and never had an apter scholar," I said, smilingly.

"And pray how?"

"When I taught night-school in the slums of New York I had very refractory pupils at times. I earned seventy-five cents a night, and I wanted it."

"Of course all the children adored you."

"No, they did not. I have had more than one inkstand hurled at my head."

"Is that why you have a little bald spot on the top of your head? It isn't a very big one, Mr. Carter."

"I don't know precisely. We all caught typhoid fever together, master and pupils, and I suppose the disease made me lose my hair. When I got well I made an awful trouble with the school commissioners about the bad ventilation and unwholesome quarters for the children. I carried my point. A more healthy locality was chosen, but I was discharged."

"Then you are not anybody of consequence! Funny change from a schoolmaster to a dramatic author! Did you know that Mrs. Launcelot was a schoolmarm? and when she married Launcelot there wasn't a madder, wilder actor than Launcelot in the world? She has kept him straight. We are getting quite confidential, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Launcelot was a teacher in a primary class in a school I once went to. What stuff one hears about all our people! My mother was a German rope-dancer—my father an Irish chorus-singer. They both went, father and mother, to Cuba, when I was two years old, and died there of yellow fever. An aunt, a good woman, was janitress in a public school in the East, and she took care of me. I was to have been taught bookbinding, but it was no use. After six months' stitching books I wanted to dance tight-rope. I believe I should have been successful with a balancing-pole. My feet used to itch to have chalk rubbed on them. What is the use of people fibbing about these things? Nothing is ever going to turn up for me! My aunt used to take care of a library in the school-building, and let me have the run of the books. I dusted them when she swept the rooms. I picked up a smattering here and there. Teachers used to say I got my knowledge by intuition. Mrs. Launcelot—she was Miss Polly McGee then—taught me my first little speech. When my poor old aunt died, Mrs. Launcelot cared for me, and when I am in trouble, even now, and I often get into it, it's Mrs. Launcelot that gets me out of it. I love, though, to recur to my schoolgirl days. See—see! That group of little ones there, crossing Eighteenth Street? Aren't they darlings! Quick, Mr. Carter; bid John draw up to the sidewalk. Watch that chubby-faced little girl, with that smother of curls—and that pretty boy! Can't you understand that I want those sugar-plums?—There, my darlings; one handful for you, and one for you, and what's left in the box—for the children at home." I did as I was bid, the coupé was stopped, the children were hailed, and I distributed the sugar-plums equally among the astonished children.

The carriage sped on a block or so, Miss Aubrey remaining quiet. Suddenly she broke out: "I am a goose—ain't I? Whimsical—capricious—and make a display of myself."

"Oh—a goose! a goose—it is a harsh epi-

that"—I recalled mentally an unspoken syllable on her part—"between swans and geese there is, though, but a trifling difference as to species."

I was glad that she did not seem to remember, and I was sorry that I had adverted to a disagreeable incident.

"Once," she said, gleefully, "I read Hans Andersen's story about the ugly duck to a lot of people, and I never had a more appreciative audience. You did not know Mrs. Tibbets? No? Well, she was a good, honest soul, a general-utility woman; not much talent, played anything she could get, and never had a chance. Old Tibbets did something dreadful—ran off with the cash-box of a side-show, and had to leave the country. For years that poor Mrs. Tibbets slaved for her husband's honor, and supported her family as well as she could, and little by little, by almost starving herself, paid back the money Tibbets had made away with. It wasn't much, not five hundred dollars. It took her five years to grub it up, cent by cent. It was Mrs. Launcelot—maybe Launcelot—that arranged the matter, and the side-show man was paid in full. Then they wrote to Tibbets, somewhere in Peru, to come back, but Tibbets they found out was dead and buried. Then that poor old woman couldn't stand it any longer, but lay down and died, and left a parcel of children to starve—as many as four of them. We tried to interest some church people about these children, but, somehow, not much came from it. That stupid Jenkins, all out of his own head, suggested a kind of reading for the benefit of those children, in a private house. Jenkins hee-hawed in his best manner, and I read some of Andersen's stories, and we cleared almost four hundred dollars. But what was better, having put the Tibbetses in the front row, I washed and brushed and sand-papered them all, and attended to their make-up; some good people in the audience kind of took a fancy to them, so we distributed the Tibbets brood, and I do think that it looks as if they would be provided for for some years to come. That's how I learned Hans Andersen's story. I know I was good. The very best thing in my whole repertory is 'Free little toad-stools.' That is naturalness for you! You shall have it, though I will allow of no criticisms." Miss Aubrey repeated, with charming sweetness, mingled with drollery, those baby verses.

"You don't laugh nor applaud? Will not even a lisp, the result of hours of study, fetch you? Want 'Little Bopeep'? It is full of pithos."

"Laugh, Miss Aubrey! I was thinking of Rachel when she read the 'Moineu de Lesbie,' or of Gott repeating Alfred de Musset's verses. I can pay you no higher compliment."

"Indeed! I tell you, Mr. Carter, I crave a pause."

"It is more than that. It is your goodness of heart that would make the sorriest of verses sound pleasantly to my ears. Your art is a secondary thing."

"Rachel! Gott! Awful great people, both of them. Why, you must be an old man, Mr. Carter, to have remembered the first."

"I am thirty-five at least. I was twenty when I heard Rachel."

"Allow me—how can a man who has taught school at seventy-five cents a night have heard those people?"

"Permit me—how can a girl who stitched books at fifty cents a day be now the greatest of our actresses—rolling in her coupé, and patronizing a very poor author? You have risen, I have fallen."

"Stuff—nonsense!—I don't comprehend you. I wish you would not be so confidential. Only, somehow, I have got quite at my ease with you—so much more than I thought I ever could be, for you have a horrid reputation of saying disagreeable things; so that, honestly, I, who do not quake much, was half afraid of you. Pray what do you mean by falling? Falling! There are ten thousand men who would give half their lives to have your position. You rule the puppet-show, and make us dance. Fallen! You don't mean to say you dislike your vocation?"

So far the conversation on Miss Aubrey's part had been carried on with a half-averted face; now those grand eyes were turned directly on me with fullest blaze.

"Mean—mean! That I have a sensitive and impulsive nature—"

"With a thin glaze over it?"

"That"—I did not heed her—"that the petty irritations, the miserable blocks thrown in my way—by—by—"

"Professional people—go on."

"Annoy me half to death. That mental effort, the creative power, is hampered by the ten thousand physical hitches and knots which I must ever be wasting precious time over."

"You have not dyspepsia, have you, Mr. Carter?"

"Of the brain?—certainly."

"Then you don't like us—we don't agree with you?"

"Yes—and no."

"Indeed! Well, that is but half of an honest reply.—Gracious! Mr. Carter, this stupid coachman must have understood Sixty-fourth or One Hundred and Fourth Street. Please bid him turn around and go down town again. Let us talk of something else. You are not a *crème glacée* after all, Mr. Carter—pronounced rightly?"

—but are as fluid and as readily shaken up as skimmed milk. Now I have something to ask you—it is business. You will be good enough to give me some details as to my costume in the last act.”

“Miss Aubrey, I have given some thought to that second act and the trouble in regard to the rapid dressing. Perhaps your objections have some foundation, and to-night it will give me great pleasure to arrange your *entrée* some minutes later—an hour or so of work will do it.”

“Oh! I don’t want it, indeed I don’t—I wouldn’t have it; nevertheless, I am grateful: but I think I can manage. Please don’t refer to it any more. What I want to know is about the dress in the last act. Tight sleeves and a strangling corsage become me, so they say; but then it is difficult to rave and throw one’s self about when you are surcingle and buckled up like—like—”

“Like a circus-horse?”

“Just so; I feel obliged to you for the most complimentary comparison. Thanks. Greek and Roman heroines are so effective because the costume allows the most perfect freedom of gesture. A toga is a splendid thing for a heroine.”

“A toga?”

“Yes, a toga.”

“No, a tunic, or a chlamys.”

“What is a chlamys?”

“Women of the classic periods did not wear togas, but the men did. You might as well say that Sappho buttoned herself up in an ulster.”

“I sha’n’t say another word, Mr. Carter—but night-school. Maybe, if you had a rattan, you would like to rap me over the knuckles; I do nothing but blunder.” Half in anger, Miss Aubrey held out her hand. I would have put it to my lips, but I saw it was trembling. In an instant the hand was withdrawn. Now the carriage stopped. I was afraid we were at the end of our journey, and I was miserable. It was only a momentary blockade in the street. I watched that hand intently. It beat a tattoo for a moment, then it was plunged to the wrist in the muff.

“Coarse manners have I, Miss Aubrey,” I said at last, “and your silence is my punishment. I have deserved it. I am not a companionable person. I am childish enough to confess that a certain irritation I felt at the theatre has not passed away. I thought I had forgotten all about it, but I have not, I see. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself and my petty ways. Can we not be good comrades once more?”

“You don’t consider how abasing it is to have inferiority of education always flaunted in one’s face! If I am to be coached—they call it coaching, don’t they, sir?”

“Yes—coaching.”

“The coacher—you smile; is that right?—well, then, the coach ought to be considerate, and not snap up people in an ungallant and self-satisfied way. A coach ought never to be arrogant.”

“Oh, isn’t he!” I said. “Little you know about it. The biggest thrashing I ever received was at college from a burly coach about boating. He blackguarded me, and because I got angry he beat me, and it served me right.”

“And did he whip you badly?”

“Didn’t he, though! I wasn’t over it for a week.”

The lady clapped her hands with glee.

“It ought to have done you no end of good. I suppose I am something like you, only I can’t fight,” and a little hand made a ridiculously soft and plump fist. Here was an opening once more, and I resumed: “As to your costume in the last act—”

“Yes, I have a tumble in the middle of it—an ugly sprawl at my Lord Duke Um-Um’s feet, forgiveness, and all that kind of thing. That means double-stitched, reinforced seams all over the body of the dress, and a hitch in the skirt, a bit of elastic, so that when my knee touches the ground the train sha’n’t drag. Nothing so unpleasant as to rip things in the midst of a telling point. I have studied all that. Now, please be oracular and man-millinerish, if you please.”

“Well, you know the piece is in the time of the Regency.”

“What was the Regency? Honestly, my knowledge of French history is limited. There were such a lot of Louises!—Do not be afraid. Night-school away! I will throw no slate at you!”

“Have you ever read Scribe’s ‘Adrienne Lecouvreur’?”

“Yes; a poisoned rose was the trick. Was that in the time of the Regency?”

“Well, that’s about it. Now here is a work which I have just bought, which will refresh both of us.” I opened the volume of costumes and turned over the leaves for her until I came to a picture of Madame de Parabère. “What a lovely face! Was she as good as she was beautiful?” was asked.

“Good? No, far from it! This Madame de Parabère was one of the glaring stars in a singular smoky coruscation. Those lips took in many a draught of Tokay, Sillery, and Cyprus, and grimaced in drunken orgies. This woman existed in the most dissolute period of modern history. So vicious, so abject was this creature, and her depraved associates, that those who study such periods declare that the taint of those miser-

able days has not yet been entirely effaced from French morals."

"Oh!"

"Love was a play. To simulate an affection, to mimic it, was a fashion. People no longer loved sincerely, but shammed to love. Heartless intrigue, scandalous manners, were most in vogue; an honest man or woman was deemed a simpleton."

"The horrid times!"

"A most abject and wretched set were they. These perfumed dandies, these gorgeously clad women who made life a graceless revel, were, for all the world, nothing more than actors and actresses."

"Ay! ay! Those poor actors and actresses!" cried Miss Aubrey, interrupting me, "who had no appreciation of what was fitting and proper in life, who feigned passions they could not as much as feel!" Here the woman's voice had a wailing sound. Then she broke off suddenly, and turned sharply on me, and said in a quick, hard tone: "Since Mr. Carter has taken my profession somewhat in horror, one who belongs to that unfortunate cast must feel quite poignantly her social abasement. We are at the end of our journey.—Coachman, stop.—I am sorry, sir"—and Miss Aubrey assumed an air of chilling dignity—"to have taken you out of your way. We will see one another to-morrow, or the day after, at rehearsal. I do not bear you any particular grudge, but my presentiment that we could not get along has been only verified. In some respects you are a better man than I thought you were, only sadly wanting—may I call it so?—in Christian charity. That is an accomplishment which you certainly do not possess.—John, drive me to the Park.—Good day, Mr. Carter." Now she laughed. "I have saved you exactly thirty dollars—a dozen pairs of gloves. They come cheaper wholesale. One can tear them up then without much compunction. Good day. Here is your volume of costumes. One thing rest assured of, and that is that Mary Brady—"

"Mary Brady!"

"Miss Claudia Aubrey is stuff. I don't know, though, why I told you my real name. Claudia Aubrey, if you please, seven letters in the first and only six in the last name, so that on the posters the exclamation-mark shall make the whole line of capitals balance. Well, Miss Aubrey—you see what a sham I am!—swears that she will do her very best for the success of your play. Now, that is all you wanted—isn't it? You are satisfied. You have my word for it." I saw her bosom heave with an agitated movement, but her lips were tight set. She drew out a little jeweled watch, looked at it, and added: "And your dinner with your mother, and all those nice

dishes, which will be tasteless from being *ré-chauffé*? Pronounced rightly? Please do not look so dumfounded. I knew we would quarrel for good—for good.—John, I have changed my mind; drive me home.—Good day, Mr. Carter, and a good appetite."

The next instant the coupé had gone. I had not even shaken hands with her. For a moment the delicate perfume that had lingered about her seemed still to affect my senses. I stood dumfounded on the sidewalk. I could have struck myself with impotent rage. "She has made a fool of me!" I said to myself. "Curse the piece and all the annoyances attending it! Still I passed a happy half hour with the woman. It was a pleasing dream, even if the awakening was rude." Then there came to me a feeling somewhat akin to remorse; I recalled my words—heedless ones. I tried to palliate them. "What had I said?" I almost exclaimed aloud. Then a numbing, senseless apathy came over me, of a physical stupor, as almost mechanically I strode homeward.

"My son," said my mother, as I took her proffered hand, "we are all ready for you. You look tired and troubled, and your hand shakes. Come, eat your dinner. Nothing to worry you, I hope? Though you conceal all your annoyances from me—of course, I could not understand them—still I might console you at times. Come." Then her dear cool lips kissed me. "Your forehead is in a fever. Perhaps you work too hard? Oh, the wretched pile of papers and letters on your table! Promise me that to-night you will take a holiday. What is the matter?"

"Mother, mother, it is serious."

"What is serious?"

"My condition."

"You alarm me! I was afraid overwork would tell. Ten years without a holiday!"

"No, it isn't that, mother—it is worse than that."

"My son, see, I am trembling with anxiety."

"Mother!"

"Yes."

"I never before kept a secret from you in my life. I think—I am not sure of it, but I think—I am in love."

"Ah! is that all? I feel so much relieved. Is it very—very sudden?"

Here a pleasant, timid smile smoothed many a line on her face.

"Yes, with scarcely a premonitory warning, as a man falls into a torrent headlong."

"You will tell me all about it by and by, after you have broken bread."

"It is with an actress."

"Oh!" She busied herself with the table, then she said, "I should not be surprised."

"Your surprise, mother, has just the intonation of a regret."

"My son has been chary of asserting either the social or domestic merits of a class he has been a good deal thrown in with of late."

"But, mother, the woman I think I love hates me."

"Hates you!"

"Please do not look amused. I am afraid I was more rude in words—careless ones—than in thought; and, now that I see it, I wounded and kept wounding certain susceptibilities which I coarsely enough never dreamed even existed. Mother, you must remember some of those old stories you once told me—how pearls were found. I think the repeating of that one just in your old way might do me good."

"Well, then, the fishermen cast their shells in heaps on the shore, to spoil in the sun-heat, and out of this mass of corruption there comes the pearl of price, free from all taint."

"With its luster increased, mother. You always added that. That was the moral—say 'with its luster increased.'"

"So it was—with its luster increased; and I pray it may be so," and her dear arms were twined around my neck as she kissed me again and again.



III.

IT was not a fortune—far from it—simply a windfall. We never had any expectations, and yet a distant relative we hardly knew the existence of in dying left a small farm, some thirty acres, to my mother. My dramatic ventures had brought me in a few thousands of dollars. My mother's health was so frail that when the physician had ordered for her, some time before, a change of air, I had been in despair about it. Now was the opportunity. My decision was promptly made. It took hardly more than a day to arrange our plans. With what small means I had, I would work the farm. Any idea of profit was out of the question; still, with a judicious outlay of money, the land, at least for a while, might produce enough for our wants. I, too, wanted both change and repose.

My piece had been flatteringly received, and promised to be fairly remunerative. It was at the theatre, the night before I left New York, to Mr. Launcelot in person that I gave the information of my departure.

"Absurd! never heard of such a thing! What! going to harrow and rake, and grow chickens, and churn? Hay-seed yourself, and I—what is to become of me? I never knew you to joke before."

"You do not want to understand me. This summer you may come and see me, and expatiate over the unities of a pig-sty."

"Stuff! It is just throwing up the game. Don't I count on you for the next year?"

"Yes, and a failure is sure to come, and then you would throw me over. I may never be lucky again."

"I don't know; there is promise in you. Come into the office and see the letters from several country showmen, pestering me for permissions to play this piece. You are to be congratulated, dear boy—you are being pirated out West. There may be some fat checks to come to you before we are through with it. Want any money in advance?"

"Not a cent but what is due me. What I require is rest, and I have made up my mind to take it according to my pleasure."

"Still, you don't mean retiring for good?"

"I can not answer that."

"I can't afford to drop you. Let me tell you what I will do. From time to time I will put in a short paragraph somewhere about you: 'Mr. Richard Carter is seeking repose from his arduous labors at his superb country-seat, near the purlieus'—purlieus is a good word—'of Lake George.'"

"Nonsense! It's a poor little place, with a tumble-down stone house, twenty-five miles from New York, in a Jersey pine-barren."

"Or I must have something of this kind. It is regularly done: 'Almost an accident! Our talented dramatist, Mr. Carter, whose comedy was brought out by our enterprising manager, Launcelot, was upset in his yacht and drowned,' or was 'thrown from his horse and had his neck broken,' or 'fell down a precipice and was crushed'—something or other in order to let people know that you are alive, that's it."

"This is absurd. You will do it at your peril," I said, laughing.

"Are you indeed in earnest?"

"So much so, that in a few minutes, when I have shaken hands with you, you will not see me for some months. Of course we can correspond, should business require it."

"Hang it, man, I don't think you capable of making an attachment! There is a good woman—a good wife—a good mother, whose name is Polly Launcelot, that has been waiting for a month to make your acquaintance."

"Convey my respects to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Respects! See here, Carter, do you want to know the facts?"

"What facts?" I asked, astonished.

"Well, before your piece was put on, Reginald Launcelot was almost cleaned out. It was touch and go. I might not have broken, busted,

but, if we hadn't succeeded, Mrs. Polly Launcelot, the boy, and all of us, would have gone up the spout. That woman went to church, sir, for the piece, for me, for our chick, and for you; she did, sir. If you only knew how long I had been fighting for it, just one big success, so as to put us straight, and at last it has come! Polly Launcelot is impulsive, and would just as lief kiss you as look at you. Won't you come and see her to-morrow, before you go, and receive her thanks? As for myself," and here Mr. Launcelot looked at me queerly, "you know I shall pay you regularly, and stick close to the contract, and that's all you need look for, I suppose, and that's the end of it."

"My dear Mr. Launcelot," I said, warmly, "I had no idea that either Mrs. Launcelot or yourself entertained such kindly sentiments toward me."

"I'm not going to spoil my shirt-front, a-crying over you, Mr. Carter; but if you are to leave us I shall feel sorry for it, partly because of a career which you might have graced, adorned, beautified—"

"Stop that, please, Mr. Launcelot."

"Maybe as much," continued Mr. Launcelot, looking at his very tidy boots, "because we had taken a liking to you—as an instrument, let us say—the bridge which Polly, the baby, and I have trudged over when we all were snarled."

"On my honor, Mr. Launcelot, I am glad to have been the accident which may have, in a certain measure, retrieved your fortunes, as they have my own. If I were not leaving to-morrow, with my mother, by the early morning train, I should certainly crave an introduction to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Well, I believe you; that's said kind of hearty. Isn't there anybody on the stage you want to bid good-by to?" We had been talking in the office, and were now on one of the landings of the theatre. "That's a blessed house; how comfortable it is! Barely standing-room! and it looks good for a hundred nights. It runs on wheels now. Ah! just at the close of the second act! She improves with the part. Best thing she ever tried yet.—Applaud, you beggars! That's a noisy fellow there—who is that, usher?"

"A dead-head, Mr. Launcelot," replied an usher. "A theatrical critic from the rural press."

"That will do. Attend to those people who are late comers. You could hear a pin drop now, dear boy. Come, you haven't been behind the curtain for a week. Aren't you going to bid the people good-by? Jenkins whipped a brother actor on your account yesterday. Fancy he will want you to write a character-piece for him. Might be a good idea. When you are planting gooseberries—no, they grow wild, I believe; well,

say oyster-plants—think of it for poor Jenkins! Come. Honestly, your sudden eclipse has put me out of sorts, and I want to go behind so as to find fault with something or somebody as a relief for my feelings."

"I have not an instant to spare. I have to write far into the night. You would oblige me, then, very much, Mr. Launcelot, by announcing my departure, and expressing on my part all those pleasant phrases—as, for instance, how the success of the piece was entirely due to their talents; how their art has embellished—"

"Gammon! No specific messages to anybody in particular?" asked the manager, I thought rather inquisitively.

"To no one; discrimination would be invidious," I said, indifferently.

"The hotel-keeper, then, to the cooks, from the butcher greeting—"

"No, not that way—courteously, kindly."

"They never will understand you," said the manager, dubiously.

"Suppose they do not?" I hotly replied.

"You ain't—?" and the manager paused.

"What?"

"A trifle rough and raspish at times? You have not made your peace with Claudia Aubrey?"

"What is it your business?" I said, angrily. "I have a great deal of respect for Miss Aubrey. The lady has honestly and conscientiously performed her duty—that is all, Mr. Launcelot."

"Just so, Mr. Carter; I understand you exactly. She is a good girl, and kinder-hearted than you think. Such romps as she has with our boy! My Polly is a kind of mother to her, and Polly is hard to please. I had hoped that to-morrow you might have seen Claudia at the house, and that you would have made—"

"Have made what, Mr. Launcelot?"

"Your peace."

"Has Miss Aubrey been making you her confidant?" I bitterly asked.

"Tush, man! Miss Aubrey is as proud as the Queen of Sheba; and, really, now it is I who do not comprehend you."

"Good-by, Mr. Launcelot." I cast a last glance on the stage. Launcelot had left me to gossip with a patron. The actress was just commencing that portion of the scene where she expresses the bitterest regrets for a life she has lost. For the only time yet, my heart thrilled with the part, and I was unconscious of the mechanism, the manufacture of the words. The work even had the charm of novelty to me. With the next few lines reviling herself, maddened in her career, determined anew to brave all risks, to plunge into a life of crime, Claudia Aubrey's eyes met mine. It was the merest look—that hazy glimmering which her eyes only could give. It was but for

a second. True to her part, again flashed out those great, rebellious eyes, which would not be quelled, and the ordinary business of the piece went on. I had enough of it. Then Launcelot came. I wrote for him my country address, gave him implicit instructions about our business, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, left the house.

Had Launcelot, the last man I would have had in the world, discovered my secret? Was it because I madly loved the woman, more than anything else, that I had left a career which had promised success? Once—it was a day or so after my ride with her—I had tried to speak to her. A certain icy indifference, an apparent determination to hold me off at arm's-length, had chilled me through and through. My self-esteem, my pride, had been hurt. Perhaps the time, the place, were not fitting for my justification. Save some sparse words now and then grudgingly addressed me in regard to the strict business of the play, that pleasing intimacy, that childlike happiness, I knew the woman had welling within her, which had awakened a new life within me, she never again vouchsafed me. Time and work might, I thought, cure me.

To a certain degree, the seclusion of the little farm brought repose. With a care and thrift, if the few acres did not bring profit—I was indifferent to that—at least I could make both ends meet. Literary work I did not, however, neglect. Plans long conceived I deliberately matured. The necessity of writing—writing incessantly in order to live—no longer existed. People seemed glad enough now to take my poor work. An essay would pay for a cow, or a paper would purchase a colt. My sleek-sided Durham represented some bony stuff on the Sanskrit drama, or my frisky Abdallah colt a monstrously dry rigmarole on ethics. If the brutes did not exactly come up to the standard, the milk of the one being less by several gallons than the theoretical measure given by the agricultural journal, or the colt was singularly wanting in the salient points of his vaunted lineage, still horse and cow were tangible, and gave me pleasure. I never before had believed that my work really represented something. But what I congratulated myself most about was, that my mother's health improved, for to her came an after-glow of happiness. A country girl helped my mother, and a decent manservant attended to the rougher details of the minute manor.

Launcelot's letters were frequent, and I found that all my interests were treated by him in the most honorable way. His communications were of the most cheerful character. His business was very good. "If I would not work up for him some new stuff," he wrote, "wouldn't I hash up a French piece for him next year? Or I might

take some six or seven French plays, squeeze the seeds out of them, and mash 'em all up into a new thing, and, if I were ashamed of it, he would father it. As a manager, he wanted to have a piece of his own—Launcelot's. Or would I advise him about Jones and Brown, who kept shoving pieces at him? What would I read for him at—as a job? He got twenty letters slung at him a day from fellows who had pieces, and, though managers never did answer fellows who wrote them about pieces, he thought it ought to be done—sometimes. He would send me these fellows' letters and their plays. He didn't want me for his secretary, but his friend. Carter's head was level. Managers were pigs—he knew they were—but he didn't want to be a pig any more."

As an hour would bring me to the city, I went occasionally to New York. Launcelot I saw from time to time, but declined any literary business of a theatrical character. Summer came, and with it a letter from Launcelot. The manager, with his wife and child, was on the eve of a departure for California. He was going to open a house in San Francisco, and he wished me a good-by. With the letter came a final settlement, in which Launcelot had insisted on adding a more than liberal bonus. A fortnight or so afterward came another letter. The child had had diphtheria, and had been barely saved. The boy was convalescent, but he and Mrs. Launcelot would have to remain in New York until the child was well enough to move. Launcelot expressed his annoyance at the loss of money his absence from San Francisco would cause him. He never did travel without Mrs. Launcelot—he "wasn't afraid to say that his wife kept him straight."

I wrote him at once: "Send your little boy to me. If I am no nurse, my mother is. Tomorrow at twelve I will send my man to your house for the boy. I would come in person, but some stupid business—a meeting about a county fair, of which I am chairman—I can't postpone. Mrs. Launcelot may rest assured (I regret I can not tell her so in person) how happy my mother will be to care for your little fellow."

At a venture I sent my man to the city, and back he came in the afternoon with the invalid—a darling little fellow. Straightway my mother covered him with her arms. An introduction to Polemic, the colt, and a draught of fresh milk from Sakontola, the cow, seemed to work immediate miracles on the boy. The child's return to health was rapid. I had been unhappy before, now the child seemed to cheer me. I took out those holidays I had been longing for with Rupert. We fished, we went shooting, we got upset in the creek together (it was knee-deep), and altogether had a delightful time. My mother

baked cake such as she used to make for me when I was Rupert's age, and we ate it together. My cream was stinted, so that Rupert might have his fill. Even my good clothes were missing one day, to reappear the next in a suit for Rupert. (The boy had fallen in a bed of chemical manure—of bones, lime, and acid—my man had been composting.) Letters full of thanks would come from Mrs. Launcelot, with an occasional word to me from the manager. It was my mother who acted as correspondent, and such long letters as she wrote about that precious child singularly diminished my stock of fair paper. The boy called my mother grandmother, and I was naturally Uncle Dick. God bless my dear mother for the long, sweet homilies she indited, and the honest advice she gave! I think more than once she hinted at the desirability of the Launcelots confiding Rupert entirely to our care. I was to teach him, my mother to tend him.

"We are the last of the Carters, Richard," she said to me, "and what love we have will die out, or become selfish, if not spent on this boy. Perhaps Mr. Launcelot might in time, you know, be made to think over it?"

"And the boy's mother?" I asked.

"Ah, the mother! A good, kind-hearted woman! Such admirable letters as she writes, so full of sound sense and affection! An educated woman, Richard, and no nonsense about her, and so deeply grateful! There runs throughout all her writing a golden gleam of true, sincere piety."

"If, mother, much as I should wish that this boy might stay with us for ever—if you were Mrs. Launcelot, what would you do?"

"I, Richard? You have such a personal way of putting it! If I were that child's mother, I never would give him up save when starvation came—I would die first."

"A judgment of Solomon, dear mother, for I suspect you starved for me once. If, then, we can't have the boy entirely, Mr. Launcelot may let us appropriate the child of summers. We hold him now as a kind of hostage, and may insist on keeping him until our conditions are complied with." Rupert was frolicking around the room with the two dogs, Mat and Flip. "Wouldn't you like to stay with us next summer? The colt will be full-grown then."

"Indeed! I don't want to leave you, only for a little while—to see mamma, papa, and Miss Claudia. Claudia she promised me lots of things." Then the child ran after the dogs, and the trio raced down the grass-plot.

Claudia! The boy had never mentioned her name before. Had he done so, I should have, however, never asked him a question. All day

long, though, I recurred to the incident, and brooded over Miss Aubrey's name, and was unhappy.

It was October when the letter we dreaded came. The Launcelots were homeward bound. They would be in New York within ten days. If perfectly convenient, would I send Rupert to them on a certain day? "No, I would not," was my reply to Mr. Launcelot. "I would not give Rupert up unless his father came and took him." My mother added a few kind lines: "Was not October the most pleasant month in the year for children in the country? The apples were so red, and Rupert had not picked a single one from a certain tree, having made up his mind that a barrellful of pippins of his own gathering was to be his present to his papa and mamma; and then the chestnuts were just ripe, and Rupert's hands, she regretted to say, were all black. Couldn't Mr. Launcelot spare the boy just a few days longer? Rupert had gladdened her heart, and his sweet play and lovable manners had done Mr. Richard Carter so much good. But of course she knew what a mother's yearnings were, and Rupert was ready. She wanted to talk with Mrs. Launcelot about the precious trust that had been confided to her. Perhaps she had, being now almost seventy, such old-fashioned ideas about children. But the fact was, that there were some shirts and such trifles that she had been making for Rupert, and she did not like sewing-machine work, and had stitched them all herself, but her eyes had failed her, or the summer had gone before she knew it. She begged that, when Rupert must leave (and she would have the boy ready at any moment), she might have the pleasure of making Mrs. and Mr. Launcelot's acquaintance. She was too old, and not strong enough, to take Rupert to town, and, as to Mr. Richard Carter, he had an antipathy for the city, and would not do it, and honestly she thought that Mr. Richard Carter had made up his mind not to part with Rupert until he was forced to. So much did both she and her son love Rupert."

A week elapsed, when a note came, which was as follows, in Mr. Launcelot's handwriting:

"God bless both of you! We never have had a moment's uneasiness about that chick of ours. We knew he was in two good hands. If I wasn't his own father, kidnapping as fine a boy as is my Rupert would be perfectly justifiable. The boy's picture you sent us, Polly cried over. I did my blubbing when I blew my nose. But, dear boy, you can't have him any longer. Polly doesn't pine exactly, but hungers after the child. I send you an Arapahoe scalp, likewise a case of the best California wine, by express. Drink my health and the boy's to-morrow at six exactly. Mrs. Launcelot and I will drink yours in the

same genuine tipple. Polly begs Mrs. Carter's acceptance of a shawl, one of those South American llama concerns. I wanted to send that good mother of yours a stunning cashmere, but Polly said that a gift of that kind to a lady of your mother's age would have been vulgar, and Polly knows. Finally, the day after to-morrow my wife will go for that boy. (Got the old house, and refitting, up to my ears in dust and dirt, with painters, decorators, and upholsterers.) Miss Claudia opens for us. Old fellow, it is just with a heart brimful of friendship to you and your mother—only sick to see my child—that I am Reginald Launcelot."

A hearty greeting I gave Mrs. Launcelot. I had Rupert in hand when she arrived at the house. A handsome, motherly woman was she. Off went her bonnet in an instant, and with a cry of joy Rupert sprang into his mother's embrace.

"O my darling!—It is the first time we ever were separated. He has grown six inches almost.—Where is that dear grandmother of yours?—Let me thank her, Mr. Carter. It is with you that I should have first spoken. It doesn't make the least difference that Rupert is standing on my hat"—she had thrown it off.—"Kiss me again and again, my pet. Who dressed you so prettily?"

"Grandmother," said the child; "but Uncle Dick helped. Sometimes he curls my hair—when I will let him."

It was touching to see how this honest, sprightly woman met my mother, who was waiting to welcome her. It was a timid approach. Both women seemed subdued. It is true that my dear old mother is still superb, and bears her years with that dignified graciousness which only belongs to the older *régime*.

"May I, dear lady, thank you—not for now but for always—for the goodness you have shown to my boy? Let me—please let me kiss you. I have not done any crying yet, but can't you understand that I must want to? I had pictured you as you almost are, only you are the grandest-looking woman I ever met—with whiter, more silvery hair. If possible, you look kinder than I ever conceived a woman's, a mother's face could look." Then Mrs. Launcelot diffidently kissed my mother on the cheek; and then, watching a tear course down my mother's face, Mrs. Launcelot's flood-gates were opened, and she sobbed too, but they were tears of happiness.

"I did not know Mr. Richard Carter before, though my husband and your son have had some business relationship together. But it is so good to have friends apart from business. I am a God-fearing woman, Mrs. Carter, and from this

time henceforward I shall never forget you nor your dear face; they must hallow my prayers. I know it is hard for you to give up my boy, but how can I help it? I am not a bit jealous because Rupert's love seems now divided.—Stay on the lady's knee, my boy, and kiss her. It is not the last time you shall see one another."

"You promise me—promise me that, dear Mrs. Launcelot?" said my mother, with tears in her voice.

"Promise it! I should be the most ungrateful wretch did I not fulfill my promise. Could I not see long ago, in your letters, that the idea of parting with the child was hurting you?"

"God forgive me for my selfishness!" said my mother, in words of solemn self-accusation.

"Now it is all arranged. Is it a boldness on my part? Won't you let me, sometimes—be as a daughter to you? Then the child will always believe that he belongs in part to you."

I had stood motionless outside, and was glad that a tender sympathy had united these two mothers.

The afternoon passed away too rapidly. The child's little trunk, neatly packed—filled with undiscovered treasures—was on the porch. With one last kiss and embrace my mother and the boy parted. Mrs. Launcelot was beside me in my country wagon. Rupert was between us. I had dismissed some half hour before, without her knowledge, the carriage which Mrs. Launcelot had hired at the village. It was a silent ride. I would have had Rupert's mother say a word about the woman I loved, but I dared not intimate such a desire. I thought Mrs. Launcelot seemed for a moment constrained—as if she divined my wishes. Rupert's chatter was, however, incessant. He had gone over the road so frequently that he knew every stock and stone by the wayside. "O mother! I didn't show you my colt's medal. Uncle Dick laughed at it. It was a thirteenth medal, he says. But the colt won it at the fair, with me on top of him. Uncle Dick gave me the medal; it's silver.—I say, Uncle Dick, do you remember that rabbit that jumped into a hole in Robbins's wood-pile? There is the hole. Didn't I know that Mat and Flip would miss me? Here they come full tilt. Bet you they stop and scratch at that hole.—Howdy do, Bill?—Mother, that's a boy that run me twice, and Uncle Dick bid me stand, and I did—and I licked him; and we like one another first rate now.—I am coming back, Bill, next summer when the cherries is ripe.—Uncle Dick, don't you think the fish will have growed big, then? I ought to have brought my fish-pole to town.—Mother, see, this is where the hook got into my thumb, and Uncle Dick cut it out with his pen-knife, and I didn't yell more than I should for

the 'casion. Uncle Dick said I didn't, though grandmother 'most fainted when I come home with my hand tied up.—Good-by, Bobby Small.—He's a first-rate, generous boy, and he gave me all the plums that dropped from his tree.—Uncle Dick, mayn't I give him all the things what I have forgot at the house?" This pretty clatter was continued until the village station was reached. We were just in time. Certain palavers of Rupert's on the roadside had delayed us.

"We have but a few moments to spare," I said to Mrs. Launcelot. "I see the passengers are already in the cars. Good-by, Mrs. Launcelot!—Good-by, my boy! Kiss me, and don't forget next summer.—I will have the boy's trunk checked, and he is man enough to see you in the car, he knows all about it."

I secured the check, and waited a moment until I was certain where the two were seated, before getting into the car to bid them a final good-by. I had just the opportunity—the train was about moving—by standing on the platform, to hand in the check by the window. I was high enough to see that a lady, not Mrs. Launcelot, held Rupert in her arms, and was kissing him. One glance sufficed. It was Miss Aubrey. Seated on the opposite side of the car, she did not observe me.

I had only time to say, almost resentfully I am afraid:

"Mrs. Launcelot! O Mrs. Launcelot! why did you not tell me that this lady was with you? Why did she come so far and not accompany you to my mother's poor house?"

"Mr. Carter, it was Mr. Launcelot who insisted that Claudia should come with me on my little journey. But no persuasion of mine could induce her to go to your house. We almost quarreled about it. I had promised not to mention that she was even with me. You sent away my carriage. I did not know you would drive me to the station. Since you have discovered Claudia's presence, what can I do? You ought not to have met, perhaps—but why? But, Mr. Carter, you have not given me the check.—Come this way, Rupert, and kiss Mr. Carter for good-by.—We are moving, Mr. Carter. Do take care! You look so miserably unhappy!"

All of Rupert I saw was a fleeting glimpse of his face, then the cars sped on their way. Through the dark lanes I drove, the reins hanging listlessly in my hands. At home I found that the emotions of the day had brought a headache to my mother. I did not see her. My evening meal I sent away untasted.

I trimmed my lamp, and worked, or tried to work, long into the night. Painfully I struggled, but it was a hopeless task. That most depressing feeling of dissatisfaction at one's own work,

a thousand times intensified, seized hold of me. The appreciation of what was artistically good or bad became even vague. I made pitiful mechanical efforts to cause flowers to bloom on dry and sapless stalks. I drifted into the most wretched of all mental phrases, that one of over-refinement, where the simplest sentence is to be turned and returned in a hopeless way. I was afraid to dash aside pen and paper; I could not bear to be alone with myself. "The boy—the boy was gone," that I knew; but at last I said it: "The woman I loved—madly—was gone, too!" and with many a bitter pang I cursed my pride, my willfulness.

IV.

It was morning, and misty. The sun loomed up through an October fog. Whether I had slept or not during the night I hardly knew as I strode the little porch before breakfast. The morning broke in a melancholy way. Even the dogs had no greeting for me. Disappointed-like, they were whining, seeking for their little friend who was absent. My mother was not up. Presently I noticed the well-known village messenger walking rapidly toward the house. Far, far off I saw the glaring yellow telegraph envelope in his hands. Quickly as he approached the wicket, I had met him. I felt the forebodings of some disaster. In a fever of impatience I tore open the envelope, and read these few lines:

"Don't be worried—accident on the train last evening. Boy and wife all right, save a few scratches. But C. A. hurt. Come and see us at once. Launcelot."

"Quick!" I cried to my man; "put in the horse."

I went to my mother's room and told her all.

"The boy is safe, thank God for that! and so is Mrs. Launcelot. But, mother, my heart is broken. The woman I love is hurt, and I am in agony."

"I must go with you, Richard."

"Yes, but follow me later. I have but fifteen minutes to catch the early train. Will you be this poor girl's nurse? It is she who wants your care. This dispatch is vague—horribly so. I am in perfect torture. If this woman dies, good-by to hope! Leave everything, mother, and save this precious life!"

I rushed from the room, sprang into the wagon, and, urging the horse at a full run, was in time for the train. I telegraphed Launcelot to meet me at the station.

At the ferry Launcelot came to me.

"Rupert is well, had only his clothes torn. Mrs. Launcelot has not even a bruise," he said.

"And, for God's sake, Launcelot, tell me—" I could not call her name.

"Miss Aubrey is hurt badly. It is a broken leg—perhaps internal contusion. When the car ran off the siding, the instant the crash came—the boy was seated by her—she had taken Rupert in her arms. The iron frame of the seat before her, as the car rolled over, must have struck her, and, shielding the boy, she received the blow, which would have killed the child outright. She is low, very low, dear boy. To-night," and the tears were in his eyes, "this very night that poor girl was to have opened the theatre."

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"Where, but at my house?"

"Can my mother come?"

"Poor Polly is so dazed that just now she is of but little use. Yes, by all means, have your mother come. Don't take on so, Carter; be a man. I have the best physician in New York by her bedside. Here is my cab. We will drive to the house. Rupert's first words were for his grandmother and his uncle. Claudia was unconscious until this morning at daybreak. You are sure your mother will come? My God, the distasteful work I have to do! I must open the house to-night, and how—how to do it! When an audience has to be pleased—what's my trouble, my worry of mind to a lot of people who have come for an evening's enjoyment? Carter, stay with my folks; you are my very best friend. Telegraph to your mother if you are not certain about her coming."

"But she will come. She loves Rupert, and will not be satisfied until she sees him. I ought to have waited for her; but, Launcelot, I could not."

"I tell you what we will do. As soon as we get to the house, the boy with his nurse will take this cab and they can go to the train to meet your mother."

"That is it, Launcelot. I am so stricken down with grief that I can think of nothing."

"Carter," said Launcelot, "did you love Mary Brady?—that's her real name."

"Yes, as I never thought I could love a woman; but you torture me, Launcelot."

"Then you had—at least once you had—a queer way of showing it—that is all. Ah, here we are! See, Rupert is at the window. Pray God she is better!"

It was my mother who was Mary's nurse.

"Ah! dear lady, is it you who have come to see me first, instead of my calling on you?" was what Mrs. Launcelot told me Mary said when my mother sat beside her. Many a weary day did I pass before I could gain admittance to her. My mother scarcely left the sick-room. The broken limb had turned out to be a fracture of some smaller bone. The internal shock was of slower cure, but at last convalescence came. Then—

then I hungered to see her. I almost hoped that my mother would plead my suit. It was the beginning of February now. How months had passed I knew not! They were as years of agony to me. I would spend a day or so at the farm in utter wretchedness, and then would return to Mr. Launcelot's house. Mrs. Launcelot let me take Rupert with me, once or twice, for company's sake. Then I staid away from the city longer, but the country in the winter, even with the boy, brought no cheerfulness to me. For my mother I had built a tiny conservatory, and the flowers decked the invalid's room. At last the doctor suddenly said, "Crutches!"

"Hideous as they may seem to over-sympathetic friends," remarked the doctor to me with a smile, "to the patient crutches mean wings. They bring the joy of locomotion. The breakage of the *external malleolus*, with dislocation of the foot properly attended to, does not really amount to much. The *tibia* is intact."

"For Heaven's sake, doctor, stop your horrible anatomy!" I cried, impatiently.

"A lady's shin-bone, I know, is inelegant; therefore I said *tibia*," continued the doctor, imperturbably. "The starch apparatus we removed some time ago; and I flatter myself that, had the illustrious Dr. Pott been alive to-day, why, he would have been delighted with the case I have had the pleasure of managing."

"Confound Pott!" I cried. "Doctor, be on your guard. Makers of comedies, from Molière down, have ridiculed surgeons."

"But Pope did not. Why don't you get them for the lady?" said the doctor, with a malicious twinkle of his eye as he furbished his glasses.

"Get what?" I asked.

"Why; crutches, man. Have them just forty-eight inches long. I took the measure yesterday; and I say, Mr. Carter, had you not better—ahem! by advice of the surgeon—see to the lady's using those crutches yourself, for the first time? Tut! tut! man, Miss Aubrey, or Miss Brady—I get dreadfully mixed sometimes about it—will with care be able to dance some of these days."

It was Rupert to whom I told, as a profound secret, that he might inform the lady of my intended visit next day, with the crutches.

That morning there came to me a little note.

"Will Mr. Carter bring those blessed crutches as soon as he receives this? I don't want to break my neck."

That was all. Dear handwriting, I knew it, and could have cried over it, for it was so shaky.

The room was very still when I entered it. The woman I loved so dearly lay on a lounge. Rupert was at her feet, with a toy-book in his hand.

"Mr. Carter," she said, gently, "it is not kid gloves which you bring me this time, but something, if not as ornamental, yet much more useful. Please don't look so miserable and woe-begone, and don't hide those crutches behind your back, as a dentist does his forceps. I feel pretty sure that I shall be able to walk some day—some day. It's in the annals of the family—at least on my mother's side—that she broke her leg once, and never was much the worse for it. Rope-dancing, you know—"

"My dear Miss—" I said; hesitatingly—for I knew not what to call her; I felt the keenest distress when I saw the traces of suffering on her face—"dear Mary!"

"Mary! Did I tell you my name? I think I did once—but am I not Claudia Aubrey?"

"No, no; you are Mary to me! Do not, for Heaven's sake, break the charm of that name!"

"But, Mr. Carter, it seems it is not only crutches you bring me, but something more." Here she covered her face with her thin white hands.

"Yes, yes, more than these horrid sticks. It is a deep, ardent affection of a passably rude man to a revered woman."

"Mr. Carter, stop! Once you hurt me deeply—sent a shaft which rankled ever so long in my heart."

"Your heart?"

"Yes, why not? You can't understand that? It might have been impossible for you, who dealt yourself in mimic affections, to understand that a woman's heart, no matter if it did belong to one who simulated feeling, could have respect for honest affections, might have had aspirations as pure, as undefiled as those—"

"Mary, Mary, will you never pardon me?"

"Do you still feel that intense dislike for people of my calling? Pray don't kneel that way. Men don't, I understand, in actual life do it any more. It is stage manners. Then I see, too, that that bald spot on your head has grown bigger."

"Mary!" I saw she was smiling. Now I hoped for the first time. "I shall be without a hair on my head if you repulse my suit. Poor child! do you not know that I love you? When you turned me out in the street that cold November day you almost broke my heart. It was as quick as that, and I have been loving you in a despairing, brooding way ever since. It was love at almost first sight."

"Would you have my confession of faith? Well, it was a sad woman who drove home from that ride on that wintry day. I tried to think of you as an arrogant upstart. Perhaps you did not know that I had read all you had ever written?

I know you are not acquainted with the fact that I prevailed on Launcelot to read your piece, and made him accept of it. Now don't look offended. You literary people have so many rough points, and make yourselves so generally uncomfortable. I don't know why I refer to this. It is rather about myself I wanted to talk. I have been quite near to death, Mr. Carter, and it was your mother who saved me. I must always love your mother."

"And that mother's son—" I pleaded.

"Perhaps if I had not broken my leg, I should not now be listening to him. Do, Mr. Carter, set me up, please, and let us stop this nonsense."

"Mary, Mary, you will break my heart!"

"What is a simple fracture against a compound one? Please don't dawdle. Ill people are so impatient and nervous" (here she almost sobbed). "Oh, I have tried so hard, while I lay so still, to be gentle and patient, and to banish resentment, and a certain impetuosity; but it is not, I suppose, in my nature. Come—those crutches! Please put those things under my arms, and prop up a crumbling ruin. Why don't they imagine some kind of a derrick to hoist lame people into crutches with? What pretty things! With velvet, too, and such soft, elastic ends to them! I am ready. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. That is quite as good as Mrs. Florence's French, isn't it, sir?"

"Admirable, my darling."

"Whose darling? Don't you see, you cruel man, that I am at your mercy—completely so? Can't I hop on one of these things at a time, and keep up my equilibrium with the other one—this way—like a balancing-pole? Now let me fall, and smash me to pieces, like a pipe-stem."

"Rupert is in the way, Mary," I whispered.

"Is he? Well, he mustn't budge. Sure and I sha'n't thrip over um. That's my brogue—the Bradys'."

With my assistance, half laughing, half whimpering, Mary left her reclining position, and fain must I assist each movement. Rupert clapped his hands with joy at her first feeble steps. As for me, my heart was in my mouth.

"Now I am going for you, Rupert. Oh, that footstool is in the way!"

"Rupert, my boy," I said, "go tell your mother to come in in say twenty minutes, and then she will see a lame lady racing along like our colt."

Away sped Rupert.

"Mr. Carter—Mr. Carter, this is a stage trick, and you have played me false."

As if she were a child, I guided her tottering steps. Now she laughed with confidence, and then trembled with dismay. In a few min-

utes, with but slight aid on my part, she stood alone in the middle of the room.

"If I could only hobble to those flowers in that *jardinière* there, I should think I had mastered the rudiments. Now stand clear. Don't these pretty sticks get tangled somehow? You are an arrant deceiver, Mr. Carter, for you have moved that *jardinière* toward me fully six feet, as if I were a baby. Why don't you say, 'Loney, loney'?"

"But, Mary, you do not hold your right-hand crutch properly. It looks as if it might slip. What have you crumpled up in your fingers? Pray drop whatever it is."

"You just talk to me now and confuse me, and I shall be sure to trip. Ouch! my foot! There, now catch me, the leaning tower of Pisa is coming down, down with a run. Quick! It is more exhausting than I thought. Pray lean me up against the wall, like an umbrella. That's it. Now wheel the lounge close, close to me—so. I can't help it!"

She sank into my arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Was it over-fatigue that disturbed her? Presently she opened her eyes, and now the color was mantling her cheeks.

"It was no sham faint, only a half-delirious swimming of the head—it is better, much better, now—no, don't ring the bell—not exactly painful, though."

"Mary," I said, taking her hand and opening the closed fingers, which still held concealed a bit of paper—"Mary, I do believe you care for me."

"Believe it! you have taken advantage of the situation. I can't be coy, Mr. Carter; if I were stronger I might be. Oh! what have I in my hand? This scrap of paper? Do you remember those impertinent notes I wrote you at the first rehearsal? I didn't tear them up, I made believe to, it was another piece of paper—what is called a stage substitution. To think you were not up to that! What did I keep them for? For my autograph album. But I have never written any impertinent notes since."

"Mary, you have not answered me."

"I have, I have. I do. Are you willing to

take a woman without a leg to stand on?" Then I kissed her forehead, her lips. "But I will allow you this kind of compromise. If I limp in six months to come, you are as free as the air. Is that a bargain?" she asked.

"No, no! I take you, Mary, as you are. I will have no compromise," I passionately replied.

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Rupert, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot and my mother, entered.

"The performance is closed," said Mary, with a smile. "You are too late. Mr. Launcelot, please return the money at the door."

"It's all right, then?" inquired Mrs. Launcelot, in a subdued voice.

"I made a voyage around my room almost twice," replied Mary, naïvely. Then I took her hand in mine, and said, "Mother, will you kiss my future wife?"

"It is a pearl of price you have there, my son." Here my mother kissed Mary. "I knew he loved you, dear, though I could not tell you so. My son opened his heart to me long, long ago."

"Did he, Mrs. Carter—did he?" asked Mary. "Yet I never told any one."

"As if it were not apparent to me! Why, this kind of thing, good people, is as old as Shakespeare," said Mrs. Launcelot, reflectively.

"Right, Polly. I was racking my brain to find out where I had seen something of the sort. I fancied it was familiar," added Mr. Launcelot, with fine discernment.

"Let us be thankful for the conclusion, devotedly so. Come, good people, all of you, clear the room. The piece our leading lady has been performing must have overtaxed her strength.—My dear Mrs. Carter, pray insist that Mary shall have peace and quiet."

"My wife is right. Ring down the curtain," said the manager. "Small boy" (this to Rupert), "walk.—Carter, march! clear the stage."

"Must I go too, my darling?" I said, bending down to the invalid.

"No, no, stay yet a little while, if you will. If you don't, my heart will break for sure." So they went, and, alone with her, the first hour of my great happiness dawned on me.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER FROM A NEW HISTORY.

(Conclusion.)

THE preceding remarks will probably be sufficient to prove that many of the poets of the period participated in the reaction which revolutionary excess and European war provoked among all classes of Englishmen. Scott represents the calm conservatism which would have disapproved revolution under any shape or at any period; Campbell, like Mackintosh, the small section of Liberals, whose affection for their country exceeded even their love for their opinions; Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, the reaction against revolutionary extravagance. There were, however, three other poets, endowed with probably even greater talents than those who have been mentioned, who were affected in other ways by the stirring events of the times in which they lived. Chronologically Moore ranks as the first of these. Moore's thoughts naturally rested on other subjects than those with which his contemporaries were occupied. He was an Irishman. His father was a Roman Catholic tradesman in Dublin. He grew up to manhood during the most critical period of Irish history. While a mere child his country achieved a legislative independence. Before he had reached man's estate the rebellion of 1798 had deluged it with blood. Moore became the biographer of the unfortunate young nobleman who was one of the most conspicuous leaders in this revolt. Revolution, in his eyes, was a totally different thing to revolution in the eyes of Campbell and Southey. They associated it with the scenes in Paris, which had shocked a continent. He associated it with the yearnings of his fellow countrymen for freedom from Saxon rule. In Moore's verse a rebel is always a hero. The Peri tries to open the gates of paradise with the last drop of blood shed by the last defender of his country's liberties:

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

Hafed, the hero of the Fire-worshippers, is a rebel against Mussulman rule. Hinda, the daughter of the Moslem chieftain, is taught to regard him as a monster in human shape. She falls in with the so-called monster, and passionately loves the man. No one, however, can avoid perceiv-

ing that, while Moore was writing of Persia and Hafed, he was in reality thinking of Ireland and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The poem is an eloquent appeal for the heroes of 1798.

If Moore had remained in Ireland the passionate love which he felt for his country and her wrongs would probably have driven him into violent invective against her oppressors. Instead of remaining in Ireland, however, he came to London. In London his admirable social qualities introduced him to the best society, and made him a universal favorite. He could not avoid perceiving that the relentless persecutors of his unfortunate fellow countrymen had, after all, various good qualities, and that many of them were just as anxious to relieve the Irish from religious disabilities as the poet was himself. In consequence, instead of becoming violent, he occupied his time in laughing at the peculiarities of Castle-reagh's confused sentences and in composing the beautiful melodies which gave every one an enduring interest in Ireland. In this way he not only produced the 'most exquisite songs in the language, but he concurrently composed some of the best satires that were ever written. Birth had made Moore an advocate for rebellion. Society had stripped his advocacy of it of every shadow of bitterness.

Very different was the course of two of his contemporaries. Byron is probably the greatest poet that Britain has produced since the days of Dryden. He is, perhaps, the most thorough master of words that ever lived. His most beautiful passages bear comparison with the noblest poetry in the language; and his longest poems, full of faults as they are, are magnificent monuments to his genius. Byron was a younger man than any of the writers who have been mentioned in this chapter. His first poetry, the "Hours of Idleness," was published in 1807; his first important poem, the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1810. It is important to bear these dates in mind. The remarkable reaction against republican excess, which affected almost every great writer at the close of the eighteenth century, had lost its force before Byron began to write. Men were no longer afraid of revolutionary violence, because a powerful autocrat had a firm hold on the French people. Men were no longer afraid of French conquest, be-

cause the British navy had obtained an indisputable supremacy at sea. Great writers were, in consequence, enabled to resume the thread of thought which the Revolution had snapped, and to revert to the extreme opinions which the Encyclopædists had made fashionable in France, and which Godwin and Paine had endeavored twenty years before to propagate in this country. Byron would probably, under any circumstances, have embraced the liberal opinions which were again becoming fashionable; but his disposition to do so was increased by two circumstances, which influenced his whole career. The first of these was the reception which was given to his little volume of early poetry. The "Edinburgh Review" was at that time in its infancy, and could not resist the pleasure of crushing a peer who had ventured to become an author in his teens. An article, which is attributed to Brougham, criticised with more venom than justice the youthful author's poetry, and would probably have discouraged ninety-nine men out of every hundred from any fresh attempt at authorship. Byron, instead of being discouraged, turned fiercely on the reviewer. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was his reply to the offensive article. The public were delighted with a poem every line of which sparkled with sarcasm. But they hardly appreciated at the time the violence of the change which had produced the satire. A single article had made Byron declare war against society. He had shaken the dust off his feet and departed from his "happy" country:

The time hath been when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall.
But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss.

The attack of the "Edinburgh Review" had made Byron declare war against society. But his bitterness was also increased by the state of his purse. He had not sufficient money to support the position to which he thought himself entitled by his birth; and he was too proud to submit to the humiliations to which poverty exposed him. He determined to travel; and his voluntary separation from his own countrymen only increased his bitterness. He returned home, and married Miss Milbanke. His marriage, if it had proved a happy one, might have reconciled him to society. Its unfortunate termination only increased his bitterness with the world. He again wandered forth with the feelings of an outcast, and avenged himself by offending a decorous

public by the indecency and profanity of his poetry.

A reckless disregard of the ordinary amenities of life is one of the most striking characteristics of Byron's poetry. The author of "Parisina" and "Don Juan" had no care for what the public thought of him; but the same indifference to public opinion is visible in his political writings. England's greatest general, Wellington, is "Villainton"; her most prominent statesman, Castlereagh, is "a wretch never named but with curses and jeers"; her King is the "fourth of the fools and oppressors called George." Her Church is weeping over her tithes; her country gentlemen living "for rent." But, amid his passionate hatred of the upper classes, and his sincere desire to promote the cause of liberty, he had no particular anxiety for the liberty of his own fellow countrymen. He once declared in the House of Lords that the situation of an English laborer was much more miserable than that of a Greek, yet he made no effort for the English rustic: he sacrificed his life to the cause of Greece. His country had no claims on his affections. His most generous efforts were devoted to the beautiful land which he first saw with the marks of recent death imprinted on its loveliness, and into which he succeeded in infusing some portion of its former spirit.

There is a marked resemblance between the career of Shelley and that of Byron. Both were descended from ancient families. Both of them were educated in the conservative atmosphere of public schools and universities—Byron at Harrow and Cambridge, Shelley at Eton and Oxford. Both of them were trained under conditions which were wholly opposed to the adoption of radical principles. Both of them were married at a comparatively early age, and both of them soon separated from their wives. Both of them were remarkable for their reckless disregard of public opinion, and for the license with which they attacked every political, social, and religious institution.

Shelley, who was born in 1792, was four years younger than Byron. Like Byron, therefore, he grew up to manhood when the violence of the reaction against revolutionary excess was already spent. There was nothing in the political situation to counteract the tendency to adopt republican principles which he at once displayed. But the fervor with which he advocated unpopular views, both in religion and politics, was increased by the events of his life. Many an Oxford undergraduate besides Shelley may possibly have been satisfied that atheism was a necessity. But the burst of wrath which Shelley's published opinions excited was probably responsible for confirming a view which must, at his time of

life, have been only hastily formed. Many other young men have had the folly to elope with girls for whom they had no durable affection. But Shelley's poverty, his father's anger, his own unhappiness at home, his subsequent connection with Mary Godwin, and his wife's unfortunate death, all combined to ostracize him from society. His extreme principles were made much more violent by the concurrent influences of these circumstances; and the slight restraint which intercourse with society might have imposed upon him was removed. Mary Godwin's influence, too, must necessarily have increased the young poet's disposition to declare war against all the traditions of his own class. The daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, she had grown up to womanhood amid the new faith, which both her parents had adopted. Her connection, and subsequent marriage, with Shelley form the brightest page in the poet's domestic life; but her influence must undoubtedly have been in many respects injurious to him.

Such were the circumstances under which Shelley lived and wrote. His language, in dealing with politics, is even more violent than that of Byron.

Men of England, wherefore plow
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

is the question which he addressed to the men of England in the year of the Manchester Massacre.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defense, to bear,

is the advice he gave on the same occasion to men already maddened with distress.

I met Murder on the way;
He had a mask like Castlereagh;
Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord Eldon, an ermine gown;
Like Sidmouth next, Hypocrisy,
On a crocodile, came by.

Such is his description of three of the most prominent British ministers in his "Masque of Anarchy."

A man who could write in this way of the principal personages in the ministry was not likely to be fastidious in selecting subjects for his ordinary poetry. It is not, perhaps, fair to judge a writer by a poem which, like "Queen Mab," was published when the author was only twenty-one. But nearly all Shelley's longer poems are marked by the same reckless disregard of public opinion. The "Epipsychidion," for instance, is

a passionate declaration of love from a married man to a beautiful girl:

Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?

"The Revolt of Islam" in its original shape was so unnaturally offensive that the publisher protested against it, and procured its modification. Even in its amended form it probably presents a better key to the poet's wild opinions than any other of his works. It is a protest against the ordinary usages of society, which Shelley calls "custom." Cythna and Laon declare war against this custom. The reader finds some difficulty in following the fertile imagination of the poet through the phases of alternate suffering and victory which the hero and the heroine experience. He fails to comprehend the means which enabled Cythna to enthrone herself as the Goddess of Liberty, or to appreciate the causes which produced the sudden downfall of her authority. Her flight with Laon on a black Tartarian steed is absurdly unnatural; and her subsequent conduct, or the narrative of it, is grossly indecent. Custom, in short, or, to speak more correctly, the custom which had made matrimony a necessity, was the tyranny against which Shelley's eloquence is directed, and the poem is thus fitly dedicated, in some of the most beautiful verses Shelley ever wrote, to the lady who, for his sake, had broken the bands of custom:

So now my summer's task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine heart's true home.

And again:

How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain!

It has already been shown that the same hatred of custom inspired the "Epipsychidion." A similar opinion lurks in the exquisite verses on the sensitive plant, and in the even more beautiful recollection:

We wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play;
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay.

The slight review which has been thus attempted of the poets* who were alive at the

* The only other poets who gained a very great reputation at the same period were Rogers and Keats. Whatever judgment may be formed on their poetry, they exer-

conclusion of the great war, illustrates the remarkable nature of the movement which was perceptible at the same period in every branch of British literature. Briefly stated, the main features of that movement were as follows: The eighteenth century had been memorable for the spirit of inquiry, speculation, and research, whose foundations had been laid by Newton, and whose superstructure had been reared by Hume, Adam Smith, and Bentham. The outbreak of the Revolution in France, and the war which had ensued from it, had been unfavorable to calm and dispassionate inquiry. None but the calmest minds had preserved their equilibrium, and the majority of writers had been hurried by their political feelings into a violent attack on the principles on which society was founded, or into as violent and uncompromising a defense of the old system of government. During the remainder of the eighteenth century all the leading writers were, as a rule, frightened into conservative principles. As the nineteenth century rolled on, the younger writers, growing up into manhood, reverted to the doctrines which revolutionary excess had made temporarily unfashionable. About the same time the calmer minds of the generation resumed the inquiries which had been interrupted by the Revolution, and renewed the examination of the great problems in commerce and jurisprudence upon which their predecessors had been engaged. These circumstances had, of course, a corresponding effect on the generation which was growing up to manhood. Their opinions were formed while Ricardo was explaining the doctrine of rent, while Hallam was critically examining the British Constitution, while Byron and Shelley were declaiming against custom. They grew up to manhood full of ideas which would have shocked their fathers: unprepared, indeed, to accept the training which Shelley had inherited from his father-in-law, but equally reluctant to defend the old positions which Tory statesmen had previously maintained. In consequence, every year that passed gradually modified the opinions of the Tories as a party. Every old Tory who dropped out of the ranks reduced the strength of the dwindling phalanx which rallied round Lord Eldon and Lord Sidmouth. Every young politician who entered Parliament for the first time increased the power of the growing body of Conservatives, who wished to maintain the citadel of Toryism but to abandon the indefensible out-

works which their forefathers had defended. The old Tory policy was silently abandoned; a new Tory policy was as silently formed; and old-fashioned country gentlemen discovered, to their sorrow, that a Tory Government was gradually surrendering all the old positions which the Tory party had, in previous years, resolutely maintained.

The change of thought which thus occurred in political circles during the third decade of the nineteenth century can not be accurately understood by any one who omits to notice the remarkable nature of British literature during the preceding fifty years. The literary men of England participated in the reaction against revolution which distinguished the closing years of the eighteenth century. They were among the first to recover from the effects of reaction at the commencement of the nineteenth century. The younger men among whom they wrote were thus accustomed to more liberal views than those which they had heard in the narrow circles of their own homes; and a generation consequently grew up which silently abandoned the old indefensible positions of the Tory party. But there are two other circumstances, connected with the literature of the period, which deserve the attention of the student of the nineteenth century. One of them, indeed, made only a slow and gradual impression on British politics. The effect of the other was as great as it was immediate. The first of these circumstances is the commencement of literary work by women; the second of them is the rapid development of periodical literature.

It is a remarkable fact, which perhaps has hitherto hardly attracted sufficient attention, that few women had ever made any great mark in the world by their abilities before the eighteenth century. The women who had gained most distinction had been famous from their birth, or from their beauty, or from their misfortunes, or from their vices, or from the distinction of their children, or from qualities which are rather admirable in men than in women. We hardly read of any famous for mere womanly qualities or for literary ability. Sappho was the only great poetess whose name has been handed down to us from the ancient world, and the lines of Sappho which still exist may almost be counted on the fingers. Jael is perhaps more highly commended than any other woman in the Old Testament; and Jael is commended for committing a treacherous and cold-blooded murder.

The introduction of Christianity undoubtedly improved the position which woman had previously occupied in the world. The most graceful figures in the Gospel story were the women, who never lost their love for or their faith in

cised little influence on the succeeding generation, and do not, therefore, require further notice in this chapter. It would be otherwise easy to show that the tendency of Rogers was conservative; and that Keats, whose mind was free from political passion, simply desired to revert to the old classic poetry of the ancient world.

their Saviour. The maxims of the Redeemer raised women to a higher station. Marriage, in the light of Christianity, became a contract entered into between two equal parties, sanctioned by religious rites, indissoluble except by the highest authority and for the most solemn reasons. But man in the middle ages of the world hardly suited his actions to the ideal of his church. The wife was not absolutely carried off or sold; but her consent to the union was not so necessary as her father's. The husband kept a stick in readiness for the personal correction of his spouse; and society did not see anything either unseemly or unmanly in a man administering a good beating to his wife.

A life of this description was not calculated to produce women of high womanly qualities. Women became famous who, like Boadicea, in Britain, or Joan of Arc, in France, beat the men at their own weapons. Margaret of Anjou rallying the squadrons which her weak-spirited lord had not the courage to lead; Elizabeth standing at bay against the power of the Spanish monarchy; Isabella of Spain conquering kingdoms, and subduing every feminine feeling in the most brutal persecution of Jew, Turk, infidel, and heretic; Catharine de' Medici counseling and witnessing one of the most infamous of modern massacres—these are the women whose names fill the largest spaces in the history of the ages in which they lived. A period, indeed, arrived when women were known for other qualities. The severity of the Reformation was succeeded by unrestricted license; the courts of the two most civilized of European nations abandoned themselves to vice; and women obtained influence, not because they could ride, fight, or work like men, but from their beauty, their wit, or their profligacy. France and England were cursed with the rule of Bourbon and Stuart; and society in both countries was tainted with the corruption and license which disgraced their courts. License prevailed in France till it was swept away by a revolutionary deluge of blood. England, more fortunate than her neighbor, was purified by the accession of George III. to the throne. Great ladies who had lost their character were received coldly at court; young ladies with a character to lose reflected on the social ostracism which was the new result of losing it; and the upper classes observed that the first lady in the land, who gave the tone to society, was a little woman without much beauty and with less wit, whose only claim to eminence beyond her exalted rank was her affection for and her fidelity to her husband.

It is difficult to exaggerate the social consequences which resulted from the purity of the court of George III. Neither the profligacy of

his sons, nor the growing wealth of the world, and the luxuries which wealth insured, have destroyed or obscured them. Confirmed by the character of his granddaughter, they have, perhaps, in some instances, led to faults in an opposite extreme. A single error on the part of a woman is now punished with a severity which neither time nor repentance is allowed to soften; and a woman who has once made a false step is, ever afterward, excluded from society. Punishment, however, ceases to reform when it is known to be perpetual; and those who have nothing to hope from their good conduct imagine that they have nothing to lose by their bad behavior. But the social consequences of a purified court are obvious to any one; its consequences on woman's work are perhaps less apparent. Just as it is true that there were brave men before the days of Agamemnon, so it is true that there were wise women before Mary Somerville. The deeds of the brave were lost to us from the want of an historian; the wisdom of the wise was rendered useless from want of an opportunity. In an age when woman's chief claim to distinction lay either in her courage or her beauty it never occurred to woman to try her chances in other fields. Brought up from childhood to believe in the inferiority of her sex, she had neither the education which would have enabled her, nor the ambition which would have stimulated her, to establish her equality with man.

The purer atmosphere which prevailed in the moral world during the close of the eighteenth century raised woman to a higher level. When woman once found that she was man's equal there was nothing to prevent her from competing with him in the subjects to which his abilities were devoted. There are, indeed, some portions of man's work in which it may be hoped that the mass of women may never engage. We do not wish our wives and daughters to fight our battles for us. A large portion of the female sex revolt from the notion of publicly disputing with men in the senate, in the courts, or on the platform. But there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of work, which till lately has been solely performed by men, which might be discharged with equal success by women. There is, for instance, no reason why women should not excel in the highest walks of literature and art.

There is, perhaps, no branch of literature for which women are unsuited. The example of Mrs. Somerville decisively proves that some women are capable of sustained intellectual exertion which could be endured by few men; and an author who is capable of sustained intellectual effort need shrink from no work. But, so far as experience goes, fiction is apparently the region

in which female authoresses are especially at home. Nor is this surprising. Excellence in fiction usually turns on the capacity to appreciate and delineate character; and women have at least as much opportunity for studying character as men. Vast numbers of novels at the present day are written by women, and the greatest living writer of fiction is a woman. The influence which novel-writing is giving to the female sex is enormous. "Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun once said 'he knew a wise friend who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a nation he need not care who should make the laws.'"^{*} It might be said of the present age that the power of controlling thought is passing from the ballad-maker to the novel-writer. Political speeches are studied by some; sermons are avoided by many; history has only a few students; but every one reads novels. The novel influences for good or for evil the thoughts of its readers: the thoughts of its readers may ultimately determine the government of the world.

There can be very little doubt that the first consequence of women writing novels was an improvement in morals. Few women could venture to imitate the language which Fielding put into the mouth of Squire Western; to depict the monstrous treachery with which Lovelace accomplished the ruin of Clarissa; or to relate Corporal Trim's experiences when he lay wounded in the knee. They were compelled to rely on purer scenes for their story; and society, purified by their example, refused in future openly to patronize grossly immoral publications. Women, like Scott's friend Mrs. Keith, were ashamed to read in their own chamber to themselves novels which they had not blushed in their younger days to hear read aloud in society.[†] Men excused themselves for reading "Don Juan," because it was in rhyme, and they kept the pages of "The Monk" from the eyes of their daughters. A purer literature was, in this way, substituted for the improper stories which had been previously fashionable; and people learned almost for the first time that a story could be interesting which was neither improper nor immoral.

Three ladies are more particularly associated with this great literary reform: Frances Burney, Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth. Miss Burney's life has been admirably told by Macaulay. She was the daughter of Dr. Burney, the musician, the friend of Johnson and a host of other great men. Her father's parties were attended

by characters in every class of society; and little Frances Burney, shrinking from the motley throng of wealth and talent, unobserved herself, observed all that passed at them. Miss Austen, on the contrary, who was born about the time at which Miss Burney commenced to write, passed her short life in a country parsonage and in the quietest society. The greater part of Maria Edgeworth's time was spent on the property of her father, an Irish landlord, at Edgeworthstown, in Ireland.

Miss Edgeworth was the most fertile and, on the whole, the greatest of these three writers. She has done for the Irish race what Scott has done for Scottish scenery. She has sketched, with inimitable skill, the pathetic and the humorous aspects of Irish character. Her stories gave Scott the idea which he ultimately developed in the "Waverley Novels." "He would never, in all likelihood," said his biographer, "have thought of a Scotch novel if he had not read Miss Edgeworth's sketches of Irish character." But there is this distinction between Miss Edgeworth and Scott. It has been already remarked that Scott sketched the Scotland of his fathers, or, at the latest, of his own boyhood. Miss Edgeworth described the Irish as she herself saw them. Scott's novels are essentially histories of a former age; Miss Edgeworth's are annals of her own time. No one would dream of turning to Scott for an account of Scotland or of Scotch society during the author's own life. But no one would venture on describing Irish life, at the commencement of the present century, without consulting Miss Edgeworth. The accuracy of Miss Edgeworth's descriptions give her writings an especial value. Any one who will take the trouble of comparing her account of the Colambre estate, in "The Absentee," with Scott's own account of her father's estate at Edgeworthstown will see that the writer who was describing what he had seen, and the author who was professedly drawing on her imagination, were both engaged on the same model.

Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales gave a world of readers an interest in the impulsive people among whom the greatest portion of her life was spent. When she turned from Irish scenes to delineate fashionable people in London, she did not attain the same degree of excellence. She sketched the Irish faithfully, because she had lived with them all her life, and thoroughly understood all their virtues and all their weaknesses. She failed to draw her peers and peeresses with equal accuracy, because she had only a superficial acquaintance with London society. In Ireland she painted portraits, in London caricatures.

Macaulay has detected the same difference between the creations of Miss Burney and those

^{*} "Quarterly Review," No. ccxlv., p. 382, where the reasons for ascribing the remark to Fletcher are given in a note.

[†] Lockhart's "Scott," p. 466.

of Miss Austen as that which may be traced between Miss Edgeworth's Irish characters and her peers and peeresses. Miss Burney saw a great many clever people in her father's house in London. She watched them closely, she studied their eccentricities, and she caricatured them in "Evelina." Miss Austen saw no one but the quietest people in her father's parsonage. The great majority of them had probably nothing eccentric about them: they would have been impossible subjects for caricature. Most of the figures in the narrow circle of her acquaintance bore a very close resemblance to one another; and Miss Austen, if she described them at all, had to dwell on the nicer differences of their characters. In Miss Burney's first novel, "Evelina," the canvas is crowded with a variety of persons, and the heroine is placed in a series of sensational situations. At one moment she is pestered by a fop, at another she is exposed to the importunate insolence of a scoundrel, at a third she is embarrassed by the presence of some vulgar relatives of her own. At one time she mixes in the highest society, at another she is mistaken for an actress at the Marylebone Gardens. She emerges successfully from the most startling adventures; and, after a series of dramatic incidents, marries, on the last page of the novel, the nobleman with whom she fell in love almost on the first. In Miss Austen's first novel, on the contrary, there is no sensation. A mother, living with three daughters in a quiet Devonshire village, becomes gradually acquainted with a few of her neighbors and their connections. One of her daughters, blessed with the most placid disposition, forms an attachment for a man who, without her knowledge, has contracted a foolish engagement which he feels himself bound in honor to keep. Another of her daughters, passionate and enthusiastic in her tastes, falls in love with a gentleman who basely abandons her for the sake of another lady's fortune. The passion and enthusiasm of the one sister soften in the course of the tale into something like the placidity of the other. The placidity of the other ripens gradually into something like warmth. Yet the two characters are as distinct at the end of the story as they are at the beginning of it. Though Sense acquires some degree of Sensibility, and Sensibility gains a great deal of Sense, the title of the novel is as appropriate at the close as at the commencement of the work. Miss Burney, like most novel-writers, during the progress of her work exaggerates the distinctive features of her characters; Miss Austen occupies her whole time in obliterating them, and yet succeeds in leaving them at the end of her story distinct and clear.

The extraordinary skill which Miss Austen

displayed in describing what Scott called "the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life,"* places her as a novelist above her predecessor, Miss Burney. But it is more doubtful whether she is entitled to rank above her contemporary, Miss Edgeworth. In Macaulay's opinion, Madame de Staël was certainly the first woman of her age, Miss Edgeworth the second, and Miss Austen the third.† Yet Miss Austen has one advantage over Miss Edgeworth which is very important. In reading Miss Austen, no one ever thinks of the moral of the story, yet every one becomes insensibly the better person for perusing it. In reading Miss Edgeworth, one is apt to forget the story and to think only of the moral; and the moral loses half its force from the persistent manner in which it is obtruded on the reader. The main object of the one writer seems to be to create interest in her tale; the chief desire of the other to inculcate a moral precept. There can be no doubt, too, that Miss Edgeworth weakens the force of her moral by the pains which she takes to make her whole story point to it. The reader feels that he is introduced, not to a novel, but to a sermon, and so is insensibly led to criticise the author's reasoning, instead of blindly accepting her teaching.

The three women who have thus been mentioned are the most prominent examples of the change which was gradually taking place in the position of their sex. They succeeded in establishing a considerable literary reputation, and in demonstrating that women could compete successfully with men in some branches of literature. It is worth observing, however, that all of them were free from the influences which affected their male contemporaries. Miss Burney's best works were, indeed, written before the French Revolution. But Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen were writing at the time at which Southey and Wordsworth were undergoing the remarkable changes of opinion which have been already recorded. Yet neither of them were perceptibly influenced by the politics of the stirring times in which they lived. Women were, in fact, so completely removed from the strife of party warfare that the stormiest revolution made little or no impression upon them. Such a result could not have occurred fifty years afterward. As soon as women had proved their capacity to compete with men in one field, they displayed an increasing readiness to contend with them in others. The authoresses who at the commencement of the century were proving the capacity of their sex were, however, unable to see the full consequences of their own work, or to realize

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 614.

† Trevelyan's "Macaulay," vol. i., p. 240.

the circumstance that their labors would lead to an agitation for women's rights on the platform and in the polling-booth, which would be unconcluded half a century after they had ceased to exist.

The influence, then, of the women who obtained a literary reputation in the earlier years of the century was essentially prospective; but there was another characteristic about the literature of the period, which could be detected by the most superficial observer, productive of immediate results. Periodical literature had existed for more than a century in England. But it had first obtained the commanding position which it has since occupied about the period at which this history opens. The periodicals, which had previously been regarded with suspicion and dislike, were becoming beyond all dispute a power in the state. Newspapers, in the modern sense of the term, are of very recent origin. A written newspaper would be deemed impossible by the present generation; but the art of printing was known for centuries before it was applied to the purpose of dispensing news. The newsletter of the earlier years of the seventeenth century was literally a manuscript letter; and the "Weekly News"—the first paper which appeared in this country in print—was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1622.* One hundred and thirty years after the publication of the "Weekly News," or in 1753, the number of stamps issued to the newspapers only amounted to 7,411,757. In 1801 the issue of stamps had risen to 16,000,000, and in 1821 to 25,000,000.†

The stamp duty, which thus forms an accurate test of the circulation of newspapers, was first imposed in 1712. It was at that time a tax of 1*d.* on each newspaper printed on a whole sheet, and of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* on each paper printed on only half a sheet. The newspapers foresaw their inevitable ruin from the imposition of this tax. "This is the day," wrote Addison, "on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last works. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above all others, delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp duty in approaching peace." As a matter of fact many newspapers at once expired; and, perhaps from this circumstance, the tax was itself abandoned. It was, however, renewed later on in the century. At the accession of George III. it was fixed at 1*d.* a sheet; in 1757 it was raised to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; in 1776 to 2*d.*; in 1789 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; and in 1815 to 4*d.*† The price

of every newspaper was raised to 7*d.* But neither the tax nor the increase of price stopped the circulation of the papers. Edition after edition of the more popular journals of the day were issued as rapidly as they could be struck off; and their circulation was only limited by the mechanical impossibility of complying with the demand for them. The events of the war everywhere excited a feverish anxiety for news, and men of all classes bought the papers in the hope of learning some fresh tidings from the Continent.

At the close of the great war there were six daily papers published in London, which exercised a considerable influence on political affairs. These six papers were the "Times," the "Courier," the "Chronicle," the "Advertiser," the "Herald," and the "Post"; and of these six the "Times" was far the most important. The "Times" in 1816 enjoyed a circulation of 8,000 copies. It paid a stamp duty to the Government of about £900 a week, or of £45,000 a year. But even this duty was only one portion of the burden on its proprietors. The paper on which it was printed was taxed; the advertisements which were inserted in it were taxed; and ten per cent. of its profits were paid as income tax. It was under such circumstances that the greatest journal that the world has ever seen was produced during the earlier years of its eventful career. The "Times" was commenced by John Walter in 1785, as the "Daily Universal Register"; it adopted its present name in 1788. In 1803 Walter was succeeded by his son, John Walter the second. Dr. Stoddart, in the first instance, and subsequently Thomas Barnes, were engaged as editors of the paper under his management. Barnes assumed the editorship of the "Times" in 1816, and succeeded by his ability and discretion in increasing the great reputation which the paper had already acquired. But a much greater impulse than Barnes's abilities could give had a few months before been imparted to it. In November, 1814, the "Times" was, for the first time, printed by steam. The machinery was far less perfect than that which is at present in use; but it constituted an extraordinary advance in the history of newspapers. Before steam was used it had been impossible to do more than strike off 450 copies of any paper in an hour. The circulation of a newspaper had depended, not on the demand for it, but on the capability of the hand-press to meet the demand. The imperfect machine introduced in 1814 enabled 1,100 sheets to be impressed in an hour. The paper was printed nearly three times as rapidly as before, and the public could be provided with five copies with the ease with which they had previously been supplied with two.

* "Annual Register," 1794, p. 375.

† "Return Public Inc. and Exp. Sess. 1869," p. 429. Grant gives the figures differently. "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., p. 6.

The introduction of machine-printing at once confirmed the "Times" in the precedence which it had already attained. With one short interval, in 1828, it enjoyed for forty years a larger circulation than any other newspaper.

The circulation of the "Courier," in 1816, was only inferior to that of the "Times." It sold about 5,000 copies a day.* It was an evening newspaper, and was in the habit of issuing edition after edition. It was first established in 1792; was distinguished for its ultra-liberal principles; and was on two occasions the subject of political prosecutions. In 1799 the "Courier" was purchased by Daniel Stuart, the proprietor of the "Post." Stuart was a Tory; and the "Courier," of course, adopted Tory principles. The "Post" had been started ten years before the "Courier," or in 1782, and had been purchased by Stuart for a very small sum in 1785. Stuart had a remarkable faculty for discovering literary talent and for obtaining the assistance of literary men on moderate terms. He engaged Coleridge, Lamb, and Mackintosh to write for the "Morning Post," and he occasionally availed himself of their services on the "Courier." Stuart, after converting the "Post" into a valuable property, sold it in 1803; he retired from the "Courier" in 1816. The "Post" has retained, to the present day, the popularity which it acquired at the commencement of the century. The "Courier" never recovered from the decreased demand for news after the conclusion of peace.

In 1816 the "Morning Chronicle" had a much smaller circulation than the "Times"; but it enjoyed, in some respects, a higher reputation than any other newspaper. Commenced in 1769, it was the oldest of all the leading papers. Its editor, James Perry, was uniformly treated with a deference which was paid to no other editor. He was the first editor of a newspaper who had the spirit to send short-hand writers into the gallery of the House of Commons. He succeeded in obtaining even higher literary talent on his staff than Stuart collected for the "Post" and the "Courier." John Campbell, who subsequently became Lord Chancellor; Thomas Campbell, the poet; Coleridge, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, and McCulloch, all placed their pens at different periods at the disposal of Perry. The "Chronicle" profited from the ability which it thus employed, and, at the commencement of the century, enjoyed a reputation which was hardly inferior to that of the "Times."

Some of the highest literary ability in the

land was then employed in contributing to the press; yet writers in the press were regarded at the close of the eighteenth and at the commencement of the nineteenth century as of an inferior class. It was supposed to be ungentlemanlike for any one to write for hire. Reporters in 1798 were described by Abbot as "black-guard newswriters." Ten years later, or in 1808, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn made a by-law excluding all persons who had written in the daily papers from being called to the bar. More than twenty years afterward a Lord Chancellor offended the propriety of his supporters and excited their animadversions by asking the editor of the "Times" to dinner. The press was regarded as a pestilent nuisance, which it was essential to destroy. Southey had himself once been a journalist, yet, in 1817, he deliberately declared to Lord Liverpool, "You must curb the press, or it will destroy the constitution of the country. No means," he added, "can be effectual for checking the intolerable license of the press but that of making transportation the punishment of its abuse."*

Southey's opinion proves the importance which newspapers had already acquired. Yet the newspaper of 1817 consisted of only a single sheet of four pages, and did not contain much more matter than four pages of the "Globe" do now. It was impossible for a paper with this limited space at its disposal to attempt any profound political or literary criticism. Before the commencement of the present century, moreover, "the literary periodicals of Great Britain were repositories of miscellanies relating to art, poetry, letters, and gossip, partly original and partly selected, huddled together without system."† At the commencement of the present century, however, a knot of very remarkable men decided on founding a new periodical of a different character. Connected as they mostly were with Edinburgh, they determined to call their venture the "Edinburgh Review." The success which they immediately achieved is one of the most remarkable circumstances in literary history.

* See the "Encyclopædia Britannica," art. Newspapers; "Annual Register," 1822, p. 350, where returns of the stamps for 1801 and 1821 are given; Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., pp. 101, 172, 221, 386; "Diary of Lord Colchester," vol. i., p. 162, and vol. ii., p. 240, in the latter of which the story of the Benchers' by-law is related, which Grant (vol. ii., p. 184) declared his inability to trace the date of; Greville, vol. iii., p. 169, for the invitation of Barnes to the Lord Chancellor's dinner; Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," vol. ii., pp. 298, 299, for Southey's opinions of the press.

† Stanton's "Reforms and Reformers," quoted in Allibone's "Dictionary of English and American Authors."

* So I gather from the returns in the "Annual Register" of 1822. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., p. 355, places the circulation at 12,000 copies; but this is plainly an exaggeration.

A society had been in existence in Edinburgh for many years, which most of the rising advocates at the Scotch bar were in the habit of joining. It was the object of this society to train its members in the arts of elocution and debate. One of them, from time to time, read a paper at its meetings, and the paper became the subject of a general discussion. The Speculative Society, as it was called, numbered among its members some of the most remarkable men who ever collected in one association. Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Mackintosh, Scott, and Jeffrey, all belonged to it. Jeffrey was born in 1773, was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and at Oxford, and was called to the Scotch bar in 1794. Marrying in 1802, he brought his bride home to some modest lodgings, furnished at the cost of a few pounds, but which will always be recollected by the literary student. In these modest lodgings, where Jeffrey was in the habit of entertaining a select circle of his intimate friends, the idea of the "Edinburgh Review" was originally conceived. The founders of the new Review mainly relied on Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner, and Sydney Smith, who was the nominal editor of the first number. Sydney Smith was one of the most formidable pamphleteers which this country has ever produced. With extraordinary powers of wit, sarcasm, and expression, his writings had an immense effect on the politics of his time. Born in 1771, and producing his most pungent work—"The Letters of Peter Plymley"—in 1807 and 1808, he was at the zenith of his reputation at the close of the great war. Smith's forte lay in unsparing and occasionally indiscriminating attack. His writings were logical; but he rarely relied on his arguments alone for the success of his cause. He did not convert his readers to his own side. He overwhelmed his opponents with ridicule. The process of damning the plaintiff's attorney has been often resorted to; but it has usually been adopted by advocates with a weak cause to rely upon. Sydney Smith thrust home his attack on the person of his adversary, when his adversary might have been beaten with more logical weapons. His exuberant wit shone forth in his most argumentative writings, and dazzled with its brilliancy those who were not convinced by his arguments.

Jeffrey had neither the exuberance of wit nor the lightness of expression which characterized Sydney Smith. But he was on the whole a greater writer, just as he was undoubtedly a greater critic and a better editor. His criticisms are strict; they are occasionally unfair, but are always able; and, though many of his conclusions have been reversed by the judgment of posterity, his opinions are still uniformly quoted with deference, and usually accepted as authori-

tative. Before the age of Jeffrey the art of the critic was almost unknown. "Criticisms on books were jejune in the extreme, consisting chiefly of a few smart witticisms and meager connecting remarks, stringing together ample quotations from the work under review. The 'Edinburgh Review' appeared: 'its first number revived the discussion of great political principles.' The public perused it with avidity; it excited 'a new sensation in all classes of readers'; and the art of criticism at once attained the position in the literary world which it has ever since occupied."*

The position which the "Edinburgh Review" succeeded in at once attaining could not have been won by Jeffrey alone with the solitary assistance of Sydney Smith. But Jeffrey had the good fortune to number among his friends and associates two other men, whose services proved essentially useful to him—Horner and Brougham. Born in 1778, the son of a tradesman, with no advantages other than his own ability to aid him, enjoying no office, leaning on no patron, Francis Horner, in his short life, won for himself the esteem of all classes of society. An admiring Senate suspended its sittings on the tidings of his death in a foreign land, and voted to his memory with general approval a statue in Westminster Abbey. Horner was an advanced Liberal, but he was chiefly remarkable for the strenuous opposition which he raised to the forced circulation of a paper currency. His exertions as a member of the Bullion Committee are said to have injured his health and to have hastened his death. His enthusiasm in the same cause inspired his first contribution to the "Edinburgh Review." His influence with Jeffrey was the more remarkable because he was destitute of the qualifications which Jeffrey usually regarded as essential in his contributors—"wit and fun were the first desiderata"; and Horner, who was above all things an economist, had no humor. "He puts me in mind," said Scott on one occasion, "of Obadiah's bull," and the keen point of the illustration will come home to every one who recollects Sterne's account of that famous quadruped.†

Brougham was born in the same year as Horner; but it may be doubted whether, if he had died at the same time, his death would have inspired so much regret, or his name have been remembered so faithfully, as his friend's. Yet Brougham's ability was greater than Horner's, and perhaps exceeded that of any of his contemporaries. There were few subjects with which

* Stanton's "Reforms and Reformers"; *vide* Allibone, *ad verb.* Jeffrey.

† Lockhart's "Scott," p. 156.

he was unacquainted, or which he was unequal to discuss with the best-informed persons. He was at home in science, in law, in politics, in history, and in literature. His indefatigable and rapid pen illustrated the most varied topics in the pages of the Review; and on all of them he wrote with a force and authority which were peculiarly his own. Brougham was a far more constant contributor than Horner. It is said that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the Review; and he was unquestionably the most fertile and capable of all Jeffrey's assistants.

Jeffrey, however, did not rely on these men alone. He was ready to accept the services of any capable writer. Scott himself was a constant contributor, writing five articles in two years.* With such assistants Jeffrey rapidly made his mark. The new Review obtained a wide circulation; and its blue and buff cover was to be found on every gentleman's table. The success of the Review would, under any circumstances, have probably provoked a rival; but rivalry was stimulated by the political bias which the new periodical soon displayed. Jeffrey himself was, above all things, a critic. I was "much struck," wrote one of Scott's friends, "by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in 'his' way. Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms."† Had Jeffrey stood alone, he would probably have made the Review an organ in which all opinions and all parties could be freely criticised. His chief associates, however, were all strong partisans; and, with the single exception of Scott, they were all strong Liberals. Horner, enthusiastically devoted to the currency question, complained that the Review was too independent, and not sufficiently Whiggish.‡ Brougham, a Liberal to the backbone, insisted on the publication of political articles. Scott remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery. Jeffrey retorted that he could not resist the wit. Scott, urging the propriety of neutrality in politics, offered himself to supply a political article. Jeffrey declined, on the ground that it was more necessary to be consistent than neutral.§ Such a refusal could hardly have done otherwise than offend Scott. The offense was deepened in the autumn of 1808 by the publication of Brough-

am's article, "Don Cevallos; or, the Usurpation of Spain." "The 'Edinburgh Review,'" wrote Scott to Constable, "had become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. Now it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."* In accordance with this opinion he stopped his subscription, and made no secret of his hostility. Scott's opposition speedily became known. Canning, a member of the Tory Government, with literary abilities of the very highest order, was naturally anxious to see a Tory periodical which would be to his own friends what the "Edinburgh Review" had proved to his opponents. "John Murray, of Fleet Street, a young bookseller of capital and enterprise,"† was ready to undertake the publication of a serial which he had the prudence to see would bring credit to his firm. George Ellis, the warm friend of Canning, heartily supported the project; and Robert Dundas, the eldest son of Lord Melville, and a member of the Government, was also made acquainted with it. But Scott himself was the life and soul of the enterprise. The first number of the new Review was published in February, 1809, and three articles in it were from Scott's pen. The great author continued throughout his career to be an active contributor to the new periodical.

It was no easy task to select an editor for the new Review who would be a fair match for so powerful an adversary as Jeffrey. But Murray seems at once to have suggested, and Scott to have approved, the selection of William Gifford for the post. Gifford "was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance."‡ Constant ill health had soured his temper; and an acid temper made him an extremely severe critic. "He flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."† Gifford was born at Ashburton, in 1757. His father, who had wasted the little means he had ever enjoyed, died when his boy was young. His mother did not survive her husband for many months; and the future editor of the "Quarterly Review" was sent to school, and apprenticed to a shoemaker. The lad hated the drudgery of his work, and he fortunately attracted the attention of a neighboring medical man, Dr. Cookesley, who collected some money for freeing him from his indentures and for continuing his education. The boy rapidly proved himself worthy of his judicious patron's

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 105.

† Ibid., p. 156.

‡ Alison, vol. i., p. 334.

§ Lockhart's "Scott," p. 156.

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 168, note.

† Ibid., p. 169.

‡ Ibid., p. 654.

kindness. He published "The Baviad" in 1794; "The Mæviad" in 1795; in conjunction with Bankes he became the editor of "The Anti-Jacobin" in 1800; and he published his translation of Juvenal in 1802. "The Baviad" and "The Mæviad" were styled by Byron the first satires of the age. Gifford's name was coupled with Pope's in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; and Dr. Cookesley, proud of the success which Gifford had achieved, and probably anxious to perpetuate his own share in it, gave the satirist's name to a son, whom many Eton men still remember with affection—William Gifford Cookesley.

Such was the man who appeared to Scott and Murray the best possible editor of the new Review, which was to rival the "Edinburgh." Such was the man under whose supervision the "Quarterly" at once attained the position which it has ever since enjoyed.

The success which both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly Review" achieved induced other enterprising publishers to imitate the example which had thus been set them. In 1816 Blackwood, a publisher in Edinburgh, commenced the magazine which still bears his name. He was fortunate enough to secure the services of an editor who rose in his way to a distinction almost as great as that of Jeffrey and Gifford. Wilson, the first editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," was born in 1785; he was educated at Glasgow and Oxford. At the commencement of the century he was little more than a literary amateur, living amid the most beautiful scenery of the English lakes, and writing occasional essays and poetry. The business of Wilson's life commenced only in earnest in 1816; but Wilson became then something more than a mere literary man. His essays, written under the name of "Christopher North," won for him a world of readers; but every one who visited Edinburgh during his life carried away a kindly remembrance of the tall, powerful man whose genial wit and engaging manners had made society in the Scottish capital the most pleasant in the world. Without the satirical power of Gifford, without the knowledge of Jeffrey, Wilson had a warmth of imagination which made his essays peculiarly fascinating. "Blackwood's Magazine" acquired, under his guidance, the popularity which it has never since lost.

In the very year in which "Blackwood" first courted the favor of the educated classes of society, a very different man commenced addressing a much more numerous body of readers. The career of William Cobbett was more eccentric than that of any of his prominent contemporaries. He was the comet of the literary hemisphere, dazzling the world with his brilliancy, perplexing

it with his eccentricity, and alarming it with his apparent inflammability. Cobbett's grandfather was a day laborer in Surrey. His father, by hard work, improved his position, and, from being a laborer, came to have "laborers under him";* or, in simpler language, became a farmer. In 1817 Cobbett left his father's house, and began life as an attorney's clerk. An attorney's office seemed to the erratic youth a mere hell upon earth; and, welcoming any means which afforded him a chance of escaping from the drudgery of the desk, Cobbett enlisted in the 54th Foot, and sailed with his regiment for America. He served for seven years with his regiment. During that time he attained the rank of sergeant-major; he fell in love with the daughter of another non-commissioned officer; and he saved one hundred and fifty guineas. His conduct was so excellent that, on claiming his discharge, he received the public thanks of the general officer commanding his division. His feelings were so warm that he placed the whole of his one hundred and fifty guineas in the hands of the young girl whose affections he had won, and who was returning before him to England. The girl whom he had chosen for a wife was so prudent that she never used the money, but restored it to him on his return home. Cobbett, after marrying the sergeant's daughter, returned to America, and settled in Philadelphia. There he maintained himself by teaching English—to Talleyrand among others—and by attacking everything that was American in the columns of a periodical which he styled the "Peter Porcupine." Indicted for a libel, and fined five thousand dollars, Cobbett thought that it was time for him to return to England. After his return he started a new "Porcupine," a Tory serial. The "Porcupine" was soon superseded by the "Weekly Political Register," in which Cobbett held himself free to maintain a guerrilla warfare with men of all parties and all opinions. A periodical of this character was sure to get into trouble. One of the Irish puisne judges—Johnson—writing under the signature of "Juvena," published in its columns a scurrilous attack on the Irish Government. Cobbett was prosecuted. Judge Johnson was compelled to acknowledge his connection with the article, and was heavily fined. Cobbett, indignant with a political party which would not allow him to publish libels on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, threw himself into the arms of the extreme Radicals. An opportunity soon occurred which enabled him to mark his hostility to the Tory Government. Some English soldiers mutinied. A German regiment was employed to assist in quelling the mutiny;

* Bulwer's "Political Characters," vol. ii., p. 102.

the ringleaders were flogged, and the Germans were ordered to administer the punishment. Cobbett burst into a furious attack on the authorities for permitting German soldiers to flog English troops. The Government was advised to prosecute him for a libel. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Nothing in Cobbett's life is more interesting than the circumstances of his imprisonment. From within his prison walls he conducted his paper, his farm at Botley, and the education of his children. The domestic history of Cobbett's life forms one of the most pleasing features of his eccentric character; and Cobbett's affectionate qualities never shone with a brighter ray than from his cell in Newgate.

On his release from prison Cobbett returned to his paper. But in 1816 he suddenly changed the whole conditions of its publication. Up to 1816 he had charged a shilling and a halfpenny for each number. But on the 2d of November, 1816, he devoted the entire sheet to "An Address to the Journeymen and Laborers of England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and the sheet was sold for 2d. The effect of this reduction of price was prodigious. The most powerful political writer in England suddenly became the most widely read; and the "Weekly Register" obtained an influence which no periodical had ever previously enjoyed. It was in vain that one set of Tories tried to grapple with the bold writer by suggesting his prosecution. Cobbett knew how to advocate Parliamentary Reform without infringing the laws of the country. Every other writer subjected himself, sooner or later, to a prosecution for libel. Cobbett, in 1816 and 1817, wrote nothing that "the law officers could prosecute with any chance of success." * It was in vain, too, that the Tories styled the "Register" "two-penny trash." Their own indignation and alarm afforded the best proof that Cobbett was writing no trash. His genius had suddenly spread the light of political knowledge through the dark nooks of England, and had taught English legislators and English statesmen to realize the power of periodical literature.

There were, then, in 1816, three distinct things connected with British literature which affected the history of the time or the history of the succeeding half century. In the first place, men were slowly recovering from "the panic dread of change" which the French Revolution

had excited. The foremost thinkers of the period were again addressing themselves to the studies which had been interrupted by the events amid which the eighteenth century had closed. The younger writers were passionately advocating the extreme views which their predecessors had hurriedly abandoned. These authors were at once the spokesmen and the guides of the rising generation. Their works were the best proof that the younger men who were growing up to manhood had freed themselves from the apprehensions by which their fathers had been influenced. They encouraged the desire, by which their contemporaries were animated, to revert to the more liberal system of government pursued in the first half of the preceding century. The older men still adhered tenaciously to the views which they had been in the habit of expressing for twenty years. But their younger adherents doubted the propriety of the measures which their leaders were defending. Monopolies of every kind—in trade, in politics, in land, in religion—were becoming unfashionable; and corruption and abuse, defeated over and over again in the House of Commons, found, as will immediately be shown, their chief support in the House of Lords.

This great change was, in one sense, the cause, in another sense the consequence, of the remarkable alteration which was taking place in the tone of British literature. The altered tone, which the foremost writers of the day were adopting, constitutes the first of the three things connected with British literature in 1816 which deserves attention. The second is the successful effort made for the first time by women to compete in literary work with men. A few ladies, living in different circumstances, unconnected with each other, suddenly displayed in a remarkable manner the capacity of their sex, and laid the foundations of the agitation which has since arisen for the concession of what are called women's rights to women. Their labors, ultimately productive of the largest consequences, form the second of the three things connected with British literature in 1816 which requires attention. Still more important was the remarkable development which was taking place in the power of the periodical press. The foremost men of the day were writing for the papers: the papers had succeeded in vindicating their right to publish and to criticise the debates in Parliament. Reviews, written and edited with consummate ability, were instructing the upper classes as they had never been instructed before. "Two-penny trash," containing as much wit and spirit as the higher-priced periodicals, was circulating among the poorer classes; while rich and poor in their own house or in a tavern were eagerly read-

* Cross, in defending Brandreth, laid the whole blame of Brandreth's treason on Cobbett's address. He called the "Register" "the most mischievous publication ever put into the hands of man."—"State Trials," vol. xxxii., p. 876. For Brandreth's trial, see "Post," p. 451.

ing the news contained in the morning or evening journal. The papers had been prosecuted; they had been taxed; their contributors had been denounced as blackguards; they had been declared incapable of being called to the bar; but all these measures had failed. Prosecution had made them popular: the anxiety for news which the war had occasioned had increased the demand for newspapers, which taxation might have checked; and the writers, who had been denounced as blackguards in the last ten years of the eighteenth century, were treated with deference in the third decade of the nineteenth century. Ability, as usual, had made its way, and won for itself a position from which it was impossible to degrade it.

The development of periodical literature was perhaps even more fatal to the old system of government than any of the other changes which were gradually undermining it. So long as political discussion was confined to the few hundred representatives of the governing classes who happened to sit in Parliament, the ruling families were able to direct the thoughts of the country. The elaborate attacks which were made upon their system by Adam Smith and Bentham were read by comparatively few persons. But the periodical press reproduced the views of Smith

and Bentham for the benefit of the entire community. Men turned from perusing one of Castlereagh's speeches to the criticisms of the "Times" or the "Chronicle" upon the speaker. The opinion of the "blackguard news-writer," who had the great advantage of having the last word, was accepted with at least as much authority as that of the statesman; and the public, no longer dependent for their opinions on the utterances of politicians, gradually adopted the views of the newspapers which they were in the habit of reading. Legislators, indeed, still assumed that the representatives of a few rich men and a few decayed villages accurately reflected the opinions of the nation. But the fallacy which the presumption involved was becoming daily more apparent through the operations of the press. The right of Parliamentary representation was denied to nine tenths of the people. The right of meeting was about to be subjected to new restrictions. But the press supplied the nation with other means of making itself heard. Its voice resounded through the length and breadth of the land.

SPENCER WALPOLE (*"History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815"*).

THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER

(Conclusion.)

XIV.

THREE years of assured support in Paris was for Laurens more happiness than he had ever expected. With what spirit he set to work! Punctual in attendance at the School of Fine Arts, regular at Cogniet's studio, and a constant visitor at the Louvre, where he was enraptured with the marvelous creations of the masters, he led a life of extreme mental activity, breathing only for painting, which he loved more as he knew it better.

The necessary result of such enthusiastic contemplation of the masters, and of such diligent application to work day by day, was a first production full of promise. At the *Salon* of 1863 our young artist exhibited "The Death of Cato of Utica." This picture, which elicited honorable mention on the part of the jury, and which may still be seen in the Museum of Toulouse, represents Cato seated on the side of his bed, with body erect, and plunging a poniard into his bowels. Sombre resolution to put an end to life,

and the pangs inseparable from death, are depicted with surprising vigor of brush in the countenance of the uncompromising stoic. Here Laurens already gave indications of what his powers would be when, with the aid of patient study of mankind and the possession of the inmost secrets of his art, his natural aptitude should be developed, but of which only the mere rudiments had as yet been disclosed.

But, simultaneously with the honorable mention of the jury, he received the announcement that he was in receipt of the last quarter of his pension from the city of Toulouse, and that henceforward his own exertions were all he had to rely upon for maintenance.

To work for a living! Thus Necessity, after a brief respite, grasps him once more by the throat. He foresaw with trembling a renewal of the trials endured while with Buccaferrata and at Uncle Benoit's, but his chief apprehension was that while earning his daily bread he should lose the lofty sentiments with which his art inspired

him, and that the cherished ideal of which he had so far but caught a glimpse would be swamped in a whirlpool of petty anxieties arising from the urgency of hasty execution—in a word, that the artist would be abolished and be replaced by the tradesman. Yet an earnest voice soon filled his whole being, declaring that he would never yield, that he would endure privations to the utmost rather than deliver any canvas or sketch, however diminutive or trifling, if unfitted to sustain the dignity of his name. He too would be stoical, if need were, no less so than Marcus Porcius Cato, the stoic whose voluntary death he had portrayed.

Such were the tragical reflections which occupied his mind when, one day, as he loitered in quest of old books along the quays, he chanced upon a volume entitled "*Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence.*" He took pleasure in turning over the leaves of that musty tome, with its leather binding and time-faded edges that had once been red; and, suddenly recalling the truant roamings of his childhood's days, and his mother's "*Heures Romaines,*" his thoughts flew back to his native fields in Lauraguais.

While thus divided into two separate beings, one of whom was far away on a visit at home, though the other was reading on the *Quai Conti*, he raised his hand to his brow, as if to summon his scattered faculties to order, and continued his perusal with increased attention. The chapter before his eyes was that in which Montesquieu's avenging hand brands the hideous visage of Tiberius as with a red-hot iron. Although devoid of literary culture, Laurens was stirred to the deepest recesses of his soul by that compact, lofty prose, whose every word is big with thought. After having studied the grand character of Cato, in which he had found everything to admire, he thought it might be interesting to study Tiberius, in whom, so far, he had seen nothing but what was to be despised: it seemed to him that, after having lived with the god to exalt him, he could approach the monster to stamp him with ignominy.

Having taken his notes at the Ste.-Geneviève Library, Laurens attempted a "*Death of Tiberius.*" Severe in arrangement and forcible in general expression, with the conciseness of Tacitus and the soberness of Montesquieu discernible throughout, the work is, however, wanting in brilliancy of effect. The personages are but two—Tiberius, stretched upon his couch and writhing in the last convulsions of the death-agony; and Caligula, stooping over the dying man to snatch the imperial ring from his finger. The ferocious avidity of Caligula's gesture, as he reaches forward his rapacious hand to despoil the Emperor, is rendered in a manner most feli-

citous; and one can not help shuddering at the sight of the foul beast of Capreae, already livid and rigid, yet breathing still, and forced to be a passive spectator of the theft which transfers the supreme power to his heir.

This canvas, in which the distribution of detail is perfect, and which, with greater boldness in the coloring and more ease of execution, would have been nothing short of imposing, extorts unreserved praise in one particular, namely, the drapery, which, like a narrow shroud, covers Tiberius from head to foot. Jean Paul Laurens's masterly manner of disposing drapery on the human figure has since then frequently commanded admiration: see, for instance, his "*Herodias and her Daughter,*" rewarded with a medal at the *Salon* of 1867, a work presenting those ample, superb folds which carry the imagination involuntarily back to the epic arrangements in which the great Buonarrotti took so much delight. In "*The Death of Tiberius*" the same eminently skillful windings of the raiment are discernible, the same suppleness of line around the limbs, the anatomy of which should ever be traceable through the covering. But the work, being confined to mere academic precision of execution, and imprisoned within the narrow limits of traditional accuracy, attracted very little attention. At once wounded and spurred by the slight, the painter, divining the immense difficulties of historical subjects, so genial to his grave and austere disposition, made a solemn vow to pursue the path of his choice undauntedly until he had achieved some brilliant success.

About that time our artist removed from the comrades with whom he had worked somewhat noisily in the *Rue de l'Ouest*, and took up his quarters in the sixth story of a house in the *Rue de Chabrol*. Although his naturally reserved disposition, due in part to timidity and in part to a singular loftiness of mind, would have preserved him from those vulgar companionships which steal time without affording any adequate return to satisfy the nobler portion of the man, yet, on the eve of the decisive battle of his career, he felt the necessity of being more to himself. His attic dwelling consisted of two very small rooms. The larger one he used as a studio, and in the smaller one he slept. It was in that hampered abode that, through the mediation of a common friend, Antonin Mulé, early in 1866, I became acquainted with Jean Paul Laurens. Still fresh in my memory is the image of the slender youth, with his fair beard, sunken cheeks and high cheek-bones, bright gray eye, and just perceptibly flattened nose, welcoming me at the door, not without a certain degree of embarrassment.

A picture, intended to be exhibited at the next *Salon*, literally filled the studio. This painting,

rather oddly entitled "Moriah," represented Jesus receiving from the hands of an angel the crown of thorns soon after to encircle his brow at Golgotha. With the Nazarene's face, though beautiful by reason of a certain meekness and sublimity of expression, I was but indifferently impressed, spite of the superiority of the drawing; but, on the other hand, I was forcibly struck with the angel kneeling, with bowed head and veiled visage, as if fearing the sight of the Son of God. The artist, to represent a God, had resorted to abstractions devoid of muscle, nerve, or blood; but, on coming to create the somber celestial messenger, he had frankly returned to human nature, the beginning and end of all art, and, instead of some puny, nondescript being, he had thrown at the feet of Christ a woman—a woman, bosom unconcealed, luxuriant hair, strong, robust, in all the plenitude of real, living charms.

Laurens, while talking of his art, warmed gradually into a genial and communicative mood. He opened his portfolio and showed me some designs of Biblical subjects, and I was amazed. The composition was generally grand, the lines sufficiently severe and lofty and noble in an imposing degree. I still remember a "Vision of Ezekiel" which delighted me. God the Father, enthroned on high, is surrounded by a legion of angels armed with swords. Several messengers of the divine wrath, detached from the sacred battalions, are in the act of sounding trumpets and flying above men wallowing in beastly excesses. This scene, majestic and grand on the one hand and loathsome on the other, was rendered with such boldness and firmness of design, such mastery of detail and simplicity of arrangement, as caused me to exclaim in admiration, "Beautiful, very beautiful!"

He clasped his hand in mine. Our friendship had begun.

XV.

WHEN an intellectual friendship, if it be deep-rooted, exists between two men, the heart seldom remains indifferent. Henceforth my visits to the *Rue de Chabrol* were no less frequent than those of Laurens to the *Rue de Puteau*. Oft-renewed conversations, and those outpourings which sincere natures can not check, established between us such community of ideas and sentiments as soon rendered us necessary to each other, and constituted a new life full of sweet and penetrating charm. What interminable chitchats, and what dissertations too, sometimes on the latest novel or a new painting! What delightful hours, when the blood fevered by work was refreshed; when the brain, whirling like a wheel of fire, slackened its motion; when we might laugh at last, after perhaps bedewing with tears the canvas or the page on which we

had been powerless to express an idea with a decisive stroke!

Meantime, while sacrificing, at rare intervals, a few days to inferior works as a means of immediate support—he decorated porcelain, drew religious subjects for church windows, dashed off a spirited cartoon for "Le Philosophe," and helped Louis Duveaux to brush off a fresco ceiling—Jean Paul Laurens never for an instant lost sight of high art. In order to sustain his mind at the serene heights which he loved, he nourished it with strong and wholesome reading. While his hand coursed over the raw enamel or the lithographer's stone, his eyes were fixed upon an open book. To-day, the Bible was his all-absorbing study; to-morrow, Æschylus; the next day, Shakespeare.

He had already attempted a Hamlet, with wandering eye, pacing the ramparts of Elsinore, and beset with tumultuous thoughts; and he unceasingly reverted to that grand production of the most profound, the most lofty of poets, there to satisfy the cravings of his mind for the mysterious and sublime. He had made many sketches of Ophelia gliding over the water—of Macbeth, here hailed by the witches, there issuing from King Duncan's chamber—of Othello raising the dagger over Desdemona sleeping. But the scene which most absorbed him, and to which he always returned with unremitting zeal, was that of the graveyard in "Hamlet." Hamlet, with a skull in his hand, sounding the secrets of life and death, thrilled him at once with admiration and terror. It is true that Eugène Delacroix had placed his masterly hand upon that subject; and hence it was perhaps no little temerity on Laurens's part to approach it. But his emotions, and the agitated state of mind into which he was thrown by harassing visions, raised him above puerile apprehensions of plagiarism, and he drew in outline, on canvas, on paper, and on porcelain, crumbling hillocks surmounted by crosses, grave-diggers toiling in tombs up to their shoulders, a specter robed in black treading a path paved with human bones.

The *Salons* of 1867 and 1868, in which Jean Paul Laurens exhibited "A Dead Maiden," "Vox in Deserto," and "Herodias and her Daughter," showed a step in advance in regard to drawing. A greater degree of confidence was noticeable, together with that ease and suppleness of line adaptable to every form and capable of imparting life and charm. Unfortunately, the coloring was still pale, cold, and faulty in point of relief, with here and there a total absence of light. Yet there were in each one of the paintings some particular parts that attested the surprising faculties of an instinctive colorist, albeit those faculties were still undecided, vacillating,

hampered by the persistent lingering of school influence. When would the vigorous temperament of the artist burst the bonds of tradition, and assert its power by a determined stroke? The head of the "Dead Maiden," the arid landscape by the seacoast where the "Forerunner" said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," all bore the stamp of undoubted excellence and betokened early deliverance.

While awaiting the day of sunshine when the work which he was as yet powerless to realize, but which he felt and perceived within, should burst forth visible to all eyes, Laurens, harassed by secret cares, gave way to his grief and drooped. Assuredly he had not foreseen so obstinate a struggle, and there were times when he despaired of the victory. To add to his misfortunes he was sick. His stomach, after withstanding the test of the inns frequented by Buccaferrata through the south, of the *Cheval Blanc* at Toulouse, of the *crémeries* in the *Rue de l'Ouest*, the beer-shops of the *Quartier des Martyrs*, had at last rebelled against the violence of such repeated assaults, and, being incapable of digesting food, refused to receive any. The almost absolute fasting to which he was condemned kept his faculties in such a state of excitement as gave me ground for serious anxiety. While that condition lasted, his fevered brain was haunted by visions of grandeur, and seemed to be endowed with double its normal vigor and power.

About that time Laurens devoted much of his leisure to the perusal of his favorite books, and chiefly the volumes of the "Dictionnaire Historique." One morning he chanced upon the name of Boniface VIII. What a world of pictures the dramatic life of that sturdy champion of the papacy would afford! Boniface forcing his predecessor, Celestinus, to abdicate the tiara; Boniface and the French envoy, Guillaume de Nogaret; Boniface a lunatic in the Vatican; Boniface bolting his chamber doors, striking his head against the walls, and biting with rage the staff which sustained his tottering steps; Boniface casting himself upon his couch and smothering himself with the tightened folds of the bedclothes—all these scenes of horror and exasperation stimulated his comprehension of the grand.

"Ah, had Shakespeare been a painter," he cried one evening as he recited to me his impressions of the day, "what masterpieces he would have left us! Side by side with the lunatic Lear, he would have exhibited the lunatic Boniface. A royal madman is certainly a fine thing; but a pope would have been magnificent. And then, without infringing on the power of popes, mightier in those semi-barbarous times than that

of kings, just think what scenery, what costumes—those most important details for the painter! The room in the Vatican for a background; then the tiara, the copes, the red, the violet, and the white robes, the miters of gold or silver, the lofty candelabra, the beautiful Gothic censers, the frocks of monks of all orders, the fabrics of silk and purple—all the marvelous luxury of the Romish Church, almost superior in variety to the rich treasures of the palette and the dazzling possibility of the brush!"

I listened enraptured.

"Ah," he pursued, "had Shakespeare—"

"But your art has its Shakespeare too," I broke in; "do you forget Michael Angelo?"

"True! why did not Michael Angelo take up those admirable subjects?"

"When Buonarrotti realized his world of powerful creations, the time for judging the Church had not yet arrived. There is a critical movement which is absolutely of our own day. And yet Michael Angelo, in his grand work of the 'Last Judgment,' has held up more than one episode of ecclesiastical history to the execration of mankind, nor did he forget Boniface VIII. any more than did Dante in the nineteenth canto of his 'Inferno.'"

He pondered.

"*C'est égal*," said he, apparently answering objections of his own; "besides the decorative effect necessary in the background of every picture of an ecclesiastical character, a figure like that of Boniface VIII. would, I am sure, be one of powerful interest; and then it would be no hard matter to find among the popes a number of others resembling him . . ."

"You would not meet with many of them. For the honor of humanity, such savagely violent temperaments, and dispositions of such deep infamy, are rare. Nevertheless, if you persist in seeking out untrodden paths, you might perchance discover in the lives of Stephen VII., Innocent III., and Gregory VII., something not unworthy your efforts."

"*Mais voilà le diable*: a great deal, a very great deal of talent is necessary for that."

"Well, you have a great deal of talent."

"I am ill."

"Pshaw! you'll be well again . . . a robust countryman like you does not allow himself to be upset by trifles . . . don't pine; you will do more work still."

He looked at me with glaring eyes.

"Ah, poverty, odious poverty, that has followed me from the cradle up!" he murmured.

His tone was one of despair. I clasped him by the hand. Our silence remained long unbroken.

"*Mon ami!*" I cried at last, "the malady

from which you are at present suffering does not in any wise affect your general health. Now be not too hasty to accuse poverty; it is not alone to blame. Your brain has also had its share in the mischief. The perpetual flow and ebullition of thought, too close application to work, and indefinite delay in the realization of your legitimate hopes have kept you in a state of excitement the immediate effects of which have been prejudicial to your digestion, already considerably impaired, and have, as I, being somewhat of a physiologist, should imagine, been gradually extended to the entire machine. Go to Fourquevaux for a while, or to Toulouse, or anywhere else you please, but leave Paris. Could you but return to the pastimes of your childhood and take pleasure in trapping the goldfinches of your plains, you would come back ever so much improved, rejuvenated—a new man! A home bath of nature is what you need. Off, then, to the plains of Lauraguais!”

“And what shall I do there?”

“Nothing.”

“And what am I to live on?”

“The grass of the fields. The herbage of Fourquevaux will be better for you than the beefsteaks of Paris.”

“What a trial it is to be poor! . . .”

“Was it to make a fortune that you turned your attention to painting?”

“By no means! It was to be a painter, a true painter, if possible,” he cried, proudly.

“Very well, then. Now listen to me for a moment. The School of Arts was wrong in not sending you to Rome; but you will go to Italy one day or other. Once there, push on to Assisi; you will there find works of the old masters—Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi among others—which will, I think, particularly interest you. I would especially call your attention, in the lower church of the cloister—for you will behold the admirable sight of two superposed churches—in the lower one, I say, to four figures by Giotto, the forerunner of Michael Angelo, and among those figures one entitled ‘Poverty.’ The subject is a simple one: St. Francis is standing before an old woman in rags, and placing a bridal ring upon her finger. My dear friend, he who pursues a lofty ideal, like St. Francis aspiring to heaven, has the courage to wed the ragged beggar whom he falls in with on his way, and live contentedly with her for years, perhaps for the remainder of his days. Indeed, there has been no time when talent was more liberally rewarded, or the efforts of talent more generously remunerated than they now are; but upon one condition, namely, the greater talents must be above the impatience peculiar to the lesser ones, and submit with resignation to be outstripped by a

noisy throng of bustling mediocrities eagerly pressing on to monopolize everything to-day, well knowing they shall have nothing to-morrow. Believe me, art, divine art, is equally averse to boastful, empty clamor as to abject preoccupations of gain. Though it may be pleasant to make a great deal of noise and dust during the brief minute of life, there is glory in leaving a work which shall be handed down from generation to generation.”

“But shall I ever accomplish that famous work?”

“By dint of unremitting zeal and untiring energy, it will one day appear. The grand axiom, that industry always finds its reward, is nowhere more perfectly verified than in art. But suppose even that the masterpiece of which my friendship persists in regarding you as capable should never be realized by your hands, what will you have lost in the attempt? Continued exercise of your faculties in the pursuit which I advise will bring redoubled ease and certainty of touch; and, more than this, as you rise from day to day, you will feel your mind expanding and growing more and more capable of comprehension and conception, and increasing in vigor in the execution of its designs.”

“What if I should fall in the struggle? For my aim is to be a great painter or not to be one at all.”

“‘To be or not to be,’ as says Hamlet, to whom you are so much attached.”

“I am fearful: it is so high to reach!”

“You will grow.”

“Who knows but your prediction may be verified?”

“And it *will* be verified. Remember the mysterious force which drove you to quit your home, and by and by to leave the fresco-painters, which sustained you through your hardships in Toulouse, and even now, in the face of a cruel malady which menaces your life, restrains you from capitulating. That is the force on which I rely to aid you to overcome any obstacles you may meet in your way. Had you been destined to obscurity in art, believe me, you would never have been fired with the enthusiasm which prompted you, a mere child, to quit Fourquevaux for the unknown, and, instead of living in Paris a prey to the torments of the mind, you would be sowing and reaping with your fellows on the plains of Lauraguais. That unknown which at Fourquevaux charmed but you alone, is to me an incontestable proof of your election; and, once a man is elected, no one or nothing has the power to impede him from attaining his level. Nature, who makes painters as she makes poets, has evidently chosen you, and you have a right to rely on yourself, for Nature does not err.”

He seized me by the hands.

"What now?" cried I.

"*Eh bien, adieu.* I'm off to Lauraguais."

XVI.

AFTER a sojourn of three months in the south, Laurens suddenly made his appearance, one evening in November, at the door of the cottage in the Batignolles. His health, both physical and moral, was completely restored. The feet of the dying man had touched his native soil, and he felt at once revived. Our joy and happiness were boundless. He talked of painting, as a matter of course. During his interminable walks at Lauraguais, in order to make the most of the sun and the fresh air, he had reflected, thought, studied, judged much. His work hitherto had not been good; henceforth he would do better things. His mind was overwhelmed by a number of subjects, some of which were barely perceived; he had caught a faint glimpse of them, while others had taken form, were completely planned, and required but to be transferred to the canvas.

He took a pencil and sketched before me on a sheet of paper the outlines of the picture which he intended to prepare for the forthcoming *Salon*—"Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil." With unreserved complacency he touched upon the salient features of other compositions, as yet but imperfectly conceived, but destined to future embodiment and shape. In fine, ideas fostered in the inspiration of renewed health and hopes fell thick and fast before me, like fruit shaken from their branches by the autumn blast.

In the flush of new-found vigor, Laurens, now beholding his career unobstructed, and stretching far into the future, resumed his labors with redoubled energy. But scarcely had he traced the outlines of "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil," when he was obliged to abandon it on the easel and repair in haste to Toulouse, whither he was summoned by a dispatch bearing the sad news that Madame Villemens was in her last moments, and desired to see him before dying.

In some of those happy hours when friendship unlocks the barriers of restraint, Laurens had often talked to me of the Villemens family. He had apprised me of the death of his first master, which had taken place shortly after a paralytic stroke, some two years previously; and of the illness of her whose kindness had prompted her to assume the responsibility of his general education. Nor was I unaware of the tender sentiments which, under the influence of early impressions and cherished recollections, Mademoiselle Villemens had awakened in my friend's heart; of his frequent visits to the *Boulevard Prince-Eugène*, where dwelt one Madame Gau-

thier, the wealthy relict of a gold-beater of the *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, and related to the Villemsens; together with a certain type of a Virgin, with an elongated profile, and large, pure, soft eyes, which he introduced on canvas, porcelain, and paper, with such persistent complacency as betrayed to me the story of his heart, now irrevocably smitten with the youthful maiden who had witnessed the struggles of his darker days, and probably often soothed his sufferings with a smile. But the depth of Laurens's passion was revealed to me by a grand drawing entitled "*Le Portrait Ovale.*" Edgar Poe's extraordinary tales had just been brought into vogue by a translation from the pen of Charles Baudelaire; and, while "*The Murderers of the Rue Morgue*" and "*The Gold-Bug*" were admired by some, "*The Black Cat*" and "*The Telltale Heart*" were preferred by others. As for our artist, yielding to his darling preoccupations, he went straight to "*The Oval Portrait,*" and adhered to it. In this very brief recital Poe exhibits the conflict between *art* and *life*: a painter bent upon animating on canvas the face of the woman he loves. Flushed with his idea, he takes a "vivid and burning pleasure" in the accomplishment of his task. But the model, "after long and weary weeks of sitting in the dark and lofty chamber of an isolated tower," perceives "her health declining gradually, and her spirits growing weak." He, under the influence of a terrible bewitchment, works on, heedless of all besides. "*'Tis life itself!*" he cries, as the final touch is terminated. On turning to look at his idol, she is dead. In the drawing, to which Laurens had unhesitatingly given the title of Poe's extraordinary tale, two figures emerge from amid a singularly odd and fantastic arrangement: below, the author's face—feverish, inflamed, all eyes—surrounded by vapory shadows, shadows of dream-land; above, in the oval frame described by the poet, in all the plenitude of ideal light, the adorable face of the beloved one.

Laurens did not tarry long at Toulouse. Having paid his last tribute of duty to Madame Villemens, over whom he watched till her final moments with the devoted affection of a son, he returned to Paris, and resumed his labors with avidity. The year 1869 proved as auspicious to him as its immediate predecessor had been disastrous, since it was marked by the immense joy of his union for life to her whom his heart had chosen long before; while his tableau of "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil" was rewarded with a medal at the *Salon*.

In that painting we might also remark the absence of decision in the principal figure, the profile of which is too slender, the hair colorless and arranged in ringlets, and the drapery the tra-

ditional blue mantle; while the gesture of the uplifted hand to cast out the demon savors somewhat of the theatrical; but what a masterpiece was the demoniac crouched among the stones of the highway! What knowledge of anatomy in the broken lines of that dislocated body, tortured and ravaged by the powers of the bottomless pit writhing before the victorious presence of Jesus of Nazareth—the terrible strife between heaven and hell in the limbs of the possessed one, as in a field of combat, was everywhere revealed with singular eloquence of touch—and in the convulsed muscles of the trunk; and in one of the arms partially concealing the face for shame before the divine Healer; and in the legs of the sufferer, bent, as if in a powerless effort to kneel! Then what a landscape is that of the “Vale of Sepulchres,” where the scene takes place! And then white walls, and more white walls, in that crude, intense white which carries us back to the luminous painters of the East, to Delacroix, Decamps, Bida.

Notwithstanding the medal awarded by the jury, before the doors of the Exhibition were closed, Laurens, whose mind was ever busied in searching into and analyzing his manner and conceptions, had intuitively discerned all the defects of his work. “The demoniac, *c’était ça*; but Jesus! . . .” With the frankness of conscious power to insure *signal* victory, he judged himself with severity.

One afternoon, in the month of January, 1870, in the *Rue Taranne*, where he had settled after his marriage, we were turning over the leaves of the Shenoor Bible together. All of a sudden he shut the book, the sight of the plates, some of which are really remarkable, having spurred him to a retrospective view of himself.

“It is astonishing,” cried he, pettishly, “that the head of Christ is always weak, empty, *lanterneuse** (pardon the slang phrase), in those compositions, otherwise grand here and there. All the rest of the figures breathe and think, have lungs in their chest, and a brain in their head; but that one has nothing within the ribs, naught behind the frontal bone.”

“*Mon ami*, it is infinitely easier for a painter to become familiar with men than with God. We are in real contact with men, and so are enabled to see and observe them; but our only contact with the Deity is through the imagination and of a nature to misguide.”

“Hence we ought to relinquish all attempts to give an idea of Christ in painting?”

“Just see the present condition of sacred art here and elsewhere.”

“It does not, indeed, shine with a very bril-

liant light. And yet in other days it constituted the most perfect expression of the art.”

“It is not my intention to gainsay it. Fra Angelico, Perugino, Mantegna, a few of the early Flemings—Van Dyck, for instance—some Germans, especially Dürer, were distinguished religious painters.”

“And Raphael? and Michael Angelo and Titian? and Tintoretto? and Paul Veronese? and Ribera? and Rubens? and a hundred others? . . .”

“To my mind, all these contented themselves with being great painters. Indeed, I know not of a single scene in either the Old or New Testament in which those giants of art have not tried their hands; and, were it not for fear of being taxed with disrespect in matters so delicate and elevated, they might be said to have shown singular obstinacy in their endeavors to twist and turn the Trinity under every possible aspect. Their works are admirable, sublime, and whatever else you will; but in all those incomparable splendors of form, in all that *morbidessa* forbidden by the somber doctrines of the middle ages and abruptly raised from the dead, in those sensuous contours, those absolutely human attitudes, I am at a loss to discover the minutest trace of religious inspiration. The Renaissance, devoted to the study of Grecian and Roman antiquities, dispersed the angels with which cloistral mystic dreams had filled the world; and henceforward there were only men.”

“And it is with man that art is to live?”

“With him alone, . . . unless art is to be condemned to the creation of figures devoid of lungs within their ribs, and having no brain behind their frontal bone, as you very justly observed.”

“The Bible is so grand! the gospel is so beautiful!”

“Right. But to interpret the Testaments we must believe them, and there’s the difficulty, as the wind blows in this nineteenth century. One day Michael Angelo, looking at the ‘Triumph of the Virgin’ by the master of Fiesoli, exclaimed in a transport of admiration, ‘It is impossible not to suppose that Fra Giovanni went to paradise for his models!’ Michael Angelo was not mistaken: Fra Giovanni had, indeed, taken his models from paradise, for his faith had thrown open its gates. . . . Now, to return to yourself. Inasmuch as the ardor of your convictions does not appear to me sufficient to enable you to soar up to heaven, instead of racking your brain in search of a type to your mind for the representation of Christ, imitate the masters of the Renaissance, and make men—men with flesh and bones. For the sons of this century there is no art outside of humanity.”

* Lantern-like.

XVII.

THE predominant trait of Laurens's character is obstinacy. When once an idea has entered his brain, discussion, instead of removing it, acts rather as a mallet to wedge it in more firmly. What a headstrong fellow was Ingres! and, not to stop at artists properly so called, what another was Lamennais!

The name of the unsociable author of the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" leads me to recall the following incident: A friend of his having called his attention to an erroneous quotation in the third volume of his "*Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*," and offering to go and procure the correct reading at the *Bibliothèque Richelieu*—

"Do nothing of the kind!" cried Lamennais.

"Well, but—"

"No matter."

"Pray allow me to set you right."

"How ridiculous of you to pretend to set me right!" cried the opinionated Breton, angrily.

"Pardon me," rejoined the other, courteously, as before; "as I only desire to correct a misquotation, and I see nothing in that to make you rise in arms. It can not be admitted that a genius has any authority to quote incorrectly."

Casting a glance of pity at him, and without the slightest endeavor to temper the harshness of his words, Lamennais rejoined:

"It is easy to see that you do not know what genius is. *Mon cher*, genius marches onward in a straight line, and one of its essential characteristics is to look neither to the right nor to the left."

All our conversations, all our debates on the subject of sacred painting, so difficult of access in times when analysis has, little by little, undermined faith, did not prevent Laurens from attempting still another religious picture. Now that he had a family, and had accepted the humble position of drawing teacher in the municipal schools of the city as a means of meeting his new responsibilities, it was whispered about that the painter of "Jesus driven out of the Synagogue" was, by his persistent choosing of New Testament subjects, seeking to ingratiate himself with the administration, which has an abundance of churches to embellish. Envy with her poisonous tooth had turned upon him. . . .

With "Jesus driven out of the Synagogue" a decisive step had been taken, and it was henceforth impossible to ignore Laurens. The work was imposing, not only by reason of the skillful grouping of the figures, very numerous toward the background; the quality of the design, marvelous in accuracy of outline, in a crowd, where the heads tend to jumble confusedly, if the laws

of perspective be not rigorously observed; but also by reason of the vibrating brilliancy of tone never before attained by the artist in such an eminent degree. But, joy! color—long-looked-for color, since without it there is no painting—had been found, and was securely held!

The type of Christ, so eagerly pursued by Laurens in "Moriah" and in "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil," had also been discovered. It was no longer the pale face of his first attempts, with soulless brow and blue eyes, destitute of warmth and almost lifeless. This time the artist was no longer the slave of school theories; and, instead of looking upward to the skies, he sought his ideals on earth. While sketching the principal figure he recollected having read somewhere—perhaps in the Evangelists, perhaps in his strange "*Dictionnaire Historique*," perhaps in Saint Augustine—that "Jesus was the most beautiful among the children of men"; and, since nothing here below can be more divine than beauty, in realizing this my friend had realized Christ. Jesus repulsed from the tribune, whither he comes to proclaim eternal truths, raises his head in majesty, and looks upon the threatening multitude with an expression at once lofty and serene. His whole attitude of sovereign scorn, tempered with the kindness of a God whom no indignity can reach, brings to mind the divine words recorded in Holy Writ, "I have pity on the multitude." It was for the exasperated Jews that Laurens reserved the astonishing vigor of his palette, henceforward embracing the entire variety of tones. The figure seen in profile, with extended arm, pointing out the "Carpenter's Son" to the people's fury, is admirably executed. The one howling behind the calm, unmoved form of Jesus, and so forcibly reminding us of the grotesque yet sublime scene of the "Crucifixion" of Callot, is endowed with singular intensity of life. As for a third, menacing the Man-God with an uplifted staff, his appearance in the midst of the savage struggle is one of thrilling determination. One figure alone distresses me as I gaze on this already powerful canvas, in which so many heads are delineated in such bold relief as the artist himself would, even now, find it difficult to surpass; it is that of the high priest, seated near the tribune, with the book of the law resting on his knee. Why was not that seat left vacant? Why should I here find this reminiscence of the empty, declamatory old men of Jouvenet's pictures, and of Restout's insupportably hollow dotards?

XVIII.

THE horrible war of 1870 broke out. Laurens, like all the rest of us, driven from his studio by absorbing preoccupation, wandered through the streets reading bulletins, perusing

newspapers, and accosting anxious groups in order to learn the news of the day. To the anguish felt by all of us after the defeats of Reichshoffen and Forbach, and after the heroic struggles of Gravelotte and Saint-Privat, was added another woe more overwhelming still for Laurens. What was to become of him with his wife, scarcely recovered from a dangerous illness, and his infant child of six months, when the Prince of Prussia, who was reported to be marching toward Paris, should have invested the great city? The privations of a siege would certainly prove fatal to those dear ones. His mind was haunted by visions of his new-made home—the scene of so many dreams of future joy—swamped in the disasters of his country.

Meantime, the departure of the last train by the Orleans Railway was announced, as it was feared that traffic on the line might at any moment be interrupted. One evening Laurens, with his wife and child, set out in a crowded cattle-wagon for Toulouse. A new army corps was in process of organization, and, once he had placed his family in safety, a musket would not be refused him. He had, however, to wait many a weary month. The *mobiles* of the Haute-Garonne had been marched toward the Loire; and there was also some talk of forwarding the *mobiles* troops to the front; but, the ranks of these improvised regiments being for the most part filled up with married men, imperfectly drilled and equipped, and utterly unprepared to take the field, the time for sending them to face the enemy was continually postponed. What a disappointment not to be allowed an opportunity to burn a few cartridges!

On returning to Paris and his labors after those painful months of exile, he was puzzled what subject to fix his choice upon. His thoughts, like ours, wandered upon new battles; for it seemed to him impossible that the immediate future should not have in store for us a day of glory and revenge. But while indulging in these tragic dreams, through which he caught a glimpse of warlike France rising greater, stronger, mightier than before, he dashed off a number of spirited drawings, and flung them before the crowd as pledges of the ardent patriotism which inflamed his breast. I still remember a "Battle of Reichshoffen": terrible, soul-stirring—horses flying madly to and fro; cuirassiers in ponderous accouterments lying on the ground; wounded heroes—here rising beneath a shower of bullets which mow down men as does hail the ripe wheat in the ear, and rushing eagerly to the struggle—there exhausted, and, having lost their swords in the fearful strife, menacing with their clinched fists and blood-smeared faces the advancing enemy, who crushes them with the im-

placable precision of a steel machine. "The Sword of God" was a composition of rare elevation, and characterized by true Biblical severity. With the falchion Jehovah pierces a monster vomited from the abyss, which dared to lift up to him its hideous head, resembling the head of a bird of prey, bristling with the points of a royal crown. A rain of gore is visible all around. Beneath that avenging page was traced the following verse: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

But these noble testimonials of sympathy with his country groaning beneath the weight of its reverses, and shorn of its hallowed unity, were soon to bring forth works at once of a more personal character and of a higher order. According to Laurens, the crime which stretched France upon a field of gore had proceeded from a twofold source: the empire, that had declared war before anything had been done to prepare for it; and the Church, which, by setting us at enmity with Italy, had prevented her from flying to our assistance. From this double idea, heightened in intensity by the irritation of defeat, sprang the "Death of the Duke d'Enghien" and the "Pope Formosus," described in the opening pages of this sketch. In the eyes of our exasperated artist, the "Death of the Duke d'Enghien" was the empire rendered odious by the sight of the ambush of Vincennes; while the "Pope Formosus and Stephen" was the exposure of the Church in broad daylight, with its atrocious intestine passion, monstrous vengeance, and secret strifes, wherein man either soars to the heights of ideal purity and the divine gentleness of the angel, or descends to the depths of shame, debasement, and brutal cruelty. The success was great.

With the "Pool of Bethesda," exhibited at the *Salon* of 1873, Laurens returned to his cherished religious painting, his repeated attempts at which had been attended by such varied success. This time, however, it was something new. The painter had just come back from Italy, bringing with him the consciousness of his power. The contemplation of masterpieces dwarfs and annihilates your weakling; but it imparts new vigor to the robust by rousing their dormant energies to life and action.

Nothing could be more happily conceived or more thoroughly executed than this sober, resolute performance, the style of which is at once vigorous and lofty. Around the pool, whose waters are gently moved by an angel partaking somewhat of the manner of Michael Angelo, is a cluster of twenty figures in most picturesque attitude; and a multitude of others emerges from the rather dark background, rendered still

more somber by the shadow projected from the large, outspread wings of the celestial messenger. Mindful that "whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had," each one pushes and jostles his neighbor in order to reach the pool. In the haggard and livid faces of those sick folk is discerned the mingled expression of anxiety, anguish, and yearning after life. A few poor wretches have succeeded in singling themselves from the crowd, and can all but touch the regenerating waters; and for these, enveloped as they are in the singularly subdued light of that sinister scene, Laurens, having hurriedly disposed of the dense swarm of figures in the background, reserved all his vigor and fearlessness of touch.

Can anything be more affecting than the aspect of that young mother clasping her newborn babe to her withered breast while in the act of plunging into the pool? Can anything more touching be imagined than the expression of that father lifting in his arms his son, already struggling in the death-agony, in order to carry him within reach of the sacred flood? And the aged paralytic prostrate on the right, at the very edge of the pool, in which, nevertheless, it will not be permitted him to bathe, since his infirmity rivets him to the spot where he lies, and in that bustling, eager throng there is none to think of him! By dint of almost superhuman efforts the unfortunate creature had dragged himself thus far; but some suppleness of limb is now necessary to enable him to descend. One move, and he must inevitably fall and be drowned. How saddening is that spectacle of helpless misery, scorned and trampled on by surrounding selfishness! For the purpose of affording a clearer perception of that relentless law of self-preservation which in all crises—war, pestilence, famine—brings mankind down to the level of the brute, Laurens has detached that moribund figure from the crowd of sick and impotent, and in some measure exhibits him apart from them. In thus isolating his principal figure, he had a twofold object before him: intensity of dramatic effect, respecting the idea which it was his aim to convey, and a fair opportunity to render the execution of his picture as perfect as possible in an artistic point of view. The paralytic, having by a supreme convulsive struggle raised himself upon his elbows, presents a rugged trunk, studied in its minutest details of relief, and in the sickly flaccidity of the impoverished muscles, with that patient, unflagging ardor which Zurbaran carried to such an extreme. The head is thrust forward to the utmost extent of the neck, and the glaring eyes obstinately riveted upon the water. "Ah! if some one would but help me!" The shrunk-en abdomen, shriveled thighs, and emaciated

arms, planted prop-like on the ground, and barely sustaining the weight of the body, trellised with the intertwining nerves, and already assuming the fixed rigidity of death—all these are rendered in the plenitude of reality, not with tiresome minutiae, but amply, substantially, puis-santly.

XIX.

MEANTIME, Jean Paul Laurens, whose works had given place to stormy discussions, such as it is ever the fate of great talents to provoke, thanks to the marvelous versatility of his genius, seemed suddenly to abandon the terrific in the choice of his subjects, and to adopt a calmer and more engaging vein; for at the *Salon* of 1874 we find him mild, affectionate, almost tender, in his "Cardinal," the "Portrait of Martha," and "St. Bruno refusing the Offerings of Roger, Count of Calabria."

To be sure, this cardinal, all in red, standing out of the canvas with most lifelike reality, is in appearance rather formidable than reassuring, and his harsh features are certainly more threatening than debonair. But what a charming face, despite a vague expression of pain, is that of the "Portrait of Martha"! What admirable softness, delicacy, gracefulness of touch, are there! And, while the "Cardinal," by reason of his wild ruggedness, reminds me of those grim churchmen, such as the wandering Caravaggio painted among the Knights of Malta, the unlabored distinction of the "Portrait of Martha" recalls the charming troupe of Velasquez's infants.

Yet his principal production for that year was the "St. Bruno," a vast canvas intended for one of the churches of Paris. Beneath the Roman porch of an antique monastery stands a group of Carthusian monks, prominent among whom is the figure of St. Bruno, placed a short distance in front of the others. The movement of the head to avoid the sight of the treasures deposited at his feet by the Count's envoys and the spurning gesture of the hands are natural and sincere. How different this from the theatrical, almost ridiculous attitude of Girodet's "Hippocrates" refusing Artaxerxes's presents! Yet Laurens, as a profound observer of mankind, and not averse to a slight tinge of irony, has taken good care to commiserate human weakness and not make saints of all those monks. One of them, ensconced directly behind Bruno, is stealing a covetous glance at the silver waterpots, golden cruets, and coffers inlaid with sparkling gems; doubtless, as attested by his youthful countenance, some novice who has not yet bid adieu to all human vanities, and is still in search of "*ce detachment dans la mort du cloître*," as St. Benedict calls it in a letter to his sister *scholastique*, which the others

have already attained. Count Roger's delegates are portrayed with the frank simplicity of the true artist, who, instead of turning a difficulty, goes straight to it, and overcomes it naturally, aided alone by his natural gift. I should mention the bent figure holding a cardinal's hat in his hand before St. Bruno. How much of the noble in the attitude of that lord as he bows while addressing a saint! With what a display of art is this figure draped in his ample robe of green velvet, bathed in a flood of light! Indeed, an abundance of light in every direction constitutes one of the charms of the picture. Nor should we leave unnoticed the effect produced by the implacable cloudless sky of Calabria on the architecture of the cloisters, on the high walls of the convent pierced irregularly here and there with narrow windows, resembling black loopholes on a raw, blinding white.

This picture, besides marking Laurens's third or fourth success, secured for him the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor.

To paint the somber picture which he entitled "Pope Formosus and Stephen VII.," Laurens had to betake himself to the study of ecclesiastical history, for which he conceived such a decided taste as to make it one of his favorite exercises. The violent strifes of the Bishops of Rome in their endeavors to attest their sway over the city; their persistent efforts to extend that sway to the world at large; the wars in which they had to engage in order to uphold their exorbitant pretensions to the possession of the earth, "which God had given into their keeping," according to the haughty assertion of Innocent III.; the throne of Peter rising above other thrones in the obscure and truceless struggles of the middle ages—all these things deeply impressed our artist's mind.

One thing in particular was of all-absorbing interest for my friend—namely, the evolution of Catholic ideas and Catholic theories from the banks of the Tiber to the extremities of civilization, subjugating nations, humbling kings, bending the strongest wills, and crushing resistance wherever met, as "wheat is crushed by the millstone." What pictures he descried by the gleam of the thunderbolts which Popedom at all times was nothing loath to hurl forth in the defense of heavenly interests, confounding these with the petty interests of its own power and pride! In that fierce onslaught of the sovereign pontiffs, whose arms were ever uplifted to fashion the world after their own hearts and stamp it with the impress of their own will, one subject above all others seemed to engage Jean Paul's attention—namely, *excommunication*: Rome excommunicating princes, excommunicating nations, suspending human affairs, and even arresting the

course of life itself in countries resisting its authority. He searched our national history from end to end, and in rapid succession he painted with an irate brush two works for the Exposition of 1875—the "Excommunication of Robert the Pious," and "The Interdicted."

With Robert we find ourselves in one of the apartments of the palace. The vast proportions of that spacious monumental apartment seem vaster still, owing to the recent exit of the host of courtiers and valets. But a moment ago the King and Queen, now alone in the deserted hall, seated on their thrones in attitudes bespeaking consternation and despair, participated in the general merry-making of their joyous court, a noisy, festive throng, and were the enraptured hearers of piquant jest and coruscating wit. But what catastrophe has taken place? Why that scepter on the ground? Why those deserted seats, whose sunken velvet cushions tell of their recent occupancy by fair ladies and titled dignitaries of the state? What means yonder huge taper, hurled from its brazen socket, now pouring forth its molten wax upon the flags below, and poisoning the air with streams of stifling fumes? The Church has visited it. See, to the right, in the transparent shadows of the stone arches, receding figures clothed in sacerdotal robes. In front the cross, borne by a monk concealed from view; then another monk attired in a simple cloistral gown; next a surpliced priest; and closing the march a mitered prelate, crosier in hand, and wrapped in the ponderous, impressive folds of an ample cope, the legate *a latere*, Rome's executioner, withdrawing slowly, majestically, with the pompous pageantry of a procession, after denouncing the enemy of divine power. The excommunication of the King, guilty of marriage with his kinswoman in the teeth of canonical opposition, naturally involved the interdiction of the kingdom which must at all hazards be freed from allegiance to its prince.

In a second picture Laurens depicted with ferocious sternness of purpose the frightful disorder, the annihilation worse than death itself, to which the Papacy was wont to reduce recalcitrant countries that presumed to rebel against Heaven. We hear of Salvator Rosa's landscapes, and of the savage energy displayed by that original artist, that lover of wild, distorted nature; but what are these horrors compared to the spectacle of a whole people, simple in their faith, awaiting before the closed doors of their temples the hour for reconciliation with their God and crying for mercy, weeping and wailing and rending their breasts? What that energy compared to the sentiment of implacable hatred aroused by the sight of that lifeless maiden, crowned with a garland of virginal roses, awaiting the arrival of

a grave-digger never to come, for the graveyard, too, is closed, and the dead are denied a resting-place in hallowed ground? Verily, here is a sublime landscape. No upturned rocks are there, no hellish caverns, nor valley rent nor mountains convulsed by dreadful cataclysms; a simple wall, a simple wooden cross, a simple plot of ground, and nothing more; but that wall, that cross, that ground, are steeped in tears, the silent witnesses of human misery and despair, and none can look on them unmoved.

From the day on which Laurens exhibited his "Interdit," it was evident that France was in possession not only of a painter of exceptional energy, but of a bold thinker, an eager searcher after new paths in order to raise his art from the level of degrading subjects to an order of intellectual manifestations, at once more elevated, more in harmony with the aim and end of art, and more complete.

The *Salon* of 1876 shows us Laurens identical with himself: the only progress to be pointed out in "Francesco de Borgia beside the Bier of Isabella of Portugal," and the "Portrait de l'Artiste," is a perfect equilibrium of forces. Long-continued practice, thorough experience in the distribution of colors, and entire knowledge of the subject to be treated will, when combined, ultimately result in harmony. No more crowding, no more jarring, no more hap-hazard; but naturally, without strain, as it were of its own accord, beauty is disclosed in both drawing and color, all the resources of the artist having attained a plenitude of perfection.

"The Emperor Charles V. directed Francesco de Borgia to accompany the Empress Isabella's remains to Granada. After the funeral ceremony Francesco causes the coffin to be opened, to view his dead sovereign. On beholding the face once so full of charm but now disfigured . . ."

So runs the description in the handbook. How dramatic is this scene! Francesco de Borgia, standing before the bier, reverentially uncovers his head and gazes. His motionless features, notwithstanding an effort of will, betray a mingled expression of feeling and awe. He had known the Empress in all her beauty. By the expression which the artist has succeeded in giving to that head, internally agitated by thoughts on the end of all things and all beings, we are enabled to divine the supreme resolutions shortly to be taken by Charles's envoy, and which will one day withdraw him from the world for ever. Side by side, and contrasting with the gloomy visage of Francesco, preoccupied with renunciation, is the amiable face of his very young wife, charming, fresh, and round as that of a child. Strange to say—and what a truly youthful expression, the expression of youth protesting against death, that will

not believe in death!—the attitude of this figure, thrown into bold relief by a brilliant costume, bespeaks rather a sentiment of curiosity than of fear. The Archbishop of Granada, who has just given final absolution in the immense cathedral, with its Moorish arches, still illuminated by the glare of brilliant tapers and perfumed with fragrant incense, is seen at the left side of the picture, in a majestic attitude of meditation. Laurens has made the most of the silver miter and black cope of the prelate, now inclining slightly forward as he recites the funeral service. These accessories, so unobtrusively introduced, form the most felicitous of contrasts with the gorgeous effect of the candelabra, armorial tapers, and seats with golden fringe surrounding the mortal remains of the Empress; with the silken stuffs and scarlet velvets falling in gaudy profusion over the sides of the bier displayed in state, and particularly with the brocade robe decked with streams of pearls, in which Isabella's rigid corpse lies wrapped as in a metallic sheath. That simplicity in life on the one hand, and this ostentation in death on the other constitute a truly tragical effect,

Among the paintings exhibited by Laurens at the *Salon* of 1876 were eleven compositions intended to illustrate a new edition of the "Imitation of Christ," although the subjects, strangely enough, were chosen by the author from sources outside of the book itself, and forming a truly notable collection. Accustomed as Laurens had been to deal with the living and the dead, what could he hope to accomplish with the "Imitation," that mystical yearning for the heavenly land, a land of cloud which mortal feet can never tread, and through which the soul alone can wing its upward flight? Carried away by the perusal of a few thrilling chapters, he had once essayed to evoke from within the hidden recesses of his brain some noble, some beauteous figure of Faith, of Charity, of Religion, and of Humility. Alas! those luminous shades, dimly descried in a dream, vanished in the attempt to circumscribe them by lines, fix them in visible forms, and animate them with color! Finding, to his confusion, that the divine remained intangible, he descended again to the human, which his fingers could touch.

His ecclesiastical books forming still a part of his library, he opened them once more, and there found all he could desire. In connection with a passage in the "Imitation," on the "knowledge of things divine," he portrayed St. Thomas Aquinas, the mightiest genius of the Church, writing the "Summa" in his humble cell; to illustrate an allusion to the "ambitions of men," he seized on Brunon, Bishop of Toul, whom Hildebrand, then but a simple monk at Cluny, but afterward

the great Gregory VII., accused of having accepted the tiara through the influence of the Emperor of Germany, instead of receiving it from the legitimate authorities of the Church; and *à propos* of a hint on the "remorse that crime leaves in the heart," he resuscitated Marianna, wife of Herod the Great, and the shade, bursting the bonds that bind her hands, points out to her murderer the bleeding wound in her side. The historic page abounded in subjects that the slenderest thread of relevancy sufficed to link to the text; and Laurens pursued his labors with unremitting zeal.

While painting the charge of French cuirassiers at Reichshoffen, Laurens, still fired by the recollections of our late disasters, had the subject of "The Austrian Staff before Marceau's Corpse" suggested to his mind. But, inasmuch as he was more familiar with the picturesque things of the Church—miters, copes, censers, crosses—than with the formidable accessories of war—many-colored uniforms, sabers, muskets, cannons, horses—he was fearful to approach martial painting without preparatory study, and waited. A very short time afterward an incident offered that revived the idea in his mind, and redoubled his desire to carry it out. The administration of fine arts commissioned him to decorate one of the cupolas of the *Palais de la Légion d'Honneur*. Before commencing his work, which was to represent the institution of the order, Laurens gathered together a number of books, and read them with avidity, submitting soon afterward a plan which was at once accepted. Upon the steps of a vast amphitheatre are seated the First Consul, the founder; the Grand Chancellors, Lacépède, Mortier, Macdonald, and Exelmans, in brilliant uniforms; then, in the center of the cupola, in the azure of the zenith, a superb female figure, unfolding her arms, and writing, in a book borne by a genius vigorously foreshortened, the radiant name of the elect. This sober decoration, with its skillful arrangement and rounded figures, foreshortened as it were in a few masterly lines, is of an aspect at once eminently noble and not wanting in grandeur. But Laurens's thoughts were with Marceau.

One day, while crossing a narrow street in the *Quartier Saint-Victor*, the habitual resort of models, our painter, who was walking along with head down, and occupied with the visions of his dream, chanced to look. Within a few paces of him stood, in a posture at once graceful and indicative of strength, a magnificent youth, whose pale visage was fringed by splendid locks of jet-black, curly hair. He was evidently one of those admirable children of the Abruzzi, such as Italy, the eternally prolific land of beauty, produces in such numbers for the Paris studios.

"Ah! had he but red hair, what a Marceau he would make!" soliloquized Laurens. Then, once more examining the youth, still motionless, beautiful with the beauty of an antique statue, on the margin of that Parisian sidewalk—"N'im-*portez*!" said Laurens, fascinated. "I'll engage him, and set to work." The following day he began "The Austrian Staff before Marceau's Corpse."

In a large room wainscoted in the Louis XV. style, close by one of those canary-colored screens so common in the last century, is a bed hastily improvised upon some short, substantial benches. On that bed lies Marceau, in his rich uniform embellished with silver lace, and his right hand upon the hilt of his long curved sword. From the superhuman beauty of the visage, the perfect ease of attitude and marvelous tranquillity of the members still retaining their flexibility in death, one would be more likely to think of a young god slumbering than a general-in-chief slain in battle. The pallid serenity of marble pervades those features—they are evidently made for immortality. At the head of that rustic bed, the gaudy-colored covering and puffed pillows of which stand out in the relief of reality itself, is Kray, *ce vieux et respectable guerrier*, as he was styled in the "Rapport Officiel" of September 21, 1796. Kray is seated, with his brow reposing on his right wrist, and in his right hand is a pocket-handkerchief on which drop silent tears, while the left is convulsively clasped upon one of his knees. This figure, assuredly the most important of the group, has been dealt with in a masterly fashion, with the depth of power, the audacious, invincible energy of a Géricault, that rugged painter of soldiers. Again, the unconstrained bearing of this personage is most admirably, most touchingly natural. Next to and overlooking him are the two army surgeons, in close-fitting uniforms of garnet velvet, who attended the wounded General. One of them, bowing beneath the burden of his grief for an irreparable loss, is stifling his sobs behind the dead hero's pillow; the countenance of the other betokens deep and poignant sorrow; but that countenance can not weep. Nor can anything be more effective than this contrast between grief giving over to tears and sorrow that burns unquenched.

Meantime, while the foregoing scene of silent affliction is being enacted on one side, there is observable at the opposite side another scene, a touching one, too, though in a lesser degree. The Archduke Charles surrendered Marceau's dead body on condition only of being permitted to attend the funeral of the General-in-chief of the French. Accordingly, before the commencement of the ceremony, Charles and his staff march past

before him by whom he had been so often held in check and so often defeated in the field. With head uncovered, and slightly bending toward the couch on which lies his conqueror of yesterday, the Archduke's bearing could scarcely be more noble or expressive of respect. His thoughtful air, and the imposing gravity of his whole deportment, testify his high esteem for the enemy from whom he has just been delivered by a Tyrolese musket-ball.

The painter, whose keen perception allows no detail to pass unnoticed, has not failed to make the most of the white, gold-embroidered tunic of the Austrian Prince and the uniforms of the officers accompanying him, in which the same color prevails. In that compact crowd how many heads we see, studied, chiseled, modeled with untiring care, with some here and there standing out in all the lifelike intensity of portraits!

Here, at last, was a creation from Laurens's brush, full, finished, and complete in every part. It may be—as critics were prompt to suggest—that this vast composition is confined within too narrow limits, the figures are perhaps too crowded, and the generally dull tone of the whole

might perhaps have been varied and relieved by the opportune introduction of a few bright dashes of color. But, if the artist heard these suggestions submissively, the public felt otherwise disposed before a work that wrung tears from their eyes, and, as an earnest of homage to one of the heroes of French history, renders France dearer to the hearts of the people.

XX.

I HAVE reached the end of my task. I have told of the enthusiasm of Laurens's childhood, I had almost said of the first pulsations of his vocation; I have given an account of the labors of his youth, passed in the midst of mental and bodily hardships, and related the progress of work page by page with love, and regardless of the monotony which must inevitably follow such a lengthy series of descriptions. If, as a great man has written, "after having admired a friend, there is nothing sweeter than to proclaim it," I have tasted that sweetness in all its plenitude.

FERDINAND FABRE, in "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

MUSICAL ROMANTICISM.

THERE is nothing stranger in the world than music: it exists only as sound, is born of silence and dies away into silence, issuing from nothing and relapsing into nothing; it is our own creation, yet it is foreign to ourselves; we draw it from out of the silent wood and the silent metal, it lives in our own breath, yet it seems to come to us from a distant land which we shall never see, and to tell us of things we shall never know. It is for ever striving to tell us something, for ever imploring us to listen and to understand; we listen, we strain, we try to take in its vague meaning; it is telling us sweet and mighty secrets, letting drop precious talismanic words; we guess, but do not understand. And shall we never understand? May we never know wherefore the joy, wherefore the sadness? Can we not subtilize our minds, go forth with our heart and fancy as interpreters, and distinguish in the wreathing melodies and entangled chords some word of superhuman emotion, even as the men of other ages distinguished in the sighing oak-woods and the rustling reeds the words of the great gods of nature?

To us music is no longer what it was to our grandfathers, a mere pleasing woof of meaning-

less pattern; we have left those times far behind, times whose great masters were prophets uttering mere empty sounds to their contemporaries; we have shaken off the dust of the schools of counterpoint, we have thrown aside the mechanical teachings of the art; for us music has become an audible, quivering *fata morgana* of life, the embodiment of the intangible, the expression of the inexplicable, the realization of the impossible. And it has become a riddle, a something we would fain understand but can not, a spell of our own devising which we can not decipher; we sit listening to it as we sit looking into the deep, dreamy eyes of an animal, full of some mute language, which we vainly strive to comprehend.

The animal seems as though it could say much if only it could speak; so also music would seem to contain far deeper meanings than any spoken word, to be fraught with emotion deeper than we can feel: it could confide so much if we could understand. Yet the animal is but an animal, with some of our virtues and some of our vices, infinitely more ignorant than we are; dumb, not because we can not understand, but because he can not speak. And may it not be the same

with music? May not music be intellectually inscrutable because it is intellectually meaningless?

The idea is one from which we shrink; but are we right in shrinking from it? Can not music be noble in itself apart from any meaning it conveys? Can not we be satisfied with what it certainly is, without thinking of what it may be? It would seem to be so; it is the spirit of our culture to strain restlessly after the unknown, for ever to seek after the hidden, to reject the visible and tangible. We yearn to penetrate through the blue of the summer evening, to thread our way among the sun-gilded clouds; yet the blue heaven, if we rise into it, is mere tintless air; the clouds, if we can touch them, are mere dull vapor. And so also we would fain seek a meaning in those fair sounds which are fairer than any meaning they could contain; we would break down in rude analysis the splendors of "Don Giovanni" only to discover beneath them the story of a punished Lovelace; we would tear to shreds a glorious fugue of Bach for the satisfaction of hearing the Jews yelling for Barabbas.

This is our tendency, this our way of enjoying the great art of other days: to care not for itself, but for what it suggests—nay, most often for the suggestion of the mere name of the work of art, for there is no punished Lovelace in Mozart's melodies, no Barabbas in Bach's fugues, there is nothing but beautiful forms made out of sounds. The old prosaic masters of the past, who worked at a picture, or a statue, or an opera, as a cobbler works at a pair of shoes, never thought of suggesting anything to us; they gave something substantial, something intrinsically valuable, a well-shaped figure, a richly tinted canvas, a boldly modulated piece of music; to produce that and no more had been their object, it was all they could give, and their contemporaries were satisfied with it. Their art was their trade, pursued conscientiously, diligently, intelligently, sometimes with that superior degree of intelligence we call genius, but it was their trade and no more. They themselves were as prosaic as any artisan, and no more saw vague poetry in their works, though these were the "Olympic Jove," the "School of Athens," or the "Messiah," than does the potter in his pot or the smith in his iron; all they saw was that their works were beautiful, as the potter sees that his pot is round and smooth, and the smith that his blade is bright and sharp. For the rest they were terribly prosaic, terribly given up to the mechanical interests of their art and the material interests of their lives, as you may see them in Vasari, in the lives of Händel, of Bach, of Haydn, of Mozart, of the last of true, unpoetic musicians, Rossini, and as you would doubtless see the unknown sculp-

tors of antiquity if you could see them at all.

But the time came when the world, which had lived off prose most heartily ever since the middle ages, grew sick of such coarse mental food, and longed for unsubstantial poetic ambrosia; the fact is, it was morally sick, and took its strong intellectual food in disgust, and fancied and yearned for impossible things, as sick men do. And in its loathing for the common, the simple, the healthy, the world took to eating the intellectual opium of romanticism; it enjoyed and was plunged for a while in ineffable delights, such as only weakness can feel and poison afford: the universe seemed to expand, the imagination to grow colossal, the feelings to become supernaturally subtle; all limits were removed, all impossibilities became possibilities; the fancy roamed over endless and ever-varying tracts, and soared up into the clouds of the unintelligible, and dived into the bottomless abyss of chaos; all things quivered with a strange new life, with a life in other lives, with an unceasing, ever-changing life; everything was not only itself but something else: all was greater, higher, deeper, brighter, darker, sweeter, bitterer, more ineffable than itself; it was a paradise of Mohammed, of Buddha, of Dante; it was enjoyment keen, subtle, intoxicating, which made the fancy swim, the senses ache, and the soul faint. Then came the reaction, the inevitable after-effect of the drug—depression, languor, palsy, convulsion.

About seventy years ago a great humorist, who frittered away a quaint and fantastic genius in etching grimacing caricatures, and scribbling gaunt ghost-stories, the once popular, now almost forgotten Hoffmann, looked on at this crisis in musical history, at this first intoxication of romanticism; sympathized with its poetry, its ludicrousness, and its sadness; embodied them all in one grotesque, pathetic figure, and for the first and last time in his life produced a masterpiece. The masterpiece is his poor, half-mad musician, Johannes Kreisler, "chapelmaster and cracked *musicus par excellence*," as he signs his letters, the artist of incomplete genius, of broken career, of poetic dreams and crazy fancies, who used to go about dressed in a coat the color of C sharp minor, with an E-major-colored collar. And of all the glimpses Hoffmann has given us of Chapelmaster Kreisler none is so weirdly suggestive as that in which we see him improvising on the piano at his club of friends. The friends had met one evening expressly to hear Kreisler's extemporary performance, and he was just on the point of sitting down to the instrument when one of the company recollected that a lever had on a previous occasion refused to do its duty. He took up a light, and began his search for the re-

fractory lever, when suddenly, as he leaned over the interior of the piano, a heavy pair of brass snuffers crashed down from the candlestick on to the strings, of which half a dozen instantly snapped. The company began to exclaim at this unlucky accident, which would deprive them of the promised performance; but Chapelmaster Kreisler bade them be of good cheer, for they should still hear what was in his mind, as the bass strings remained intact.

Kreisler put on his little red skullcap and his Chinese dressing-gown, and sat down to the piano, while a trusty friend extinguished all the lights, so that the room remained in utter darkness. Then, with the muffling pedal down, Kreisler struck the full chord of A flat major, and spoke:

"What is it that murmurs so strangely, so sweetly, around me? Invisible wings seem to be heaving up and down. I am swimming in perfume-laden air. But the perfume shines forth in flaming, mysteriously linked circles. Lovely spirits are moving their golden pinions in ineffably splendid sounds and harmonies."

Chord of A flat minor (mezzo forte). "Ah, they are bearing me off into the land of eternal desire, but, even as they carry me, pain awakes in my heart, and tries to escape, tearing my bosom with violence."

Chord of E major (third), forte. "They have given me a splendid crown, but that which sparkles and lightens in its diamonds are the thousand tears which I shed; and in the gold shine the flames which are devouring me. Valor and power, strength and faith, for him who is called on to reign in the kingdom of spirits." . . .

B major (accentuato). "What a gay life in field and woodland in the sweet spring-tide! All the flutes and pipes, which have lain frozen to death in dusty corners throughout the winter, have now awakened and remembered their best beloved melodies, which they trill cheerfully like the birds in the air."

B major with the diminished seventh (smanioso). "A warm west wind comes sullenly complaining, like some mysterious secret, through the wood, and wherever it brushes past, the fir-trees murmur, the beeches murmur to each other, 'Wherefore has our friend grown so sad?' " . . .

E flat major (forte). "Follow him, follow him! His dress is green like the dark wood—sweet sounds of horns are his sighing words. Hearst him murmuring behind the bushes? Hearst thou the sound? The sound of horns, full of delight and sadness? 'Tis he! up, and meet him."

D third, fourth, sixth chord (piano). "Life plays its mocking game in all manner of fashions. Wherefore desire? Wherefore hope? Wherefore demand?"

C major (third) chord (fortissimo). "Let us rather dance over the open graves in wild rejoicing. Let us shout for joy, those beneath can not hear it. Hurrah! hurrah! Dance and jollity; the devil is riding in with drums and trumpets."

C minor chords (ff. in rapid succession). "Know-

est thou him not? Knowest thou him not? See, he stretches forth his burning claw to my heart! He masks himself in all sorts of absurd grimaces—as a free huntsman, as a concert-director, tapeworm doctor, *ricco mercante*; he pitches snuffers into the strings to prevent my playing!—Kreisler, Kreisler, shake thyself up! Seest thou it hiding, the pale ghost with the red burning eyes, stretching out its clawy, bony hand from beneath its torn mantle—shaking the crown of straw on its smooth, bald skull? It is Madness! Johannes, be brave! Mad, mad, witch-revelry of life, wherefore shakest thou me so in thy whirling dance? Can I not escape? Is there no grain of dust in the universe on which, diminished to a fly, I can save myself from thee, horrible torturing phantom? Desist! desist! I will behave. My manners shall be the very best. *Hony soit qui mal y pense.* Only let me believe the devil to be a *galantuomo*! I curse song and music; I lick thy feet like the drunken Caliban; free me only from my torments! Ai! Ai! abominable one! Thou hast trodden down all my flowers; not a blade of grass still greens in the terrible desert—

"Dead! Dead! Dead! . . ."

When Chapelmaster Kreisler ended, all were silent; poetry, passionate, weird, and grotesque, had poured from their friend's lips; a strange nightmare pageant had swept by them, beautiful and ghastly, like a mad Brocken medley of the triumph of Dionysos and the dance of Death.

They were all silent—all save one, and that one said: "This is all very fine, but I was told we were to have music; a good, sensible sonata of Haydn's would have been much more the thing than all this." He was a Philistine, no doubt, but he was right; a good, sensible sonata of Haydn's—nay, the stiffest, driest, most wooden fugue ever written by the most crabbed professor of counterpoint would have been far more satisfactory for people who expected music. A most fantastic rhapsody they had indeed heard, but it had been a spoken one, and the best strings of the piano had remained hanging snapped and silent during the performance.

Poor Chapelmaster Kreisler! He has long been forgotten by the world in general, and even those few that still are acquainted with his weird portrait smile at it as at a relic of a far-distant time, when life and art and all other things looked strangely different from how they look now. Yet the crazy musician of Hoffmann is but the elder brother of all our modern composers. With the great masters of the last century, Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa, who were scarcely in their graves when he improvised his great word fantasia, he has no longer any connection; with our own musicians, born half a century after his end, he is closely linked, for, like him, they are romanticists. They do not indeed wear C-sharp-minor-colored coats, nor do they improvise in the dark on pi-

anos with broken strings; they are perfectly sane and conscious of all their doings; yet, all the same, they are but Kreisler's younger brothers. Like the poor chapelmaster of Hoffmann, music itself has a fantastic madness in it; like him, it has been crazed by disappointment, by jealousy, by impotent rage at finding that it can not now do what it once did, and can not yet do what will never be done; like Kreisler, it deals no longer with mere sequences of melody and harmony, but with thoughts, feelings, and images, hopes and fears and despair, with wild chaotic visions of splendor and of ghastliness. But the position of our music differs from that of Kreisler in this much, that no friendly pair of snuffers crashes on to the strings and makes them fly asunder; that, while Kreisler spoke, our music can only play its fancies and whimsies; and that, instead of hearing intelligible spoken words, we hear only musical sounds which are gibberish and chaos.

For the time when men sought in music only for music's own loveliness is gone by; and the time has come when all the arts trespass on each other's ground, and, worst of all, when the arts which can give and show envy poetry, the art which can neither give nor show, but only suggest, and when, for the sake of such suggestion, they would cheat us of all the real gifts—gifts of noble forms of line and color, and sweet woofs of melody and harmony which they once gave us. The composer now wishes to make you see and feel all that he sees and feels in his imagination, the woods and seas, the joys and sorrows, all the confused day-dreams, sweet and drowsy, all the nightmare orgies which may pass through his brain; the sound has become the mere vehicle for this, the weak, vague language which he can only stammer and we can only divine; the artist breaks violently against the restraint of form, thinking to attain the unattainable beyond its limits, and sinks down baffled and impotent amid ruin.

We are apt to think of music as of a sort of speech until, on examination, we find it has no defined meaning either for the speaker or for the listener. In reality music and speech are as different and as separate as architecture and painting, as wholly opposed to each other as only those two things can be which, having started from the same point, have traveled in completely opposite directions, like the two great rivers which, originating on the same alp, flow respectively to the north and to the south, each acquiring a separate character on its way—the one as the blue river of Germany, ending amid the tide-torn sand-banks of the North Sea; the other as the green river of Provence, dying amid the stagnant pools and fever-haunted marshes of the

Mediterranean. As long as the Rhine and the Rhône are not yet Rhine and Rhône, but merely pools of snow-water among the glaciers, so long are they indistinguishable; but as soon as separated into distinct streams, their dissimilarity grows with every mile of their diverging course. So as to speech and music: as long as both exist only in embryo in the confused cries and rude imitations of the child or of the primitive people, they can not be distinguished; but, as soon as they can be called either speech or music, they become unlike and increase in dissimilarity in proportion as they develop. The cry and the imitative sound become, on the one hand, a word which, however rude, begins to have an arbitrary meaning, and, on the other hand, a song which, however uncouth, has no positive meaning; the word, as it develops, acquires a more precise and abstract signification, becomes more and more of a symbol; the song, as it develops, loses definite meaning, becomes more and more a complete unsymbolical form, until at length the word, having become a thing for use, a mere means of communication, ceases to require vocal utterance, and turns into a written sign; while the song, having become an object of mere pleasure, requires more and more musical development, and is transported from the lips of man to the strings of an instrument. But while speech and music are thus diverging, while the one is becoming more and more of an arbitrary symbol conveying an abstract idea, and the other is growing more and more into an artistic form conveying no idea, but pleasing the mind merely by its concrete form—while this divergence is taking place, a corresponding movement accompanies it which removes both speech and music further and further from their common origin: the cry of passion and the imitative sound. The Rhône and the Rhine are becoming not only less like each other, but, as the one becomes green and the other blue, so also are both losing all trace of the original dull white of the snow-water. In the word the cry and the imitation are being effaced by arbitrary, symbolical use, by that phonetic change which shows how little a word as it exists for us retains of its original character; in the song they are being subdued by constant attempts at obtaining a more distinct and symmetrical shape, by the development of the single sounds and their arrangement with a view to pleasing the ear and mind. Yet both retain the power of resuming to a limited extent their original nature; but in proportion as the word or the song resumes the characteristics of the cry or of the imitation does each lose its own slowly elaborated value, the word as a suggester of thought, the song as a presenter of form. Now, in so far as the word is a word or the song

a song, its effect on the emotions is comparatively small: the word can awaken emotion only as a symbol, that is, indirectly and merely suggestively; the song can awaken emotion only inasmuch as it yet partakes of the nature of the brute cry or rude imitation. Thus, while language owes its emotional effects to the ideas arbitrarily connected with it, music owes its power over the heart to its sensuous elements as given by nature. But music exists as an art, that is to say, as an elaboration of the human mind, only inasmuch as those sensuous brute elements are held in check and measure, are made the slaves of an intellectual conception. The very first step in the formation of the art is the subjection of the emotional cry or the spontaneous imitation to a process of acoustic mensuration, by which the irregular sound becomes the regular, definite *note*; the second step is the subjection of this already artificial sound to mensuration of time, by which it is made rhythmical; the third step is the subjection of this rhythmical sound to a comparative mensuration with other sounds, by which we obtain harmony; the last step is adjustment of this artificially obtained note and rhythm and harmony into that symmetrical and intellectually appreciable form which constitutes the work of art, for art begins only where the physical elements are subjected to an intellectual process, and it exists completely only where they abdicate their independence and become subservient to an intellectual design.

Music is made up of two elements: the intellectual and the sensuous, on the one hand, of that which is conceived by the mind and perceived by the mind (for our ears perceive only the separate constituent sounds of a tune, but not the tune itself); on the other hand, of that which is produced by the merely physical and appreciated by the merely physical, by the nerves of hearing, through which it may, but only indirectly, affect the mind. Now if, from an artistic point of view, we must protest against any degradation of the merely sensuous part, it is because such a degradation would involve a corresponding one in the intellectual part, because the physical basis must be intact and solid before we can build on it an intellectual structure, because the physical element through which mentality is perceived must be perfect in order that the mental manifestation be equally so; but the physical must always remain a mere basis, a mere vehicle for the mental. The enjoyment obtainable from the purely physical part may indeed be very great and very valuable, but it is a mere physical enjoyment; and the pleasure we derive from a fine voice, as distinguished from a fine piece or a fine interpretation, is as wholly unartistic as that which we receive from a ripe peach or a cool

breeze: it is a purely sensuous pleasure, given us ready-made by nature, to give or to perceive which requires no mentality, in which there is no human intention, and consequently no art. Now, the effect of the cry or of the imitation, and that of certain other manifestations of sound, such as tone, pitch, volume, rhythm, major or minor intervals, which are cognate with, but independent of, the cry or the imitation—the effect of all this is an entirely sensuous one, an effect of unintelligent matter on the nerves, not of calculating intelligence on the mind, and it is to these physical effects, and not to the mentally elaborated form, that music owes its peculiar power of awakening, or even of suggesting, emotion.

That this is the case is shown by various circumstances. The ancients, who, as is now proved beyond dispute, possessed very little of the intellectual part of music, little of what we should deem its form, enjoyed its emotional effects to a far higher degree than could we in our present musical condition; the stories of Timotheus, Terpander, and other similar ones, being at least founded on fact, as is evident from the continual allusions of Greek writers to the moral or immoral effect of the art, and their violent denunciations of people whose only social crime was to have added a string to a lyre or a hole to a flute. We ourselves have constant opportunities of remarking the intense emotional effects due to mere pitch, tone, and rhythm—that is to say, to the merely physical qualities of number, nature, and repetition of musical vibrations. We have all been cheered by the trumpet and depressed by the hautboy; we have felt a wistful melancholy steal over us while listening to the drone of the bagpipe and the quaver of the flute of the *pifferari* at the shrine; we have felt our heart beat and our breath halt on catching the first notes of an organ as we lifted the entrance-curtain of some great cathedral; we have known nothing more utterly harrowing than a hurdy-gurdy playing a cheerful tune, or a common accordion sighing out a waltz or a polka. Nay, it is worthy of remark that the instruments capable of the greatest artistic development are just those which possess least this power over the nerves: the whole violin and harpsichord tribe, the human voice when sound and natural, saying least themselves, are capable of saying most for others; whereas the trumpet, the accordion, the harp, the zither, are condemned by their very expressiveness to a hopeless inferiority: they produce an effect spontaneously by their mere tone; the artist can produce on them but that effect, and can scarcely heighten even it. A musical critic of the beginning of this century, Giuseppe Carpani, wishing to defend Rossini from the accusation of being unemotional, boldly laid down the principle that

it never is the composer who makes people cry, but the author of the words and the singer. As to the composer, he can only please, but not move.

Never (he says) were people more moved than by a certain scene in Metastasio's "*Artaserse*," set by Mortellari, and sung by the famous Pacchierotti (about 1780); and do you think perhaps that it was Mortellari who made them cry? Mortellari, the stupidest mediocrity, *Dio l'abbia in gloria!* No, it was Metastasio and Pacchierotti, the verse and the voice.

This was a mere absurd exaggeration, a mere captious plea for Rossini, who, had he only had Metastasio to write the words and Pacchierotti to sing, would doubtless have moved the whole universe to tears with "*Di tanti palpiti*." Yet in this exaggeration an important truth has been struck out. This truth is that the writer of the libretto, having at his disposal the clear, idea-suggesting word, can bring up a pathetic situation before the mind; that the singer, having at his command the physical apparatus for producing an effect on the nerves, can sensuously awaken emotion; while the composer, possessing neither the arbitrary idea-suggesting word nor the nerve-moving sound, but only the artistic form, can please to the utmost, but move only to a limited degree.

Thus there is a once popular but now deservedly forgotten air in the "*Romeo e Giulietta*" of Zingarelli, which, some seventy years ago, possessed the most miraculous power over what people called the heart, and especially over the not too sensitive one of Napoleon, who, whenever it was sung by his favorite Crescentini, invariably burst into tears. The extraordinary part of the matter is that this air happens to be peculiarly insipid, without any very definite expression, but, on the whole, of a sort of feeble cheerfulness, and certainly is the last piece that we should judge capable of such deeply emotional effects. But the situation of *Romeo* is an intensely pathetic one, and it is probable that the singer's voice may have possessed some strange power over the nerves, something of the purely sensuous pathos of an accordion or a zither, especially in the long, gradually diminishing notes, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," which move like an *Æolian* harp. But, if the pathetic effect of "*Ombra adorata*" could not be ascribed to the composition, neither could it be ascribed to the interpretation. For this sensuous pathos, though enhanced by the singer's intellectual qualities, in no way depends upon them; the intellect can make him graduate and improve the form of a piece, all that which is perceived by the mind, but it has no influence on the nerves; Crescentini's musical intelligence may have enabled him

to make "*Ombra adorata*" a beautiful song, but only his physical powers of voice could have enabled him to make it a pathetic one.

As these physical elements are the material out of which artistic forms are molded by the musician, he necessarily deals with and disposes of those powers over the nerves which are inherent in them. When he creates a musical form out of minor intervals, he necessarily gives that form something of the melancholy effect of such intervals; when he composes a piece with the peculiar rhythm of a march, he necessarily gives his piece some of the inspiring power of that rhythm; when he employs a hautboy or a trumpet, he necessarily lends his work some of the depressing quality of the hautboy or some of the cheering quality of the trumpet. Thus the intellectually conceived and perceived forms are invested with the power over the nerves peculiar to certain of the physical elements of music; but it is in those component physical elements, and not in the forms into which they are disposed, that lies the emotional force of the art. Nor is this all: the physical elements, inasmuch as they are subdued, and regulated, and neutralized by one another in the intellectual form, are inevitably deprived of 'the full vigor' of their emotional power; the artistic form has tamed and curbed them, has forbidden their freely influencing the nerves, while at the same time it—the form—has exerted its full sway over the mind. The mountains have been hewed into terraces, the forests have been clipped into gardens, the waves have been constrained into fountains, the thunder has been tuned down into musical notes; Nature has submitted to man, and has abdicated her power into his hands. The stormy reign of instinctive feeling has come to an end, the serene reign of art has begun.

In order to see these sensuous elements of music in their unmixed purity, in their unbridled strength, we must descend to the lowest stages of the art, compared with whose emotional effects those of modern music are as nothing, and least of all in the classic periods of the art; but even in modern music, what really strong emotional effects there may be are due to a momentary suspension of artistic activity, to a momentary return to the formless, physically touching music of early ages. The most emotional thing ever written by Mozart is the exclamation of Donna Elvira, when after leaving Don Giovanni at his ill-omened supper she is met on the staircase by the statue of the commander; this exclamation is but one high, detached note, formless, meaningless, which pierces the nerves like a blade; submit even this one note to artistic action, bid the singer gradually swell and diminish it, and you at once rob it of its terrible power.

This is Mozart's most emotional stroke; but was a Mozart, nay, was any musician, necessary for its conception? Would not that cry have been the same if unsurrounded by true music? A contrary example, but to the same effect, is afforded by Gluck in his great scene of Orpheus at the gate of Hades, which may have moved our great-grandfathers, accustomed to fugues, and minuets, and *rigaudons*, but which seems coldly beautiful as some white antique group to us, accustomed as we are to romantic art. The "No!" of the Furies loses all its effects by being worked into a definite musical form, by being locked into the phrase begun by Orpheus; it is merely a constituent note and no more, until after some time it is repeated detached, and without any reference to the main melody sung by Orpheus; at first it is part of a work of art, later it becomes a mere brute shout, and then, and then only, does it obtain a really moving character.

When these potent physical elements are held in subjection by artistic form, emotion may be suggested, more or less vaguely, but only suggested: we perceive them in the fabric which imprisons them, and we perceive their power, but it is as we should perceive the power of a tiger chained up behind a grating: we remember and imagine what it has been and might be, but we no longer feel it; for us to again feel it the artistic form must be torn down, the physical elements unchained, and then, and then only, shall we tremble once more before them. Mozart may be on his door-step as a regiment passes; he may feel the inspiring, courage-awakening effect of its rough rhythm and discordant, screeching trumpets; he may go up stairs, sit down to his piano, make use of all those sensuous elements, of the rhythm and of the wind instruments, which have stirred him in that regimental music; he may use them in a piece professedly suggested by that music; the piece will be "*Non più andrai*," and a masterpiece. We shall be reminded of military music by it, and we shall be aware of the fact that its rhythm and accompaniment are martial; we shall even call it a martial piece; but will it stir us, will it make us step out and feel soldier-like as would the coarsest regimental trumpets? Jommelli may enter a cathedral as the bells are tolling to mass, and all seems undulating and heaving beneath their swing; he may feel the awful effect of those simple, shapeless sounds; he may listen to their suggestion and frame the opening of his Mass for the Dead on that deep, monotonous sway; he will produce a masterpiece, the wondrous *Introitus* of his Requiem, in which we shall indeed recognize something of the solemn rhythm of the bells—something that will awaken in us the recollection of that moment when the cathedral towers seemed

to rock to their movement, and the aisles echoed their roar, and when even miles away in the open country the clear deep toll floated across the silent fields; but that effect itself we shall never hear in the music. The artist has used the already existing emotional elements for his own purposes, but those purposes are artistic ones: they aim at delighting the mind, not at tickling the nerves.

The composer, therefore, inasmuch as he deprives the emotional elements of music of their freedom and force of action, can not possibly produce an effect on the emotions at all to be compared with that spontaneously afforded by nature; he can imitate the rush of waters or the sob of despair only so distantly and feebly that the effect of either is wellnigh lost, and even for such an imitation he must endanger the artistic value of his work, which is safe only when it is the artist's sole aim and object. The most that the composer can legitimately do is to suggest a given emotion by employing in his intellectual structure such among the physical elements of his art as would in a state of complete freedom awaken that given emotion; he may choose such sensuous elements as would inspire melancholy, or joy, or serenity; he may reject any contrary element or an incongruous effect, and he may thus produce what we shall call a pathetic piece, or a cheerful piece, or a solemn piece.

But this pathetic, cheerful, or solemn character depends not upon the intellectual forms imagined by the composer, but upon the sensuous elements afforded by nature; and the artistic activity of the composer consists in the conception of those forms, not in the selection of those physical elements. When, therefore, a composer is said to express the words which he is setting, he does so by means not of the creation of artistic forms, but by the selection of sensuous materials; the suggestion of an emotion analogous to that conveyed by the words is due not to the piece itself, but to its physical constituents; wherefore the artistic value of the composition in no way depends upon its adaptation to the words with which it is linked. There is no more common mistake, nor one which more degrades artistic criticism, than the supposition that the merit of "*He was despised and rejected of men*," or of "*Fin ch'an del vino*," depends upon their respective suitableness to the words; the most inferior musician would perceive that such and such physical elements were required to suggest a mental condition in harmony with either of these verbal expressions of feeling; the most inferior musician could have given us a piece as melancholy as "*He was despised*," or as cheerful as "*Fin ch'an del vino*," but—and here lies the unique test of artistic worth—only Händel

could have given us so beautiful a melancholy piece as the one, and only Mozart so beautiful a cheerful piece as the other. As it is with the praise, so likewise is it with the blame: a composer who sets a cheerful piece to dismal words, or a dismal piece to cheerful words, may be reprehensible for not reflecting that the mind thus receives together two contrary impressions, and he may be condemned for want of logic and good sense; but not a word can be said against his artistic merit any more than we could say a word against the artistic merit of the great iron-worker of the Renaissance, who closed the holy place where lies the Virgin's sacred girdle with a screen of passion-flowers, in whose petals hide goats and ducks, on whose tendrils are balanced pecking cranes, and in the curling leaves of which little naked winged Cupids are drawing their bows and sharpening their arrows, even as in the bas-reliefs of a pagan sarcophagus. In the free and spontaneous activity of musical conception, the composer may forget the words he is setting, as the painter may forget the subject he is painting in the fervor of plastic imagination; for the musician conceives not emotions, but modulations; and the painter conceives not actions, but gestures and attitudes. Thence it comes that Mozart has made regicide Romans storm and weep as he would have made Zerlina and Cherubino laugh, just as Titian made Magdalen smite her breast in the wilderness with the smile of Flora on her feast-day; hence that confusion in all save form, that indifference to all save beauty, which characterizes all the great epochs of art, that sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic, that motley crowding together of satyrs and anchorites, of Saracens and

ancient Romans, of antique warriors and mediæval burghers, of Gothic tracery and Grecian arabesque, of Theseus and Titania, of Puck and Bottom, that great masquerade of art which we, poor critics, would fain reduce to law and rule, to chronological and ethnological propriety!

Those times are gone by: we wish to make every form correspond with an idea, we wish to be told a story by the statue, by the picture, most of all by that which can least tell it—music. We forget that music is neither a symbol which can convey an abstract thought, nor a brute cry which can express an instinctive feeling; we wish to barter the power of leaving in the mind an indelible image of beauty for the miserable privilege of awakening the momentary recollection of one of nature's sounds, or the yet more miserable one of sending a momentary tremor through the body; we would rather compare than enjoy, and rather weep than admire. Therefore we try to force music to talk a language which it does not speak, and which we do not understand, and succeed only in making it babble like a child or rave like a madman, obtaining nothing but unintelligible and incoherent forms in our anxiety to obtain intelligible and logical thoughts. We forget that great fact, for ever overlooked by romanticism, that poetry and music are essentially distinct in their nature; that Chapelmaster Kreisler's improvisation was not played but spoken; and that had not the snuffers fallen into the piano, had not the strings snapped asunder, Hoffmann would have had to record not a grandly grotesque series of images, but a succession of formless and meaningless chords.

VERNON LEE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE EVIL EYE.

IF the universality of a belief were an argument for its truth, the doctrine which asserts the power of the evil eye would be above all controversy. Transmitted by uncounted generations perhaps to all the nationalities of the globe, the theory of fascination, which lies at the basis of all witchcraft, holds a place among the very first ideas formulated by mankind. We will inquire into its probable origin, into the reasons which made it acceptable, and make it still accepted by the majority of the human race.

Of all our organs of sense, the perception of light is the most developed; its training has been the culture of intelligence itself. It is a common saying that the eyes are the windows of the soul.

They are even spoken of as being the soul itself. That expression, which is now meant to be taken merely as a figure of speech, was in former times used quite literally. The soul and the eye were equivalent terms in ancient magic. The cannibals of Polynesia eat the eyes of their enemies, to make sure of the total destruction of the slain, and to prevent any transmundane revenge. Such, in their view, is the only way by which these troublesome souls can be disposed of; and even this is not effective, unless resorted to betimes. In all parts it was believed that the souls of dead men could mingle with the living. Thus, one or many souls, which, in their essence, were glowing lights or sparks of fire, took up their abode

in the eyes of valiant men, powerful chiefs, or clever sorcerers. The divine origin of certain heroes and of kings in ancient Scandinavia was recognized by their glittering eyes. In the eye, all the energies were thought to concentrate, either for good or evil. Hence the benevolent eyes of some are fraught with beneficent virtues, and the malevolent glances of others dart maleficent effluvia; hence some inflict maladies which others cure; hence some attract and others prevent mishaps and *contretemps*.

The evil principle has been always of much more importance among rudimentary intelligences than the good one; therefore it is not to be wondered at that the evil eye is much more talked of than the other. Nevertheless the latter is, even now, not completely ignored, for there are still persons who are besought by players to give a glance—a mere glance—at their cards or lottery-tickets. But the number of these persons credited with favorable influences is not to be compared with that of those who are, presumably, endowed with malignant influences. The doctrine of the evil eye, of its causes, of its effects, of its prevention, of its manifold cures, constitutes by far the most important chapter of magic—of magic which was formerly looked upon in the light of a science, and even of a religion; though now looked down upon as a conglomerate of gross superstitions, which, of course, are the more despised as they are the less understood.

However, the theory of the evil eye was alleged to be founded on a reality; the fantastic superstructure had claimed for itself a solid basis, its great corner-stone being fascination—a fact well known to the students of natural history. Fascination, in current language, denotes the power, still very little understood, still too mysterious, which is ascribed to any firm and steadfast gaze, and especially to that of man. Witches, orators, men of genius, great generals and leaders of men, are said to be possessed with an irresistible glance. Of beasts of prey, such as lions and tigers, it is often told that they need only to look at some of their intended victims to make them lie helpless at their feet, and that eagles and hawks overcome the resistance of the smaller birds in the same way. Travelers have frequently described how the snake, coiled in the leafy branches, holds with his glittering eye little birds, which, trembling, palpitating, and screaming, flit around their enemy, until, stupid with terror, they precipitate themselves into his gaping jaws. Even visitors to our zoölogical gardens confirm the tale. The dull, sinister eye of the octopus is said to exert a fatal attraction upon the exhausted swimmer; and by a like influence, it is supposed, the

humming-birds fall an easy prey into the fangs of the monster spider of the Brazils. It is said, further, that the lion, the king of beasts, when encountered by the stern and unflinching look of man, recognizes the superiority of the lord of creation, and dare not attack. The popular belief on this subject is much more positive than is justified by the knowledge of naturalists, who, most of them, neither absolutely deny nor fully accept the theory of fascination. But novelists have taken full advantage of it, and at one time it was the fashion for them to endow their hero or heroine with a fatal look. Some explained that the effluence which streamed from these eyes, irresistible for good or for evil, was due to magnetism or to electricity, *obscurum per obscurius*. Others, without any pretension to science, simply affirmed that such eyes were bewitching. . . . Thus we are led back to our witches, who are witches, we are told, because in their eyes glisters an unearthly fire, the scintillation of some dead man's soul.

At the other outset, let us state that, according to all folk-lore, such souls swarm around us in infinite numbers. The living are few in our lands, few in our cities, but the ghosts fill the air as far as the clouds. They fill the forests, the deserts, the expanse of the waters, the sides, the summits, and even the interiors of the mountains; they herd and flock in the very bowels of the earth. The saying is current among the Jews, "Of them, there are far more than of us." Said Abba Benjamin, "Were the power given the eye to see them, no creature could stand the sight of them." Said Rab Huna, "One of us has a thousand to his left, ten thousand to his right." Said Raba: "The feeling of oppression around the bride comes from them; the clothes of the rabbis fall to pieces from their rubbing. Who wants to see them has to take finely sifted ashes, to strew them around his bed, and in the morning he will see their foot-tracks as a cock's."—"Talmud Babl.," "Berachoth.")

Children are taught in Germany not to slam the doors violently, otherwise they may pinch the souls unawares. In Brittany, according to Souvestre, "at all-saints'-eve the deceased souls—poor things—are allowed to visit for some hours the family hearth. Pious people have then the table well decked out, and a bright fire lit, that the ghosts may warm their chilled limbs, and once again comfort their hearts. Soon the house becomes filled with them, as are in autumn the ditches and paths into which the wind drives the whirling heaps of withered leaves." The Esthonian epopœia narrates how the son of Kalev, its hero, entered hell, but for a long time could not proceed, so thick were the clouds he had to trav-

erse—clouds made up of souls innumerable, which fluttered in the shape of flies. To explain that the fly is a favorite emblem of the soul, Tartars speak of their “midge-souls.” The priests in the New Hebrides create, or rather let loose, flies and mosquitoes against their enemies, as Moses and Aaron did, when “they stretched out their rod and smote the dust of the land, and there came a grievous swarm of flies into all Egypt, and the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm.” Throughout all antiquity we see the notion prevalent that pestilence and malaria are caused by the crowd of souls thronging the atmosphere as buzzing insects. And flies especially were identified with the spirits, because they spring forth from carcasses whose fleshy parts were supposed to dissolve into worms or grubs, and thence into flies—because, too, of their immense numbers, of their voracity, and their thirst for blood. It is well known how mosquitoes, gad-flies, and horse-flies are the much-dreaded tormentors of men and brutes.

We may be said now to be above the terror of ghosts; but, for long ages, they were a cause of misery, a cruel nightmare preying upon the infantine mind of man as it slept or lay half awake in its cradle. Death was believed to change men much for the worse, and to transform even their nature. Tylor has brought together many instances of this belief:

“The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New-Zealanders have supposed the souls of their dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life. The Caribs said that of man’s various souls some go to the seashore and capsize boats, others to the forests to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost’s vengeance has been found to act as a check on murder. Of some tribes in central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the main characteristic of these ghosts is to do harm to the living. The Patagonians live in terror of the souls of their wizards, which become evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of north Asia fear their shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits, who are the hurtfullest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings. In China it is held that the multitudes of wretched destitute spirits in the world below, such as souls of lepers and beggars, can sorely annoy the living; therefore at certain times they are appeased with offerings of food, scant and beggarly; and a man who feels unwell,

or fears a mishap in business, will prudently have some mock clothing and mock money burned for these ‘gentlemen of the lower regions.’ Notions of this sort are widely prevalent in Indo-China and India. There whole orders of demons were formerly human souls, especially of people left unburied or slain by plague or violence; of bachelors, or of women who died in childbirth, and who henceforth wreak their vengeance on the living.”

And we read in Ettmüller’s “*Alrtordische Studien*”: “Arwit and Asmund were great friends. They swore eternal friendship, and that the first to die would soon be followed by the other to the grave. Arwit’s hour came, and he was buried, with his horse and dog, in a cavern. Asmund did not long delay to fulfill his promise. Accordingly he caused the sepulchre to be opened, entered it, and seated himself near the body; then the large stone was rolled on the cavern’s mouth, and he was shut from the world. It happened that some days afterward the Swedes, led by Erik, invaded the country. Being apprised that the mound contained rich treasure, they proceeded to open it. Asmund was discovered. Ghostly he stared, with clothes torn, hair disheveled, his white face smeared with blood. He declared that every night Arwit came to life again, ferocious by hunger. Arwit, having devoured the flesh of the horse and dog, fell unawares upon his friend and brother, and bit off his left ear. Every night the battle raged afresh. He, Asmund, with his unbroken sword, had split Arwit’s skull and smashed his ribs.”

This story throws a lurid light on what was believed to be the state of the defunct souls. Not absolutely dead, they were constantly starving; at most times they remained motionless, but now and again they would be relieved by some water, by some drops of milk, or blood, or honey, by the wind bringing them smells of viands, fumes of sacrifices, which they eagerly sniffed. Dire hunger compelled them to fall upon all carrion. The Erloer Sortok of Greenland attacks the dead on their way to heaven and spoils them of their viscera. The Boothams of south India take advantage of human offal and excrement, as do the flies. Rabbis caution us that some recesses in the house are swarming with them. Ghosts are the very hunger, they are famine itself. Roaming everywhere, they devour not only dead corpses but also the living bodies, for in former times every ailment was supposed to be the work of a demon who preyed upon the vital parts, fed upon man’s substance, like some hideous tapeworm located in the entrails. They are the servants of death, the emissaries of the grave. Some, it is true, protect their kith, are well-doers to their own family, but doers of evil to all others. On

the whole they are mischievous beings. Touched by them, any man or animal sickens or dies; the flower withers which they graze. They extract and absorb the essence of things as they look upon them. They pass over the orchards as a killing frost, over the young wheat as a blighting wind. If they enter a man who be of their lineage and of their especial favorites, by a rare miracle he may become a genius, a seer, or a prophet; but as a rule he is turned into a fool, a demoniac, or an epileptic. If they enter their victim but *en passant*, their presence means sore eyes, oppression, fever, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments. What says the folk-lore? "He who steps over the graves gets a rash; he who reads the epitaphs on the tombstones, his memory is weakened. . . . He who smells flowers gathered in cemeteries loses the scent. . . . Lovers are estranged when earth from a churchyard is thrown between them. . . . A pregnant woman miscarries when she walks over a coffin. . . . He who brushes a ghost unawares is shot by the elves in the loins. . . . 'Between the living and the dead,' teaches the 'Talmud,' 'the partition can never be too deep. Put a rock, put a wall between you and them, and if you can not do more turn the head away from them.' How should not the ghosts be dreaded? They are pestilence, they are Black Death, which carries off populations at once. When they are packed close together, they push, rend, and tear; they cause earthquakes in the subterranean depths, and in the atmosphere, storms, tempests, and cyclones. Witches are fiendish souls, which have located themselves in a human body like some crab in a strange shell, or have been called up by some conjurer. The Australian *Karraji* goes and sleeps on a grave for three nights consecutively, then ghosts enter his belly, devour some viscera, and settle there instead. Henceforth the *Karraji* will be able himself to suck other folk's entrails from afar, by artful contrivances, or even by merely looking on his victims. At Jeypoor, south India, a hag, when angry with any one, will get at night to the top of the hut in which lies her intended victim. Through a hole in the roof she reaches the sleeper by a ball of thread, whose other end is in her mouth, and thus she draws the blood out of him. She may even remove the ribs from one's breast, or place various substances in one's stomach, without his knowledge. . . ."

Everywhere it is in criminal alliance with the demons or ghosts that witches are said to have destroyed crops by worms or caterpillars, by moths or rust, by mildew, dry rot, or by hail. They scatter scab and murrain among the flocks, they dry up the cows, or make them give blood instead of milk. Their power is much on the wane, it is true, but as long as it lasted no wonder

that the poor miserable country folks were intent on their extermination. Quite recently, in Mexico, a wretched old female was burned alive for being suspected of sorcery. In fact, the ferocious and stupid prosecution of these supposed malefactors is, in the later centuries, a foul blot on the magistracy of all European countries, and on the Protestant and Catholic clergies alike.

We need no longer wonder then, as we study the history of funeral rites, at the trouble which was taken in securely disposing of the dead, so as to prevent them from bursting the bonds of the grave, intent upon rambling to the general discomfort of men.

Tshoovashs screw the lid of the bier as fast and strong as they can. Tsheremiss hedge the body in between poles too high to be climbed up. Arabs squeezed the soul under thick slabs, and every passer-by added a stone to the heap. Amakosa are careful that not a sod be taken from the grave, for fear lest the superincumbent earth should become too light. In Bohemia during the twelfth century, when the people went home from a burial, they flung stones and chips of wood above their shoulders without ever looking behind—a delicate hint to the dead not to loiter among his former friends. Cáyávávás and Etonámás (South America) closed the mouth and nostrils of the dying, that death might not escape and pounce upon others. Not satisfied with this contrivance, Peruvians stitched these apertures with a strong cord, others fastened the arms of the dead (Polynesia), or tied their toes (Ceylon), or pounded their bones (the ancient Balearians), and bottled the powder in closely fitting jugs. Another device was to eat the body raw (Australia), or roasted (Polynesia). By chopping the bones, extracting the marrow and ingesting it, one was sure to give a final quietus to the deceased, and bolt in all his strength and virtues. Among the always practical Chinese, special officers were appointed by the Crown to hoot and shout at the obnoxious *shen*—to frighten them away, as if they were merely a band of sparrows or pilfering monkeys.

When food was made more abundant, by agriculture or otherwise, and riches accumulated, it became possible to attend to the wants of the ghosts, to feed them properly and with regularity. The study of the Vedic institutions, of the early culture among the Græco-Romans and the barbarous peoples, shows the progressive stages of religion to have been concomitant with those of property. It sufficed to adopt a ghost to make a god of him, but then he had to be fed, and duly entertained with fire, butter, *ghee*, fat, and other offerings. Few were the families who could afford to keep a god of their

own, but those who managed it were well repaid for their trouble and expense. The god who entered their abode made it divine, he endowed the children with a strength of mind and body superior to that of common mortals, he requited with liberal interest the advances which had been bestowed upon him. Hence the origin of the Eumatrides, Eupatrides, patricians, or betters; the few who were to command while the many were to obey. Thus came into existence the Lares and Penates, genii of the noble and affluent families. To worship them was called by the Greeks *πατρίσκειν*, and by the Romans *parentare*. The heir of the estate, who, in the later Gentile organization, was the eldest son from male to male, attended to the daily wants of his private god and reputed ancestor, who with his tithes, firstlings, and heave offerings had an existence relatively comfortable—even when he had to satisfy himself, as in the poorer households, now with the libation of wine or dropping of beer froth, now with the offal and crumbs of the table, which in many parts of Bohemia the peasants would still think a sin to sweep outside the door, and not to burn in the kitchen fire—the modern substitute for the house altar. And as order slowly came to be established in things sacred and profane, as the state, as the *Civitas* mundane and transmundane were organized by degrees, good luck to the man who left a son to take care of him in after-life! The most ardent wish in these times was that which we read in the laws of Manu: "May sons be raised from our stock, who for ever will supply us with rice cooked in milk, with honey and molten butter!" But woe to the man who, "dying childless and receiving no offerings, was exposed to perpetual hunger!" (Lucian, "De Luctu"). Henceforth he was to wander homeless, restless, borne hither and thither by the fitful wind. Left thus in the cold, how should he not feel spiteful, malignant, desperate; how should he not hate mankind, and all beings that enjoy the sweet pleasures of life? Among those most desirous of revenge were such as had been driven to suicide by despair. It seems as if the people who laid violent hands on themselves, departing life before their appointed time, never died in earnest. Most became vampires, using for mischief the strength with which their soul was still endowed. So did many mothers who had died at their first parturition; so did many lads and maidens cut off in the prime of life, of which we have examples known of all in the story of Tobias and Goethe's "Bride from Corinth"; the fairest and gentlest became the most cruel and bloodthirsty. To check their incursions, the contrivance was resorted to of turning them in their graves face downward, and transfixing their heart by a pointed stake, well

hardened in the fire, and driven deeply into the soil. Murderers, too, could scarcely be kept quiet; those who had been unruly during their lives were sure to give only much trouble to the spiritual police. It could not be helped. Those souls who had been forgotten and forsaken would swell the number of the transmundane dangerous classes; they would live from hand to mouth, eking out their miserable existence by theft coupled with manslaughter. Partly from compassion and piety, partly as a measure of simple prudence, it was settled that general measures should be taken to prevent the ghosts from resorting to such desperate means. Feasts were therefore instituted on peculiar occasions, or at a certain period of the year, when the famishing souls were entertained at the public expense. At funerals a banquet was given, in which the friend just departed and all the dead in the neighborhood, whether recently or long defunct, were copiously regaled with blood. At the funeral games, so called, of which we have still many contemporaneous examples, it was decent and proper for the women to gash their breasts and thighs, to tear the flesh of their cheeks, and even to chop their skulls. As to the men, sword in hand, they hewed one another for the benefit of the dead, as they did around Achilles's pyre. They had also human sacrifices and gladiatorial fights, where men, children, women, and brutes were immolated wholesale, till the arena was drenched with blood, which, we are told, the spirits hidden in the ground quaffed lustily. Such are the "great customs" in Dahomey and Ashantee, where men are massacred by the hundred, if not by the thousand—splendid revels for the king's ancestors and their noble court. On these occasions male and female slaves are slain in order that they may accompany the deceased monarch into the land of the dead, there to minister, as in life, to his wants and pleasures.

By degrees, sensible men became aware of the fact that these atrocious festivities were too wasteful of human life. Having discovered the fact, they became intent on diminishing the number of the gluttonous mouths to be fed. Thus in Polynesia they agreed that henceforth the common people were at liberty not to possess a soul, nay, in some parts they were even forbidden to possess one, since it became so troublesome and expensive to the commonwealth. But the priests, the high aristocracy, and, of course, the kings were allowed that article so precious but so costly. When cattle were bred cheaper and human life became somewhat dearer, the killing of men made place for the killing of beasts, and hence we have record of stupendous butcheries, massacres of beeves and cows, horses, goats, and sheep, such as would have sufficed for an army; the blood

spurting in rivulets, the gore dribbling in tanks; the air being filled with the fetor of the slaughter-house, the stench of burning fat, the fumes of viands with the effluvia of wine, beer, or sour milk. It is not to be denied that such feasts were also celebrated in the chthonic religions with the purpose of increasing the fertility of the soil, by making the earth pregnant with blood. It would be impossible to discriminate between the feasts which had for their object either the feeding of the ghosts or the fertilization of the soil. Both institutions merge completely into each other; in fact, the souls were invigorated in order that they might enter the seeds and make them teem with energy and productiveness.

Of these festivals we have some remnants in the sad times of All Saints' and All Hallows, in the routs of Shrovetide and of Christmas, in which so many geese and turkeys are dispatched. Even in Christian times December was called the "Month of Gore." In the Slav countries the memory has been preserved of copious repasts which were given to the dead. After much revelry the master of the house summoned the souls: "Most reverend uncles and fathers, the banqueting is over. You have been entertained to the best of our ability, you have had plenty to eat, plenty to drink. Now be gone, if you please, and do not come back till asked for."

With the increasing amount of disposable food, with a greater foresight as to the adjustment of their wants, and also with the progress of instruction, the ghosts are now by far less dangerous than they were formerly. Their numbers and their importance decrease rapidly; even the witches will soon be totally extinct in Europe. The "little folks" do scarcely any harm now to the wheat, to the mares, and to the milking cows; they are still malicious, but not malignant any more. As they leave the people in peace, they are not themselves cursed and molested any more. About the "imps, fairies, brownies, bogies, and such devilry," less concern is now felt than about the ladybirds, the caterpillars, and the butterflies.

The theory set forth above as to the nature and the doings of the demons and spirits, either good or bad, is the simplest, but, of course, it is not the only one. From this most ancient doctrine have been developed some which are complex and difficult to understand; it has been mixed up with mystic, philosophical, and astrological tenets, which may be expressed somewhat as follows: Mother Earth takes up the dead, but only to revive them in her fruitful bosom: the sepulchre of all that has lived, is also the womb of all that is to live. The present generations serve as material for the future ones. Thus the

forests shoot up, stand erect for a while, then fall down, their detritus being turned to food by others—the fir to the beech, and the beech to the oak. After sojourning in Hades for a period—stated by some to be very long, and by others to be relatively short—the souls return to lovely earth, are brought again under the azure expanse of heaven, are again looked at by glorious Helios. Either entering or leaving Hades they drink the water of Lethe, a few drops of which obliterate the memory of all that has passed. But oblivion does not alter the soul's essence, which is of fiery nature, having been lit once by Prometheus at a flame snatched from the sun's wheel. This fire, however, is not always or everywhere identical with itself. Although they derive probably from the same source, there are celestial, terrestrial, and infernal fires. The purest are those which have most of radiant ether in them; the grosser are fed with animal or vegetable substances, or such thick, mephitic gases as poison the mines underground. Hence, according to the Talmudic legend, the angel Gabriel had to wash the fire which he brought over from hell to the earth, by rinsing it thrice in deepest ocean. That process not being an easy one, many souls come back to us which are but imperfectly cleansed, and have not been purified to the quick. Theirs is the "evil eye," mentioned already in the Athar-Veda, and in Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Theocritus, and many others—an eye where, under brows which meet, flares with a red glow a drop of the hellish fire that consumes and devours, while the heavenly fire illumines and brightens. That impure light is never so potent as when it shines from, or upon, an unwashed face. Eyes of witches and demons are red, says the folk-lore; the more fiendish the spirit, the more inflamed are the eyelids. This evil eye casts a peculiar look, they say—a darting glance, which stings unawares—a hungry leer, which leaves a feeling of uneasiness. Nervous people, thus looked at, complain, or are said to complain, of weariness and drowsiness, of headache, and general lack of energy. They are reported to have been "vampirized." "The spark of hell" acts on men as a hot, scorching wind acts on leaves, which it scarcely moves, while it dries their substance and destroys their vitality.

De Faira narrates that at Mascate there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of anybody only by fixing their eyes upon him. In the country of Sennaar and Fassokl they have rivals not less powerful, who, by a mere look of their evil eye (*Ain el hassid*), stop the blood in the heart and the arteries of their enemy, desiccate his entrails, unsettle his intellect. We learn from Grohmann that it is necessary to shut the eyes of those who are expiring, for, if it were not done,

the dead man would use his eyes to look at the living, especially at his friends and kindred, and would draw them after him. Wuttke reports that anybody who has not the power of the evil eye can acquire it by searching in a cemetery until he finds some plank of a coffin which has a branch hole in it. That hole, through which the deceased was on the lookout, may be used as an eyeglass, and whoever is thus stared at sickness or comes to misfortune; and disease may be brought on the people simply by glancing at them through a chink, or with eyes askew.

Not all who have the evil eye—the “ill ee,” say the Scotch—are sorcerers, but all wizards and accursed ghosts have the evil eye. And as witches are not all ugly and old hags, so likewise all evil eyes are not sore or bloodshot; some are beautiful, and may even belong to good and holy people, who exert their untoward power unconsciously. In Albania even fathers were not allowed to see their sons before the seventh day, for fear that, much against their will as it would be, they might throw an evil influence upon them. When people are eating, especially when delicate morsels are served, they may swallow poison unawares—poison conveyed by the hungry and greedy looks which are glaring at the viands. Hence the custom, still extant in so many countries, for well-to-do folks, and most of all for kings, to eat alone. It is advisable not to eat in the presence of a woman, say the Zinçalis, for the evil eye, if cast by a woman, is far more dangerous than if cast by a man. The poor ignorant Sardinians have a saying among themselves, “*Dio vi guardi d’occhio di letterato!*”—(May the Lord preserve you from being looked at by a man of letters!)—for the ailments which they inflict are much worse than those inflicted by other people. Sardinians are not alone to look upon science as a downright devilry, as a black art, replete with potent but forbidden secrets, into which but the craftiest and wickedest can penetrate, with the help and under the guidance of the evil one. Another explanation of the Sardinian diction, more commonplace but less true, is that most *litterati* have a more searching and more piercing look than is the wont. This helps us to understand why so many poets, painters, and musicians, more than others, are reported to be possessed with such mischievous influence. In Paris and in Vienna it is a standing joke that the composer M. Offenbach, of “*La Belle Hélène*” notoriety, is a *jettatore*. And the Romans attributed the evil eye to the late Pius IX. It has been considered supremely ridiculous that the very people who prayed the head of Catholic Christendom to bless them, at the same time forked out two fingers to break the maleficent power of his glance. But future

historians will find, perhaps, in that popular credence a fit symbol of that long pontificate—second in importance to none, not even to those of Hildebrand and of Innocent III.—which lost the temporal power, and promulgated the “Syllabus” in the face of liberal Europe.

Whole populations have been said to be endowed with the power of the evil eye: among the ancients, the Telchines, the Triballi, the Thebans, the Illyrians, and all the Thracian women. Among the moderns it is attributed by the Christians to the Turks; to the Christians, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Armenians, by the Turks; to the Sunnites by the Shiites; to the Shiites by the Sunnites. In the mouth of the orthodox, “evil eye” is a term of abuse against infidels, possessed as such by unclean spirits. Christians and Moslem agree to endow with it the gypsies and the Jews, and sometimes the Hindoos. The traveler Halévy said he took advantage of that reputed power which causes his kinsfolk to be hated in all the East, but dreaded too—people fearing as much to meet as to offend them; holding it equally dangerous either to allow them any familiarity or to refuse them hospitality—even to accept a reward for that hospitality.

“Forespeaking,” an exact equivalent to “evil eye,” is followed by exactly the same results, is prevented by the same means. To forespeak is to praise anybody, or anything, more than is strictly warranted by truth. Directly that the exact measure is transgressed, forespeaking begins. This curious belief is founded upon a delicate psychology. High appreciation of others is not a feeling to which men are generally prone. As long as it is sincere, intelligent praise is modified by criticism, curtailed by restrictions. If we meet, therefore, with an admiration loudly expressed, overstepping the mark, this admiration has every chance to be not an error but a deliberate falsehood. The ancients accordingly held forespeaking to be a bad omen, fraught with more dangers than an undeserved curse. The gods, not a whit less jealous than men, were made angry by hearing fulsome praise, and took away what had been lauded unduly. Therefore it has often proved dangerous, when traveling in the East, or in southern Europe, to gaze intently upon children, or to praise them loudly. In such cases, the strangers were accused of throwing evil *sortes*, willingly or unwillingly. On seeing such a foreigner look eagerly at her child, the mother spits in its face, to counteract the spell. And if the look be directed unmistakably on the woman herself, more than one may be seen to spit in her own bosom, often with a curse that startles the too admiring stranger; often with a

deprecatory gesture which is not meant to be rude. They answer the compliments of even their friends and parents on the health and good appearance of their nursling by such exclamations as, "He is a piggy for all that, an ugly little villain!" They give him on purpose, as a standing name, meant to disguise the real one, a word of opprobrium or reproach. And the Turks hang often old rags or such like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination.

Of the *præbia*, or means of defense, intended to avert or to counteract forespeaking and the evil eye, we will cite but a few taken at random. Books on folk-lore overflow with admonitions, with receipts, with marvelous secrets for the safe guarding of the possessions which are liable to be harmed by malevolence. The most *naïve* of these proceedings is undoubtedly the one recorded by Mr. Moseley, lately a member of the Challenger Expedition, who tells how, at the Admiralty Islands, the chiefs and others were abjectly frightened at a squeaking doll, and signed for it to be taken out of their sight; and expressed a similar fear of goats, which were offered them, saying, "The women would be afraid of them." Indeed, these women were far from being brave; for, when a group was being photographed, the old ones put two long poles transversely between it and themselves, in order to be protected from evil influence.

In China the bride's face is hidden by a long white veil, not unlike that which is still worn by Egyptian women when they venture abroad. The Anglo-Saxons used the "care-cloth" on similar occasions. In Germany the bride was likely to be forespoken if eight days before the nuptial ceremony she were to show herself out of her house, or clad in the wedding clothes. The child was liable to death or sickness if, before its christening, it were decked with gold and jewels. Incessant are the cares which the pregnant woman has to take for preserving herself and her precious burden from the malignant influences everywhere busy around her. When the child is just born, as long as it has not been besprinkled with holy water, there is no end to the dangers which beset it, among which the most dreaded is that of the elves secretly changing it for one of their abominable brood—hideous creatures with wrinkled faces and insatiable stomachs, screaming and gorging but never thriving. Recourse is had to lion's claws, to tiger's teeth, to corals, and other implements with points and edges, as knives, scissors, axes, and nails, for cutting and for breaking the dart of the evil eye. Red clothes, vermilion cloaks, absorb and neutralize its poisonous influences. Blue ribbons, blue gems, are advo-

cated by a few. Aspersions with holy water, with sea-water, with the water in which the smiths have cooled their red-hot irons; baths taken by rolling the naked body in the dewy grass when the sun rises over the horizon, are said to operate wonders. The laborer can not be too wary when the delicate seed shoots into leaves, when in stalk, when in bloom, when in ear, when it ripens, when it is threshed, when it is winnowed; for, night and day, the evil eye is sleeplessly on the watch. Neither stable, nor barn, nor dairy, are safe from the sinister intentions of envy. The more precious the treasures are, the more liable are they to be lost. Exquisite happiness is frail. Against the smiling bride, against the blithe child, a thousand bows are bent to throw their deadly missiles. Nay, the victorious general who returns in triumph is beset with more dangers when standing in his golden car than he was when he fought on the battle-field.

"Bad luck" is indissolubly connected with the evil eye; people who have bad luck either look with or are looked at by malignant eyes. The train of thought may have been the following: More than once it has happened that two girls, one as good as the other—sisters we may suppose—have married two men, two brothers, equally desirable. Both couples seem to be at par. But, after a while, one seems to have prospered more than the other. By degrees the difference increases; and after ten, twenty, thirty years, the one household will be in easy and the other in straitened circumstances, nobody knowing exactly why. Now, mathematics teach that a multiplicity of causes, each imperceptible in itself, will become apparent when they collect in one group, or operate through a lengthened period; but simple-minded folks, not entering into these delicate considerations, condense in one single agent, which they name "luck," the total of all these causes, themselves infinitely small, which are discernible only by their effects and in the long run. And the idea arose that the universe is going up and down by a seesaw motion, that a grand dualism reigns supreme; that men are lucky or unlucky according to the hour of their birth, according as the moon is growing or waning, as the sun ascends or descends the sky, stands at the zenith or the nadir, as the planets are occultated or as they conjugate with certain constellations. Life is supposed to stream from the east and flow toward the west, the seat of death. Sick people in Ceylon are still turned with their heads to the east as long as there is any hope of recovery; but when the fatal termination approaches, the head is turned to the west. Now, of the two sisters above, she who had the good *luck* was supposed, is still supposed in many

countries, to have had the good *look* of a star. Each star is believed to be the seat of a godhead or of a peculiar genius. Even now they are said by Russian peasants to be the eyes, and by the Australians and Polynesians to be the souls, of dead men. It was natural to suppose that the souls which are brought back to earth for being born again, while a certain star occupies a dominant place in the firmament, take from that very star the fire of life which is rekindled in them; and that, by the virtue of their common origin, these specks of a same fire are possessed with similar virtues. Thus, the same principle is supposed to pervade the stars and the souls; the same law to preside over all destinies, celestial and terrestrial. That law is that of *Circulus*; death equipoises life, and increase matches decrease. The legends tell us of two gates of Hades by which the souls enter this world: one is the gate of good-chance, the other of bad-chance; and of two tanks in which they are dipped, one is filled with the water of strength, the other with the water of debility. All men, all animals, and even the material things are acted upon by auspicious or by inauspicious circumstances; their lot falls in the sunshine or in the shade. There is not an object, organic or inorganic, which is not marked with either algebraic sign + or —; everybody, everything, is reckoned as being in the universe a positive or a negative quantity. Such being the general scheme of the world, primitive classifications could not help to make many arbitrary and contradictory distributions, which in the course of time their successors entangled strangely. Hence an embroilment which to the uninitiated appears inextricable; and the moral sense developing itself by and by, the great question as to the difference between good and bad made the confusion worse confounded. Indeed, it has not been an easy thing for mankind to discriminate between prosperity and morality, between success and virtue, comfort and goodness, riches and probity, might and right, physiologic virility and moral virtue. All these incertitudes have left their traces in magic, the oldest record of human thought.

Magic is, and will remain, a farrago of prodigious nonsense, a *hocusfocis* of all possible absurdities, until philosophers discover the true history of mankind, by the actual sequence of its beliefs, as the geologists have found the history of the globe by ascertaining the series and the composition of the rocky strata in the earth's crust. Nevertheless, to the trained eye of specialists the general outlines of magic disentangle themselves already with a sufficient certainty from a mass of obscure and intricate details. The key to the unknown or rather to the nearly

forgotten language has been found; the work of deciphering has begun. Animism unravels the mystery of uncouth fascination which lies at the root of every species of magic. Its most important chapter turns out to be a congeries of devices planned by agriculturists to insure the fertility of their fields and the productiveness of the cattle and flocks. Sterility, as it has been stated above, was ascribed to hungry spirits, an impure brood which fed upon the substance of living organisms. Earth was regarded as the battlefield of two armies, one tending upward, the other tending downward; the one making the sum of things to be more, the other making it to be less. Man's duty—as it was logically and even beautifully impressed by the old Zoroastrian creed, to the intrinsic grandeur and to the importance of which in the development of mankind we are, perhaps, not sufficiently alive—man's duty was to intervene and not to spare his exertions in the good cause. He held sterility in check, he routed and put it to flight by calling to the rescue the spirits of abundance and fertility. Everything which possessed vigor and health, or which recalled only the ideas of blooming fecundity, was supposed to contain or to attract such spirits. In consequence, all symbols which substantiated these ideas were multiplied everywhere. Representations of bulls, rams, lions, and other powerful animals were of frequent occurrence in public and in private abodes. The sun being worshiped as the highest embodiment of the divine fire, and as the source of the masculine generative energy, the moon being adored in later times as the representative of the female principle, their emblems stocked all possible places. Such symbols are circles, disks, wheels, rings, triangles, simple or double, pentagons, hexagons, crescents, ovals, quadrants, crosses, lozenges, obelisks, pillars, erected stones, staves, peeled sticks, lotus, apples, figs, pomegranates, pearls, boats, arks, pyxes, weavers' shuttles, distaffs surrounded with flax, and what-not. By their diversity and the very frequency of their occurrence they have lost all significance in the eyes of the multitude, and disguise now what they were formerly intended to set forth. But in pristine times the self-speaking emblems were supposed to be the most effective, the crudest were the most favorite. Rude Hermeia were erected at the crossways and Priapi in the orchards, to look on the fields, on the trees. Among the blooming corn processions went, waving palms and citron-branches, headed by the most respected matrons, who wore in their bosoms or in wreaths around their heads "*fascini*," and the *cortège* was closed by that image, carried on wheels, on account of its monstrous size. Hence the ceremony was called *fascinatio*,

a word which expressed the most potent of all charms, the most prized of all talismans. For a long time the rite was celebrated with a religious awe, and with a piety not less fervent than that which is shown at the present day in Catholic countries at the "Rogations," which present the antique ceremony, altered only in few details. But the ancient worshipers knew what they did, and why they did it, and that can be scarcely surmised of our peasants who nail horseshoes on

their barns and cow-sheds—of the Russian tradespeople who fasten it at the entrance of their shops, of the Chinese who hang it up in their houses. The emblems have been kept carefully, but their signification has been wholly lost.

We take leave from our readers with the parting words of an Abyssinian: "Beware, O my child! beware of the venomous eyes which delight to wound the fair, to strike at the fairest!"

Cornhill Magazine.

DR. SMILES'S WORKS ON SELF-HELP.*

IT is about twenty years since, in connection with the "Life of George Stephenson," that the work which Dr. Smiles had then begun, and which he is still carrying on with so much vigor, was touched upon in these pages. During these twenty years Dr. Smiles has made almost his own a part of the literary arena, which touches most closely upon our social conditions and the lessons that are needed for our every-day life. In the volumes which from time to time he has given to the world he has succeeded, as no other literary man of the day has succeeded, in laying down and illustrating those broad practical aims which may with most advantage be laid before each generation as it enters on the duties of life. The manner and the matter of his books are alike admirable; but great as their literary merit is, the services they have rendered to sound morality are still more important. While they do not professedly inculcate any religious precepts or moral systems, their whole teaching is conducive to the formation of sound principles and an upright character. They are especially adapted for the middle and lower classes, being written in a lively and attractive style, free from all preaching and prosiness, and impressive by the examples they exhibit of hard-working men raised by their own abilities, perseverance, and thrift, from obscurity to eminence. We should like to see them printed in a still cheaper form, and circulated broadcast by masters of factories, clergymen, and schoolmasters, as the best antidote we know to the socialistic productions issued by the infidel press. We look upon Dr. Smiles as a public benefactor, who deserves not only from us, but even from his country, an ample recogni-

tion of the important benefits he has conferred upon the present generation.

It would be impossible even to describe or to illustrate Dr. Smiles's teaching without direct reference to his own books, and without touching on each of the various forms in which he has sought to bring home a practical lesson to young men. Those to whom it is a mental necessity to label each man's teachings by a single name have sought to fix upon Dr. Smiles the worship of success, as that to which he mainly points. The last two books which he has given us are themselves a sufficient refutation of the charge; but even were it not so, the charge would be an absurd one. One main point of his teaching is, that it is not failure, or being baffled, that lowers a man, but despair and ceasing to strive. Success is an accident—a prize that may nerve others for effort, that may spur on jaded hopes, that may open new opportunities. But the law that finds happiness only in effort is one that sooner or later is taught by life—too often taught only for remorse. To give that lesson a practical shape, to bring it home to those who may apply it to their own course in life, rather than learn it slowly from that course—this is the work that Dr. Smiles has endeavored to do.

But such teaching has many sides. The power of persevering effort without which men lose all firmness and independence, the power of concentration without which they almost lose their own individuality, also gives to human nature its highest honor. It levels ranks, it brings together callings the most diverse, it creates a common bond of sympathy between race and race. It depends as little on success or failure as on any accident of birth. Fully to recognize it, is not to reduce men to a dull and routine-like yoke of toil; it is to put in their hands the one instrument by which they can feel themselves to be free, and not slaves.

All this might well seem to be trite enough.

* 1. Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles, LL. D. New edition. London, 1873. 2. Character. By the same. New edition. London, 1878. 3. Thrift. By the same. New edition. London, 1877. 4. Industrial Biography. By the same. New edition. London, 1867.

But it has happened to our own generation, as to many others, to be forced to shake ourselves and rouse ourselves out of a sort of dream-land. Older standards of duty as consisting of work seem to have vanished from us. Plain axioms, as we might well hold them, inculcating work, and perseverance, and patience of routine, have become apparently so trite as to be forgotten. What is the aim of our young men who, thirty years ago, would have been beginning life with some more or less definite aim, and resolved that work at least would not be lacking to attain it? There have been idlers in all generations; but is it not something more that we now see? Our young men appear to form some ideal for themselves which does little but satisfy their own conceit. They must wait for impressions: they must above all things be receptive—a convenient word for idling. They must learn, unlike their benighted countrymen of the past, to be able to do nothing with pleasure. We greatly question whether the fault of our young men is viciousness: it is rather the weakness of enervation. We hear much of a disregard for ordinary old-fashioned rules of morals, but comparatively little of what we might call the stamina of vice. But our young men seem to pride themselves on their contempt for the ordinary practical considerations of life. In that selfishness of indifference that knows no bounds, they sneer at what they hold to be the groveling aims of ordinary routine effort. They are nervous lest they overwork themselves: hold industry to be an unbecoming fussiness: rather pride themselves on disorder in mind and in business: and have cut-and-dried aphorisms with which this or that opinion, or creed, or interest, may be docketed without the trouble of inquiry. We must leave it to those who have frequent opportunities of observing the young men fresh from our universities to say whether this picture is overcharged.

A recall to the plain duties and aims of practical life is therefore not without its advantage at this moment. If it were but to strike off from some portion of our young men the affectation and want of reality that strive to avoid effort as something to be ashamed of, this recall would do much. But Dr. Smiles speaks to wider audiences than merely our young men. Let us see what are the bases of his teaching before we review two striking pictures which he has recently given us of effort after knowledge for its own sake, which ennobled its possessors without any adventitious gilding of success.

Probably Dr. Smiles would be the last to claim, or to wish that others should claim for his works, the development of any new theory either of ethics or of practice. We have no wish to

treat his books as links in any chain by which such theory may be bound together. We desire only to show how a consistent aim runs through them all: how from different points of view we are insensibly brought back to stand face to face with the same notions of life and its duties: and how throughout the whole there is the same practical object, as of a man of the world speaking to men who have to do the world's work.

The first and perhaps the most widely-known of Dr. Smiles's works is "Self-Help." The name, as he himself confesses, is in some respects unfortunate, because it has been used to bring home to the author the charge of glorifying selfish and self-seeking success. But the defense is perfectly easy. In the first place, it is not success in itself, but the honest perseverance and the courage that have won success, which Dr. Smiles inculcates. Without the practical aim, the human interest of the whole would be lost: for, as human nature is and always must be, men, and especially young men, will not look to mere labor as something good in itself. Without its ever-recurring illustrations drawn from real life, Dr. Smiles's book would be just as nerveless to give any really efficacious impulse to the beginners in life as dry theories usually are. Nay, more than this, the fear that agitates the objectors shows some ignorance of young men. Nothing could well be more unpractical and absurd than to set before our youth either a picture of work as a sublime duty, colored by no definite hopes of achievement, or else a study of failure as equally respectable with success. Young men, perhaps by the very buoyancy of inexperience, are not indisposed to respect failure. There is something almost humorous in the eagerness of a young man to look with a certain pathetic—not to say mawkish—interest on a prospect of failure that is distant, unreal, and therefore, perhaps, picturesque. Such a tendency needs no encouragement. It is a sound and wholesome lesson, that failure is not worthy of respect unless it is bravely borne, that it calls for no especial sympathy unless it has been preceded by honest work. Such a lesson brings with it no necessary stimulus to arrogance or self-sufficiency, no provocation to browbeat the weak or to be disdainful to those who have reaped poorly in the harvest of life. It simply gives a healthy tonic against the sentimentalism and the dilettanteism which are the bane of our young men, and which cover a far deeper selfishness than that which is charged against the practical teacher. The snarl at the success of a companion often dresses itself in an affected sympathy with failure: it is ten times easier to weep with those that weep, than to rejoice with those that rejoice; and, in the sense in which it is translated in every-day life, the

sympathy for failure is one which few can indulge without a sense of inward complacency.

The object of "Self-Help," then, in the author's own words, "is to reindulcate these old-fashioned but wholesome lessons—which perhaps can not be too often used—that youth must work in order to enjoy: that nothing creditable can be accomplished without application and diligence: that the student must not be daunted by difficulties, but conquer them by patience and perseverance—and that, above all, he must seek elevation of character, without which capacity is worthless, and worldly success is naught." We must be excused for the lowliness of our moral standard, if we can find nothing in this that it is not both good and of first-rate importance to teach. How, then, does Dr. Smiles teach it?

First by asserting the individual independence, the essential and primary qualities, of the men composing it, as that upon which, in the last resort, the well-being of every society rests. The truth is as old as society itself, and has been repeated in every variety of shape. It has nothing to do with what political science is fond of calling the relations between the state and the individual. The state may subordinate, or at least may appear to subordinate, the aims and life of the individual to those of the general body. The Greek philosopher may differ from the philosophical radical of our own day in the extent to which he would sacrifice the one to the many. All alike are compelled to rest upon that ultimate basis of all public weal, the individual character of the citizens. But it is an imminent danger in the vast organizations of modern states, that systems, however well designed in themselves, may lose sight of one essential, the individual character on which they are built. "We put too much faith in systems, and too little in men," said Lord Beaconsfield years ago: and the danger has not lessened since then. We may come to have a paternal government, with stereotyped mechanism, for the paternal despot. It is absolutely certain that energy in the citizen dies away when not called forth; and every domain, therefore, on which state action encroaches, except at the dictates of imperative necessity, involves a distinct national loss. And we can only too easily see illustrations of this tendency in the readiness with which the catch-words of party are repeated from mouth to mouth, with which this or that nostrum becomes commonly received, with which men are willing—as it would seem—to abrogate their own independence of opinion, as soon as a certain current dogma has been labeled for acceptance by those who pull the strings of party. We can see such an illustration in the new method which has foisted it-

self into our political life, by which the caucus is to dictate to our constituencies.

From the assertion of this mental and moral independence for the individual Dr. Smiles starts; and the truth he here preaches, however old or trite it may be, is not one which we can afford to relegate to the limbo of a truism. But how, in the next place, is this independence to be used, at once for the good of the society and of the individual himself? The answer is summed up in one word—work. Without this, you can have none of the rewards of life; with it, even though you have not these rewards, you still have happiness in the satisfaction of work done, of attention concentrated that might have been dissipated, of energies strained and healthy instead of listless and flabby. You have, in short, that condition of moral and mental existence which, framed as men are, contributes a thousand times more toward happiness than mere outward circumstances. In short, the preacher of work does but turn the stoic's maxim into adaptability with the needs of our age: "Live according to nature"—and nature for you is work.

This single maxim, then, of the necessity of labor for a society such as ours, we take to be the starting-point of Dr. Smiles's philosophy. Some may deem it groveling in its utilitarianism; others may fancy it restricted, as imposing an undue and irksome routine. Practical experience alone can apply the test; and we have little hesitation in accepting Dr. Smiles's axiom. But next comes the question, Wherein is this work to be employed—what rules, what qualities, what aims are to guide it? To the first question, the answer of Dr. Smiles is catholic enough. Let the work be that which hand or brain finds to do; so long as it is honest work, it matters not where. It is for each man, or his teacher, to find out where his talent lies, and to apply it in that direction; but this is a question to be solved by each individual, and affects but little the general rule that by labor and in labor man must live. And we fancy the importance of this question is in nine cases out of ten much exaggerated. For many men habit, training, rigorous self-education determine the bent of their activity; for others, accident is the main guide; a few only have that innate talent which is a success in one direction, worse than a failure in another. But in his answer to the next question, what qualities are to guide and color and lie at the root of work, Dr. Smiles is definite and explicit; and he touches and illustrates each of these qualities with singular happiness, when we consider the practical aim of his books. First comes that commonplace and yet most rare of qualities—one which every man believes to be his at any moment it may please him to practice it, and yet

which in its perfection is perhaps the chief constituent of genius—the quality of patience. The power of waiting and working without losing heart is that which perhaps more than any other marks off the leader among men from those whose possibly brilliant qualities are useless and unadaptable. There is the patience of the statesman who can, as the Scotch say, “bide his time,” and who keeps steadily to a clear and definite aim, in the assured confidence that angry and excited clamor will have its day and pass. “*Disce: quid dicebant? dicant*”—“They have said: what said they? let them say”—is the motto of a northern university, and it contains a far-reaching lesson in moral and mental independence for the students within the walls—that in public as in private concerns, in maintaining a consistent aim as well as in persevering in an appointed task, victory comes to the man who can wait and restrain rash impulses in the midst of excited declamation.

But more is needed. With all our energy after schemes of education, it may be doubted whether knowledge is really greatly valued at the present day for its own sake. It must come by the most easy methods: the great aim is to diminish that labor which is one of the most useful parts of education. No knowledge is prized whose immediate and direct utility is not evident. All this is the very worst means for training a generation for the real work of life. Knowledge of some kind, thoroughly mastered, and mastered by one's own labor, is a first requisite for self-help; and Dr. Smiles rightly counts the lack of any such personal effort as one of the chief dangers of our age.

There is (he says) usually no want of desire on the part of most persons to arrive at the results of self-culture, but there is a great aversion to pay the inevitable price for it, of hard work. Dr. Johnson held that “impatience of study was the mental disease of the present generation”; and the remark is still applicable. We may not believe that there is a royal road to learning, but we seem to believe very firmly in a “popular” one. In education we invent labor-saving processes, seek short cuts to science, learn French and Latin “in twelve lessons,” or “without a master.” We resemble the lady of fashion who engaged a master to teach her on condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles. We get our smattering of science in the same way; we learn chemistry by listening to a short course of lectures enlivened by experiments, and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burned in oxygen, we have got our smattering, of which the most that can be said is that, though it may be better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. Thus we often imagine we are being educated while we are only being amused.

The facility with which young people are thus

induced to acquire knowledge, without study and labor, is not education. It occupies but does not enrich the mind. It imparts a stimulus for the time, and produces a sort of intellectual keenness and cleverness; but, without an implanted purpose, and a higher object than mere pleasure, it will bring with it no solid advantage. In such cases knowledge produces but a passing impression; a sensation, but no more; it is, in fact, the merest epicurism of intelligence—sensuous, but certainly not intellectual. Thus the best qualities of many minds, those which are evoked by vigorous effort and independent action, sleep a deep sleep, and are often never called to life except by the rough awakening of sudden calamity or suffering, which, in such cases, comes as a blessing, if it serves to rouse up a courageous spirit that, but for it, would have slept on.

Accustomed to acquire information under the guise of amusement, young people will soon reject that which is presented to them under the aspect of study and labor. Learning their knowledge and science in sport, they will be too apt to make sport of both; while the habit of intellectual dissipation, thus engendered, can not fail, in the course of time, to produce a thoroughly emasculating effect both on the mind and character.

Beyond those first essentials—not merely for the attainment of a selfish aim after individual success, but for the solid and enduring foundation of any greatness in a nation—beyond that patience and perseverance on which Dr. Smiles has insisted, there are other qualities quite capable of being encouraged or drawn out, but yet hardly so much at the command of the individual will. Energy and courage may not come when bidden, but we may still do what we can to gain them: and it is by example more than anything else that our young men may be caught by the right spirit, and the fogs of a nervous and morbid timidity, only too common in our day, may be dispelled. Those who have observed most closely will confirm our statement, when we say that the repression of individual opinion, in deference to some fancied fashion, is often joined in our young men with a forward assumption or affectation, offensive in itself, but in reality due mainly to that want of manly confidence that seeks the defense of bumptiousness. Against the lack of such manliness, against that shrinking from responsibility, against the avoidance of all ready and energetic effort, Dr. Smiles wages war; and the campaign is one which, we are certain, old-fashioned as the precepts may seem, is not without its use, nay, its urgent necessity.

But how—and this is the next question that arises—how are these qualities best to be gained? How may the turn be given that changes the buoyancy of youth into the energy that may sustain labor, instead of the restlessness that wastes itself? How may the seeds of courage and en-

ergy be developed, and, once developed, be nurtured and trained to take a worthy part in the work of the world? The answer to this question completes the view of life which Dr. Smiles lays before us in "Self-Help"; and without claiming for him the place of a pioneer in society, or a profound analyst of character, we may yet assert that his answer is sound, practical, and to the point. It is not by well-ordered social arrangements: not by the recipes of social reformers; not by elaborate organizations; but by the influences that have been present since society existed, the school of the hearth and the teachings of example. It is to the family, that most precious of the institutions of modern society, that Dr. Smiles looks for the first and most decisive bent of character; and his divergence from those who would lower or weaken the family tie, from those social philosophers who would see in it something that restricts or narrows the range of the individual, is wide indeed. Such ideas have been the stock-in-trade of a select coterie, ever since the outbreak of 1789; and they have not failed to be repeated when popular excitement got the better of reason and common sense, or when the indifference of prosperity suffered men to lend a languid interest to any paradox in politics, in society, or in religion. When any pressure comes, in which men are called seriously to face the hard facts of natural existence, when they have gravely to look to the foundations on which society is based, such whims of theory are hardly likely to have much toleration. But for this very reason it is well to have the attention, not of our theorists, but of the practical workers who are the thews and sinews of the nation, called to the importance of conserving with the utmost care this unit of society—the family. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," says Burke, "is the germ of all public affections." It is but an enlargement of the same idea, when he says elsewhere, "A nation that cares nothing for its ancestors, is likely to care little for its posterity." We can not rid ourselves of our associations, be they domestic or national; we can not create ourselves anew; we can not make ourselves mere social units, any more than we can make cosmopolitanism a root of national action. "Whatever may be the efficiency of schools," says Dr. Smiles, "the examples set in our homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the characters of our future men and women. The home is the crystal of society—the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life." And this influence affecting the individual with an absolute certainty that nothing can withstand,

this influence based on the first associations of each one of us, is just as little to be set aside when we have to deal with the motives that govern the action of the masses of individuals that we call nations. As Dr. Smiles says in a recent volume:

Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it, and lightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings, and the valorous achievements of the men of old. The life of nations, as of men, is a great treasury of experience, which, wisely used, issues in social progress and improvement; or, misused, issues in dreams, delusions, and failures. Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials. Some of the most glorious chapters in their history are those containing the record of the sufferings by means of which their character has been developed. Love of liberty and patriotic feeling may have done much, but trial and suffering, nobly borne, more than all.

Parental influence, then, and the example of those who have gone before us, who have done "a man's work" in the world, these are the means which Dr. Smiles holds to be most efficacious for producing that combination of qualities that results in "self-help." Hence the importance he attaches, and as we think rightly attaches, to biography, a sphere of literary labor in which he himself has done good service. There is no branch of our national literary work which is more potent for good or evil, and none, at the same time, which is more apt to be affected by the current tone of the day. We can not help noticing a tendency, of which not a few biographies of recent date are illustrations, toward glozing over faults, willfully suppressing grave defects of character, stooping to a certain worship of intellectual superiority, or to an emotional admiration of passionate and selfish excitement, which is not merely false as literature, but is deadly in its results. We do not suspect the authors of these biographies of any intentional laudation of simple misdoing; but they have only too truly gauged the taste of an audience, which longs for an object of unlimited admiration or indiscriminating applause as a sort of relief from indifference. But nothing can excuse the gloss thrown over plain truth; and we would infinitely prefer the biography, as simple, as unpretentious, as patently true as those of Dr. Smiles are, to the most subtle analysis, the most self-renouncing hero-worship, which sets before us a picture aping art by falsehood.

The two volumes which are sequels to "Self-Help" treat the same subject, and in much the same practical way. But they divide the subject, as it were, and approach it from different sides. In "Thrift," duty is viewed not so much from its starting-point in a man's own determination and will, not so much as the affair of the individual, alike binding on him in the desert and in society, but as it bears on his social and economical relations. We are brought in this volume face to face with the evils that degrade and lower the different classes of society. The errors against which it bears most heavily are those caused by prevalent vices, by false or fraudulent commercial transactions, by wide-stretching obstinacy on the part of one or another class. The evils that it seeks to remedy are those caused by improvidence; by drink, by a false social standard of consideration. The good at which it aims is the creation of a feeling of independence in each class, an honesty in work, a scrupulousness in commercial morality. Published when our commercial prosperity was seemingly at its highest, it preached a sermon on thrift which the working classes would have done well to lay to heart. Dr. Smiles does not hesitate to speak his mind very plainly when there is need, and spares no current vices. He fixes the blame exactly where it lies, allowing no room for self-flattery by a complaint of institutions:

Complaining that the laws are bad, and that the taxes are heavy, will not mend matters. Aristocratic government, and the tyranny of masters, are nothing like so injurious as the tyranny of vicious appetites. Men are easily led away by the parade of their miseries, which are for the most part voluntary and self-imposed—the result of idleness, thriftlessness, intemperance, and misconduct. To blame others for what we suffer is always more agreeable to our self-pride than to blame ourselves. But it is perfectly clear that people who live from day to day without plan, without rule, without forethought—who spend all their earnings, without saving anything for the future—are preparing beforehand for inevitable distress.

So he quotes from Mr. Norris, speaking of the highly paid miners and iron-workers of Staffordshire at the time of their prosperity:

Improvidence is too tame a word for it—it is recklessness; here young and old, married and unmarried, are uniformly and almost avowedly self-indulgent spendthrifts. One sees this reckless character marring and vitiating the nobler traits of their nature. Their gallantry in the face of danger is akin to foolhardiness; their power of intense labor is seldom exerted except to compensate for time lost in idleness and revelry; their readiness to make "gatherings" for their sick and married comrades seems only to obviate the necessity of previous sav-

ing; their very creed—and, after their sort, they are a curiously devotional people, holding frequent prayer-meetings in the pits—often degenerates into fanatical fatalism. But it is seen far more painfully and unmistakably in the alternate plethora and destitution between which, from year's end to year's end, the whole population seems to oscillate. The prodigal revelry of the *reckoning night*, the drunkenness of Sunday, the refusal to work on Monday and perhaps Tuesday, and then the untidiness of their homes toward the latter part of the two or three weeks which intervene before the next pay-day; their children kept from school, their wives and daughters on the pit-bank, their furniture in the pawn-shop; the crowded and miry lanes in which they live, their houses often cracked from top to bottom by the "crowning in" of the ground, without drainage, or ventilation, or due supply of water—such a state of things as this, coexisting with earnings which might insure comfort and even prosperity, seems to prove that no legislation can cure the evil.

So, too, he quotes with equal emphasis the words of the late Mr. Denison:

What a monstrous thing it is that, in the richest country in the world, large masses of the population should be condemned annually, by a natural operation of nature, to starve to death! It is all very well to say, How can it be helped? Why, it was not so in our grandfathers' time. Behind us they were in many ways, but they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvelous prosperity which has in the last twenty years been granted us, without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfillment demands. . . . The people *create* their destitution and their disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or of sickness, which there always must be. . . . I do not underrate the difficulty of laying by out of weekly earnings, but I say it *can* be done. A dock-laborer, while a young, strong, unmarried man, could lay by half his weekly wages, and such men are almost sure of constant employment. . . . Saving is within the reach of nearly every man, even if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like *common* occurrence, the destitution and disease of this city would be kept within quite manageable limits. And this will take place. I may not live to see it, but it will be within two generations. For, unfortunately, this amount of change may be effected without the least improvement in the spiritual condition of the people. Good laws, energetically enforced, with compulsory education, supplemented by gratuitous individual exertion (which will then have a much reduced field and much fairer prospects), will certainly succeed in giving the mass of the people so much light as will generally guide them into so much

industry and morality as is clearly conducive to their bodily ease and advancement in life.

So much for the aims and warnings of "Thrift." In the companion volume on "Character," Dr. Smiles looks rather to the individual than to society. The two aspects imperceptibly glide into one another; but there is nevertheless a certain value in the full illustration of that individual force and native energy which triumph over outside conditions, and which radiate from themselves outward. In treating of this it is more than ever clear that the worship of success and its accidents is no part of Dr. Smiles's teaching. Truth, integrity, courage, perseverance—these are the qualities which are to win that highest of all prizes, self-respect; and whose possessors are not to be known by their success, but by the way they bear either failure or prosperity. Far from being self-centered, they are to have their very spring and animation in unstinted admiration for the high qualities of others. True, we can not expect such maxims to be taught, without any reference to personal or worldly weal. If he attempted so to teach them, Dr. Smiles would only show that he was as ignorant of human nature and of human motives as those generally are who attempt to theorize on conduct without practical experience. But the lines of his teaching in its higher side are only to be seen by taking such typical passages as the following, in the one of which he asserts individual independence, and in the other points to the objects for which that independence has been given:

As for the institutions, however good in themselves, they will avail but little in maintaining the standard of national character. It is the individual men, and the spirit which actuates them, that determine the moral standing and stability of nations. Government, in the long run, is usually no better than the people governed. Where the mass is sound in conscience, morals, and habit, the nation will be ruled honestly and nobly. But where they are corrupt, self-seeking, and dishonest in heart, bound neither by truth nor by law, the rule of rogues and wire-pullers becomes inevitable.

The only true barrier against the despotism of public opinion, whether it be of the many or of the few, is enlightened individual freedom, and purity of personal character. Without these there can be no vigorous manhood, no true liberty in a nation. Political rights, however broadly framed, will not elevate a people individually depraved. Indeed, the more complete a system of popular suffrage, and the more perfect its protection, the more completely will the real character of a people be reflected, as by a mirror, in their laws and government. Political morality can never have any solid existence on a basis of individual immorality. Even freedom, exercised by a debased people, would come to be regarded

as a nuisance, and liberty of the press but a vent for licentiousness and moral abomination.

And again:

We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

We have thus endeavored, though in the merest outline, to point out what appear to us to be the main lines of Dr. Smiles's teaching. We conceive its leading maxims to be, that the individual is and ought to be independent, and that reforms of society must begin at the center, or in the moral character of each individual, and can not be wrought by any system or organization, however cunningly conceived; and we believe further, that it teaches that this individual independence is associated with a boundless responsibility; that it lays upon each man not only that first of all duties, self-preservation in its widest sense, but also makes him, by force of example, one of the many architects of the society in which he lives. And further, we conceive Dr. Smiles to teach that this self-preservation is to be attained, this example made operative, by holding steadily before us the comprehensive watchwords of Work and Duty. As we take it, his teaching is valuable, not for the subtilty of its analysis, not for the compactness of its system, but because it casts to the winds all sophisms; because it fights against affectation or sentimentalism; and because it speaks with the voice of a practical man to practical men. We think there can be few at this day who will hesitate to acknowledge the importance, nay, the need for England, of teaching such as this. We have no wish to aggravate a time of hardship by recriminations, or to be unduly hopeless as to the future of our country. We have no admiration for one who croaks over the degeneracy of the age, and sees in it nothing but a decay of men and manners. But there are times—and this is one of them—in which it would be folly to shut our eyes to a possible crisis, in which the nation must appeal to the virtues and the energies of each class and of each individual, and must shake off those imbecilities, those sentimentalisms, those unreasonable contentions, which have threatened her weal. We must rouse ourselves to a higher sense of duty, a greater simplicity of aim, and a more rigid husbanding of our resources. As we look round society, is there any class which might not, with

advantage, learn something from, or at least practice more of, such teaching as that of Dr. Smiles? Have our statesmen done what they could to husband the nation's energies, to keep its calmer judgment paramount, to foster that sense of union and association which makes a society strong? For our men of learning and of letters, have they given us an example of high, self-sacrificing, disinterested work, or have we not too often heard of late of that endowment of research, which is to be a safe provision for the possible worker in the future, not a guerdon for work done under the stimulus of native energy and hope? For our merchants, have recent revelations proved that the commerce of England has been sound, or that the simplest considerations of honor, of duty, or of common honesty, have found even general acceptance? Is it not true that our banking system, which for nearly two hundred years had rested upon the confidence reposed in the honor, the prudence, and the integrity of its management, has received a shock from which it will take a generation at least to recover? Has not our religion served as a cloak for dishonesty, in such a way as to give point to the simplest of those maxims which Dr. Smiles has endeavored to inculcate in our youth? And for our workmen, have they not yielded to the voice of flatterers, each with his pretentious nostrum for all evils? Has not their pursuit of political reforms been too often tinged by the degrading delusion that the changes they asked for would—not give them more independence and freedom of action—but secure for them, with less work, a greater opportunity for self-indulgence? How have they used the leisure they have gained? Have they, in prosperity, shown that thrift which is the source of all independence, and which

might have helped to meet the evils of a harder time? For their combinations, have these reaped otherwise than they have sown? From those who have often been the most loud-tongued champions of the workingmen, who have seen in their actions the best illustrations of the inductions of political economy, it is from them that we now hear the most lugubrious prophecies as to the future. And for our manufacturers, has not the luxury of the day, the false security of large profits, diverted much of that personal attention which might have developed our manufactures, and lost much of that hereditary inventiveness which, a generation ago, was our chief strength? With more of the overseeing brain, and more expenditure of personal energy, should we now have been suffering as we are from the accidental conditions of production?

There are few, we fancy, to whom this picture will seem overdrawn. And if each class has something to reproach itself with, is there not also wanting, as between class and class, a very simple but very important one of the virtues which Dr. Smiles, and thousands before him, have preached? Have we not lost much of that mutual helpfulness which is the counterpart of self-help, which is the foundation of manners, and which itself forms a large chapter of morality? Have we learned to make allowances, to sympathize with the standpoint of another class, to feel that there are grave cases in which personal or party or class differences must grow pale and insignificant before the urgency of a common danger? Have those who claim to be the spokesmen of political liberality nothing to answer for in the fact that class differences were never so bitter as at this day they are?

Quarterly Review.

TOWN-BRED POETS.

THE landscape school of poetry—that which delights in celebrating the charms, the glories, and the sublimities of rural scenery, of the sea, of the mountain, of the forest, of the meadow, and of the garden, of the beauty and freshness of the flowers, and of the music of the groves—is almost peculiar to the British Isles. The ancient Greeks and Romans did not excel in, and scarcely cultivated, this branch of the poetic art. Their poets delighted in describing the actions of men and women, and in the portrayal of the emotions and passions, the loves, the hatreds, the joys and sorrows of the human heart; being of the opinion expressed by Alex-

ander Pope in a later day that “the proper study of mankind is man,” or, as a cynic might say, “the hardest study.” The Italian, French, Spanish, and German poets display more of the antique than the modern spirit in this respect, and draw but few of their illustrations from what is erroneously called “inanimate nature.” The French poet Béranger, for instance, never saw or cared to see a mountain or the ocean, and was quite content to draw such little rural knowledge as he possessed from the trees and the gardens of the Tuileries, or St. Cloud, or the Champs Elysées of his beloved Paris. The poets who write in the English language have different

ideas, and without neglecting the dramatic and historic sources of inspiration, indulge more frequently than those of any other nation in the descriptive, the picturesque, and the reflective, or what may be called the landscape department of their art. They are, for the most part, lyrical rather than heroic; and were it not for the roses and the lilies, and the ever-varying beauties or grandeurs of Nature in her gentlest or wildest moods, would run the risk of starving the Muse for want of her accustomed sustenance.

But our landscape poets bred in towns do not always imitate the conscientious example of the landscape painters, who are the glory of the English school. They too often make mistakes as egregious as would be those of a painter who should introduce into the same picture the bare oak-branches of January with the roses of June and the ripe grapes of October. This mistake is constantly made by versifiers, who take nature at second hand, and do not use their own eyes for the purpose of seeing, but repeat, in parrot-fashion, what has been said before, however incorrect it may be. Sir Walter Scott set a praiseworthy example. He took observations of nature on the spot; and if he wished to describe a landscape, noted what he saw, and nothing more. He never introduced the snowdrop at midsummer, nor the ripe peach in April.

Shakespeare himself may be now and then caught tripping in this respect. "See," says Leigh Hunt in his "Indicator," "what a noble brief portrait of April Shakespeare gives us:

Proud pied April, dressed in all his trim.

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

"Shakespeare," adds his critic, "was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard because she was 'richer.'" But if the rose in the "deep vermilion" of her beauty flourished in April in the days of Shakespeare, there has either been a change in the rose or in the seasons, or Shakespeare drew upon his imagination for a supposed fact, which would not bear the ordeal of cross-examination. Again, he speaks in the song, elegantly set to music by Dr. Arne, commencing, "When daisies pied and violets blue," of a white flower which he calls the lady's-smock, which he describes as in full bloom at the time of the cuckoo. What is now called the lady's-smock is the beautiful wild white convolvulus, which clambers over our English hedges in September, months after the cuckoo has taken her final departure from our shores. But perhaps Shakespeare had some other flower

in his mind, which was known in his time by the name of the lady's-smock. In Mr. Thomas Wright's "Archaic and Provincial Dictionary of the English Language," the lady's-smock is described as the great bindweed or convolvulus, while Mr. Halliwell calls it Canterbury bells. But Canterbury bells are usually blue, and do not belong to the class of meadow flowers which Shakespeare desired to celebrate. Possibly, Shakespeare's remembrances of country life in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon or the old Forest of Arden may, when he wrote, have been somewhat dimmed and blurred by his town life in the purlieus of the Globe Theatre and Southwark.

Drayton, another poet of the Shakespearean era, has also made allusion to the lady's-smock. He says:

This maiden, in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime
To get sweet setywall,
The honeysuckle, the harlock,
The lily and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.

In this passage setywall is the common wild valerian of the fields. The lily of May is the little flower known as the lily of the valley, which flourishes in this month. But if the lady's-smock be the great white convolvulus, he brings it into his poem, as Shakespeare did, about three months before its proper time.

William Strode—who wrote a beautiful poem, "In Praise of Melancholy," which seems to have given Milton the first idea of his "Il Penseroso"—was so little acquainted with country life as to have considered that the bat was a bird. He talks of

Places which pale Passion loves,
Moonlight walks when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls.

But of all the town-bred poets—if poet he can be truly called—the greatest offender against the truths of natural history is Isaac Watts, the celebrated author of "Divine and Moral Songs," who has for several generations been known to the young mothers, as well as to the nurses and young children, of England. In one of his celebrated ditties, called "The Ant or Emmet," wherein he inculcates lessons of thrift and foresight, he says of these remarkable little creatures—so well studied in our day by Sir John Lubbock—that "they wear not their time out in sleeping or play." Watts did not know that, in common with bees, flies, and countless other insects, the ants hibernate or sleep all the winter; neither did he know, when he affirmed that "they gathered up corn on a sunshiny day, and

laid up a store for the winter," that what he considered to be grains of corn were no other than their pupæ, or young, which, with maternal and paternal solicitude, they carried to places of safety whenever their nests were disturbed by the rude hands of too inquisitive man. He adds:

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

A little observation of the nature he attempted to describe would have saved Dr. Watts from these errors, and prevented him from going so ingeniously wrong. Nor is the good Doctor (a thorough Cockney) more correct when he speaks of the gentle, faithful animals, dogs, "as fowl and fierce in their nature"; and when he asserts that "birds in their little nests agree," he evidently thought, not only that birds lived habitually in their nests—which they don't, the nest being chiefly used for the purpose of incubation, and deserted as soon as that grand maternal process is completed—but also that birds, in their nest and out of it, never quarreled. The fact is, that birds are about as quarrelsome as men—as every one who has studied their habits can testify; whether the birds be the domestic fowl, or the turkey, or the swan, or even the cantankerous and most pugnacious little black-guard, the sparrow, the very pariah of the feathered creation.

Robert Burns, in whose poetry no traces of such inaccuracies are to be found, and who attentively observed and faithfully described all the natural appearances amid which his life was passed, says in a letter to George Thomson: "The 'Banks of the Dee,' you know, is literally Langlee to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it, for instance:

And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.

In the first place, the nightingale sings from a low bush, never from a tree; and, in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or any other river in Scotland."

Yet Scottish poets of inferior note constantly speak of the nightingale—as do some of the modern American versifiers, who reëcho the blemishes as well as the beauties of English song, though neither nightingale nor lark was ever heard on the American Continent. Even Mr. Longfellow, who is wiser in this respect than many of his countrymen, speaks of "swallows singing down each wind that blows." Swallows may twitter or chirp, but they can not sing any more than a sparrow.

Coleridge, who lived long enough in town to

forget the country, says in his beautiful poem of "Christabel":

'Tis a month before the month of May,
The night is chill, the forest bare,
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

"A month before the month of May" is clearly the month of April, at which time the forest is no longer "bare," as the poet describes, but has put forth either the tender green leaflets of the spring, or the early buds, which have pushed away all the verdure of the previous year, and left no red leaf of the long-past autumn to tremble in the breeze.

Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, one of the early friends of Burns, and who was conspicuously instrumental in bringing the genius of that great and unfortunate poet to the notice of the literary and aristocratic society of the Scottish capital—a man who could judge of poetry much better than he could write it, a by no means uncommon case—was the author of a once much-admired song entitled "Absence." In this composition he says:

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend,
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend.
Yon landscape what joy to survey,
Were Marg'ret with me to admire,
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay
How majestic the mountains aspire!

This poor gentleman was blind, or possibly he would have thought twice before he celebrated the "umbrageous trees" of the aspiring mountains of Scotland. His blindness must be pleaded in excuse for his incorrectness as a word-painter; but a very town-bred poet, the late Thomas Haynes Bailey, the author of many hundreds of mediocre songs—very popular in their day—had, at all events, his eyesight, and could not, like Dr. Blacklock, urge in extenuation of his inaccuracies that he could not see. One of his songs, that took the unripe fancy of our grandfathers and grandmothers in the days when they were young and foolish, expressed his desire to be a butterfly:

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

But butterflies are not born in bowers, whether roses and lilies meet there or not; for truth compels the admission that they are born in cabbages, and that in their youthful state as caterpillars—before they have attained to the dignity of wings

—they commit very serious depredations on those useful vegetables, as every gardener knows to his sorrow. Nor is the poet, if a poet he be, which is doubtful, more correct when he says that the butterfly,

Sportive and airy,
Sleeps in a rose when the nightingale sings.

Butterflies do not sleep in roses, in the petals of any other flower, or in other unsheltered places, but take refuge in nooks and crannies, instinctively afraid of the nightingale, who would be very likely to make a meal of them if they came within his sphere of vision.

There was a time in the history of poetry when unreality was its distinguishing characteristic, and when French and English writers vied with each other in producing lyrics that had no touch of nature about them, and when all lovers were made to masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses, of a kind that have never been seen except on the stage and in the pictures of Watteau. Chloe, Phyllis, or Amanda was always represented with short petticoats, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, with ribbons on them, with a brocade tunic of green, sky-blue, crimson, or innocent white, holding a crook garlanded with flowers; while Corydon, Lubin, or Aminto kept her company in a similar costume, though with nether garments of satin or velvet, casting glances now and then at the sheep, which had ribbons round their necks like ladies' lap-dogs, but devoting the greater part of their attention to themselves, as was proper to people in love. Out of a thousand or even ten thousand specimens of this kind of literature with which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were inundated, the following brick may serve to show of what the temple was constructed. It is the composition of Gilbert Elliott, first Earl of Minto, and dates from the year 1740:

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Augusta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Augusta? why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Augusta no more.

A quarter of a century before this rubbish made its appearance, Alexander Pope shot a bolt of much-needed satire against the too-prevalent inanities which a silly age persisted in recognizing as poetry. The whole composition is too

long to quote; but a couple of stanzas will suffice to show its spirit and its sting:

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus, when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the birds of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate!

The shaft was well aimed; but stupidity has a long life, and it was not until the publication of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the rise of the school of natural poetry, of which Wordsworth was the chief apostle and bard, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, that the vast army of the versifiers began to be even dimly aware of the fact that nonsense does not cease to be nonsense merely because it is written in rhythm and rhyme, or because it masquerades under the guise of poetry. This particular delusion is not yet wholly dispelled, or the "Poet's Corner" of provincial newspapers would not continue to be so constantly filled, and such countless volumes of rhymed trash would not be annually published at the expense of their authors. The truest poets are always the most correct. Nothing is too great, and nothing is too small, for their observation. Their genius, as has been said of the elephant's trunk, can pick up the pin as well as rend the oak. "They ransack the broad heavens for new illustrations, or turn over the minutest pebble in the sand for new facts. Nothing escapes them. Everything becomes tributary to their genius." But in all their airy flights between the real and the ideal, their imagination is always true to the laws of imagination—laws that are subservient to those of nature, and which do not permit the poet to outrage truth by the creation of unreal monstrosities, or denials of palpable and universally recognized facts. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, in poetry as in everything else; and, before the town poet attempts to describe rural nature, he ought to study it in all its details. And, in like manner, the poet who has lived all his life among forests, or in the valleys of the mountain slopes, should know something of the life of cities, and the fermentation of human life in multitudes, before he begins to trace the lines of heroic or dramatic composition. Nature herself is an artist, and if the poet be not one he has mistaken his vocation.

All the Year Round.

TWO LADIES.

THE present generation is much disposed to think that a great many ideas are of its invention, which are in reality as old as the hills, and as firmly rooted in human nature as are these ancient summits in the green earth. One of these, and a very prominent one, is that of the employment of women—a supposed novelty which has given to many busy persons in our age the delightful conviction of being themselves inventors, apostles, and missionaries of an altogether novel undertaking—one for which it was not unlikely they might be sent to the stake, if not of actual burning, at least of popular indignation and opposition. The critics of women—who are more or less the whole “male sect,” just as the female part of the community are the unsparing though less demonstrative critics of men—are fond of saying that heat and excitement are unfailing accompaniments of all female advocacy, whatsoever its objects may be; and perhaps there is something of this in the polemical, warlike, and indignant assertion of the right of women to toil, which has been of late days so strenuously put forth. We are not inclined to combat that assertion. For our own part, we are much disposed to believe that the greatest and most fundamental wrong done to women in this world is the small appreciation ever shown—at least in words—of the natural and inevitable share of the world’s work which they can not avoid, and which no one can say they do not fulfill uncomplainingly. So long as the occupations of mother and housekeeper are taken for granted as of no particular importance, and the woman who discharges them is treated simply as one of her husband’s dependents, her work bearing no comparison with that of the “bread-winner,” so long will all hot-headed and high-spirited women resent the situation. But this is not the question that we have here to discuss. We began by saying that the present generation considers itself to have invented the idea that women have a right to the toils and rewards of labor, notwithstanding the long array of facts staring them in the face from the beginning of history, by which it is apparent that, whenever it has been necessary, women *have* toiled, have earned money, have got their living and the living of those dependent upon them, in total indifference to all theory. The “widow-woman” with her “small family”—and there is scarcely any one who is not acquainted with two or three specimens of this class—has not waited for any popular impulse, poor soul, to put her shoulder to the wheel, nor has stopped to consider whether the work she

could get to do was feminine, so long as she could get it, and could get paid for it, and get bread for her children. In all classes of society the existence of need has been a key which has opened spheres of labor to women, and developed capabilities of work which have had nothing to do with any theory. And even on a much higher level than that which we have already indicated, those persons are few who do not number among their acquaintance some lady whom the necessities of existence have forced into active competition with other strugglers for bread. These workers, perhaps, may not have found their career so dignified as that, for example, of the young female conveyancer whom we lately heard of, whose chambers in Lincoln’s Inn are thronged by clients; but at all events they managed to keep their heads above water, and did their work, though with little blowing of trumpets. The two ladies* whose memorials lie before us—one the record of a life which is over, the other the recollections of a still vivacious and active intelligence, which we hope may yet derive a great deal of tranquil pleasure from the evening time of life—give admirable proof of what we have said. They were friends, and belonged to the same society more or less: they were in full tide of their lives, if not beginning to wane, when the agitations of recent times were but beginning; which did not hinder them, however, from stepping into the busy current of active life when necessity made it desirable so to do—finding work that suited them, and doing it, as well as if all England got up in church on Sunday and said, “I believe that women ought to be allowed to work” at all the trades in the world. Anna Jameson and Fanny Kemble were not, it may be said, ordinary women; they had each a special gift—but it was not the highest manifestation of that gift that either possessed. Fanny Kemble was not worthy, she would herself be the first to admit, to loose the latchet of her aunt, the great Mrs. Siddons, who preceded her in her trade; nor can Mrs. Jameson be considered a person of that overmastering genius which holds its place by divine right. And neither the one nor the other had, so far as these books indicate, that strongest stimulus of a woman’s exertion, a family of children to be brought up. Yet neither of them found any obstacles

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson.* By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. London: Longmans & Co. *Records of a Girlhood.* By Fanny Kemble. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

worth speaking of between them and the professions which they respectively chose.

Much more interesting, however, than any argument which they can illustrate, are the chapters of life which they supply. The fact that they came across each other at various points of their life, and that each has something to say about the other, gives a double interest to the twin threads of story. Both were admirable and devoted daughters; both were unhappy wives; both had to fight their own way, through storms and troubles, from a beginning full of that bright happiness, hope, and visionary daring which somehow seem, nowadays, almost more conspicuous in young women of talent than in young men, to a life of achievement more moderate than their ideal, and of sorrow far beyond any prognostication. In other respects those two women were very different. Mrs. Jameson was sentimental and Miss Kemble gay; but, indeed, any attempt to compare them would be out of place, since the recollections of the latter are confined to the earlier part of her life, and can not be judged as we can estimate the entire and perfect chrysolite of the other's completed career.

Mrs. Jameson's memoir comes to us under sad circumstances. It had not been intended to publish any biography of her; and when at last her favorite niece, after an interval of many years, took it in hand, she was herself already overshadowed by the glooms of the valley of death, and died before the book was through the press. It is a modest and in many respects graceful memoir, giving a very unaffected and agreeable picture of a woman whose character and its defects, whose style and studies, were all womanly; and of the society in which she lived, with some glimmering side-lights of foreign society, in which she shone, a faint yet luminous star—a representative of English culture and literary grace. Her travels are much less remarkable now than when she made them; her attainments were never, perhaps, very great, or her insight very profound; but her work in the world was very distinct and perfect in its way—true to all it professed, well considered, and full of the poise and balance which only leisure and reflection can give.

We do not find in her books any of the hurry and precipitation to which we are getting used in most literary productions. She says indeed, again and again, that nothing would induce her to bind herself to a certain time of publication, which she calls "putting herself in bondage to the booksellers." Alas! the bondage thus undertaken means, in many cases, a preliminary bondage to life, in comparison with which the hardest of taskmasters is liberal. Mrs. Jameson had learned a lesson which her successors in lit-

erature find it more and more difficult to master. She had acquired the art of content with earnings that were never great, and of life within the strict limits of her capability. The man or woman who does this need never fear to be hurried into ignoble or imperfect work; but of all the arts within human reach it is perhaps, in this age, the most hard. The contrast between the modest existence and limited production of such a writer, and the perpetual overstrain of exertion and greater social independence of her successors in literature, is very marked. It indicates, perhaps, a change in national manners, as well as in those of individuals. The author in earlier days was very well content to be the attendant star of some noble or wealthy house, getting society and its privileges upon a footing which was not exactly that of inferiority, often, indeed, that of flattered elevation and nominal sovereignty—but never upon an equal footing; and even in the more recent past up to the borders of to-day, though individual patrons are less notable, society itself has assumed this protecting attitude. More or less, let us allow it, the artist's position has always been the same. He has been supposed to lend luster, in the days of more magnificent patronage, to the court or the great man who entertained him. He has been the ornament and pride of the society which never in its soul has considered him as more than its dependent; although, after all the little details of every-day intercourse were over, and the patron and the patronized both dead and turned to clay, his position has appeared, in the light of subsequent records, a very delightful and admirable one, and he himself the central light in the picture, of which he was in reality, could we but know, the merest little twinkling taper. Time sets all this to rights in the most astonishing way—changing every social arrangement, "putting down the mighty from their seats" in true Biblical fashion, though perhaps those who are "exalted" can scarcely be termed the "humble and meek." Sir Walter Scott, perhaps, was the first writer who set his face against this order of things. He wanted to establish a family, everybody says; to be a county magnate, and leave to his sons and grandsons after him (alas!) the inheritance of that magnificent position. Perhaps; we say nothing against the universal verdict which has marked out this foolishness (if foolishness it was) in the mind of the most sensible of all men of genius. But, we humbly opine, there was something more in it. Sir Walter was not a man to be patronized, though in the most flattering way. He was the first great writer who was determined to be socially independent—to be the host and not the guest, to give and not to receive. Alas! one knows what came of it. We who have been bred

upon Sir Walter are loath to allow that anything of his (short of "Count Robert" or "Castle Dangerous") is too much; and of all noble struggles on record, *his* struggle against debt and dishonor—with hasty taskwork of not always admirable but always honest work, for which it pleased the public (God bless it for the memory of that wise and gracious folly!) to pay absurd prices—is one of the most noble. Still it was a grievous and a painful price to pay for the position not only of Scotch laird (we are disposed to think a secondary aspiration), but of host and entertainer of the whole world at Abbotsford—genial prince of letters, not the "ornament" of anybody else's society, were it a king, but head of his own. The fashion thus set has had results which Sir Walter did not contemplate. Society, finding that way decidedly cheaper, has recognized the revolt against patronage by giving it up to a great degree; and, alas! in a great many cases the artist, not giving up society, but in the heyday of success feeling himself rich enough in his pen or pencil to cock his beaver with any man, has set up for equality, as Sir Walter did, and in something of the same way—hence how many floods of hurrying books one on the heels of another! how many brilliant splashes of raw pictures, hard transcripts of nature that mean nothing but so many hundreds or thousands of pounds! This is the drawback of that social independence which means a more expensive life than we can afford. Would it be better to go back (if we could) to the position of "ornaments of society," acknowledging ourselves the legitimate amusers of our betters, and nothing more? There is something that would perhaps be still more expedient than this—which is, to do without our betters, to give up all hankerings after them, and try "the little oatmeal" which has proved such excellent fare—the "high thinking and poor living" which is so good for art. If we always could when we would!

This is once more a digression; but it indicates, we think, a marked difference in the life of our own days, when literature is becoming, or has become, a profession like any other; and those who follow it, and who are known to be able to earn a very good, substantial income by it, are no longer supposed to require the petting and admiring pity of the world as persons whose very gifts imply a certain folly and want of practical qualities. This tradition still lingered when Mrs. Jameson rose into popularity as the author of a pretty, languishing little book of travel, in which, besides a good deal of sentimental self-bemoaning, there were some charming descriptions of places little enough known to excite the eager reader whose imagination was then apt to take fire at the very name of Italy, and some

indications of a budding comprehension of art. The pretty young woman who gained this entirely lady-like triumph had just been married, and was now no melancholy *ennuyée* at all, though she had known troubles even at that early stage. She was not a girlish bride, being about thirty at the time of her marriage; but there is nothing in that age to prevent her from being a pretty young woman, golden-haired and fair, with beautiful hands and arms, and a lovely complexion, as one of her contemporaries—the lady whose name we have linked with hers, Fanny Kemble—describes her. Before she came to this stage, however, there had been a good deal of change and variety, and some touch of hardship, in her life. Her father, whose name was Murphy, an Irish miniature-painter of very considerable ability, as some of his miniatures still existing amply testify, had probably some difficulty, as is unfortunately common enough in artists' households, in making both ends meet; and his eldest child, the eldest of a little party of five sisters—just the kind of family which is the most delightful in babyhood, and most alarming when the question of providing for them comes to be considered—very soon seems to have been seized by the prophetic conviction that she was to take this burden upon her with as little delay as possible. Nothing can be prettier than the picture of the five little maidens, four of them in awed and unquestioning subjection to their sister, who followed their parents in their wanderings about the north of England, and final settlement in London. The others were, it is likely, as little impressed by any struggles of poverty in the house as children generally are; but little Anna understood and foresaw that it was her business to remedy that domestic trouble. When she was about twelve, she conceived for this purpose a notable plan. She gathered her little sisters together, probably after some unrecorded family incident which had made the situation clear to her, and harangued them. Here were four of them from twelve downward (the fifth being still in the cradle), eating the bread of idleness, she said, while their father and mother were struggling. Her plan was—that they should immediately "set out for Brussels, learn the art of lace-making, work at it at once successfully, and achieve in the shortest possible time a fortune with which to set their parents at ease for the future. The proceeding was *tout simple*. . . . The plan would be to take their course straight along by the banks of the Paddington Canal as far as it went, then inquire which was the nearest road to the coast, and then take ship for Belgium." This heroic scheme did not come to anything, through the weakness of one of the little conspirators. But it is as pretty a story of childish heroism and foolishness, delightfully true

and touching in both, as we ever remember to have heard. The high-spirited child is an ideal little heroine.

This and a few other charming anecdotes are derived from the recollections of the one surviving sister, a lady who has, we believe, attained the venerable age of eighty, with intelligence as bright and heart as warm as ever. "Camilla remembers still how Anna, with her head erect and her blue eyes gleaming, would declaim the well-known verses—

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky—

till the other feeble voices of the nursery party had learned to lisp them after her, a little awed, and wondering at their own heroism." And when time had somewhat matured the young savior of the family—but not much, for she was only sixteen—Anna went out into the world as a governess, which perhaps was harder than the lace-making. The chief thing that interests us in her "*Diary of the Ennuyée*" is just the side glimpse afforded, quite unwittingly, of this governess life—the unconscious revelation of her own partial solitude in the midst of a gay party, which she puts down to the score of the mysterious sorrow in which it is her pleasure to shroud herself, the mild feminine Byronism of a heart-broken wanderer. No doubt it was, as her biographer suggests, a fashion of the time.

The little book which first brought her into notice was not written to be printed at all. It was made up of the contents of a journal which it was her practice to keep, and which she kept all her life, though the later volumes were destroyed. A governess of some genius on the grand tour with her pupils and their family, who were of no genius at all—a young woman who had quarreled with her lover and broken off her engagement, and had a turn for writing—what more easy than to understand what sort of a book it was? Few people nowadays know much of the "*Diary of an Ennuyée*"; but the elders among us, and especially ladies who were young about that time, or indeed twenty years after that time, will certainly have fallen in with the elegant little volume, so pretty and spirited, so melancholy and languishing—the very ideal book which the heroine in white satin or the confidante in white muslin might have—granted the gift of composition—been expected to write. We advise the reader, if he finds it on some dusty book-shelf, to make acquaintance with that melancholy young lady. He will not cry, probably, as his contemporaries did, but he will often smile, and he will like her, notwithstanding her sincere af-

fection. She has the courage to venture some very rash judgments upon pictures which made her own hair stand on end in after and more enlightened days; and she affords us glimpses, unintentional, of her own position, which are touching without any intention of being so. The journal was brought out by a sort of quack publisher and Jack-of-all-trades after she had recovered from her dejection, and had, unhappily for her, made it up with her lover; and she got a guitar with the price, which, no doubt, it was by no means disagreeable to her to play with her beautiful hands. Miss Martineau gives an ill-natured line, in her general abuse of all her acquaintance, to a lady thinly protected by an initial, Mrs. J—, who lets her hand hang over the back of a chair by way of showing its beauty. And why not? A pretty hand is not a possession to be hid.

Mrs. Jameson's marriage was entirely unsuccessful and unhappy. The story of it, as given here, is perhaps inadequate, and scarcely accounts for the superficial and brief union, the ever-widening breach, between these two unsuitable people. Evidently not half is told, or would bear telling, though the writer is anxious to assure the public that no wrong of a serious kind, no greater blame on one side or the other than that of absolute incompatibility, existed between the unfortunate pair. There is an account of an incident which happened in the first week of their marriage, however, which throws some light upon the character of the husband, who is *not* the subject of the memoir, and for whom there is not even a devil's advocate to plead, though Mrs. Macpherson has been scrupulous in throwing no unnecessary mud upon him:

The pair had been married in the middle of the week—Wednesday, my informant believes—and settled at once in their lodgings. On the Sunday Mr. Jameson announced his intention of going out to the house of some friends, with whom he had been in the habit of spending Sunday before his marriage. The young wife was struck dumb by this proposal. "But," she said, "they do not know me; they may not want to know me. Would it not be better to wait until they have time at least to show whether they care for my acquaintance?" "That is as you please," said the husband; "but in any case, whether you come or not, I shall go." The bride of three or four days had to make up her mind. How could she intrude herself upon strangers? But supposing, on the other hand, any friend of her own should come, any member of her family, to congratulate her on her happiness, how could her pride bear to be found alone and forsaken on the first Sunday of her married life? Accordingly, with an effort she prepared herself, and set out with him in her white gown—*forlorn enough, who can doubt?* They had not gone far when it began to rain; and taking advan-

tage of this same white gown as a pretext for escaping from so embarrassing a visit, she declared it impossible to go farther. "Very well," once more said the bridegroom. "You have an umbrella. Go back, by all means; but I shall go on." And so he did; and though received, as his astonished host afterward related, with exclamations of bewilderment and consternation, carelessly ate his dinner with them, and spent the rest of the evening until his usual hour with perfect equanimity undisturbed.

This curious story is as much as we need give of the record of Mrs. Jameson's matrimonial troubles. Fortunately, circumstances as well as inclination kept the pair much apart; and when, after a cheerless visit paid by the wife to the husband in Canada, and dreary attempt to renew their relations on a better footing which it is to be supposed both made conscientiously, yet which failed completely, they parted, he declaring that in leaving him she carried with her his "most perfect respect and esteem. . . . My affection you will never cease to retain," he adds. The wife, on her side, makes no response to these pretty sayings, and never seems to have assured him of respect and esteem on her part. His letters are very neat, and nicely expressed; while in hers there is always a suppressed tone of aggrieved indignation. Oddly enough, her friends say that as much love as there was between this strange couple was on the woman's side. However, they parted with these fine expressions of confidence twelve years after their marriage, and saw each other no more.

Mrs. Jameson returned after this painful expedition to her own family, of which, henceforward, she became the chief stay. Her husband gave her an allowance of three hundred pounds a year; but very soon her father's life was threatened by paralysis, and, though he lived for many years longer, he was never able for work again. The sisters, once making so pretty a group in their adoring submission to their elder sister, were now, like herself, growing into middle age. Two of them married, not in such a way as to be of much use to their relations; and the two unmarried, along with the father and mother, fell upon Anna's hands. She was, as we have said, a writer more elegant than vigorous, a workwoman fastidious about her work, and entirely incapable of the precipitation of modern toil; but nevertheless she took up this burden without a murmur, and patiently eked out her income with a great deal of industry, much grace and limpid purity of style, and a subdued sense of the hardship of her position, which never for one moment made her falter in the doing of this affectionate duty. She produced another pretty

book, in which there lingers much of the melancholy and more or less sentimental charm of the "Ennuyée"—a book about the Women of Shakespeare, in which there is not indeed much profound criticism, but a great deal of charming writing. The "elegant female" is never quite absent from our mind when we glance over those graceful discussions; yet we can not help wondering whether the girls who read them were not far more likely to become refined and cultivated women, than those who are brought up upon George Sand and De Musset, or those who, like some intelligent specimens we have lately met with, pursue the "higher education of women" through all manner of lecturings, without knowing who Portia is, or that Beatrice who could have eaten the heart in the market-place of the man who had scorned her friend. Elegant and a little artificial as they may be, these gentle disquisitions upon the highest and noblest of poetical creations, always pure, generous, and lofty in their tone, are better things by far than much that has supplanted them. It was still "chiefly for my own sex" that Mrs. Jameson proposed to write; and we think, for our own part—notwithstanding that "the female figure seated dejectedly beneath a tall lily-bush" watching "the tiny bark vanishing into a stormy distance," which forms its frontispiece, is, in its conventional elegance and feeble drawing, not uncharacteristic of the literary matter it prefaces—that there is a healthier soul in its enthusiasm, and a far higher aim, than we are apt to meet with nowadays. This pretty book is, we believe, out of print: it deserves reinvestiture in that apparel better than many productions of much greater importance. "The female figure under the lily" was a pretty compliment to the young friend, Fanny Kemble, to whom the book was dedicated, and who was then disappearing into a very stormy distance indeed—over the misty Atlantic, seeking fortune for her family and herself, as Anna Jameson, with less *éclat* and much less profit, was seeking a living for her dependents at home.

The story of the struggling and laborious life in which she did this is often very pathetic: it had its times of depression, its gleams of better hope. Sometimes, in her letters, she complains of the want of companionship to which her life is doomed; sometimes, with tender bravery, declares herself to have "love and work enough" to keep her spirit strong. Her family, more or less, were always dependent on her; and as if she had not enough to do with the father and mother and sisters, who were none of them overprosperous, the childless woman took upon her the training and charge of one of the two children who were the sole representatives of the family in the second generation—the little Gerardine,

about whom all her correspondents speak as of the dearest interest in her life. Very pretty is the picture she herself gives of this vicarious motherhood :

"I wish you could see the riot they make on my bed in the morning," she writes, "when Gerardine talks of Richard the First—the hero of her infantine fancy—whose very name makes her blush with emotion ; and little Dolly Dumpling (by baptism and the grace of God *Camilla Ottilie*) insists upon reciting 'Little Jack Horner,' who is *her* hero. They are my comfort and delight."

Yet there were many times when she felt bitterly enough those privations of the heart which all must feel who have no one in the world absolutely and by right their own.

"In the whole wide world I have no companion," she says, in a very interesting and touching letter. "All that I do, think, feel, plan, or endure, it is alone. . . . You think I am not religious enough. I fear you are right ; for if I were, God would be to me all I want, replace all I regret thus selfishly and weakly, and more, if to believe and trust implicitly in the goodness of God were enough : but apparently it is not ; and my resignation is that which I suppose a culprit feels when irrevocable sentence of death is pronounced—a submission to bitter necessity, which he tries to render dignified in appearance, that those who love him may not be pained or shamed."

Such were the different moods of her refined and sensitive nature. "Do not think that I voluntarily throw up the game of life," she adds. And it is very clear that she never was permitted to do so, though now and then a fit of impatience and weariness would seize her, and she would rush away from the little coterie at home to the freer air at a distance, where her cares might be forgotten for a moment, and the daily evidences of them be lost sight of. The heart-sickness of that perpetual up-hill struggle against difficulty, and the strain of keeping, not her own head only, but so many other heads above water, can be read between the lines rather than in full revelation—her very biographer being, as she herself says, "too near" the subject of her sketch to get her in just perspective, and too much imbued with the natural family feeling of property in the bread-winner to feel the full meaning of the very phrases she quotes.

Mrs. Jameson, however, was far from being lonely, according to the superficial meaning of the word. She exclaims in playful impatience that it would be almost as good to have a friend in heaven as in America ! yet she had many very warm friends in different parts of the globe, and had at all times of her life a genius for friendship. For the long space of about twenty years her connection with Lady Byron was so close as to

be half resented by many other friends, who found her separated from them by the "absorbing" and "engrossing" effect of this master-friendship. And there is a curious glimpse afforded us of this strange woman—a glimpse which certainly does not throw any light more warm or kindly upon the self-contained being, who seems to have had the faculty of drawing her friends into her orbit without ever for a moment deflecting from its rigid course by any movement of sympathy or self-abandonment on her own part. Mrs. Jameson was one of those who were swallowed up in the absorbing and stifling atmosphere of personal influence which surrounded her : until the moment came when the humbler friend disturbed in some mysterious way the self-satisfaction of the greater, when she was suddenly cast forth into outer darkness—tossed to the outside earth like a fallen meteor, and excluded from all the doubtful advantages of the connection which had stifled her intercourse with less exacting associates. Mrs. Macpherson is disposed to be mysterious about this breach, and speaks of it with bated breath—with a sense of the tremendous importance of it to her aunt, which the reader will be disposed to smile at ; but it is evident that even the rebellious youthful member of the society overshadowed by Lady Byron's presence could not calmly contemplate the penalty of being torn from her side, or look upon that severance in the light of ordinary good sense. "Mrs. Jameson had become, partially by accident, acquainted with some private particulars affecting a member of Lady Byron's family which had not been revealed to Lady Byron herself," the biographer says, with studied reticence. "When these facts were finally made known at the death of the person chiefly concerned, Lady Byron became aware at the same time of Mrs. Jameson's previous acquaintance with them" ; and the result was a breach which, she believes, shortened her aunt's life, and, according to her own complaint, "broke her heart." Fatal woman, whom even to be friends with was dangerous ! will the world, we wonder, ever get a real glimpse under the veil so studiously draped round this mysterious personage ? If they do—which is certainly not desirable—it seems more than likely that the unveiling would reveal, as in so many other cases, but a sorry idol underneath ; but there is a certain picturesqueness in the figure in shadow, of which we can not discover anything more than an outline. This, however, seems to have been the only quarrel which disturbed Mrs. Jameson's many friendships, and it was a cruel blow to her.

In 1849 she went to Italy, taking with her the child to whom there have been so many references ; and there is nothing more interesting

in this very touching volume than the half-remorseful, modest, and tender description of the (one is tempted to think) far more real disappointment and heart-break innocently occasioned by herself to the adopted mother whose warmest tie to life she was—which is given by Mrs. Jameson's affectionate biographer after life and experience had opened her eyes, and showed to her the breaking up of hopes and plans which her own girlish romance had caused. Upon this particular expedition Mrs. Jameson set out with more pleasure than usual, and with a much more extended plan—the companionship of the bright, sweet, intelligent, seventeen-year-old girl making everything brighter and sweeter to the woman who had hungered for something that should be her very own. "My first thought and care must be my child for the next year, or perhaps two years," she writes, with all the happy importance of a mother, proud to make the most of the anxiety which is her happiness; "the means of instruction and improvement for her are what I seek first everywhere"; and that "the masters are good" becomes another attraction to Florence, in itself always so attractive to a traveler of her special tastes and studies. Her letters from Rome, when she gets there, are full of the same pleasant reference. "Gerardine officiates very prettily" at the tea-table when her aunt's friends drop in of an evening; but must not go out too often, "for the little head can not stand it." Even her own chosen friends take a new aspect to her as seen in their relations to this cherished child. "Dear Mrs. Reid" takes Gerardine out occasionally: Madame von Goethe gives her "a beautiful scarf." A new and sweet completeness is thus given to the elder woman's life, and old Rome brightens to her in the light of the young eyes seeing them for the first time, and enjoying everything they see with all the enthusiasm of youth. But "in the very moment when Providence seemed to have given to Mrs. Jameson a child who might cherish and comfort her for years, and make up to her a little for the adversities of fate—at the time when she began to get a little real pleasure and aid from the girl to whom she had been a second mother all her life—another great disappointment was already preparing for her."

I can not but feel with a remorseful pang (Mrs. Macpherson continues) how bitter it must have been to her to see the child she had so cherished desert her so summarily. It is the course of nature, as people say; and it is only by the teaching of years that we perceive how hardly the loves and joys of our youth often fall upon those from whom the tide of our own personal life and story carries us away. Mrs. Jameson, of course, no more than any other in her position, would willingly have kept her niece unmarried, in order to make of her a perma-

nent companion; but the speedy conclusion of this companionship startled her, and I fear must be reckoned among the disappointments of her life.

Mrs. Jameson was able to continue her noble service to her family to the very end of her life, and her merits secured for her sisters a pension when she died. The volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art" have not lost their value or their popularity, notwithstanding the much more pretentious exponents of the subject who have risen since her time. If her taste does not conform to the latest canons of art-criticism, or if the fashion of the *cognoscenti* has changed since then, and Raphael given place to Botticelli among the highest authorities, that does not affect the beauty of her narratives, or the value of the delightful knowledge of which she has been one of the most popular and attractive of teachers. We know few more charming books than the "Legends of the Madonna" and the "Saints," with the delicate illustrations, which, though perhaps they too show now and then a little feebleness of line, yet are full of grace and sweetness. In some corners of the etchings may be seen a tiny G. here and there, which stands for the young helper, the child, the shadow, the biographer, whose name is now joined to hers in this last and doubly close union for ever—for as long a "for ever" as their modest merits may win them from a forgetful world.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble comes before us in her own person, with the kindly salutation of an old friend, and that pleasant confidence in the interest of her readers which, when there is anything to justify it, is always so ingratiating. In this case there is a great deal to justify it. Not only the position of an old favorite of the public, always received with pleasure, and the representative of a family dear to the arts, and accustomed to be much in the eye of the world; but her own talent, bright intelligence, and vivacious power, have made the familiar title of Fanny Kemble—a name somewhat too familiar when the possessor stands upon the boundaries of old age—pleasant to thousands: and it is delightful to read an autobiography which, though containing plenty of difficulty and trouble, is yet concerned with the brighter part of life, and has no doleful postscript to wind up its pleasant revelations. The book is well named. It is in reality what it professes to be—the "Records of a Girlhood"—and embraces the training, antecedents, and brilliant beginning of professional life, which made its writer so well known in England—but little more. There is therefore but little dramatic interest in it. It is a fragmentary bit of life—the story of youth with its romance discreetly deleted, and no place left in the chronicle for those episodes which at twenty

tell for so much in existence. But the reader need not fear that with this sparkling and lively companion he is likely to tire of the unromantic pathway by which she leads him. Youth can never be without romance; there is variety, hope, and infinite suggestiveness in every curve of the pleasant way, at the turn of which no one can ever tell what wonderful new landscape, what delightful prospect, may not open upon the traveler. And a more charming young woman it has rarely been our lot to meet than the young lady who tells all about her schools and her comrades, her pleasant home, her tender upbringing, and all the early chances of her life, with so much sincerity and openness. The same society in which we found ourselves with Mrs. Jameson is to be met again in these pleasant pages, but with differences. Instead of the stern benevolence of Lady Byron, we have the bright young household of Lord Francis Egerton, who was also a dabbler in ink and a lover of the artistic classes; and fine society in general is treated from a lighter point of view, and with less perhaps of the proper awe which we all owe to that elevated portion of the world. Miss Fanny was saucy, as her high popularity warranted, and could deal with her patrons on more equal ground than was possible to the woman of letters. And it is curious to see how these two ladies appear in each other's recollections under a somewhat different light from that in which they are presented to us in their own. Mrs. Jameson's opinion of Fanny Kemble was very exalted. She consulted her about her Shakespeare book, dedicated it to her, and comments on her genius in terms which seem somewhat exaggerated at this distance—speaking of her “almost unequalled gifts,” and the trials that must await such a spirit; and describing one of her plays, as regretting greatly to have heard only a part of it, which “was beautiful, and affected me very powerfully.” Mrs. Kemble does not give the same superlative picture of her elder friend. She has a somewhat care-worn air as she appears and disappears in the young actress's lively records. “What a burden she has to carry! I am so sorry for her,” the girl says, who is still free of personal care notwithstanding the family troubles, in which she takes a sympathetic part. “Mrs. Jameson came and sat with me some time,” she says. “We talked of marriage, and a woman's chance of happiness in giving her life into another's keeping. I said I thought if one did not expect too much one might secure a reasonably fair amount of happiness, though of course the risk one ran was immense. I never shall forget the expression of her face; it was momentary, and passed away almost immediately, but it has haunted me ever

since.” Thus the one shadow flits across the other, in that past which is now no more than a tale that is told.

Fanny Kemble was the niece of the great Mrs. Siddons and of John Kemble, and the daughter of Charles Kemble, who was also an accomplished actor in his day. Her mother was of French origin, and according to the accounts of her given in this book, was a woman of singularly beautiful character and great acquirements, especially distinguished by admirable theatrical taste and judgment. She had herself been on the stage in her youth, but had left it shortly after her marriage, and distinguished herself by as great a gift for household management, and the most exquisite cookery. Fanny was her eldest daughter and second surviving child, and in her youth a little pickle of the most unmanageable description, out of whom no satisfaction, not even that of making her suffer by the punishments that were inflicted upon her, could be had, the monkey being too proud or too light-hearted to care. Her account of her schools and her experiences is both pretty and amusing, and still more charming is the picture she presents of the player-folk among whom she was born and bred. So far as is to be seen from this memoir, no house in England could have possessed a more refined atmosphere, or habits more entirely worthy, pure, and honest. The fictitious excitement in which actors are supposed to live, seems to have had no existence among them; the only jar is the frequent and alarmed reference to the greatest personage of the kindred, the stately Mrs. Siddons, whose old age Fanny speaks of with a certain horror. “What a price she has paid for her great celebrity!” she cries; “weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored, that life is absolutely without savor or sweetness to her now—nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary, mere shapeless, colorless monotony, to her.” This note of alarm is the only one that breaks into the delightful and respectable home-life amid which the girl grew up, shivering a little at sight of the Tragic Muse, so changed and fallen, but with nothing around herself but the protection and security of a refined and careful English home. Her father had Covent Garden on his shoulders, the costly undertaking which had broken the heart and spirit of other members of his family, and which brought to him something very like ruin; but kept his head high against difficulty and discouragement, though daily fearing the crash which, staved off by one expedient after another, and most of all by his daughter's appearance on the stage and great success there,

had to come at last. But there seems to have been nothing hugger-mugger or disorderly in the actor's house, though this shadow was for ever hanging over it, the income small and the needs many. Mrs. Kemble says that her father's income was but eight hundred pounds a year, of which her eldest brother's expenses at the university took away about three hundred—a proof of his anxiety to equip his son in the best way for the struggle of life, which is very impressive and noble. Almost of course, this expensively trained son carried out none of the hopes set upon his head, but followed a *spécialité* of his own choosing, and *en tout bien et tout honneur*, gave his family more anxiety than aid. But the sacrifice thus made shows how little the conventional idea of the harum-scarum existence of the stage, with all its excitements and supposed irregularity, is to be credited. No family could be more actors than the Kembles, and the mother of the household had been on the stage from her childhood, brought up amid all its unwholesome commotions; but from the other side of the picture we see nothing but the most highly toned family life, and that heroic struggle to raise their children a step above their own precarious level of existence, and give them the means of advancement, which always enlists the spectator's best feelings and sympathies.

The most interesting portion of these recollections is that which describes the way in which Fanny stepped into the breach, and did her best to prop up the big theatre and the family fortune on her own delicate girlish shoulders—an heroic act, though one that did little more than postpone the evil day. She was nineteen when the crisis which had been long approaching seemed at last to have become inevitable. "My mother, coming in from walking one day," she tells us, "threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. . . . 'Oh, it has come at last!' she answered; 'our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale. The theatre must be closed, and I know not how many poor people will be turned adrift without employment.'" This bad news filled the anxious and sympathetic girl with distress. She begged to be allowed to write to her father, to ask his permission to "seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him, at once, at least of the burden of my maintenance." To this forlorn plan—the natural first idea of a generous girl longing to help somehow, and snatching at the first melancholy helpless way of doing so that presented itself to her mind—the mother gave an ambiguous answer; but next day suddenly spoke of the stage, and suggested that Fanny should study a part out of Shakespeare, and recite it to her. The girl chose

Portia—a character of which she speaks with unfailing enthusiasm; but on her recitation of this her mother made little comment. She said: "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study Juliet for me." When Mr. Kemble, who had been absent, returned, the little performance was repeated, "with indescribable trepidation" on the part of the novice.

They neither of them said anything beyond "Very well, very nice, my dear," with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him, to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange-looking place the stage, with its rocks of pasteboard and canvas, streets, forests, banqueting-halls, and dungeons, drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front the gray amphitheatre, equally empty and silent, wrapped in its gray Holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood, hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion, I was seized by the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no audience to thwart my imagination—at least I had no consciousness of one, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage, but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly-attached friend of my father's, Major D—, . . . the best judge, in many respects, that my father could have selected of my capacity for my profession, and my chance of succeeding in it. Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and joining my father at the end of it had said: "Bring her out at once; it will be a great success." And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a great success.

The moment the decision was made, every arrangement was hurried on to "bring her out at once," as necessity and policy both seemed to require. She had everything to learn, and, according to her own account, learned not very much.

"I do not wonder," Mrs. Kemble says, "when I remember this brief apprenticeship to my profession, that Mr. Macready once said that I did not know the elements of it." But though she does not wonder at this severe verdict, it is evident that she felt it painfully, since she returns again and again to the sentence thus passed upon her. Her own description of her system of acting shows exactly how Mr. Macready, who was nothing if not professional, and whose art was learned and elaborate, should have given forth such an opinion. She tells us that her acting varied, so that probably no two renderings were exactly the same. "My performances," she writes, "were always uneven in themselves, and perfectly unequal with each other; never complete as a whole, however striking in occasional parts, and never at the same level two nights together—depending for their effect upon the state of my health and spirits, instead of being the result of deliberate thought and consideration—study, in short, carefully and conscientiously applied to my work." The result was, that all her higher successes were gained, not by calculation, but by the sudden access of excitement or feeling which made her one with the character she represented, filling her with the divine intoxication of poetry—an influence not to be secured at will. This impulsive kind of acting would be likely, we should imagine, to have, in its moments of power, a greater effect than any other; but though magnificent, it is not art. In the mean time, however, she has not yet made her *début*, the story of which is very pretty too:

My mother, who had left the stage for upward of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, and that I might have the comfort and support of her presence in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early indeed, while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky. It shone into the carriage upon me; and as I screened my eyes from it my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child!" My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me, for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair with my satin train laid carefully over the back of it; and there I sat ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over down my rouged cheeks; upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as those heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?"—to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am," accompanied

by a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side-scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear old Mr. Keeley, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay all but insensible in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! Poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble," urged Keeley, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical associations. "Never mind 'em! don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and turning back, called in her turn "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me; my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next—the ballroom—I began to forget myself; in the following one—the balcony scene—I had done so, and for aught I knew, was Juliet, the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded to me like music while I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this I did not return into myself till all was over; and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home.

She was still not twenty when she thus entered the stormy ways of life, and the simplicity of the girlish heroine could scarcely be better shown than by the incident that followed. "I sat down to supper that night with my poor rejoicing parents, well content, God knows, with the issue of my trial, and still better pleased with a lovely little Geneva watch, the first I had ever possessed, all incrustured with goldwork and jewels, which my father laid by my plate, and I immediately christened Romeo, and went, a blissful girl, to sleep with it under my pillow." This pretty piece of childishness touches the reader's heart for the impassioned Juliet who was so easily made happy. Her life became a fairy life after this for a time, and she got everything that girl could desire, with a pleasant natural girlish unconsciousness that it was her own earnings which procured these advantages, and total absence of all self-assertion and independence. "Oh, H——," she cries, "I am exceedingly happy! *et pour peu*

de chose, you will perhaps think: my father has given me leave to have riding-lessons." Besides this wonderful delight (and it was a genuine delight to her, as she became an admirable horse-woman) the happy difference between poverty and comparative wealth made itself instantly felt. She who had enjoyed the revenue of "twenty pounds a year, which my poor father squeezed out of his hard-earned income for my allowance," had now gloves and shoes in abundance; fashionably-made dresses, instead of "faded, threadbare, and dyed frocks"; and all the adulation of success and the flattery of society, to boot. And it is easy to imagine her happiness when, knowing so well, as she did, what the needs of the household were, she presented herself, on the first Saturday after her beginning, "for the first and last time, at the treasury of the theatre," to receive her salary, "and carried it clinking to my mother; the first money I ever earned."

The young performer remained the chief attraction of Covent Garden for a considerable time; and her theatrical life is perhaps more piquant, as being much less common, than her society life, which was brilliant and pleasant, without containing much that is different from other people's experience. There is, however, always an interest in knowing something of that dingy world behind the scenes where ordinary human creatures are changed into dazzling heroes and heroines; and where the feet, especially of the young, are surrounded by so many snares. But Fanny Kemble's life behind the scenes seems to have been much like her life at home. She was taken to the theatre by one of her family, "and there in my dressing-room sat through the entire play, when I was not on the stage, with some piece of tapestry or needlework, with which, during the intervals of my tragic sorrows, I busied my fingers." The green-room, with all its intrigues and commotions, was as much a mystery to her as to the girls who stay at home. "When I was called for the stage, my aunt came with me, carrying my train. . . . She remained at the side-scene till I came off again, and, folding a shawl round me, escorted me back to my dressing-room and my tapestry." This seclusion of the brilliant heroine, the cynosure of all eyes, between the intervals of public applause—her Berlin-wool and her careful aunt, the mixture of the cloister or the domestic parlor (perhaps a still completer image of sobriety and dullness) with the overwhelming excitement and illusion of the theatre—is wonderfully amusing and original. And the criticism to which

the young actress was subjected is equally interesting. She does not tell us, like Macready, of any tremblings of anxiety about the newspaper criticism of the morning. A pair of anxious eyes, more alarming than those of any critic, watched her every movement; and this was the tribunal before which she trembled.

There are many other very interesting sketches in the book—as, for instance, that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the sentimental painter, who nearly turned young Fanny's head, and who had brought confusion before her time into the house of her aunt Siddons, two of whose daughters he had loved in bewildering succession, though without (since death was beforehand with him) marrying either. His gallantry and his enthusiasm and his woes made up a curious little sketch which will be new to many readers. While her mother watched her performance with such jealous eyes, and delivered such uncompromising judgments at night, Lawrence sent her long letters in the morning, going over every point with minute criticism. Surely never was girl of genius so carefully watched over. Meanwhile the lively girl acted of nights, and lived an easy girlish life at home during the day, going to every dance she could get a chance of, becoming a bold and fine rider, reading good books—Blunt's "Scripture Characters," and such-like—and writing long letters about everything to one beloved and constant friend. We are bound to add that young Miss Fanny Kemble at twenty does not write with half so much spirit and vivacity as does Mrs. Fanny Kemble nearly fifty years after. The letters are not only less interesting, but much less youthful and bright at the earlier date—which is a curious effect enough, though perhaps, when one comes to think of it, not an unnatural one; for there is nothing so solemn, so conscientious, so oppressed by a sense of its own importance and responsibilities (when it happens to take that turn) as youth.

We have made no reference to the literary efforts in which the clever girl, up to the moment of her *début*, considered her chances of fame to lie—the tragedies, one of which Mrs. Jameson thought beautiful, and which affected that graceful critic so powerfully. Mr. Murray gave her four hundred pounds for the copyright of one of these dramas—"Francis I.," which, we are obliged to confess, we never heard of, but which enabled her to buy, she tells us, a commission for her brother, which was an admirably good *raison d'être* for any drama.

Blackwood's Magazine.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PAGANISM IN FICTION.

THE utter exclusion of every form of religious belief or sentiment from many novels is a surprising if not a significant circumstance. It is not that these novels are in any way irreligious; they are simply *non-religious*. They are not hostile to religion in any of its forms, they do not deny the validity of faith, nor oppose, either directly or by implication, any of the creeds or any current dogma; they simply are as silent in regard to religion as if there were no such thing in the world. They are not more completely insensible to conditions of mind and thought that may be supposed to exist in the planetary worlds around us, than they are dumb to certain phases of feeling which all the while are in reality the profoundest and the most prevailing of any that exist.

We confess to no great liking for the specially religious novel, in which there is often a parade of devotion and intrusion of pious sentiment that are so forced and artificial as to be distinctly offensive; but that any one should undertake to portray conflicts of passion and emotion, to give what are designed to be faithful delineations of life, and yet eliminate currents of thought and motives of action which enter into and color all phases of human existence and human experience, seems to us very extraordinary. If we can imagine any one wholly ignorant of our civilization, we may suppose him endeavoring to learn something of our habits and manners, of our morals, of our phases of feeling, of our tendencies of thought, by perusing such popular books as are declared to give the "age and body of the time its form and pressure." Let us follow a student of this kind through the pages of Mr. Black's "*Macleod of Dare*," this being the most widely read novel of the day. For the first time in his life, we may believe, he finds himself in contact with people who are utterly without the religious instinct—who, being oppressed by sorrows, suffering under misfortunes, thwarted in their hopes, plunged into grief and despair, exhibit not the slightest perception of a grand Christian scheme which is designed to bring solace to the heavy-hearted and offer compensation in the future for sufferings endured here. Neither the grief-stricken mother and her attendants in Castle Dare on the bleak and remote Scottish coast, nor the gay pleasure-seekers in the heart of fashionable London, seem ever to have heard of such a thing as an overruling

Providence, of such a trust as faith, of such a duty as submission, of such a promise as immortality, of such a possession as Christianity. We have designated this utter exclusion of religious thought as *paganism*—but even the pagans called upon their gods, and had vague surmises as to worlds beyond this, while the men and women who move and have their being in the story we have mentioned are as insensible to every religious aspiration as so many statues. The inquisitive stranger who peruses this book and others of its kind would be puzzled indeed if he knew in advance that the surface of the country is dotted with churches, and a most elaborate institution organized the teachings of which begin in a man's infancy and follow him through life to his dying hour.

Are we to assume that this elimination of Christianity was conscious or unconscious—a deliberate purpose to cast out God, or simply an evasion of an idea that would have uncomfortably complicated the artistic design of the author? We suspect the latter suggestion to be the true solution, yet how is it that religious convictions should thus complicate the purpose of a writer? And how, if this were true, is he privileged to disregard an important factor in his problem simply because it adds to his difficulties? The author of "*Macleod of Dare*" is skillful and tireless in his analysis of motive and feeling; he penetrates the workings of the heart, and attempts to reveal all its mysteries, yet he deliberately eliminates a whole range of emotions, casts out a definite and powerful body of influences. Whether Mr. Black is a believer or not can make no difference in this matter. Whatever his own religious convictions may be, he was bound, in depicting his imaginary people, to show them governed by the ideas and living under the conditions that pertain to men and women in real life. Our readers understand, of course, that we are not citing Mr. Black for special criticism, but simply as a representative of the modern secular novelist. In numerous novels a similar *paganism* is evinced. In Mr. Hardy's "*The Return of the Native*" religious thought is not so completely ignored as in "*Macleod of Dare*," but the heroine, Eustacia Vye, is as thorough a pagan as ever lived—self-indulgent, sensuous, thirsting for pleasure, full of the life and the passion of the world, almost without an idea of responsibilities or Christian duties, giving scarcely an intimation that she had always lived under the influences of the civilization of to-day.

It is right enough, artistically, for novelists to depict their heroes and heroines as rejecting Christianity; they may imagine at pleasure communities of infidels and pagans, and they may trace the growth of a man's heart and mind who has been educated, as John Stuart Mill was, in entire neglect of religion; but how can they be justified in portraying characters who, being reared in the midst of Christian influences, yet act as if there were no such thing as Christianity? We ask this question more in the interest of art than of morals. It is not at all certain that the novel would be chastened or its influence rendered better by the incorporation of religious sentiment—which may so readily be caricatured or distorted—but it is clear that pictures of life can not be considered true or adequate that fail to measure the sum of things that make up our civilization and go to form the average man and woman.

FITNESS IN ART.

IN the article entitled "Musical Romanticism," which we publish elsewhere in this number of the "Journal," there occurs one passage which seems to us to challenge comment. For the convenience of the reader we will repeat it here:

A composer who sets a cheerful piece to dismal words, or a dismal piece to cheerful words, may be reprehensible for not reflecting that the mind thus receives together two contrary impressions, and he may be condemned for want of logic and good sense; but not a word can be said against his artistic merit any more than we could say a word against the artistic merit of the great iron-worker of the Renaissance, who closed the holy place where lies the Virgin's sacred girdle with a screen of passion-flowers, in whose petals hide goats and ducks, on whose tendrils are balanced pecking cranes, and in the curling leaves of which little naked winged Cupids are drawing their bows and sharpening their arrows even as in the bas-reliefs of a pagan sarcophagus. In the free and spontaneous activity of musical conception the composer may forget the words he is setting, as the painter may forget the subject he is painting in the fervor of plastic imagination; for the musician conceives not emotions, but modulations; and the painter conceives not actions, but gestures and attitudes. Thence it comes that Mozart has made regicide Romans storm and weep as he would have made Zerlina and Cherubino laugh, just as Titian made Magdalen smite her breast in the wilderness with the smile of Flora on her feast-day; hence that confusion in all save form, that indifference to all save beauty, which characterizes all the great epochs of art, that sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic, that motley crowding together of satyrs and anchorites, of Saracens and ancient Romans, of antique warriors and mediæval burghers,

of Gothic tracery and Grecian arabesque, of Theseus and Titania, of Puck and Bottom, that great masquerade of art which we, poor critics, would fain reduce to law and rule, to chronological and ethnological propriety!

It is doubtful whether artists and the lay public will ever come to understand each other. It is true there are common grounds on which they do and can meet, but there are certain canons which the art-world proclaims with abundant confidence that the rest of mankind can never in their hearts accept or comprehend, however placidly they may listen to them. It would seem, for instance, to an observer of ordinary intelligence that *fitness* must be a necessary quality in every high work of art, in order that the imagination even, not to say the intelligence, should be satisfied, and rest contented with the performance. The writer from whom we have quoted speaks of that "indifference to all save beauty which characterizes all the great epochs of art." But is not fitness an element of beauty? Is it possible for a discerning intelligence to find pleasure in misplaced ideals, in things which are not consonant to the purpose for which they are created, and the thought they are attempting to express? "That great masquerade of art," that "sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic," which the writer describes, gives evidence of intense activity, but indicates low intellectualism, the absence of discipline, of pure method and perfect knowledge, and, so far from being characteristic of all great epochs of art, is peculiar to the mediæval spirit solely—to the tumultuous and unformed instincts of a semi-barbaric age. We have only to name Greek art to dispose of these sweeping assertions—an art in which law and fitness were predominant, where impulse and boundless activity were chastened by taste and made amenable to law. It is affirmed by our writer that, while a certain performance may be "condemned for want of logic and good sense, not a word can be said against its artistic merit," apparently because, having purity of form and grace in grouping, it answers to all the artistic demands that may be made upon it. According to this doctrine, all art has simply to be beautiful in itself without regard to place or purpose. Copies of the Venus de' Medici may stand in the vestibules of our churches, and paintings of pagan gods and goddesses adorn their chancels; laughing cherubs may be carved upon our tombstones, and copies of Raphael's "Madonna" or Murillo's "Assumption" may be chosen to grace our billiard-rooms and dancing-halls. We see to what absurdities this theory would lead us. So far from artistic merit being independent of "logic and good sense," we doubt whether

even beauty can disregard these principles—for association is an irrepressible factor in all these things, and, just as dirt is merely misplaced matter, so is beauty conditioned upon its environments, and upon the impressions which it awakens by its relation to its purpose. The well-known step from the sublime to the ridiculous is taken whenever fitness is disregarded. The sense of beauty is not a distinct sense. All our faculties—imagination, sensibility, memory, perception of form and color—are all bound up together; they act and reflect upon each other, so that we are truly stirred only as they move us in unison; just as in our animal senses the perception of flavors depends for the most part upon our sense of smell. The mediæval artists who reveled in fantastic caprices, who thrust the grotesque cheek by jowl with the sublime, who made “a jumble of the tragic and the comic,” were men in whom the imaginative faculties overbalanced the perceptive organs; who were deficient in habits of analysis, and wholly uncritical in temperament. Art was with them neither a philosophy nor a science, and hence we are far safer in the guidance of ancient Greek law than in the barbaric energy and passion of the middle ages. We must realize that, in order for art to attain its full mastery over the heart of man, it must be something more than capricious beauty or emotional madness; it must have purpose, order, and fitness, and strike the chords of human feeling in harmony and completeness.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

WE hear a great deal about The House Beautiful, of how art should enter our domiciles and give them grace and charm. While a desire for tasteful habitations is in every way commendable, we earnestly wish this æsthetic passion would enlarge its sphere so as to give the world The City Beautiful.

No people excel Americans in a love for well-equipped and well-furnished homes, but no civilized nation is so indifferent to the general seemliness of its cities. Every man doubtless likes to have his house situated in a clean and well-kept neighborhood, but as a rule our people limit their concern to the space which their parlor windows command, and tolerate everywhere else the grossest exhibitions of neglect and disorder. New York is a conspicuous example of how indifference and bad management may disfigure and spoil a great city—a city in which many worthy and even noble things have been done, but one where public comfort is disregarded and public decency outraged more flagrantly than in almost any other city that can be named. It has,

when all its appointments and adornments are considered, the handsomest pleasure-ground in the world; it has the most extensive and best adjusted water-supply; its school system is unexcelled, and its public charities are unequalled. In these important things its citizens have exhibited a large and liberal spirit; but in the innumerable minor matters that touch them in their daily comings and goings, upon which their comfort largely depends, and which make a city either orderly or disorderly, they seem to have little heed. If, now, the taste and enterprise that gave us the Central Park, that have built so many handsome churches and such long stretches of costly residences, would only awaken and resolve to make the city worthy and seemly in all particulars, to make it a model metropolis, and win for it the proud title of The City Beautiful!

This could be done if a few leading citizens would organize with such a purpose distinctly in view. There is a “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,” which has done some good service; and a “Society for the Suppression of Crime,” and a “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children”; and in Philadelphia there is a society which adorns the public places with drinking-fountains: why, therefore, may there not be organized an association with a mission to make war on nuisances—to enforce cleanliness in the streets, to compel the removal of obstructions, to beautify by artistic structures the squares and open places? New York is an eminently interesting city despite its many disorders; it has several picturesque and unique features; it has some splendid streets and a very varied architecture, good and bad; it has numerous public amusements, and abundant art and literary resources; it is stirring, vivacious, and full of endless contrasts; and hence it only remains for us to secure a better administration of municipal details, and a freer adornment of the streets, to render it approximately The City Beautiful. But, in the first place, a good many disfiguring features must be removed. The gaunt, unsightly telegraph-poles should come down, and be replaced by symmetrical and shapely ones; the slattern and unhandsome banners that hang across the streets should be removed; the unstable vehicles that obstruct the streets, and the objects that encumber the sidewalks, should not be permitted; the pavements should be put in good repair and kept thoroughly clean; people should be prohibited from throwing litter and refuse into the highways—in short, neatness and order must be made the rule, and untidy persons be compelled to recognize it. This is but the beginning, yet a very important beginning; for, if we can not attain The City Beautiful, let us at

least have The City Seemly. It is useless to believe that we can secure this end without organizing to obtain it, for our city officials have not apparently the slightest notion that a city can be kept really clean, knowing nothing of European examples, nor any idea of how the work they attempt to do should be performed. A society bent upon having the metropolis not only neat and orderly but beautiful could do a great deal toward bringing these results about. They would be sure to rouse public attention, excite public zeal, and open people's eyes to the real condition of things—many citizens accepting certain chronic forms of slovenliness and untidiness as inevitable, having never seen the city otherwise—and they would even eventually succeed in forcing a few right ideas into the heads of the officials. The work would go slowly at first, no doubt, but by and by the seed thus sown would begin to germinate, and then brilliant results would rapidly follow.

What would be the picture that New York would in such a case present? No decaying wharves, nor disfiguring telegraph-poles, nor hideous banners, nor obtruding signs, nor littered streets, nor ugly awning-posts, nor encumbered sidewalks, nor obstructed streets, nor curbstone ash-boxes—no dirt nor any dust, no unsightly objects nor nuisances; trees would be multiplied before domiciles, and flowering plants in summer would ornament every courtyard, and in winter decorate every window; fountains and monuments would make beautiful every park and square; taste would inspire our architects and instruct our people; each home, under the general advance of culture and right feeling, would more nearly reach the altitude of *The House Beautiful*, and the metropolis, in the estimation of its patriotic citizens at least, would become *The City Beautiful*.

WATER-COLORS.

THE annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society, which opened in New York in February, indicates a very marked advance on the part of many of our artists—a wider range of expression, a greater subtlety of execution, more independence of thought and method. There is evidence at every turn that our painters are becoming more and more possessed with the true spirit of art—that they are entering into Nature in her moods of feeling, in her phases of beauty, and in her evanescences of expression, in a way that shows genuine power and susceptibility. Our painters in recent years have suffered from a great deal of harsh criticism, and this may have had a wholesome effect; they have been confronted by

liberal importations of excellent pictures from abroad, and these have enlarged their knowledge; and in addition to these stimulating circumstances the art feeling and art sympathies of the public are broader and deeper, so that altogether our artists have been exalted and strengthened by their environment. We notice not a few works in the present exhibition that indicate a notable change of heart—an escape from hard methods and conventional thinking to an unexpected compassing of breadth and character.

While conceding this general expansion, we must enter a protest against the outbursts of caprice which are everywhere apparent in the exhibition. No doubt the great charm of water-color painting is in its freshness, crispness, and buoyancy, in the freedom and ease with which the pencil is handled, in the admission of broad touches rather than detailed finish. But it is impossible to accept every fantastic play of the brush as painting, or without a word of dissent to permit artists to exhibit memoranda from their notebooks as pictures. There are a number of so-called "impressionist" pictures in this exhibition that are utterly inexplicable by any known principle—pictures which give neither impression of form nor sane suggestion of color, that reveal nothing and indicate nothing, that might be called chaotic if we can imagine even chaos without rational meaning or hint of potential form. The colors spread on an artist's palette may be pleasing by virtue of harmonious contrasts, but the strange performances that hang conspicuously here and there on the Academy walls have not even this accidental quality. They are amenable to nothing—reason can not explain them, the color-sense can not enjoy them, no train of fancy can comprehend them—they are simply empty and presumptuous.

These performances would not be worth mentioning were they not in a measure representative of certain current notions, to the effect that suggestion is the main purpose of a painting. There is always a great deal of charm in an artist's sketches—the free, off-hand touch being so often full of meaning and grace—but under any circumstances the attempt to substitute the conception of a painting for the painting itself is assuredly a mistake. The discordant blots which we have mentioned have little about them of the charm of an honest sketch, which is never without some hint or translatable thought; but there are many pieces on the walls that are intelligible, and which yet seem to us nothing more than beginnings, that are admirable if remanded to the portfolio as sketches, but which are logically wrong if hung upon the walls as pictures. If Mr. Winslow Homer's charming studies, so full

of breeze, spirit, and artistic character, are legitimate forms of water-color painting, then Mr. Colman's and Mr. Wyant's completed pictures transcend the limits of their material. We do not mean to say that men can not have different ideas and different forms of expression, but the question is whether water-color painting is susceptible of development and matured expression, or only capable of indications: if the former is true, then we have a right to expect an artist to bring his work to the point it can legitimately reach; if the latter, we have to deplore misplaced labor. We are not denying that a sketch may confer great pleasure, but asking whether it is the sketch or the completed picture that is the most satisfying, whether the new idea that indication rather than fulfillment of purpose meets the requirements of the mind is sound or not. To our appre-

hension it is not sound; and it is easy, we think, to see how such a notion finds acceptance. Artists and connoisseurs feel very much less concern in what a painting tells in its completeness than in what is accomplished and revealed by stages of process; to them there is a world of significance in mere lines and touches as hints of method or expression, and this state of mind soon leads them to set greater value on the bold and brilliant suggestion than on the perfected plan. This within limits is well enough, but artists should understand how impossible it is for others to place themselves in this position; and see that just as *disjecta membra*, however brilliant, can not be history, nor indications of form in a marble block sculpture, nor fragmentary rhymes and lines poetry, neither can memoranda of form and play with color permanently pass as painting.

Books of the Day.

JUDGING from the number of unsuccessful attempts that have been made at it, one would infer that the writing of a satisfactory life of Shelley is among the most difficult tasks in literature. And the inference, it must be admitted, would be a correct one. Shelley's character and career were so far removed from the commonplace, his conduct seemed so often to present a flat contradiction to his theories, and his theories themselves were based on data and modes of reasoning so opposed to those commonly adopted and acted upon by mankind, that the key to his character and therefore to his life is by no means easy to find, and without it any attempt to interpret either him or his poetry must of necessity be a failure. Several keys have been tried unsuccessfully—the favorite and accepted one for a long time being the one which solved the problem by setting Shelley down as an unprincipled and atheistical sophist who constructed *ex post facto* theories to give a sort of philosophic dignity to his own selfishness and heartlessness. This key was observed to grate in the lock from the first, and it was thrown aside as soon as an intelligent attempt was made not merely to characterize Shelley, but to understand him. The interpretation which is most popular now with his admirers is sharply contrasted with the old, harsh misjudgment, and shows a decided tendency not only to exalt the poet above the heads of even the greatest of his contemporaries, but to regard the man as a prophet and martyr—as a martyr *because* a prophet, and not because of any defect in the personality through which the oracles were delivered. The truth seems to be, however, that there is still room and justification for the widest differences of opinion. No unprejudiced student of Shelley's works, and of his career so far

as it has been disclosed to us, can be brought to feel that he deserved the opprobrium which was heaped upon him while he lived, and which tainted his memory after his death; but it is equally certain that every one who has not become a devotee of the Shelley-cult will admit that there are incidents in Shelley's life, springing from qualities in his character, which may be charitably judged, but which can hardly be excused or justified. Part of this difficulty of reconciling apparent contradictions is due no doubt to the deficiencies of the evidence on which we must base our verdict; for, much as has been written about Shelley, there is a singular paucity of authentic material for constructing a portrait of him, either physical, mental, or moral. The testimony we have is curiously irreconcilable, and for the most part mutually destructive, and some of the most important documents and data (so it is announced) still remain unpublished in the hands of the Shelley family.

Using such materials as are easily available, and making no pretense of offering anything fresh in the way of evidence, Mr. John Addington Symonds has contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters" a monograph* which, if very meager on the biographical side, will prove profoundly helpful to all students of Shelley—more helpful, we are inclined to say, than anything that has yet been written about him. It is a monograph only, and the biographical feature of the work is almost unduly subordinated; but the essential events and incidents of Shelley's life are brought out with all the more

* Shelley. By John Addington Symonds. (English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 189.

clearness for being freed from details which often have the disadvantage of dissipating the attention and thus obscuring the main points. Moreover, the peculiarly intimate relation between his life and his poetry is in this way rendered more apparent, and this is what, in Mr. Symonds's eyes, gives the biographical data their chief significance. For his work is critical and interpretative rather than narrative, and he is much more anxious to penetrate the meaning and method of a given poem than to record the daily and hourly routine of the poet's life. As a general introduction to the poems, and as a help toward understanding and measuring them, nothing nearly so good as Mr. Symonds's monograph has yet been written, and it is difficult to see how anything better could be written within the same limitations as to space.

Excellent as it is, however, it must be pronounced utterly out of place in the series in which it appears—a series which is avowedly addressed to the general public, and especially to that portion of it "who have to run as they read." It is in a peculiar degree one of those books which can not be read as we run, and the "general public" would find it a far easier and more grateful task to read Mr. Hogg's bulky volumes than Mr. Symonds's comparatively brief essay. Analytical criticism is probably of all forms of writing the one which makes least appeal to popular taste, and Mr. Symonds carries his analysis to the last degree of refinement and subtlety, often indeed wandering off into the mazes of mysticism. What, for example, will the "general public" make of the following passage from the description of Shelley's unfinished poem, "The Triumph of Life"?—

The sonorous march and sultry splendor of the *terras rima* stanzas, bearing on their tide of song those multitudes of forms, processionally grand, yet misty with the dust of their own trappings, and half shrouded in a lurid robe of light, affect the imagination so powerfully that we are fain to abandon criticism and acknowledge only the daemonic fascinations of this solemn mystery. Some have compared "The Triumph of Life" to a Panathenaic pomp: others have found in it a reflex of the burning summer heat, and blazing sea, and onward undulations of interminable waves, which were the cradle of its maker as he wrote, etc., etc.

This is finely expressed, no doubt, and is by no means without meaning to those who will take the trouble to search it out, but a book of whose contents such a passage is a tolerably fair specimen is certainly *casuare* to the general. It may be worth while to add, too, that it illustrates a difficulty which nearly always arises when specialists are invited to address the general public. The inference is so obvious as to appear almost a truism, that the man most deeply versed in a given subject is the one best capable of expounding it to the multitude; but no fact is better established by experience than the fact that the capacity for painstaking research and original thought is very rarely conjoined in the same person with the faculty of popular exposition. Mr. Symonds has written his book for critics and students—or perhaps it would be better to say critical stu-

dents—of Shelley; and he quite obviously attributes to the "general public" a state of mind, a degree of knowledge, an acuteness of perception, and a freedom from prejudice, which not one reader in a thousand really possesses.

In the introduction to his "Handbook of American Authors," Mr. Underwood remarks somewhat cynically that, "were Tennyson to claim his own laurels, many of our bards would find their brows as bare as Cæsar's." Tennyson, however is not the only one among the later English poets who has found an echo and a chorus on this side the water, and his influence, so far as this is indicated by his poetic following, has rather markedly declined since Mr. Underwood wrote. Swinburne and Rossetti may fairly be said at present to lead the choir of our younger singers; and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the most promising of these younger singers, would probably admit with cheerfulness that, if not a disciple of Rossetti's, he is at least a willing pupil in that school of which Rossetti is the acknowledged master. Mr. Gilder's first collection of poems, "The New Day," was obviously and almost avowedly imitative; and this, as we pointed out at the time, detracted very greatly from the merit of verse which exhibited strong poetic feeling and was almost perfect on the artistic side. "The Poet and his Master"* is also imitative, but we find in it indications that the author is acquiring a voice of his own and is beginning to look within himself for theme and inspiration. It certainly exhibits a very marked improvement of tone and subject. That strained and affected fervor of passion which we felt obliged to condemn in the earlier work, because if not sensual it was too deliberately and self-consciously sensuous, is entirely absent from these later poems, which are also free from the tearful sentimentalisms which gave us the impression that in "the new day" sighing and sobbing were to usurp the functions of articulate speech. The whole tone, in short, is more robust and manly, and the author has rallied so completely from his lugubrious mood as to write a farm-ballad—and a very good one, too—quite in the Will Carleton style.

The poems included in the present collection are few in number and mostly short, and for this very reason are apt to appear unduly slight when gathered into a book—though the book in this case is so dainty and artistic as to contribute an item of its own to the general charm of its contents. The poem which gives its title to the volume is ingenious and pleasing, even touching, and contains at least one exquisitely musical passage; but "The Poet's Fame" strikes us as a much happier composition—as, on the whole, the best that Mr. Gilder has produced. It is finely conceived, and, while finished and graceful as usual, is marked by a vigor and ele-

* The Poet and his Master and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 67.

vation of language to which Mr. Gilder does not always attain, even when he deliberately aims at them. It is also strongly imaginative, and Mr. Gilder's verse is in general rather fanciful than imaginative. This poem, unfortunately, is too long to be reproduced entire, and its thoughts and imagery are too closely interlinked to allow illustrative passages to be detached. We will quote instead a shorter piece, which was the outcome of a somewhat similar mood, and which indicates Mr. Gilder's view of the poet's attitude toward life :

THE POET'S PROTEST.

O man with your rule and measure,
Your tests and analyses !
You may take your empty pleasure,
May kill the pine, if you please ;
You may count the rings and the seasons,
May hold the sap to the sun,
You may guess at the ways and the reasons,
Till your little day is done.

But for me the golden crest
That shakes in the wind and launches
Its spear toward the reddening west !
For me the bough and the breeze,
The sap unseen, and the glint
Of light on the dew-wet branches—
The hiding shadows, the hint
Of the soul of mysteries.

You may sound the sources of life,
And prate of its aim and scope ;
You may search with your chilly knife
Through the broken heart of hope.
But for me the love-sweet breath,
And the warm, white bosom heaving,
And never a thought of death,
And only the bliss of living.

This is eminently characteristic of the school to which Mr. Gilder belongs—the school which subordinates thought and knowledge to feeling, and impulse, and “insights” ; but a still better formula of its creed is to be found in the following, which has no title, but which might very well have been called “Opportunity” :

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower !

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes—
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower !

That strikes us as remarkably terse and neat, with the terseness and neatness which distinguish nearly all that Mr. Gilder writes. He is as chary of words as a caged nightingale of song, and he evidently labors his verse to the last degree of effectiveness and precision. Whatever praise is to be bestowed upon the most painstaking minuteness of finish certainly belongs to him, and his poems, as we have said before, are almost perfect on the artistic

side. It would be difficult to name one among our younger singers who possesses a finer ear, a nicer taste, or a more delicate sense of harmony and proportion, and, should his verse ever become as excellent in substance as it is admirable in form, he will be sure of a high place among the poets of his time. All these qualities of terseness, neatness, and precision, together with another characteristic feature of Mr. Gilder's work—his habit of linking an external picture with each thought or mood of mind—are exemplified in

A THOUGHT.

Once, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun :
A land of broad, green meadows, through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my unexpected soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

A still better illustration of this last-mentioned habit is afforded by the piece entitled “Beyond the Branches of the Pine,” but a greater variety will be given to our quotations if we select instead one of the sonnets. Several of these are excellent, but the one which has pleased us best, chiefly because of the vivid touch of poetry which it gives to commonplace incidents, is the following :

LONGFELLOW'S “BOOK OF SONNETS.”

Last Sunday evening as I wandered down
The central highway of this swarming place,
I felt a pleasant stillness—not a trace
Of Saturday's wild turmoil in the town :
Then, as a gentle breeze just stirs a gown,
Yet almost motionless, or as the face
Of silence smiles, I heard the chimes of “Grace”
Sound murmuring through the autumn evening's
brown.

To-day, again, I passed along Broadway
In the fierce tumult and mid-noise of noon,
While under my feet the solid pavement shook ;
When lo ! it seemed that bells began to play
Upon a Sabbath eve a silver tune—
For as I walked I read the poet's book.

At a time when detailed and voluminous records of obscure lives compete in numbers with fiction in the literary market, it is pleasant to meet with so charming and satisfactory a biography as the “Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson,” by her niece, Gerardine Macpherson.* In the first place, Mrs. Jameson deserved a biography. Without possessing genius, or even that exalted talent which verges very closely upon genius, she wrote books which obtained a peculiar degree of acceptance and esteem among her contemporaries, and which a new generation is by no means disposed as yet to relegate to the

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson, Author of “Sacred and Legendary Art,”* etc. By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. With a Portrait. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 8vo, pp. 362.

shelves containing what Charles Lamb calls "books that are not books." Many readers who would care nothing for formal or technical art-criticism find instruction, entertainment, and solace in her "Sacred and Legendary Art"; and, though the researches of the last twenty years have discredited most of the older works on Shakespeare, her "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women" still retains a place in every list of books recommended to Shakespearean students. Where a mind has achieved such results, it is only natural that we should desire to know something of the personality behind it; and the record of her life shows that Mrs. Jameson's was one of those rare and noble natures in which the woman is much greater and more deserving of remembrance than the author. We do not gather from Mrs. Macpherson's affectionate but evidently truthful and lifelike portrait that Mrs. Jameson was what is commonly called an amiable or lovable or particularly winning woman. On the contrary, she appears to have been high-spirited, both proud and sensitive, with a marked and somewhat self-assertive individuality, firm in principles and convictions which had been matured by thought and study, and too indifferent to the opinions of most people to take much pains to conciliate them. But, on the other hand, she was ardent, impulsive, and generous in feeling, devotedly faithful in her affections, with a high nobility of aim, a steadfastness under discouragements, and a fidelity to a somewhat exacting ideal of duty, which lend a touch of the heroic to what was to outward appearance an exceptionally commonplace life-history. In her most unfortunate relations with her husband we find the only apparent lapse from that absolute unselfishness which was perhaps the finest trait of her character (and even in this case the appearance would quite possibly vanish if all the details of the story could be known); but as daughter, as sister, and as friend, she exemplifies and illustrates the rarest and highest and finest type of womanhood, and affords a conclusive refutation of the old superstition that intellectual pursuits tend to weaken in women the hold of the domestic and social ties.

While thus inspiring as an example, however, it can not be denied that there is something both pathetic and repellent in such a record of long continued, bravely endured, and scantily rewarded toil. Endowed with the sensuous, pleasure-loving, and impulsive temperament of an Irishwoman and an artist, Mrs. Jameson spent nearly the whole of her life in the work which of all others is most exhausting to body and mind, most joyless and depressing—that, namely, of a literary drudge. It is related of Dr. Johnson that when reading aloud at dinner-table in the days of his prosperity "The Vanity of Human Wishes" he "burst into a passion of tears" when he came to his lines describing "what ills the scholar's life assail"; and, though of the ills there enumerated Mrs. Jameson escaped at least "the jail," and "want" in its most abject forms, yet there must always be something austere and melancholy in the life of one who for so long a period and so con-

sistently chose to "scorn delights and live laborious days." Adding to this the fact that Mrs. Jameson was deprived of all the stronger solaces of existence—unfortunate in her marriage, unblessed by children, and disappointed in the prop which she had prepared for her old age—we can realize that it is no joyous and brilliant career which we are invited to contemplate; but the reader will be mistaken who takes too literally the somewhat gloomy prognostics of the preface. Mrs. Jameson's experiences were varied, her social opportunities were exceptionally good, her work was congenial if exacting, and, above all, a woman who could inspire and enjoy the warm friendship of persons so diverse in character as Lady Byron and Mrs. Browning could not have been really unhappy. Moreover, from the beginning to the end of her life, she must have enjoyed the consciousness of duty well performed—the keenest pleasure that noble natures can know.

For the manner in which the biography has been prepared we have only heartiest praise. Mrs. Macpherson possesses—or rather possessed, for she died before passing her work through the press—much of the womanly grace, sprightliness, and good taste which characterize her aunt's writings; and she exhibits in addition the prime qualities of a biographer—loyalty to truth and insight into character. Mrs. Jameson's repugnance to the idea of having her private life paraded before the world in the usual indelicate manner, and her consequent destruction of her private letters and papers, have rendered it somewhat difficult to bring together adequate and trustworthy materials; but if the memoir had been more detailed it would probably have lost much of its charm and animation, and there are few points of character or incidents of experience about which the reader will feel that the information is so inadequate as to impair his satisfaction with the work as a whole. Mrs. Macpherson aimed, as she says, to make "some modest record" of her aunt's life and work; and it is not the least pathetic circumstance connected with a somewhat pathetic book that its author only lived long enough to complete it, but not long enough to know how entirely acceptable to the admirers of Mrs. Jameson was the manner in which she had performed her task.

We find it somewhat difficult to understand the treatment which Mr. Hardy's "The Return of the Native" * has received from the English critical journals. Each finds its own special and predominant fault in it, but nearly all agree in pronouncing it, on the whole, inferior to most of the author's previous works. To our mind, on the contrary, it is not only the best thing that Mr. Hardy has written—with the possible exception of that dainty and delicious idyl, "Under the Greenwood Tree"—but it is the most powerful and impressive story that has broken the

* The Return of the Native. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 465.

"wide silence" which followed upon the completion of "Daniel Deronda." It only loses the right to be classed among the really great novels by reason of being devoted too assiduously to the portrayal and dissection of a type of character which is repulsive just in proportion to the vividness and fidelity with which it is painted. Eustacia Vye will remain a living reality in the mind of the reader long after the conventional men and women of the other current novels have receded into the shadow-land of memory, and her tragic fate lends a certain mournful and pathetic dignity to her figure; yet in contemplating her character as it is slowly and relentlessly unfolded before us one can hardly repress a shudder at the thought that there may actually be many women in the world like this. Eustacia is not a wicked woman, in the ordinary sense, and her instinct of refinement would have prevented her ever becoming a really depraved one. Neither is she what is usually called unprincipled. She is simply as utterly devoid of the moral faculty, as consistently oblivious to the usual restraints upon words and conduct, as we all are in dreams. Her selfishness is not the selfishness which after striking a balance of conflicting claims deliberately chooses its own gratification; it is that serene, imperturbable, inexorable selfishness which is utterly unconscious of any other claims than its own, which can not even so far recognize the rights of others as consciously to reject them. Along with this, as a natural concomitant to it perhaps, there goes a certain shamelessness and immodesty which would be intolerably offensive but for its *naïveté* and obvious lack of evil thought or intent. A certain instinctive modesty of the person is said to be the last of the purer sentiments lost by a woman as she sinks below the horizon of respectability; but Eustacia Vye never had such a sentiment to lose. She quite evidently and consciously looks upon her beauty, and her capacity for passionate ardor of feeling, as so many instruments for the procurement of those pleasures and excitements which she craved; and her quarrel with life was that the narrow conditions of her own did not allow these advantages to be availed of to the full. One feels a certain apprehensiveness in following the successive steps of such a character; and, profoundly sorrowful as is that final catastrophe, to most readers it will bring a sense of relief, and a conviction that the impulse which carried Eustacia to Shadwater Weir was the happiest of her wayward and unpromising life.

With such calm and dispassionate minuteness of touch does Mr. Hardy paint this portrait that readers are sometimes puzzled to know what is his precise attitude toward it—whether, in short, he is aware what an extremely repulsive creature (a "monster" some one has called her) he is conjuring up from the vasty deep. And it is this, no doubt, that has caused most of the carping criticism upon the work—and especially the charge of "immorality" which has been brought against it. An artist should be credited with having consciously designed the effect which is actually produced; the more willingly when, as in the case of Eustacia Vye, it would have

been an easy matter, without improving her moral quality in the least, to make her seductive and enticing instead of repellent. But most readers are not satisfied to have an author reveal himself through the general results of his work; they want him to declare his sentiments *ex cathedra* as he goes along, and, if these *ex cathedra* pronouncements are sufficiently orthodox, the tendency of his work may be as "immoral" as he chooses to make it.

There are others of the *dramatis personæ* who would require specific mention were we proposing to deal with the book in detail; but, after all, it is not the people who figure in the story—not even Eustacia herself—that will cause it to retain its hold upon the minds of readers. The feature of the story that will remain longest in remembrance is Egdon Heath, a most impressive description of which is given in the opening chapter, and which forms a sort of atmosphere, or background, or inarticulate chorus throughout. In no other book that we can recall, unless it be Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," has inanimate nature been so closely interwoven with the web of human life and endowed with a kind of interest which only persons can usually inspire. With the very first page Egdon Heath takes a powerful hold upon the imagination; each succeeding picture or description intensifies the impression; and at last it takes complete possession of us, as it has evidently taken possession of the author. Few spots of earth will seem so familiar to the reader or so sympathetic as Egdon Heath when he has reached the last page of "The Return of the Native."

THE late John Lothrop Motley was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and at a commemorative meeting of the Society held shortly after his death Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was appointed to write a memoir of him for the Society's "Proceedings." This memoir grew under the author's hands until it has attained the dimensions of a book and the dignity of a formal biography of its subject.* It is still, as the author says, "but an outline"; but it is a remarkably graphic and vivid outline, and it answers lucidly and with reasonable fullness all the questions which those who are familiar with the works of Motley the historian would naturally like to ask about Motley the man. Until the time shall have come, a generation or two hence, when the Motley correspondence can be published without wounding the susceptibilities of persons too intimately concerned, this is likely to remain the authoritative if not the only biography of the historian of the Dutch Republic; and it is matter of congratulation that the task of preparing it was assigned to one so competent in every respect to do the subject justice. Dr. Holmes knew Motley well from his early days at Harvard until his death; and

* John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 278.

upon the diminutive canvas to which his memoir seemed to restrict him he has painted a most vivid, brilliant, and expressive portrait, and one which will remain as a living reality in the mind of the reader long after the book itself is laid aside.

The memoir is for the most part a simple, direct, and luminous narrative, but at one or two points it assumes a decidedly controversial, not to say aggressive tone. These are the chapters devoted to a discussion of the circumstances under which Mr. Motley was removed from his diplomatic post at Vienna and subsequently at London. The general feeling with regard to these removals has been that Motley was used as the innocent instrument with which to strike more obnoxious persons nearer home; and Dr. Holmes may be fairly said to have raised this suspicion to a certainty. Even those who are unconvinced by his argument can not deny that his analysis of the circumstances under which these humiliations were inflicted, and of the excuses subsequently offered for them, constitutes a very damaging indictment of the Administrations under which they occurred. Dr. Holmes, at least, makes no pretense of concealing his opinion of them; but the heat which he exhibits is not the mere friction of controversy, but the generous warmth of a righteous man's indignation against unmerited wrong.

As in the case of his poetry, Dr. Holmes's prose abounds in brilliant and striking passages. Quite a collection of epigrams might be gleaned from this slender volume, and some of them are much more than mere epigrams, as where he says that "Americans have two social ideals, the man on horseback and the man in his shirt-sleeves."

It is part of the proverbial philosophy of editorial sanctums and such-like haunts of wisdom, that the writing of really good short stories is, if not the most difficult, certainly one of the rarest achievements of literary art. Nor is the reason far to seek. A short story to be good must have just as carefully constructed a plot, must exhibit just as harmonious a proportion and skillful adjustment of parts, must have as much realism in the incidents and life-likeness in the character-drawing, as a novel of equal merit; and it is not surprising that an author usually prefers to husband his resources and make the most of his materials by putting them in the more remunerative and generally attractive form. It has been acutely remarked that a writer can not afford to be a conversationalist; and for the same reason an author, who really possesses the qualities requisite for the writing of good short stories, can seldom afford to expend himself in a way which is apt to make rather meager returns to both his reputation and his pocket.

Now and then, however, there appears a writer of real and unmistakable genius who finds in the short story or tale the natural and most effective medium of literary expression. Edgar Poe and Bret Harte are conspicuous instances in this country, and

Paul Heyse is a similarly conspicuous example in Germany, though Heyse rather resembles Hawthorne in being equally skillful in the writing of the briefer tale and the more elaborate novel. In the case of Hawthorne, however, it was his growing fame as a novelist which first secured recognition for his tales, while in the case of Heyse it was his *Novellen*, or short stories, that first revealed his genius and secured him both an audience and a following. These *Novellen* have a quite universal reputation in Germany, and are esteemed for qualities which are comparatively rare in the later German literature—for an exquisite neatness and perfection of form, for an artistic deftness of workmanship, and for a singularly simple but graceful and animated style. In spite of the wide popularity of his longer novels, it is probable that Heyse's most intelligent admirers would still cite his *Novellen* as his best title to fame.

The remarkably cordial reception extended to the translation of the elaborate "In Paradise" has induced the publishers to try the experiment of a small but representative selection from the *Novellen*, and they have accordingly brought together four stories which will serve to indicate the character and quality of the rest.* Two of these stories, "Judith Stern" and "L'Arrabiata," were published in the "Journal," and, we trust, attracted the attention of our readers; a story so strong, so artistic, and so impressive as "Judith Stern" does not appear in a periodical so frequently that the reader can afford to overlook even one of them. Of the remaining stories, one, "Count Ernest's Home," attains to the dimensions of a novelette, and the other, "The Dead Lake," has all the materials of a powerful novel compressed into threescore pages. Where each is so good it would be invidious to institute comparisons, and we will content ourselves with remarking upon one quality possessed in common by all these stories—intensity. Unlike ourselves and the English from whom we partly inherit and partly borrow our prejudices, the Germans are not afraid of emotion—of what is called sentiment—and their painters of human life are not compelled to obscure or "tone down" their most striking and picturesque effects. Such a story as "The Dead Lake," written by an Englishman or American, would be apt to be and certain to be called "melodramatic" and "sensational"; but with Heyse the feeling is too genuine, too spontaneous, too *real*, to be discredited by any such epithets. Much in these matters depends upon the self-consciousness of the author, and this in turn upon the general attitude of his readers. There is no humor in Heyse's stories, and his moods are generally quite the opposite of gay, but he bears his readers along entranced and submissive upon an irresistible tide of feeling.

THE literature of the Eastern Question receives a valuable if somewhat late contribution from an

* Tales from the German of Paul Heyse. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 281.

American in Mr. Edson L. Clark's "Races of European Turkey."* The work is partly historical and partly descriptive, containing a brief but graphic and animated history of the Byzantine Empire and its conquest by the Ottoman Turks, and accounts, partly ethnographic and partly descriptive, of the Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, and other existing races of European Turkey, including the Gypsies. It appears to be the result of the careful study of other authorities rather than of original research or personal observation, but the materials thus gleaned are used with great adroitness, and there is no other work on its subject which the reader will find more instructive and trustworthy, and at the same time so picturesque and interesting.

— As a specimen of tasteful simplicity and quiet elegance in book-making, we have seen nothing lately that pleases us better than Messrs. Harper & Brothers' new library edition of Macaulay's "History of England."† It is in five beautifully proportioned octavo volumes, uniform in print and nearly uniform in outward appearance with the "Life of Macaulay," printed from new electrotype plates made from new type, upon excellent paper, with wide margins, uncut edges, and gilt top. The mere external attractiveness of the volumes constitutes a most seductive invitation to read, even to those who are already familiar with their contents; and the brilliant narrative of Macaulay will derive a new fascination from the tasteful appropriateness of its apparel. It has been somewhat the fashion of late among critics to sneer at Macaulay as a simple rhetorician and nothing more; but there is already a distinct reaction from this verdict, which has never been shared by the public; and Dr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, has added the weight of his authority to the opinion that there is no English history more likely to live, or which on the whole better deserves to live. The present beautiful edition of the work ought to gratify old admirers and attract many new.

— "An accomplished Literary and Musical Critic," who has examined the Rev. Charles S. Robinson's "Selection of Spiritual Songs,"‡ reports to the publishers, as they kindly inform us, that "it is a most desirable manual of hymns and music for the

churches, convenient in size, pleasant to the eye, elevating to the taste, and healthful to the soul." The last two items of praise we shall have to accept in deference to the testimony offered in their behalf, but the other two we can cordially endorse. The book is certainly convenient in size and remarkably pleasant to the eye, the edition sent us being clearly printed on fine linen paper, with gilt edges, and bound in gros-grain silk, which, if not such a novelty as the publishers seem to suppose, is extremely rich and tasteful. The compilation of hymns and tunes appears to comprise all those which are commonly accepted as best, and is free from sectarian bias in any direction.

— To their three series of Science Primers, Literature Primers, and History Primers, which have already won such general acceptance, the Messrs. Appleton have now added a series of "Health Primers,"* written and edited by the most eminent authorities in sanitary science, and intended to present the principles of that science in such elementary and practical shape that they can be easily understood and applied by whoever will take the slight trouble involved in mastering them. The series will deal with all the hygienic subjects that are of vital importance to the individual and the family, and will form a cheap and compendious popular library of health-manuals, which should find a place in every household. Four volumes of the series have already been issued: "Exercise and Training," by C. H. Ralfe, M. D.; "Alcohol: Its Use and Abuse," by W. S. Greenfield, M. D.; "Premature Death: Its Promotion or Prevention"; and "The House and its Surroundings." Each of these little books is a masterpiece of concise and lucid exposition, and contains just that sort of information—practical in character, simple in principle, and specific in detail—which is so generally needed and which it is usually so difficult to obtain.

— Most of the poems which appear in Mrs. Gustafson's collection† have already appeared in one or other of the magazines, and are rather above than below the average of magazine poetry, without possessing any qualities which seem to us likely to secure them a wider reputation in book form. The longest poem, which gives its title to the volume, is by no means the best, though it contains some pretty lines. The author's strength lies, not in pastoral or narrative verse, but in a certain fanciful ingenuity which is well exemplified in "The Children's Night" and in the elegy on William Cullen Bryant. The latter very happily avoids the usual hackneyed commonplaceness of memorial poetry.

* The Races of European Turkey. Their History, Condition, and Prospects. By Edson L. Clark, Member of the American Oriental Society, and Author of "The Arabs and the Turks." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo, pp. 478.

† The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Library Edition, printed from the last English edition, with all of Lord Macaulay's Corrections carefully examined and revised. New York: Harper & Brothers. 5 vols. 8vo, pp. 610, 610, 565, 600, 565.

‡ A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with Music for the Church and the Choir. Selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 441.

* Health Primers. Edited by J. Langdon Down, M. D., F. R. C. P., Henry Power, M. B., F. R. C. S., J. Mortimer-Granville, M. D., and John Tweedy, F. R. C. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Square 16mo.

† Meg: A Pastoral, and Other Poems. By Zadel Barnes Gustafson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 280.

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A FRENCH BORGIA.

WHO has not read De Balzac's novel "Le Curé de Village"? If any have not read it, they should do so, for De Balzac never wrote anything more searching than the anguish of remorse which tortured Véronique Graslin's soul; and those who have read it will wish to do so again after perusing this history of the events on which the novel was founded.

Auvergne may, speaking roughly, be called the Wales of France. Brittany is really the French Wales: a kindred language is spoken on both sides of the Channel; traditions are the same; bards occupied as high a position in one as in the other province. Numerous other points of resemblance might be indicated. Auvergne's configuration of soil is much more like the geological structure of Wales. Its valleys are few. Mountains rise everywhere. The winters are long. The inhabitants pass for the Bœotians of France. They are tall, laborious, patient, painstaking, frugal, thrifty. They may be said to monopolize the fuel-trade of France. They are the water-carriers of Paris; but this trade daily disappears, as water-pipes are laid in every house of the French capital. They are considered extremely dirty. It is of them that the story is told of a fuel-dealer who discovered one of his wooden clogs in his soup, and only exclaimed: "'Pon my word, if here ain't one of my clogs! I don't say it is dirty, but it does take up a great deal of room." He continued to eat the soup with unabated appetite. The point of this joke can be seen in all its sharpness only by those who have witnessed a fuel-dealer in his shop. The floor is earthen, and black as soot with the dust of charcoal and coal. Husband, wife, and children are ebon as negroes with accumulations of the same dust. They never wash face or hands; if they did, they would no more be recognized than an Ethiopian who had changed his swarthy for a white skin. They are considered thoroughly dishonest and

deceitful, and denounced as brutal and vindictive. The virulent feud which attracted so much public attention during the Second Empire's whole duration, and influenced many measures of that epoch—the feud which still exists between M. Rouher and M. de Parieu—has often been instanced as an example of Auvergnat vindictiveness. These gentlemen are both Auvergnats. They ought to free their native province from the reproach of begetting none but stupid children; which certainly ought not to be made against a region which gave birth to Pascal. The particle *de* is evidence of aristocratic birth. Messrs. Rouher and de Parieu were lawyers at the same bar, the Riom bar. M. de Parieu treated disdainfully the plebeian Rouher, and the former's family refused to visit the latter's house. As Riom was a town of only eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy-six inhabitants, this slur was more acutely felt than it would have been in a larger place. As the ladies of the families took part in the feud, it was all the more bitter. When M. Rouher entered public life, his great object seemed to be the humiliation of the De Parieus. His friends say that he confesses the highest delight he ever knew was when he had driven M. de Parieu from the presidency of the Council of State (if I remember rightly), and taken possession of his official residence. M. Rouher, who soon rose to be considered "Vice-Emperor," had many similar opportunities to gratify vengeance. They could not glut it—"increase of appetite grew with what it fed on."

The Auvergnats are very handsome. The men generally have olive complexions, large, lustrous, black eyes, and a great deal of black but very coarse hair. The women, when under thirty, are the most attractive I have seen in France. They have the short waists and low foreheads which so greatly disfigure all Frenchwomen, their hair, too, is extremely stiff, and coarse as

a horse's tail; but it is very abundant, very long, and very black. Their bosoms are the largest and most beautifully formed in the world; their limbs are plump and firm; their eyes are large, black, and lustrous, though they lack expression; but their skin is white as marble. As they recede from thirty, they grow dowdy, a mustache appears on their upper lips, the lily of the skin fades away, and it becomes very coarse. Frenchmen (who are extremely amorous) detest them, and describe them as stupid, soulless, mercenary masses of lubber. The French saw expresses pointedly this opinion: "There was not a man or a woman present—they all were Auvergnats." I hope this preface may not have been found long. I have thought it necessary to the full comprehension of the following family history. It occurred in Auvergne. All the actors were Auvergnats.

The De la Roche Neglys are as ancient and as noble as any family in France. The De Chamblas family were not their inferiors in ancient and noble lineage. There was greater difference in the estates of the two families. Nobody, however, dreamed of thinking, or of saying, that a disproportionate marriage had been concluded when M. de Chamblas led Mademoiselle de la Roche Negly to the bridal altar; although her dowry was five hundred thousand francs, and his whole fortune was but little more than a hundred thousand francs. Mademoiselle de la Roche Negly revealed her character soon after marriage. She was extravagant, doted on fine clothes, devoted to pleasure in every form, unable to live out of company, greedy of admiration, adroit in playing upon men's vanity, and absolutely without moral sense or moral principle, while affecting the appearance of devout piety, and taking a bustling part in all charitable and other societies. Her social authority was great. Her influence in parsonages, churches, and convents was unbounded. Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, was her uncle or her first cousin. She was notoriously unfaithful to her husband (else she could not have led her expensive life), whose dishonor was published to the world in the most scandalous manner by the tragical rivalry of two of her lovers. In 1828 France was horrified to hear that M. de Planiolles had shot down M. Calemard de Lafayette at the portal of the Chamber of Deputies, and had immediately afterward blown out his own brains. M. de Chamblas, although the most wretched of men, forgave his wife all her wrongs, denied her no money, allowed her to live in Paris, or in Lyons, or even in his own house, as she pleased, although he was less miserable when she was absent from home. Her temper was as detestable as her character. Although the blood

of two men was on her hands, she did not change her mode of life. She was as frivolous, as fond of dress, and company, and admiration, as ever. She probably gloried in being the heroine of a sanguinary tragedy. There are women who are as eager as an Indian for scalps, and with him think their number bears testimony to their worth; but the Indian seeks only the scalps of his enemies—they of their friends.

There issued from this ill-assorted marriage one child, a daughter. Theodora de Chamblas had no mother's eye to keep watchful care over her, no mother's hand to guide her in the way she should go, no mother's voice to instill good lessons in her heart, and to teach her to pray for Heaven's protection. Madame de Chamblas a mother; Madame de Chamblas guiding a daughter, forming a girl's character, giving her the benefit of a mother's experience! One can not conceive such a picture without shuddering. Theodora de Chamblas grew up to be a tomboy. She was the terror of the whole neighborhood, of the boys as well as of the girls, and of their parents. Everybody kept clear of her—these because they stood in fear of her; those because they were afraid of injuring their own reputation by being suspected of flocking with a bird of such feathers. Her feathers were as ugly as ugly could be. She was a hunchback. She was stunted, almost dwarfish. She had a swarthy complexion. She had all her mother's obliquity of moral sense; all her mother's want of principle and want of heart; all her mother's execrable temper. Rumor had been busy with her reputation. This rumor will presently be mentioned.

Wealthy as she would one day be, she had no suitor for her hand. Her parents were convinced that none would appear in the neighborhood of Château de Chamblas. She was too well known there. She had grown to be thirty years old. It was evident that if she did not marry soon she could not marry at all. Her parents appealed to their kinsman, Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, beseeching him to find her a husband. He promised to make his lawyers hunt for one. French marriages are not made in heaven. They are made in lawyers' offices. Their object is not to join hearts, but to unite money-bags.

The lawyers thought that a clerk in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory of Lyons would make a willing and a desirable husband. Louis de Marcellange was a man of aristocratic family (true it was, somewhat decayed), was master of fifty thousand francs, and had an annual salary of twenty-two hundred francs, which in those days was a larger income than five thousand francs are at present. He was thirty years old, had grown tired of bachelor's life, and thought it

would be lucky to marry the heiress of Château de Chamblas, who must, even after all the debts of both parents should have been discharged, be worth at least fifteen thousand francs a year. Louis de Marcellange was extremely avaricious and very selfish. Madame de Chamblas's bad reputation must have been known to him; but it is more than probable that he heard nothing of her daughter's character. Even with us, where young ladies are allowed great liberties, few lovers know the true character of their betrothed.

Theodora de Chamblas was married to Louis de Marcellange in 1835. Groom and bride were of the same age. The happiness of the marriage surprised and delighted those who negotiated it and who best knew Theodora's character. A complete change seemed to have come over it. Her husband's kindness seemed to melt it into something like feminine form. He was really happy. He loved Theodora. He found married life just the existence suited to his disposition, and he was so attentive to her, so genial, so serviceable, that she too tasted happiness, and, being happy herself, made others around her happy. The birth of two children increased the happiness of home, and seemed to give double security of its long continuance. Wise had Louis de Marcellange been had he let well enough alone!

When he found he had a wife and two children to support—a wife who was fond of show—he began to reckon how much cheaper it would be to live at Château de Chamblas, how much more money he could make as farmer than as government clerk. He broached the matter to his father-in-law. M. de Chamblas had his own reasons for *knowing* that Château de Chamblas was no home for his daughter. He refused to lease the place to his son-in-law. The latter was not rebuffed. He was so pertinacious in his appeals, and really did so clearly prove that the step would be advantageous to his wife and children, that at last M. de Chamblas agreed to grant the lease. Besides, what was there now to fear? Had not his daughter a husband to guide and to protect her? Was she not the mother of two children? Was she not some years older? Had not her character changed? Again, what was there to fear? Louis de Marcellange took possession of the estate. His wife and children were with him. He rode about the farm every day. He himself bought cattle to fatten. He even wore wooden clogs (the peasant's water-proof shoes) in inclement weather. All the family certainly were happy.

It was most unfortunate that, as soon as Louis de Marcellange was fairly settled in his new home, M. de Chamblas fell dangerously ill, rapidly grew worse, and, when the end showed it-

self to be inevitable, he summoned Louis de Marcellange to his death-bed side. He was ill at Le Puy.

When he saw his son-in-law he said to him: "My dear fellow, you now have before you a man who is delighted to quit this world for ever; therefore I shall not weary you with long complaints, or with fatiguing advice. I believe you to be in the true path which leads to happiness. Many people have tried to govern Theodora, but you are the only person who have succeeded in making her do what you please. None but a sharp fellow and a good husband could have done that. Therefore I have nothing to say to you on that subject. All I want to do is to give you a warning: fear Madame de Chamblas as you would fear an adder. She has been my wife these five-and-thirty years, and I know her thoroughly. There is no crime of which that woman is not capable. I myself fear her as I fear the cholera, and my sole last prayer to Heaven is that I may die before she hears of my illness. Were she to know me ill, she would post from Lyons to shed crocodile tears over me, or to kill me, if she thought she could do so without discovery. I repeat to you, fear that woman as you would fear an adder. This is the best advice your poor old father-in-law can give you on his death-bed."

Three days afterward M. de Chamblas died. He received all the consolations of religion before he expired.

I have said that it was most unfortunate for Louis de Marcellange that M. de Chamblas should have died just at this period of time. M. de Chamblas left an embarrassed estate. Louis de Marcellange inevitably fell into an entangled position. M. de Chamblas and his wife had each of them settled their respective estates upon themselves severally. He had further covenanted that she might at his death draw forty thousand francs cash from her jointure and an annual pension of two thousand francs, in addition to the revenue from her estate. Theodora de Chamblas had brought no dowry to her husband save the reversionary interest in her mother's property. M. de Chamblas had spent all his patrimony; his wife had devoured the better part of it; ill management of Chamblas had not only consumed the remnant his wife had left, but had gotten him into debt. Louis de Marcellange had resigned his clerkship in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory. He had not only spent all his money to stock Chamblas, but had actually gone in debt to buy cattle and farming implements. How was he to give Madame de Chamblas the forty thousand francs to which she was entitled and the annuity of two thousand francs, and at the same time pay the rent of twenty-five thousand francs which he had agreed

to give for Chamblas? After mature reflection it seemed to him he could do only one of two things—either surrender his lease of Chamblas, or persuade Madame de Chamblas to live with him and postpone satisfaction of her rights until he could free himself from present embarrassments. He explained his position to Madame de Chamblas, and added that he would adopt the course most agreeable to her. She elected to waive her rights and to live with him.

Madame de Chamblas had received intelligence of her husband's death with characteristic indifference. She said to everybody: "Old Chamblas invariably treated me well. It is true he sometimes carried to excess his passion for moralizing; but then he never refused to pay my mantuamakers' bills. To tell the truth, the poor dear soul disliked going into company, but I have always felt under obligations to him for it, as otherwise I should have been under the necessity of being accompanied by him." She ransacked the shops in Lyons to get mourning which she thought becoming to her. Her husband was mourned in the latest fashions.

Louis de Marcellange was not altogether pleased to see Madame de Chamblas resolve to live with him. His father-in-law's dying warning still rang in his ears. There was no help for it. She was all kindness. The servants idolized her. She visited and relieved the poor; her praises were sounded in every hovel of the neighborhood. Her grandchildren adored her. All her tastes, even that of dress, were simple. Louis de Marcellange had begun by fearing her as an adder; but she threw so much sunshine into that old manor-house, high perched in the solitudes of the mountains of Auvergne, that the mists of prejudice which filled his mind were gradually lifted, and the death-bed injunctions of M. de Chamblas were forgotten. "I have said that Louis de Marcellange was avaricious. The load of debt which was upon him, the anxieties of the future, his eagerness to provide independence of fortune for his children, had made him still more close-fisted. He grew stingy, miserly. To reduce expenses to the lowest figure, he dismissed several servants, and undertook their duties himself. Early and late he was in the fields, or in the barnyard, and it often happened that when he returned to the drawing-room he was bespattered with mud, or his clothes were impregnated with the peculiar, acrid, and certainly very disagreeable odor of stabled cattle. As all the money his wife and mother-in-law required came from him; as he was averse to all unnecessary expense, and considered luxury as insane extravagance, their requests for money invariably led to bickerings. Neither wife nor mother-in-law considered his embarrassments of fortune, or re-

membered that those embarrassments were due to their father and husband, or excused his inelegance and his stinginess by thinking they would reap all the advantages of his industry and self-denial. In their eyes he was only a vulgar, soiled clodhopper, in no respect different from the peasants with whom he labored.

Accustomed to draw upon the purse of a husband who denied her nothing, who made her no reproaches (however extravagant she might be), these altercations embittered Madame de Chamblas against her son-in-law. She once more became the haughty, domineering, selfish woman she had appeared to her husband. She instilled her sentiments of hatred and loathing into Theodora's head and heart.

No difficult task, for she had reëstablished her absolute influence over her daughter. The mother soon brought the daughter to agree to a common plan of action. When they had concerted their measures, Madame de Chamblas undertook to procure Louis de Marcellange's consent to them. So one evening as he rose to take a candle and go to bed, she begged him to be seated, for she had something to say to him. Her tone and manner were most affectionate (for she well knew how to assume any part to carry out her ends) as she went on to say: "Louis, I see you are engrossed by your cattle, sheep, and woods. I don't blame you, because I know you are working for your wife and for your children. But I am sure you will allow me to say to you that the life Theodora is leading here must be irksome to a young woman. I myself make no complaint, for I shall soon be an old woman. Leave me out of the question. 'Tis for Theodora I speak. Her present life is a burden to her; she has no amusement, no pleasures, nothing which makes life agreeable. Moreover, I am concerned for your children, my grandchildren. They are growing up. The village school can not give them suitable education. Remember, they are of noble birth on both sides of the house, and people in their position must know something more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. I am thinking of taking Theodora and the children to Le Puy for a few weeks. Don't make any objections. I'll not call on you for a franc. I myself will defray all expenses. Your wife and I will go out a little into company (for I don't want the world to forget me), while you will continue to pursue your favorite avocations and make Chamblas bloom like Eden." Le Puy was the capital of the department of Haute-Loire. It then had twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Louis de Marcellange did make some objections. He was devoted to his wife and children; and while it was true that he had observed and deplored his wife's increasing coldness to him, he

attributed it entirely to Madame de Chamblas's influence, and he persuaded himself that his constant warm affection would insensibly draw her nearer himself. He was devoted to his wife and children—but he was devoted to money, too. He had grown miserly, and his mother-in-law's promise to defray all expenses touched him on his weakest point. He mentally reckoned the money he should save by having no wife and children to support; he saw how profitable the scheme would be to him, and he consented to his mother-in-law's plan. A few days afterward Madame de Chamblas, Theodora, and the two children quitted Château de Chamblas. Who could have suspected that of these four persons—grandmother, mother, and children—not one was destined ever to cross that threshold again? Such, nevertheless, was their doom. This was the first step toward it. Adieu, Chamblas, for ever!

It was six weeks before Louis de Marcellange found time to pay his family a visit. He discovered them installed in a large, antique mansion, whose rank and age were alike avouched by the sculpture which adorned its front. He was amazed to see that his mother-in-law had taken so large a house and had furnished it in so splendid a manner. His wife's bedchamber was hung with silk damask, its chairs were covered with the same costly material. All the furniture of the house was in the same expensive style. He was not only amazed, he was puzzled. What was his mother-in-law's object in launching out on this extravagant footing? He guessed in vain. Accustomed to keep early hours, he asked for his bedchamber (French husbands and wives rarely occupy the same room) soon after night-fall. He was shown to the garret (where the servants slept), and ushered into a closet, without fireplace, and whose only furniture was a pine-wood cot, a pine-wood washstand, and one rush-bottomed chair. He could not help contrasting aloud his and his wife's chamber, and asking the chambermaid in attendance the meaning of this difference. She replied in a most insolent tone: "Sir, I have but executed the orders I have received. I was told to prepare this room for you. Besides, it is the only unoccupied chamber in the house."

This insolent servant was Marie Bourdon. She will figure more than once in the coming tragedy. Let us introduce her to the reader. She was an old acquaintance of Louis de Marcellange. She was born on the Chamblas estate. Madame de Chamblas had taken her into service at a very early age. Marie Bourdon had traveled everywhere with Madame de Chamblas—had heard and seen a great deal more than servants usually hear and see (for Madame de Chamblas's conduct was the subject of much comment, and

her chambermaid was necessarily taken into confidence many times: vice needs an accomplice), and her native astuteness had been greatly sharpened by all this attrition with the world. She consequently was looked up to by the servants at Chamblas who had never quitted their native village. Marie Bourdon had only one object in life—to get rich. She was ready for money to go anywhere, say anything, do everything. Her appearance was decidedly prepossessing. She was tall, a brunette, with black hair and large eyes. Her travels had effaced her peasant appearance, and had given her ease, grace, self-confidence. She at once saw that she might turn the quarrel between mother, wife, and husband to such good use as to be sure of making her fortune out of it. She lived for nothing else. When any person, even an uneducated, lowly person, concentrates his whole mind upon any one object and pursues it with tenacious patience, it is wonderful what power he acquires. The mind seems to put forth tentacles in every direction, which extend its power far and near.

When Louis de Marcellange went down stairs next morning, he gently complained to his mother-in-law of being relegated to the servants, and placed in a wretchedly furnished closet, while his wife was lodged in gilded furniture and silk damask. Madame de Chamblas pretended to be deeply wounded, and sharply replied: "My dear Louis, I did not know that you could not live except with gilded furniture and damask-silk hangings. I had forgotten that you were accustomed to such luxury when you were a clerk in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory."

How the dying warning of his father-in-law rang in his ears! He became sensible that Madame de Chamblas now meant war, though he could not divine what object she sought, except gratification of mere malignant temper. He still believed his wife had no share in her mother's feelings, and that a little sooner, or a little later, she would awake to a sense of her duties to him and to her children. Louis de Marcellange's reflections led him to conclude that his best policy was to say nothing and to trust to time to redress all his grievances. He quietly returned to Chamblas, and gave his whole attention to his duties there. He was not destined to enjoy peace even there.

Madame de Chamblas now quitted her husband's and reassumed her maiden name. Countess de la Roche Negly sounded more aristocratic to her ears. She most assiduously exerted herself to turn public opinion against her son-in-law. She denounced him everywhere as an impostor. She declared that he had foisted himself upon her and her daughter as a man of aristocratic family when in good truth he was simply Louis Vilhardin. (His

name was Louis Vilhardin de Marcellange.) She depicted him as a man completely uneducated, and so deficient in natural abilities as to be contented to remain an obscure clerk on a miserable pittance in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory at Lyons. She vowed he was in the domestic circle the most disagreeable man she had ever met. He was never accurately clean; if by accident he did wash his hands, he was sure to be uncombed, and his face and water were on terms of perpetual non-intercourse. His feet perspired, even in midwinter, and the odor from them was—imagine! He was the stingiest fellow that ever lived; a more selfish fellow never was seen. He refused to allow his wife to buy soap; what was the use of soap? If she purchased gloves, he stormed. Wooden clogs were good enough for anybody's feet; muslin caps were a hundred times handsomer than bonnets; if a woman could not garter her stockings with twine, she ought to wear socks. "Countess de la Roche Negly" spread these and kindred rumors so pertinaciously, so widely, so passionately, so skillfully, that public opinion at Le Puy believed him to be a boor, a brute, an impostor, and a fool. Having public opinion now on her side, "Countess de la Roche Negly" brought suit against him to recover the allowance stipulated in the marriage contract. He contested her claims upon the ground that it was the common interest of all concerned that the arrangement into which she had entered upon her husband's death should be carried out. The Court sustained this view. "Countess de la Roche Negly" went half frantic at loss of her suit, and, if such a thing were possible, her hatred of Louis de Marcellange became more virulent than ever. Her war on him did not end here, nor were words her only weapons. This was but her first campaign.

She made her daughter bring suit for separation of estate against him, on the ground that he was a blundering fellow, ignorant of business, "penny-wise and pound-foolish," who was too avaricious even to give the estate that necessary outlay which repays with usurious interest the money spent. Passion is a bad counselor. Passion alone could have instituted so silly a suit. Great as were the pains taken by Theodora's lawyer, this suit too was lost. Thereupon her mother resolved that she should bring suit for separation from bed and board. Of course such an action would not lie unless some good reason for it could be found; so "Countess de la Roche Negly" procured a wily fallen woman in Le Puy and sent her, upon some pretext, to Château de Chamblas to exert all her arts to allure Louis de Marcellange to vicious life. She managed to get into the house, but she failed to go further. This suit had to be abandoned.

A public reaction in Louis de Marcellange's favor began to take place. When the rumors which "Countess de la Roche Negly" had so actively disseminated came to the neighborhood of Château de Chamblas, everybody protested against them as being libelous. The return waves of gossip brought back with them these protests of impartial judges. He had greatly endeared himself to all his neighbors. "Countess de la Roche Negly's" history was familiar to everybody. He was pitied. The reaction in his favor which had taken place led several influential families to intervene, and exert their good offices to restore harmony to the family. They led even Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, to interfere actively and to bring his influence as kinsman and as prelate to heal the irritation. All these efforts proved vain. It became evident to these good people that the great if not the sole obstacle to family harmony was "Countess de la Roche Negly," and that if her daughter could be withdrawn from her influence all would be well. Louis de Marcellange (probably by their advice) brought suit for restoration of conjugal rights. It was certain he would win this suit, and force Theodora to return to Château de Chamblas, where, removed from the detestable promptings of her mother, and taught by fulfillment of her duties to her children, she would once more love her husband and occupy her proper place at his hearth.

Notice of this suit had scarcely been served, when *the two children fell ill and died within a few hours of each other.* No intelligence of their illness or death was communicated to Louis de Marcellange until *after they had been buried.*

This double bereavement was a crushing blow to Louis de Marcellange. He had toiled, he had practiced self-denial, he had lived only for those darling little ones; and now they were lost, and he had not had even the last melancholy satisfaction of closing their eyes, of seeing them as they lay in their last bed, of kissing the last, long adieu on their cold brows. They gone, life seemed worth nothing to him. He lost interest in everything. He fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him.

Winter comes early in Auvergne. There is more than one valley in that mountain-locked province from which the sun is absent six of the twelve months, and where the snow that falls and the ice which is formed accumulate till the returning sun dissolves them. But, early as winter comes in Auvergne, nobody remembered such a tempestuous and inclement day as was the first day of September, 1840. As the sun went down the tempest increased in violence, the wind howled in the chimneys, sighed most mournfully through the crevices of the best-closed doors,

and shook every window, till they all rattled in their frames. The rain mingled with many a snowflake, came down in torrents and hissed as the wind dashed it against the window-panes. Striking was the contrast presented that evening between the scene out of doors and the scene in the kitchen of Château de Chamblas. It was an antique mansion, and, like all its contemporaries, its dimensions were vast. The kitchen was at the same time the dining-room of the farm-laborers and of the house-servants. The fireplace was immense, at least six feet wide by as many high. Three round logs, which were really pieces of huge trees with all their bark on, sang merrily as their sap exuded from each end, crackled cheerily, sending showers of sparks in every direction, flamed high in many a fantastic tongue of light, and threw a soft, genial heat into every part of the kitchen, large as the room was. Two dogs basked at full length on the hearth, their heads nestling on their dovetailed legs as their body formed a sort of circle before the glowing embers. The steam which rose from them added evidence of the weather which reigned out of doors. It was nine o'clock. There were some twenty servants, men and women, seated around the long table. The day's toils were over, and they were merrily supping. Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, was removing the emptied tureens, when some noise at the door attracted every eye toward it. The door was opened. Louis de Marcellange entered. He lifted his hat and said, "Good evening, friends." All the servants took off their caps as their master entered. It was his habit (it is quite a general habit among French farmers) to enter the kitchen every evening at supper-time, to talk with the farm-laborers about the day's work and to give orders for the morrow. He took his usual seat in the chimney-corner, drew pipe and tobacco-pouch from his pocket, filled the bowl, lighted it, and, as soon as it began to draw, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands into his pantaloons, and evidently began to enjoy rest and the contrast which the genial, companionable, glowing fire formed to the weather out of doors. The radiant chimney, throwing its beams full on Louis de Marcellange, brought out distinctly all the characteristics of his personal appearance. He was thirty-four years old. To tell the truth, he was unprepossessing; but then it should be remembered that the farmer of Château de Chamblas and the master of a drawing-room at Lyons were very different-looking men, and if at that hour his hands were dirty, his hair uncombed, his linen soiled, and his clothes slovenly, the fault lay with his wife. Had she been in her proper place by his side, and had she exerted her due influence, he would not have been in the kitchen,

but in the château's drawing-room and attired to suit his position. She, and especially her mother, had depicted him to all their friends as a hideous fellow, which he was not, although his countenance was not winning. His forehead was low, and the expression of his face revealed obstinacy and avarice; but it showed too a kind, good-natured man at heart. A judicious wife could have molded him in what form she pleased. Supper was nigh ended. The later comers alone were busy with the last vestiges of the favorite Auvergne dish—a salad of cold Irish potatoes. Pierre Souchon, the plowman, who was the foreman of the farm, broke silence:

"How wet you are, master! What weather! what weather! If winter comes on at this rate, we shall see All-hallows in October!"

M. de Marcellange replied without turning, and without ceasing to gaze on the fire:

"I shall not be in Auvergne to see All-hallows."

All the servants exclaimed:

"Not in Auvergne at All-hallows? How will that be, master?"

M. de Marcellange replied in an abrupt, vexed tone:

"I am going to quit Chamblas in a few days, and" (he fetched a deep-drawn sigh as he spoke) "I shall never set my foot here again. I had intended to let you know this evening my resolution, and to tell you who your new master is going to be. I have leased Chamblas, and henceforward I shall live at Moulins with my own family."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the kitchen it would not have caused more astonishment than this announcement. Stupefaction reigned at that table. Five-and-thirty years ago estates rarely changed hands in France. The owner of an estate was the great man of its neighborhood, and to see a stranger take his place was as wonderful to the peasants of the vicinity as a change of dynasty was to Parisians. It was some minutes before silence was broken. At last Pierre Souchon asked, but in a timid, despondent tone which strangely contrasted with the easy familiarity of the accent in which he had first spoken, "Might we be so bold, master, as to ask why you leave us?"

M. de Marcellange answered: "The reason is a very plain one. I quit Chamblas because I am worried here out of my life. You all know that my mother-in-law does everything she can to make me wretched. She has enticed my wife from me. She has brought against me suit after suit, every one of which she has lost. Ah! what a wicked creature that woman is! How truly did my father-in-law, on his death-bed, predict to me everything that has happened!"

One of the farm-laborers exclaimed, "Oh, your father-in-law was really a good man!"

It was in a tone of deep melancholy that M. de Marcellange went on to say: "What makes my fate so terrible is, that I have never wronged my mother-in-law in any way. I do not know why she detests me. I do not know with what she reproaches me. I do not know what she wants. All I know is that she bears to me a virulent, rancorous, malignant hatred. After stripping me of my wife, my children, my fortune; after ruining my health (for I have lost my health in these harassing lawsuits after lawsuits), she now strives with might and main to drive me from Chamblas, that she may never hear my name mentioned. Well, it has come to pass" (he drew a thick cloud of smoke from his pipe as he spoke) "that I am no longer of an age, or health, or humor, to struggle incessantly with such a virago, especially as she is protected (so she boasts she is) by a half-dozen bishops. I give up the fight, and leave the field to her!"

Silence followed this speech. His history was known to everybody present, and they all were conscious how truthfully he had spoken. Moreover, he was warmly loved by all his servants, and they were sad to think they were so soon to part for ever. Besides, who knew what changes the new master would make? What servants would be dismissed? What kind of person would rule them? Maybe they too were going to lose bread and home, to be driven forth to new roofs, among strange faces, to find the fight for life harder than it had been in familiar scenes. Every head was moodily hung down, absorbed by its own thoughts. The room, too, had lost its cheerful air. The glow had faded away, for the logs had burned out, the flames had disappeared, and there were even more ashes than live embers on the hearth.

The dozing dogs suddenly leaped up, uttered low growls, turned glaring eyes to the window, stared a moment, and then, as suddenly as they had risen, fell into their old position.

Had some coming, imminent peril forecast its shadow on that window? Or had some fearful dream startled the drowsy dogs? Dogs, as well as men, have their dreams.

Nobody heeded the dogs—or, rather, nobody seemed to heed them. Their startled leap and glaring stare were, however, observed, and were afterward remembered.

Silence was nevertheless unbroken, save by the raging elements without, whose melancholy sounds were in keeping with the mournful thoughts which filled every mind in the kitchen. Not a head changed its moody position. Saddest face of all was Louis de Marcellange's, as he sat gazing vacantly on the dying fire, chewing

the cud of bitter fancy: his wrecked life, his dead children, his estranged wife, his desolate hearth, the unhappy hours he had known—

Then there came a flash—an explosion—a crash, a jingle, as the window-panes, driven in, fell on the floor; screams of terror from every lip—another crash, as the table and glass- and earthenware were knocked over and were shattered; fearful howling of the dogs; uproar by the souging wind, as it moaned through the paneless casement. All lights were extinguished. Dense clouds of smoke filled the kitchen.

Confusion, bewildering terror, and darkness lasted for some moments. Then a lamp was lighted. This done, the screams were more heart-rending than ever, and the dogs bayed most dolefully.

Louis de Marcellange lay on the floor. His breast was pierced. Torrents of blood poured from the gaping wound. The back of the chair in which he had been sitting was broken by a bullet. The women applied vinegar to his wound, and by other means tried to restore him to consciousness. The men took lanterns and explored the whole grounds around the house. They discovered nothing. They returned to see Louis de Marcellange die. He had not uttered a word. He had not recovered consciousness. That night nobody in Château de Chamblas slept except its dead master.

The tempest raged with unabated fury all night long; but returning morning brought a cloudless day. The sun bathed in full light all the landscape. At daybreak a servant went to the neighboring village, St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol, to let the mayor know what tragedy had occurred. His worship instantly summoned the law officers from Le Puy, and informed Madame de Marcellange and Madame de Chamblas of their be-
reavement.

The law officers reached Château de Chamblas at ten A. M. They found Louis de Marcellange's body lying on the kitchen-table. The blood had been washed from his wound, but nobody had dared to close his eyes. All the women of the neighborhood, attired in their Sunday clothes, were seated around the corpse, and were weeping. The prosecuting attorney was accompanied by the examining magistrate, the latter's clerk, a physician, and by three mounted constables. The prosecuting attorney was a man on the early side of middle life, grave, earnest, thoughtful, reserved, conscientious. The examining magistrate was an old man, astute, inquisitive, talkative, restless, free and easy. The prosecuting attorney ordered everybody, except Pierre Souchon, the head laborer, and Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, to leave the room. Pierre Souchon and Jeanne Chabrier were the oldest servants of the

house, and were more familiar than anybody else with Louis de Marcellange's habits of life. The kitchen cleared of all persons, except those mentioned, the examining magistrate went up to the corpse, scanned its face closely, studied the position of the hands, opened them, felt them, closed them. Then he asked Pierre Souchon and Jeanne Chabrier to place the corpse on the chair, and in the position occupied when the fatal shot was fired. They shrank in terror from such a task. Two constables executed the magistrate's orders. It was a shocking sight to see that bloody, stiff corpse, with staring eyes, forcibly seated in front of the paneless window, through which the sunbeams were darting. The physician himself found the sight intolerable; he hastily rose and closed the eyes, an action which gave unconcealed annoyance to the examining magistrate, who was engaged in studying the direction taken by the fatal shot. When he had completed this preliminary examination, he asked the physician to make the autopsy. The corpse was replaced on the supper-table. The physician soon drew from the heart three slugs. The slug which had broken the chair in which Louis de Marcellange was sitting had been given the examining magistrate. The four slugs were compared, and were found to be alike.

The prosecuting attorney said: "The shot must have been fired near at hand; for nobody could have put slugs so near together had he been distant. They would have scattered."

The examining magistrate replied: "That's beyond doubt. Moreover, the kitchen was filled with the smoke of the discharge. I am persuaded that the assassin aimed deliberately, and must have rested his gun on the window's balustrade. Bold as he may have been, he must have trembled as he took aim."

The prosecuting attorney rejoined: "The facts indicate the assassin to be somebody thoroughly acquainted with M. de Marcellange's habits—somebody who knew that he, after dinner, regularly came every evening at nine to smoke his pipe in the kitchen's chimney-corner, while the servants supped. But whom can we accuse? M. de Marcellange had no enemies here. Moreover, he was about to leave the neighborhood for ever. Was the assassin some one who was furious to see the estate occupied by a new-comer? That could not be; for everybody interested in this change was seated around this table when the murder was committed."

Pierre Souchon abruptly exclaimed: "But it must have been somebody connected with the farm, for the dogs, that were sleeping on the hearth, leaped to their feet just before the shot was fired, glared at the window, evidently recognized the person there as one be-

longing to the estate, ceased to growl, and slept again."

The prosecuting attorney and examining magistrate exchanged significant glances. These indications narrowed the field of search.

Their silence, and still more their attitude, emboldened Pierre Souchon to add: "Besides, when we went out with our lanterns to hunt for the assassin, Jupiter, the watch-dog, did not make his appearance. Had he been here, he would have flown at us. He returned only this morning, and his collar was gone. The assassin must have taken his collar."

The examining magistrate thought a moment, then said: "This is the most important information we have received. And yet there is no very valuable induction to be drawn from it, except that the criminal, who, after committing the murder, took the dog's collar, must belong to the lowest and most ignorant class of peasants. Evidently he believed the brass collar valuable."

The law officers thought they had now obtained all the information likely to be had at this stage of the proceedings. They were about to retire to another room to draw up the record of their proceedings, when somebody knocked at the kitchen-door. A constable answered. He returned and said: "There is a man at the door. He is Madame de Chamblas's and Madame de Marcellange's confidential agent. They have sent him here. He wishes to speak to the law officers."

The examining magistrate exclaimed rather peevishly, "Show him in!"

The new-comer entered. He was dressed like a peasant in easy circumstances of fortune. He wore a black velveteen roundabout and pantaloons of olive-colored velveteen. His gray, flexible hat had a crape band around it. He bowed to the law officers and said, in a tone of great simplicity: "Gentlemen, I am Jacques Besson, the confidential agent of Madame de Chamblas and of Madame de Marcellange. They have sent me this morning from Le Puy to represent them here and to see that you have in the château everything you want. I have already taken care that luncheon be served you. You will please excuse me if you be not served as well as the ladies desire, but this misfortune has upset us all. I myself have just left my sick-bed, and am scarcely able to walk." He pointed to his feet to show that they still were in list slippers.

The law officers briefly expressed their thanks for the courteous attention of the ladies.

Jacques Besson then went up to M. de Marcellange's corpse. He exclaimed: "Ah ha! Here is the master of Chamblas!"

The tone in which he uttered these words made all the magistrates look up and at him.

There was such concentrated hatred in his voice and in the look he gave the corpse, that all the officials were struck by it, so much so that one of them could not help saying to Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, "That man does not seem to regret M. de Marcellange's death, although he has crape around his hat."

She replied: "No wonder! Besson is the ladies' confidential agent, and they never liked poor M. de Marcellange; but Besson is an excellent fellow for all that, and there is no harder worker in this neighborhood."

Besson invited them to luncheon. Everybody went into the dining-room, where a table was spread. The law officers found in the dining-room the Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol and the family notary, who had been ordered to put everything under seal. They took seats at the table. There was no conversation. The murder, the assassin, the means of discovering him, his motive—hate, vengeance, jealousy, cupidity, love—engrossed all thoughts. Besson stood in a corner of the room, attentive to the guests and taking care that the servants anticipated every one's wants. Besson quitted the room for a moment, and then the examining magistrate asked: "Who is that crane sent us by Madame de Chamblas? I don't fancy his face."

The Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol replied: "He is a very intelligent fellow, and a most valuable servant to Madame de Chamblas. His origin is very low, for he formerly was hog-drover on this estate. M. de Chamblas made him his body-servant, and he now manages all the business of these ladies."

The examining magistrate rejoined, "He, nevertheless, has a most disagreeable physiognomy!"

The mayor responded: "No wonder. He has been for the last three weeks in bed, ill with the small-pox."

The examining judge added, "Ah! that explains it."

The notary said: "It seems to me, too, that I have never laid eyes on a more repulsive countenance. When he changed my plate just now I could scarcely conceal my aversion."

The mayor replied: "It is the small-pox. Nothing disfigures a man more; but in time the traces of it will be less marked."

When luncheon ended, the mayor, notary, and constables went to attend to M. de Marcellange's funeral. As soon as they were left alone the examining magistrate asked the prosecuting attorney, "Have you formed any opinion about the case?"

He answered: "No; and I do not think it possible to form one until we have talked with the widow and mother-in-law. How happens it

that neither of them has deigned to come here to pay him the last tribute of respect?"

The examining magistrate replied, "You know there was bitter enmity between them."

The carriage was ordered. Soon afterward the prosecuting attorney and examining magistrate were rolling toward Le Puy. As they quitted Château de Chamblas the church-bells of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol tolled for the funeral of Louis de Marcellange.

The examining magistrate had no sooner reached Le Puy than he issued summons to Madame de la Roche Negly (it will be remembered that this was the name assumed by Madame de Chamblas), Madame de Marcellange, and Jacques Besson, to attend him in chambers. He appointed the following morning for their appearance. They came. All three of them were in deep mourning. When the examining magistrate was told that they were waiting in his antechamber, he ordered Madame de la Roche Negly to be introduced. He said to her: "Madame, justice would most willingly have spared you, plunged into deep mourning as you are now, this intrusion upon your privacy, but it could not do otherwise. You know we have as yet been unable to arrest the assassin of your son-in-law. We consequently are obliged to ask you to give us all the information which you think may be likely to guide us to the discovery of the criminal."

Madame de la Roche Negly. "I believe that all I may say to you will be of little service. You doubtless have heard that for a long time past my daughter and I have had no relations with M. de Marcellange. We rarely heard so much as mention of his name, except by peasants from Chamblas, who came occasionally to see us. We were ignorant how he lived and what he did. Tidings of his death consequently astounded us as much as it did you."

Magistrate. "How did you hear of his death?"

Madame. "The morning after his death the Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol sent us intelligence of it by a servant."

Magistrate. "What impression did the announcement make on you and on your daughter?"

Madame (coldly). "Why, really, your question greatly embarrasses me. Our impression was, as I have already said, surprise. I should speak untruly were I to say that we shed many tears over my son-in-law. All ties between us had long since been broken. His children were dead. He had none of our views of things, none of our tastes. He held me in horror. My daughter and he had never been able to agree. She and I had often said, 'Ah! if he were no longer on earth we should be far happier!'"

Magistrate. "With what did you reproach M. de Marcellange?"

Madame. "We reproached him with avarice, selfishness, ignorance. He had no sort of education. He would never have married my daughter had we known him before he proposed as well as we knew him afterward. The Archbishop of Lyons, who made the match, now thinks of him just as we do, and so does everybody in Le Puy."

Magistrate. "There is a very delicate subject on which I am obliged to question you. I allude—"

Madame (haughtily interrupting him). "Proceed! I came here to listen to and answer your questions."

Magistrate (fixing his keen little gray eyes on her. She bore that searching look without embarrassment; on the contrary, the person embarrassed was the examining magistrate, who thought again and again before he could find the proper form of question; at last, he asked in a hesitating tone). "It is said that Madame de Marcellange was in her childhood—how shall I express it?—on friendly—intimate terms with her foster-brother, Jacques Besson, who is now in your service?"

Madame. "That is all true."

Magistrate. "It is said that this intimacy became in time attachment, warm affection?"

Madame. "Which is true. Jacques is an excellent, hard-working, intelligent servant. He is devoted to our family. Servants like him are rare. Really, I can't see anything delicate in this subject!"

Magistrate (after a long pause). "Did not M. de Marcellange dismiss him from Château de Chamblas before he entered your service?"

Madame. "Yes. Moreover, he detested M. de Marcellange, which was natural enough, for M. de Marcellange never knew how to turn him to good account."

Magistrate. "Had M. de Marcellange any enemies?"

Madame. "I really don't know whether he had friends or enemies."

Magistrate. "How do you explain his tragic end?"

Madame. "He was griping in business. I am inclined to think he was assassinated by somebody he overreached in trade, and who resolved to avenge himself."

When Madame de la Roche Negly withdrew, Madame de Marcellange was ushered into chambers. Her testimony was uninteresting. It was little more than an echo of her mother's. She was followed by Jacques Besson. He entered with a calm, with almost a smiling countenance. It was still freshly blotched with small-pox.

Examining Magistrate. "Why did M. de Marcellange dismiss you from Château de Chamblas?"

Besson (unaffectedly). "I was M. de Chamblas's body-servant. Madame de Chamblas and her daughter had confidence in me. When M. de Marcellange took possession of Château de Chamblas, he put me out of the house and made me attend to the barnyard. I was fit for something better than that. This humiliation soured me. One day M. de Marcellange called me a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. I made an impertinent reply. He dismissed me."

Magistrate. "Thereupon you warmly espoused the hatred borne by the ladies to M. de Marcellange?"

Besson. "And naturally enough. M. de Chamblas brought me up. I learned to read with his daughter. No member of the family ever breathed one word of complaint of me. M. de Marcellange was the first to reproach me. When he dismissed me as a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, I found employment in Madame de Chamblas's house, and became her business man. The ladies now never do anything without consulting me."

Magistrate. "Are you not devoted to Madame de Marcellange?"

Besson (ingenuously). "Indeed I am devoted to her."

Magistrate. "What do you think was the cause of M. de Marcellange's murder?"

Besson. "I have not the remotest idea of it. The night he was shot, I was ill in bed, barely entering convalescence. I had a severe attack of small-pox. When I went to Château de Chamblas yesterday—you may remember to have seen me there—'twas I who had luncheon served—that was the first time that I had set foot out of doors for weeks. I should not have quitted bed then, had not the ladies ordered me to go to Château de Chamblas."

Magistrate. "It is lucky for you that you were ill. You would, but for that, have been accused of being the assassin—for you are the only known enemy of M. de Marcellange."

Besson (smiling good-naturedly). "That's just what I have been told."

Jacques Besson was dismissed. Justice was baffled. True, witnesses were daily examined, but not one of them threw the least glimmer of light upon the path which led to the assassin. While the examining magistrate was questioning the hundredth witness, the prosecuting attorney entered chambers and said:

"We have discovered the assassin!"

The examining magistrate leaped from his seat and eagerly asked:

"Good gracious! And who is he?"

Prosecuting Attorney. "A man named Devaux—a general agent and collector living in Le Puy—who once rented land belonging to the Chamblas estate. His reputation has long been detestable."

Devaux's reputation was not only detestable, but he had many and malignant enemies. It is wonderful that he had not been arrested at first, for many circumstances pointed to him as the criminal. His business was disreputable. He was a usurer, the worst of all usurers—a usurer of the poor. He, by resorting to the pettifogger's vilest tricks, screened fraudulent bankrupts. He bought up claims, and pushed them without mercy. It was notorious that he hated M. de Marcellange, for the latter had called the attention of the police to him as being a dangerous man, and M. de Marcellange was, at the moment of his death, plaintiff in a suit to recover rent due, which suit was then pending in the court. Moreover, he expressed delight at M. de Marcellange's death, and had exclaimed, "It has come too late"; besides, he was absent from Le Puy the night of the murder. The law officers made sure he was the assassin until he proved beyond doubt that it was physically impossible for him to have committed the murder. He was discharged. Justice again confessed itself baffled. Nevertheless, it did not abandon search for the assassin. The prosecuting attorney brooded over the case, and slowly but confidently came to the conclusion that many people knew the murderer. The peasants trembled and grew confused when questioned. Evidently they feared to talk. There were, therefore, secret influences exerted. These influences were powerful. Who exerted them? Why were they exerted? The authors must be the criminals. Justice was all attention, watching to discover the least indication which might lead to revelation of the authors of these occult influences. Justice is patient. It knows how powerful an ally time is, and trusts to it. Justice was not deceived.

A warrant for Jacques Besson's arrest was issued. He smiled when he saw the constables come to arrest him, and went quietly to jail. It is impossible to describe the intense excitement raised by Jacques Besson's arrest. France was roused from one end to the other. Justice had seemed baffled, and the murderer had appeared to have secured immunity for his crime. The aristocracy and the clergy ardently contended that Besson was an innocent man, had been arrested solely to minister to vulgar hatred of ladies of noble birth, and that M. de Marcellange's family had spent twenty thousand francs in bribing false witnesses. The middle class and the people throughout France denounced Madame

de la Roche Negly, Madame de Marcellange, and Jacques Besson, as the guilty parties. When the ladies mortgaged Château de Chamblas to procure thirty thousand francs, it was everywhere said that this money was distributed among people who testified in Jacques Besson's favor. Jacques Besson continued calm and confident in prison. Whenever he appeared before the examining magistrate, he frankly answered every question, and said that justice was deceived, but that sooner or later his innocence would be acknowledged, for he never would have been dreamed of as the assassin had not the ladies been on bad terms with the murdered man. Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange openly showed themselves to be deeply affected by the accusation made against their servant, and ostentatiously protected him by their influence and by their money. They took care that he had a good bed, an excellent table, and plenty of books and newspapers. They and their friends visited him frequently.

A year and a half after the assassination of Louis de Marcellange his presumed murderer was arraigned for trial. An incident which arose soon after the prosecution was opened, caused the trial to be postponed. Excitement ran so high at the second trial that it was thought judicious to remove the prosecution to Puy-de-Dôme. A new trial was again ordered, this making the third arraignment of Jacques Besson. He was defended on the second trial by M. Rouher, who became the "Vice-Emperor" of Napoleon III. He was defended on the third trial by M. Lachaud, who had just leaped into reputation by his brilliant defense of Madame Lafarge. Each of the trials was marked by dramatic incidents. Failing space forbids mention of them.

The chances seemed to favor Besson's acquittal. The indictment was timid, so uncertain did the evidence appear. Besson's bearing was so frank, so modest, and so quiet, that he won the sympathy of the audience. The De Marcellange family threw so much passion into the prosecution that they produced a strong reaction in favor of the accused. The clergy were unanimously of opinion that Besson was innocent; in those days the clergy had great influence in Auvergne.

The circumstances which led to the issue of the warrant for Jacques Besson's arrest were as follows: It reached the ears of the authorities that a peasant living on the Chamblas estate had said: "We will say nothing until we see Jacques Besson and Marie Bourdon in jail; for if we open our mouths we shall be shot down as M. Louis de Marcellange was." M. Turchy de Marcellange, the brother, and Madame de Tarade, the

sister, of the murdered man, had, some time before the latter's death, appealed confidentially to the prefect of their commune to see if their brother was in danger. The prefect, astounded by such a request, had asked them what had raised such fears, and they had replied: "Our unhappy brother is on bad terms with his wife and mother-in-law. They are very powerful in the commune, and he is persuaded they will have him assassinated. He has said to us time and again, 'If I die assassinated, I shall fall by the hand of Jacques Besson, who is ready to do anything my wife or mother-in-law may bid him do.' One evening, when he was still in the habit of visiting his wife, he reached Le Puy after everybody had dined. Marie Bourdon had made an omelette for him. He had been awakened during the night by severe pains in the stomach, high fever, and great thirst. He believed that poison had been put in the omelette. One day, while reading in the newspapers a report of the proceedings in Madame Lafarge's trial, he said, 'I hope the scandal this trial has made throughout France will deter my wife and mother-in-law from executing their intention to poison me.' He had constantly said to his intimate friends that he entertained no doubt that his two children, who had died within such short time of each other, had died by poison, administered by his mother-in-law."

Evidently Louis de Marcellange's assassin was, if not some devoted agent of Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange, at least some person known to them. True they proved that, on the night when the assassination was committed, they were in their drawing-room from seven to ten o'clock, playing whist with two clergymen, Abbés Cartal and Drouet. These priests declared that their bearing during the whole evening was calm, and gave no indication whatsoever that any fearful crisis was then at hand. Marie Bourdon proved that she had not quitted her kitchen that evening. Dr. Hurbe swore that Jacques Besson was in the early stages of convalescence after a violent attack of small-pox, and was absolutely incapable of walking ten paces, much less of walking two hours and a half, the time required to go from Le Puy to Chamblas. But Dr. Hurbe was very old, very religious, and devoted heart and soul to Madame de la Roche Negly, whom he was proud to have for one of his patients.

I have said that Jacques Besson was tried three times. The excitement rose from one end of France to the other as the trials began, went on, were interrupted, were ordered anew. One day M. Bac (the lawyer employed by the De Marcellange family) fell suddenly ill. Everybody was certain that he had been poisoned by Ma-

dame de la Roche Negly. M. de Marcellange (the murdered man's brother), armed to the teeth, kept by his side all the time he was out of the court-room. Just before she was to be heard as witness, Marie Bourdon had been spirited out of France and sent to Italy by Madame de la Roche Negly. The Court severely reprimanded her for this attempt to defeat justice; the Court could only reprimand, for then there was but suspicion, no proof, that she had made away with this important witness. Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange had braved public opinion by appearing at the first and second trial; but they could not be found (though important witnesses) when the third trial commenced. They themselves were desirous to brave public opinion again; but Jacques Besson begged that they would not appear to bear witness in his favor. He was persuaded that they would be arrested in the court-house. They would probably have disregarded his prayer but for the following incident: While the law's officers were hunting everywhere in vain for them, they were concealed in the archiepiscopal palace of Lyons by their kinsman, Cardinal Archbishop de Bonald. A formidable mob appeared before the palace, and intended to sack it. Their bearing was so hostile, that Madame de la Roche Negly and her daughter deemed it prudent to fly by a back door and take refuge in a neighboring convent. As soon as the excitement had somewhat abated they fled at night to Switzerland; thence they joined Marie Bourdon in Italy.

Long imprisoned, twice tried for life, united with great anxiety, had worn out Jacques Besson. He had grown very thin, and all his old confidence was gone. Nevertheless, whenever any attempt was made to make him confess anything likely to compromise Madame de la Roche Negly or Madame de Marcellange, he became his former self again, and answered in such a way as to baffle judges and jury. During his long imprisonment he had been attentively watched with the hope of discovering his secret. His conduct was strange in prison. Now he was resigned, and was desirous to die in peace; then he flew into paroxysms of anger, and became almost a maniac. During this frenzy he would mutter words whose meaning nobody could catch. When he saw he was watched, the paroxysm instantly ended, and he became cool and reserved.

The principal evidence against Jacques Besson was as follows:

Claude Reynaud, who lived near Château de Chamblas, swore: "At sunset, on the 1st of September, I was in the fields gathering potatoes. I saw a man go by. He wore a smock-shirt, and carried a gun. I at once took him to be Jacques Besson, but I was not perfectly sure of it. I ad-

vanced three paces to get nearer him. He threw a stone into some bushes, as a hunter would do to start a hare; then he turned back, and I lost sight of him. I said to myself, 'That man is after something.' I quitted my field and hid myself in the woods. He almost instantly came out of the woods, crossed my field again, and went on. He soon came back. He stopped. I hid myself. He then grounded arms, and leaned with his left hand on his gun. I said to myself, 'I want to know who you are and where you are going.' I put my basket of potatoes on the ground and crossed his path, following the brook, looking first on one side and then on the other, to see what had become of the man I was looking after. I soon saw him standing some five or six paces in front of me. How he came there I can not imagine. He began to walk again, and jumped over the brook. I distinctly recognized him, and I even said to myself: 'You are a fool for having walked so far to see him again. It is nobody but him.' I was not mistaken. He did not see me. I saw him distinctly. His face, his lips especially, were swollen as with the small-pox. I had plenty of time to see who he was—to see that he was Jacques Besson and nobody else."

Another witness was Marguerite Maurin. She was an aunt of Arzac, a shepherd, of whom more presently.

The presiding judge (after she had been sworn) said to her, "Come, Marguerite, tell us what you know."

Marguerite. "I have nothing to say except that I have come near being poisoned by my nephew and by him" (she gave a furtive glance at Jacques Besson). "Maybe I am wrong to say that, but I have found poison in my nephew's pockets thirteen times." (She wept.) "Yes, sir, thirteen times. That was hard for me who have brought him up, who have always treated him with kindness, who have never failed to press him to tell the truth, nothing but the truth—"

Judge (interrupting). "Did not Arzac show you a cup in which there was poison?"

Marguerite. "One day I found in his pocket a cup covered with a small card. There was some white powder in it. As I lifted it to my mouth, Arzac stopped me, saying: 'Oh, don't put that in your mouth; you will poison yourself if you do. It is a powder given me to throw into M. de Marcellange's soup.'"

M. Rouher (Jacques Besson's defender). "This is the first time you have mentioned any such thing."

Marguerite. "You are right; but it was heavy on my conscience and I spoke about it to my confessor and he urged me to tell it." (Sensation in court.)

Judge. "Did Arzac tell you who was the person who gave him the powder?"

Marguerite. "Yes, sir. Madame de Marcellange gave it to Besson, and Besson gave it to my nephew."

Judge. "Didn't your nephew give you the chain of M. de Marcellange's dog the day after the murder?"

Marguerite. "No; I found it in one of his pockets. I did not then know that M. de Marcellange had been shot, and so did not think anything about it. I said to Arzac, 'Give me that chain, it would be an excellent halter for our goat'; but he refused to give it to me, and four days afterward came and took it away lest my husband should have given it up."

Judge. "Did you not find balls, too, in your nephew's pockets?"

Marguerite. "Yes, sir. As he never goes hunting, I asked what he wanted them for. He made no reply at first, but, as I pressed him, he at last exclaimed, 'Well, it was with balls like those that M. de Marcellange was killed.'"

M. Rouher. "These are details which have never been mentioned before."

Judge. "But you know perfectly well that she makes these revelations now only because her confessor has exhorted her to tell the truth."

M. Rouher. "She is crazy."

Prosecuting Attorney. "We can no longer allow the imputation of insanity to be laid on this witness. Her evidence is too important. We have had inquiry made, and every witness has declared that she has as sound sense as anybody. I am convinced (as I have already said) that this witness tells the truth, though maybe she does not tell the whole truth, and—"

Marguerite (interrupting abruptly the prosecuting attorney). "Well! No!—no!—no! I have not told the whole truth! But I'm going to tell it now!" (Breathless silence in court.)

Prosecuting Attorney (with earnest solemnity). "Marguerite Maurin, in the name of our Saviour, whose image on the cross is before you, I adjure you to tell us all you know—to speak the whole truth! Fear naught! Justice and all good people are with you!" (Intense excitement in the court-room. The jurors stood up to hear better the coming evidence. Jacques Besson himself was unable to hide evidence of his anxiety. You might have heard a pin drop, so breathless was the silence.)

Marguerite. "No!—no! I have not yet told the whole truth! I tell it now! When Jacques Besson went to kill M. de Marcellange (I am now repeating what my nephew told me), he, Jacques Besson, went to Arzac's fold, where he knew he would find my nephew keeping sheep, and he aimed his musket at him, putting its muzzle to

his breast, and swore he would kill him unless Arzac went with him to hold the watch-dog. When they reached Château de Chamblas, Arzac held the dog, which knew him. Besson wanted him to shoot at M. de Marcellange, but Arzac replied that he did not know how to take aim, and thereupon Besson fired."

Judge. "Who told you that?"

Marguerite. "Who told me that? Great Heavens! I had it from the mouth of my own nephew—Arzac told me that. I should never have told you all that, but, at the last jubilee, I told my confessor that I had revealed everything except one. He told me to reveal it, and I have done so. I have told you all I know." (She fetched a deep-drawn sigh, as if she breathed more freely now that her conscience was relieved of the load which had oppressed it.)

Arzac the shepherd was a man about twenty-four years old. He passed for a simpleton in the neighborhood. He was, however, no fool. He had no timidity about him, and, during his innumerable examinations by the magistrate, the latter found it impossible to get anything out of him. The magistrate tried to intimidate him by menaces, whereupon he pretended to be frightened almost to death, and sobbed as if his last hour was at hand. Then the magistrate tried to tempt him to disclose what he knew by promising him a great deal of money if he gave satisfaction; thereupon he pretended to be half frantic with delight, and capered up and down the magistrate's chamber to the great embarrassment of the official, who felt very foolish, as he was satisfied Arzac was laughing in his sleeve at the law and its officers. Whenever a question was put him, he would wink and giggle, and, when he answered, it would be some droll reply of this sort: "Arzac, what were you doing the night the murder was committed?" "Judge, I was doing just what you were doing then." The magistrate was at first inclined to arrest Arzac and keep him in prison till the trial, but, upon reflection, he thought it more judicious to give him liberty and to keep watch on what he did and said. At the first trial of Besson, this witness was of course called, and his testimony was so evidently false that he was arrested on the spot for perjury. The Court hoped to intimidate him by this measure, and make him retract and confess the truth which, beyond peradventure, he was in possession of. The Court's expectations were disappointed. Arzac stuck to his first story—namely, that he knew nothing of the circumstances of the crime. He was tried in the summary manner familiar to French courts (to their disgrace), convicted, and sentenced to ten years of imprisonment in the penitentiary.

He nevertheless was brought up as a witness on each trial. On his last appearance on the witness-stand he came into court between two constables. He was a blonde, and his hair fell down over his forehead to his eyes, as is the fashion in Auvergne. He had a long, thin, sharp nose; thin, compressed lips; his complexion was pale; his eyes restless and cunning. He wore his Sunday clothes. He bowed to the Court and jury, grinning as he made his obeisance. His examination at once began.

Judge. "How old are you?"

Arzac. "Four-and-twenty years old."

Judge. "What was your occupation?"

Arzac. "Shepherd."

Judge. "Where did you live?"

Arzac. "Sometimes here, then there, just as shepherds do, you know." (Here Arzac ceased to speak in French, and in the dialect of Auvergne he declared himself to be ignorant of the former tongue and able to reply only in his native dialect.)

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family. "The witness has always spoken French."

Arzac (speaking in dialect). "Eh! *Mon Dieu!* Not a bit of it. I don't know a single word of French."

Prosecuting Attorney. "You seek to deceive the Court. I visited you in jail. I spoke to you in dialect, you replied in French; you talked to me in French for at least a quarter of an hour."

Arzac (vivaciously and in excellent French). "A quarter of an hour! You did not stay ten minutes with me!"

Judge. "You are talking French now. Come, answer in French. Did you tell your aunt that Besson came to your sheepfold the night of the 1st of September?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Did you tell your aunt that Besson put the muzzle of his gun on your breast to frighten you into obedience and so forced you to go with him to Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "But didn't you go with him to Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Didn't you hold the dog while Besson fired the fatal shot?"

Arzac. "No—you may be sure I didn't."

Judge. "Did not Besson at first try to make you shoot?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Did not you tell him to fire the shot himself, as you did not know how to take aim?"

Arzac. "No! no! I never said any such thing."

Judge. "How did it happen that you had in

your possession the chain of the watch-dog of Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "I found it near my fold and I picked it up." (Addressing the prosecuting attorney :) "You would have done the same thing, my fine gentleman, whom I have not the honor to know. I was walking around my fold. I saw the chain at my feet." (Getting excited.) "I did not want to pick it up. But I was sorry I did not, so I went back and did pick it up, and it has been the curse of me." (He took up the chain and threw it violently on the table where lay the gun and other material evidence.) "There it is! There is that chain! There it is! *Pardine!* is it not a handsome piece of jewelry?"

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family. "Arzac, did you not ask Madame de Marcellange not to prosecute you for having taken some wood from her forest?"

Arzac. "Yes, I did, and she promised she would not have me prosecuted."

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family. "Did she offer you any reward?"

Arzac. "All she said was that I must not lie as Aunt Maurin has done, but must tell the truth."

Prosecuting Attorney. "Arzac, reflect maturely on your situation. Above a hundred witnesses have given evidence against you, and it is now clear that you are bearing false witness in this cause. Although you have already been sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term of years, you would greatly deceive yourself were you to fancy that you have nothing else to fear but that prolonged captivity. I warn you that, maybe, you are at this moment menaced with a still graver and a still more terrible punishment. *Arzac*, I exhort you to tell the Court and jury the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the incidents of that evening of the 1st of September, when M. de Marcellange was murdered. No human being entertains any sort of doubt that you were an eye-witness of everything that then took place. *Arzac*, rest assured that, if I tell you that no human being has any doubt on this subject, I speak advisedly, deliberately. I am convinced that you took an active part in all the incidents of that fatal night—that you helped Jacques Besson to commit that murder—that you held and kept quiet the watch-dog that knew you, and whose bark might have raised the alarm, put the inmates of Château de Chamblas on their guard, and perhaps have prevented the perpetration of the assassination. *Arzac*, I conjure you in God's name, tell us the truth!"

Arzac (coldly). "The truth is, I no more held the watch-dog than you hold him now."

Prosecuting Attorney. "You know that is false."

Arzac (becoming more and more excited as he speaks). "False? 'Tis not false! 'Tis true! I have told you the truth from the beginning—nothing but the truth. Good Heavens! When will there be on earth the same measure of justice for all men? I have confessed my faults—and what faults were they? Yes, I have done what everybody around me did. 'Twas tittle-tattle everywhere. Everybody babbled and jabbered and tattled. One said this, t'other knew that. Well, I did as everybody else was doing. I jabbered away in my turn. That's all I did. And when I confessed I had done so—bang! I was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years—for ten years, God Almighty! When will there be on earth the same justice for us all—for poor folks as well as for the rich?"

Judge. "To which rich do you allude?"

Arzac (raising his voice to its highest pitch). "I speak of the rich whom you have seen in this witness-box, whom you have heard bear false witness, whom you have heard tell a different story from other witnesses, but you have not arrested them—you have not imprisoned them; while I, poverty-stricken—I, I who have not one friend on earth, I have been sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years—for ten years! Do you hear that, Judge? Well, these ten years of penitentiary life I shall bear, without one murmur. Ah! Good Heavens! what is a beggar like me? of what account am I? who cares for me? But, Judge, beggar as I am, I have a poor old father! Poverty-stricken, of no account though I be, Judge, I have a poor old mother! When they be bedridden, when they be too old to work, who will help them, who will give them bread, when I am within the walls of the penitentiary? My sentence I shall bear, though my heart be full to bursting. But my poor father—you saw him here yesterday sobbing like a child—who will help him when I am in jail? When people said to me, who know nothing about what I had sworn, 'You are a criminal, a scoundrel, you have committed perjury in court,' I did not hesitate to confess, 'Tis true I have gabbled, I have talked like a woman. I have done as everybody else did, because I heard everybody around me chattering like a flock of magpies.' And when I had in this way made a clean breast of it, I said to myself, 'I know justice will take good care of me.' And it has sentenced me to the penitentiary for ten years—that's the justice meted out to the poor man! Now I am annoyed about something else. It is no longer what I have said, but it is that chain. I am threatened with the guillotine because I picked up that chain near my fold, without thinking of any importance. I picked up that chain as the prosecuting attorney would

have picked up a *louis d'or*. He would not stoop to pick up a good-for-nothing piece of iron, but I would, for no piece of iron is good for nothing to me—"

Prosecuting Attorney. "This scandalous scene has lasted too long; these perjuries upon perjuries in a court of justice are disgraceful.—Arzac, you refuse to hearken to my exhortations? Return, then, to your seat."

Arzac (in a still louder and still more sonorous voice). "No! I must repeat it once more before my silence of ten years begins! The same measure of justice is not meted out to rich and to poor alike; for here am I, who know nothing, and I am sentenced to the penitentiary because I know nothing! Very well! Do just as you please! Punish me! Imprison me! Condemn me! Do it at once! Do your worst! But you will not wring one word from me, because he who knows nothing can say nothing!"

Prosecuting Attorney (to the Judge). "Really, this scandalous scene must end!"

Arzac. "See here, Judge, listen to the prayer of a poor, friendless wretch; do one thing—"

Here a constable seized Arzac by the collar, jerked him around, and was dragging him out of the witness-box to his seat, when the Judge said, with great warmth:

"Constable, let the man go on with what he was saying."

Arzac. "Thank you, Judge; I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I was saying all I asked (and this I besought you to do) was to get all the evidence before the Court, to hunt out carefully my aunt's 'roots,' to make inquiry into everything concerning my aunt; to hunt out carefully my 'roots,' to make inquiry into everything concerning me. You then will find out who I am, what I am. You will see whether I be an evil-disposed person. You will compare my position and my aunt's. Although I am not very familiar with French, I distinctly heard the lawyer of the Marcellange family say: 'That Arzac does not know how to defend himself. Look at that Arzac! Look at that Arzac, pale, trembling, confounded! See how he trembles! See how visible his crime is on his countenance!' And all this time I was sitting yonder just as quiet, just as calm, as quiet and calm as could be, all wretched though I was. I trembled then as I tremble now, and just look, I beg it of you, just look and see how I tremble now; 'tis wonderful how I am trembling." (The constable went up to Arzac.) "For mercy's sake let me say one word more! Oh, if I did but know how to reach you! But I can't. I feel all I want to say here" (laying his hand on his breast), "but I can't get it out! O me! O me! O me! For mercy's sake mete out such justice to me, poor,

friendless beggar though I be, as ye mete out to other folks. Ah, no! no! There can't be four or five different sorts of justice for the different ranks of men. Give me common justice. Reflect a little on my cruel fate. For God's sake show me some little kindness! If I no longer entreat it for the sake of a poor, friendless beggar, under sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, grant my prayer for my family's sake, my poor, honest family's sake; for my poor father's sake, for my poor mother's sake, for the sake of that poor man and woman who pour out in tears for me every drop of water in their bodies, who weep all day long, who sob all night long, for their son, their only child, now dishonored, a convict in the penitentiary! Were you to root out my eyes, were you to chop off my hands, I could not tell you one word more than I have done, for I know nothing, absolutely nothing more. Judge, believe me, my aunt is crazy. I tell you she is. Pity her, but pity me even more than you do her, for earth holds no unhappier human being! Do not lead me to slaughter like a poor, innocent lamb."

It is impossible to convey even a faint idea of the force, dramatic power, and eloquence of this poor shepherd transfigured by despair. As the tide of thoughts flooded his mind, his coarse gestures became graceful and effective; his voice grew more and more sonorous, till it rang like some clarion in the court-house, and made his lamentable appeals still more touching and dramatic. A deep impression was made on bench, bar, and audience. It was for some minutes found impossible to proceed with the trial.

Several other witnesses were examined. The lawyers spoke. The Judge summed up the evidence and charged the jury, who forthwith retired, were absent five-and-twenty minutes, and then returned with their verdict. There was breathless silence. It was "Guilty." The Judge passed sentence of death. Jacques Besson was scarcely able to raise his head. His eyes were haggard, and seemed almost ready to pop out of their sockets. When he rose to return to prison, his legs refused to do their office. It became necessary to carry him out. I have described Jacques Besson's conduct in jail after his first and second trial. His behavior entirely changed after his third conviction. He refused for some time to take out an appeal. He seemed resigned to his doom. When some fellow prisoners suggested that sentence might be commuted, he sadly answered: "There is no hope of that; it will be executed as it has been passed." In a neighboring cell were two prisoners sentenced to the hulks, who said to him: "You are a lucky fellow. I'd ten times rather be sentenced to the guillotine than to the hulks. The judges sen-

tenced me to them, all innocent though I was. I protest against the judges' injustice." Jacques Besson stoically said: "Oh, there is no use protesting; all is in vain when once sentence has been passed." Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, could not bear to think that Jacques Besson should go to the scaffold scoffing and scorning the assistance of religion, and pressed and pressed the jail chaplain to win the condemned man to a creditable bearing. The chaplain had to confess that all his labor was lost. Thereupon the Cardinal (he had not grown gray under the cassock without acquiring a deep knowledge of human nature) ordered the curé of Martouret to go to Jacques Besson and exert his utmost to reclaim the unhappy man.

Jacques Besson was born at Martouret. This curé had baptized him, administered his first communion to him, and had been associated with all his earlier life. The day the curé appeared in the jail Jacques Besson had, contrary to his wont, flown into a paroxysm of rage, and had become so ungovernable that it had become necessary to chain his legs. When the curé entered his cell the condemned man was in a state of nervous exhaustion sequent to the morning's excitement, and he was wrapped in despairing thoughts. His eyes brightened when he saw the familiar face which conjured up home, childhood, boyhood, happy days. The curé spoke kindly to him, expressed sympathy for his hard fate, consoled him, cheered him. The transformation was immediate. The raging lion became the gentle lamb. The chain had been wrapped around Jacques Besson's boots. The curé took off the chain and the boots, and put on the prisoner his own comfortable, large, easy shoes. The convict fell into his arms and kissed him. After this visit Jacques Besson's conduct gave no ground of complaint; even when the dreadful tidings that his appeal had been rejected, and that no earthly hope remained to him, were conveyed to him, he did not fly into the anger of despair, but buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. His anguish wrung from him this shriek, "Oh, if they did but know!" It was at once communicated to the prosecuting attorney, who hastened to the prison to get from him a confession. The instant Jacques Besson saw the prosecuting attorney he flew into a violent frenzy, and literally gnashed his teeth and foamed with rage. The prosecuting attorney waited patiently until the first burst of passion had spent itself and nervous exhaustion had followed the intense excitement, and then told the condemned man that, if he would make full confession, his life should be spared. The prisoner's eyes kindled with hope (as well they might) at this offer of life under

the very guillotine's uplifted knife. Then he remained pensive for a moment, and at last replied: "What is the use of my speaking? 'Twould be to throw many people into embarrassment! Let me die in peace!" Evidently there was no hope of getting anything from him, and the prosecuting attorney withdrew. Jacques Besson became almost buoyant in spirits after this last sacrifice was made, and he said to the curé of Martouret, who continued to exhort him to practice the Christian virtues, "What tries me is not so much the idea of my death, for 'tis just as well to end life now, but 'tis the thought of that terrible journey which will seem eternal." He alluded to the journey from Lyons, where he was imprisoned, to Le Puy, where the Court had ordered the execution to take place.

He quitted Lyons on the 27th of March in a post-chaise. He was heavily ironed, and guarded by four constables. His calmness and dignified bearing did not desert him until the long journey reached its close. The curé of Martouret accompanied him, and he talked to the venerable clergyman of old times, of his widowed, aged mother, of his brothers, and of the shame and sorrow his felon's death was going to bring on all of them. He did not once speak of Madame de Chamblas or of Madame de Marcelange; he did not so much as ask what had become of them. Martouret is near Le Puy. The road from Lyons to Le Puy passes through it. Jacques Besson saw from the post-chaise windows that the peasants were getting ready for a holiday, the festival to be held the next day at Puy—his execution. His brow grew clouded, his countenance fell, his tongue was still. As houses, trees, hedges, brooks, paths, and many other witnesses of his happier years appeared, and recalled those careless, contented hours, so different from his present anguish, his lacerated heart dissolved first into silent tears, and then into sobs. All that night long he frantically strode up and down the cell of prisoners under sentence of death, shrieking fearfully; or he sat on a chair and convulsively sobbed. The good curé of Martouret kept this distressing vigil with him, but the priest could only weep, for the doomed man was too entirely engrossed by the agony of despair for Religion's voice to find entrance to head or heart. The roar of the rushing tide of human beings pouring into Le Puy to witness the execution heralded to the doomed prisoner the approaching dawn. There never before was seen such a crowd in Le Puy. Every street, every door, every window, every roof, even every chimney, from the prison to the place of execution, were chock-full of people. The weird requiem which penetrated the prison walls sobered Jacques Besson. He was calm—true, the calm-

ness of despair, but still calmness—again. As the clock struck eight, the jail's portal opened. Jacques Besson, his hands lashed behind him, his feet gyved, appeared. The priest was at his side. Constables were before him. The executioners followed. Then came constables again. Confinement had bleached his cheeks to wax, and they seemed twice as pallid again from his raven-black hair and beard, which no razor had touched for months. His black eyes blazed with feverish excitement. Otherwise he was calm, looking more like some sleep-walker than a convict on his way to the scaffold. Evidently his thoughts were wandering far away from present circumstances; he was thinking of *her* for whom he was dying, for whose sake he had kept silence, when speech would purchase life. He died without a word, without a struggle. His family did not ask for his body, so it was buried in an obscure corner of Le Puy Cemetery.

The excitement produced in some social circles by the "Beecher Trial" gives but a faint idea of the excitement kindled from one end of France to the other by the many incidents of this long criminal prosecution. There was the intensest curiosity to know whether Jacques Besson had made a confession, and what he had said. When it was found that he had been faithful to death, and that life's extremity had been uncheered by them for whom he had resigned it, public indignation against Madame de Chamblas and Madame de Marcellange knew no bounds. Luckily for themselves, they had been advised to fly France before the verdict of the Lyons jury was returned; so when the legal officers, under pressure of public opinion, issued warrants for their arrest to answer the charge of perjury, they could nowhere be found. They had fled to the island of Sardinia, taking Marie Bourdon with them. Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, had given them letters of introduction to the ecclesiastical authorities of the island to secure them complete protection and assistance if they should require them. They took a villa in one of the most secluded hamlets of that wild, unvisited island, and there they remained until 1854, when Madame de Chamblas died. She was buried with great pomp.

Arzac, the shepherd, died in the penitentiary at Clermont in 1845. When he saw that his last hour was at hand, he sent for the governor of the prison and assured him that he, Arzac, had fired the fatal shot, with a musket which Besson had brought from Puy, while Besson had held the watch-dog. Nobody has ever attached the slightest credit to these asseverations. It was notorious that the watch-dog did not know Besson. When MM. Rouher and Lachaud are questioned about this criminal trial, in which

they bore so active a part, they say that Besson was unquestionably guilty.

Shortly after Madame de Chamblas and Madame de Marcellange had made Sardinia their home, they sold Château de Chamblas and their mansion in Puy. The deeds were executed in their names by a friend clothed with their powers of attorney. In 1855 Madame de Marcellange and Marie Bourdon returned to France. The former assumed the name of Madame de la Roche. They lived together in Rue d'Assas, near the corner of Rue Carnot, until Madame de Marcellange's death in 1868. After her death, four thousand one hundred and twenty-five envelopes were found scattered in every drawer, on every shelf of her lodgings; each envelope contained some money. It turned out that during the last years of her life she was in the habit, whenever she changed a bank-note or a gold coin, of putting away all the small change under five francs which she had received; thirty thousand francs were found distributed in these envelopes.

Marie Bourdon is still alive. Madame de Marcellange bequeathed her an annuity of twenty-five hundred francs a year. She occupies lodgings in Rue d'Assas, near her mistress's old home. She spends most of her time in St.-Sulpice's Church. In summer she may almost every fair evening be seen, after the church closes, sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg Garden, where she remains until the gates are shut.

One morning during the very severe frost of January, 1875, my attention was attracted by what seemed to me to be a bundle of rags on one of the benches. I did not dream it possible that any human being could be sitting out of doors in such weather. It was bitterly cold, so cold that not one of the garden policemen could be seen. I went up to see what was on the bench. I walked toward the east. The bench fronted the south. I presently discovered the object to be a person wrapped in one of those immense cloaks with long double capes, such as country wagoners wear. The head-dress (a wadded cloth bonnet or hood, with a long cloth curtain) revealed the person to be a woman. She sat bolt upright, stiff and motionless as a statue, her face kept straight to the south; and yet her eyes were fixed on me, and not one thing I did was unobserved. She reminded me of the alligators in the Reptiles' Palace of the Oriental tale, that, as they lie log-like on the sand of their basin, follow with their eyes visitors, no matter where they may go. When I got nearer, I recognized Marie Bourdon.

When the approaching German armies drove in September, 1870, all the neighboring villagers

into Paris, among the painful sights of those days, one especially photographed itself indelibly on my memory. A man and a woman—evidently husband and wife—sat on the seat of a small one-horse cart, which was filled with household and kitchen furniture, a coop of chickens, a basket of rabbits, some oats, and a good deal of hay. Neither man nor woman spoke, nor looked right or left. I had read of people wringing their hands, but I had never before seen it—if, indeed, the writhing of that woman's hands was wringing. The expression of her face would

have been absolute despair, but for the grief pictured there. Marie Bourdon's face has taught me that where there is grief there is hope. I had thought that peasant woman's face the picture of absolute despair until I saw Marie Bourdon's, which has not a trace of grief. Its expression is the utmost weariness of the utmost despair; it says, "I have long been familiar with the worst horrors and fear nothing now," and with all there is a stupor, a daze, which shows how stunning the blows have been. Religion has no consolations for her.

J. D. OSBORNE.

DR. JOHNSON: HIS BIOGRAPHERS AND CRITICS.*

THE publication of the various works specified at the foot of this page marks a revival of the interest taken by literary men in Boswell's inimitable work; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it marks the extension of that interest among the world at large. This is the result of the love of literature which has of late years spread so widely, and yearly continues to extend. With this love of literature is naturally associated an interest in literary history, which Warburton pronounced to be the "most agreeable subject in the world." Among the great works of literary history "Boswell's Johnson" by common consent stands preëminent; and therefore its readers increase and multiply, and will continue so to do. Peter Pindar's prophecy as to the future of Boswell's work has received a fulfillment which its writer probably little thought of when he penned these lines:

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame.

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,

The pilot of our literary whale.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song
When death has stilled the rattle of thy tongue.

* 1. Routledge's Standard Library. *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* By James Boswell. A new edition, elucidated by copious notes.

2. *Life and Conversations of Dr. Samuel Johnson.* (Founded chiefly upon Boswell.) By Alexander Main. With a Preface by George Henry Lewes. London, 1878.

3. *English Men of Letters.* Edited by John Morley. Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. London, 1878.

4. *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics.* By George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., Pembroke College, Oxford. London, 1878.

5. *The Six Chief Lives from "Johnson's Lives of the Poets,"* with Macaulay's "Life of Johnson." Edited, with a Preface, by Matthew Arnold. London, 1878.

Even future babes to lisp thy name shalt learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatched old stories from the jaws of Time.
What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose.

Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
Thee, too, that world with wonderment shall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail.

In fact, it is the cracker which keeps the memory of the comet alive. But the other part of the prophecy is fulfilled; in illustration of which we may mention that the free public libraries of the city of Manchester contain sixteen or seventeen copies of the *Life*, and that it is one of the most popular biographical books in their collections. The Rusholme branch has two four-volume editions; one has been out forty-five times and the other about eighty times in the twelve years since the branch opened. The branch also contains eight one-volume editions. The smaller one (Routledge's, the standard edition) has been out fifty-three times in the last five years, and the two larger ones about seventy times *each* during the same period. No other book of the same class and age we confidently assert has at this time so many readers. Boswell's "Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides" is also read, but by no means so extensively as the *Life*. It is not only the increased and increasing love of and interest in literature which distinguish this age. They are accompanied by a disposition to review, to modify, and even to reverse the judgments of former generations on the men of former times. Of this disposition Rénan's attempt to whitewash Judas Iscariot is a noteworthy example; and the case of Johnson himself is another.

In former days the general, though not universal, opinion of him was, that he was a man of gloomy and savage temper, whose habits in society were coarse, ferocious, and tyrannical. But the literary world is now suffering from an epidemic attack of what Macaulay called the "lues Boswelliana," or the disease of admiration—the object of admiration being no other person than Boswell's idol, Samuel Johnson. The works referred to at the beginning of this paper furnish illustrations of both these states of the public mind. The editor of the Standard Library edition of the *Life* endeavors to "recommend it by its unparalleled cheapness, and by the more sterling quality of careful and judicious annotation, to many thousands who have not hitherto had an opportunity of becoming familiar with the work." The second of the works mentioned was ushered into the world under the sponsorship of the late George Henry Lewes, who in his preface says:

"Boswell's *Johnson*" is for me a sort of textbook: according to a man's judgment of it I am apt to form my judgment of him. It may not always be a very good test, but it is never a bad one. In spite, however, of its great reputation, the book is less read nowadays than its admirers imagine; and I have often been surprised to find how many cultivated men and women, who would assuredly be able to do it full justice, were satisfied with *second-hand* knowledge of it, simply because they had allowed the idle trash of the hour to come between them and it, preferring to read what every one is reading to-day, and no one will read to-morrow. This neglect of a work which has delighted generations, and will continue to delight posterity, is partly due to the mental enervation produced by a constantly increasing solicitation of the attention to new works, mostly of the mushroom type, springing up in a night to disappear in a day, and partly to the fact that "*Boswell's Life*," besides its own defects resulting from the author's deficiencies, has the impersonal defect of belonging to a period of literary culture in many respects unlike, and even opposed to, our own; so that what in his day would pass for literary graces in our day pass as artificial flowers, and those faded. Many passages which had their interest then are now remorselessly skipped. The size of the work is also an obstacle to its acceptance. Readers so tolerant of trash in the language of to-day yawn over the *langueurs* and *longueurs* tolerated by our fathers. Even the staunchest admirer of "*Boswell's Life*" must admit that it is three times as long as it need be.

Such being his views, Mr. Lewes further tells us that the idea occurred to him

several years ago (in 1855 or '56) that it would be a feasible scheme to detach from these volumes all that gave them a perennial interest, and compress it into a single volume, without sacrificing anything but the thin soup of Boswellian narrative and comment in

which the solid meat of Johnson was dished up. But on reflection this scheme of an abridgment of Boswell appeared less and less attractive. General experience has declared that abridgments are rarely successful.

The scheme of abridgment was therefore abandoned, but

the original suggestion which prompted it recurred from time to time under various aspects, and at length shaped itself into the scheme of a new "*Life of Johnson*" founded on Boswell, but entirely rewritten. As a collection of data, Boswell's narrative could be gratefully used; and his inimitable reports of the conversations, stripped of their superfluous garnish, might be preserved. The four volumes of the original might thus be essentially reproduced in one.

The pressure of other pursuits prevented Mr. Lewes even beginning so bold an exploit as rewriting the *Life of Johnson*—an exploit which irresistibly reminds one of a trite quotation referring to angels and another class of beings—he therefore suggested to Mr. Main that he should attempt it. Mr. Main, not having before his eyes the fear lest the quotation we refer to should be found applicable to him, "at once saw it to be feasible, and the work now before us was executed entirely by him," with no more help from Mr. Lewes than "the brief explanation of his notion, conveyed in a single letter." The whole merit of the work, therefore (says Mr. Lewes), must be given to Mr. Main.

The compiling of this book was evidently a labor of love to Mr. Main, but as to its merits we can say little. How it is distinguishable from an abridgment of Boswell we can not tell. Our opinion of abridgments is that of Mr. Lewes, and, in fact, the readers of this book will only have that second-hand knowledge of Boswell's life which Mr. Lewes deprecates. "The solid meat of Johnson is taken out of the thin soup of Boswellian narrative and comment" to be redished up in the far thinner soup of the narrative and comment of Mr. Main. In whatever respects Boswell was deficient as a biographer—in the same respects, and to a far greater degree and extent, Mr. Main is deficient also—we apply to his book what Lord Macaulay said of Croker's edition of Boswell:

We love, we own, to read the great productions of the human mind as they were written. We have this feeling even about scientific treatises; though we know that the sciences are always in a state of progression, and that the alterations made by a modern editor in an old book on any branch of natural or political philosophy are likely to be improvements. . . . But in works which owe much of their interest to the character and situation of the writers the case is infinitely stronger.

After supporting that proposition with his usual wealth of illustration, he continues :

With Boswell's book the case is stronger. There is scarcely in the whole compass of literature a book which bears interpolation [we venture to add omission or compression] so ill. We know no production of the human mind which has so much of the race, so much of the peculiar flavor of the soil from which it sprang. The work could never have been written if the writer had not been precisely what he was. His character is displayed in every page ; and this display of character gives a delightful interest to many passages which have no other interest.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose short memoir can hardly be called anything but an abridgment of Boswell, if indeed it be not more accurate to call it a dilution, and who, therefore, speaks from experience, agrees with Lord Macaulay :

"It is easy enough," says Mr. Stephen, "to make a selection of the gems of Boswell's narrative, but it is also inevitable that, taken from their setting, they should lose the greater part of their brilliance. We lose all the quaint, semi-conscious touches of character which make the original so fascinating ; and Boswell's absurdities become less amusing when we are able to forget for an instant that the perpetrator is also the narrator."

We dissent from Mr. Lewes's dogma that "even the staunchest admirer of Boswell's life must admit that it is three times as long as need be," and we venture to affirm that the class of readers to whom he refers, whose minds are enervated by the perusal of the trash of the day, supposing they can be interested in Johnson at all, will be more than satisfied with what they can learn of him from Lord Macaulay's brief memoir, or the rather fuller but far inferior one by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Main suffers from the "Lues Boswelliana" far more even than Boswell himself. That this is so may be proved by opening the book at random. Thus a letter to Langton of no great interest and showing no remarkable ability is called "magnificent, sunshiny, witty, brilliant even, in the Doctor's very finest style." Johnson is described "as a strong man, and no sentimentalist ; a broad man, and no bigot ; a religious man, and no fanatic." Yet this broad man and no bigot could not be induced when in Scotland to enter a Presbyterian place of worship, and maintained the right of the state to put down dissent by force, and apparently would have revived the old penal laws against Unitarians. Johnson applied to Smollett to use his influence with Wilkes, the object of Johnson's special aversion, to obtain the discharge from the navy of Johnson's negro servant Frank, who was discharged accordingly,

"without any wish of his own." This is called by Mr. Main "one of the most characteristic and beautiful and touching incidents in Johnson's career."

Again, Johnson, being asked whether it was reasonable for a man to be angry at another man whom a woman had preferred before him, made this commonplace reply : "I do not see, sir, that it is reasonable for a man to be angry at another whom a woman has preferred to him : but angry he is, no doubt ; and he is loath to be angry at himself." "*That last clause,*" says Mr. Main, "*is exquisite.*" Johnson is about to visit Paris with the Thrales, whereupon Mr. Main breaks out into this rhapsody : "Nothing puts this man about—he who is master of his own soul finds himself at home in every country, and is not set gaping in wide-mouthed wonder by the sight of every new face." As to not being put about we will quote one worshiper of Johnson against another. Madame d'Arblay tells us that on one occasion at Streatham some one presumed to dissent from Johnson's opinion on a purely literary question. This so put him about that his female adorer notes in her diary that she was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred, and, after giving a summary of the dispute, she adds, "the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire." As to the remainder of Mr. Main's bombastic effusion, it is equally true of thousands of men, women, and even children. Writing to Levett, from Paris, Johnson says, "I ran a race in the rain this day, and beat Baretti." "That race," says Mr. Main, "is worth half a dozen Ramblers." We hope our readers may apprehend the meaning of this dictum ; we confess that it passes our understanding. On a journey, Boswell notes that at Leicester they read "in the newspapers that Dr. James was dead," and that Johnson, to Boswell's surprise, only said, "Ah, poor Jamy !" whereupon Mr. Main bursts forth : "Shall we never come to believe that bitter tears have been shed though no handkerchief was seen at the eyes, that many a heavy hurt has been received though no one heard a cry ? There can go much feeling into three little words, 'Ah, poor Jamy !'" Toward the end of this same journey, Boswell remarked : "Sir, you observed one day, at General Oglethorpe's, that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk. Will you not add, 'or when driving in a post-chaise' ?" Johnson : "No, sir, you are drawing rapidly *from* something or *to* something." This Mr. Main calls a "profound deliverance, and a fitting prelude to our traveler's arrival in London—'safe, sound, and happy.'"

Yet on another occasion Johnson said to Boswell, while driving in a post-chaise, "Life has not many things better than this." And Mr. Main prints another "deliverance" on the same subject. "If," said Johnson, "I had no duties and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me and would add something to the conversation." The truism which Mr. Main calls a "profound deliverance" was an instance of Johnson's habit of contradicting any opinion expressed by another person, though on some other occasion Johnson might have expressed the same opinion, and even to the same man.

It is well that Johnson can not be aware that his latest biographer describes him as arriving in London "happy," or he would give him an instance of another of his habits, proof of which may be found in Boswell *passim*. It is thus tersely described by Peter Pindar:

Did any one that he was happy cry,
Johnson would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie.

On one occasion Johnson said to Adam Smith, "You lie." Smith not unnaturally retorted, "You are a son of a —." "On such terms," says Sir Walter Scott, who has preserved this story, "did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between these two great teachers of morality." If Johnson had met more men like Smith, he would have learned how to govern his tongue better. On the subject of happiness Mr. Main gives another instance of Johnson's contradicting himself for the sake of contradicting other people. During a visit to the Pantheon, Boswell said, "I doubt, sir, whether there are many happy people here." Johnson: "Yes, sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

The same page that records Johnson's theory of life, contains another of Mr. Main's puerilities. "What had our dear Doctor not observed with those quick, short-sighted eyes of his? 'Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike that they can not be distinguished.'" One of the many quarrels and reconciliations between Johnson and Boswell draws forth this remark from Mr. Main: "We are positively falling in love with these exquisite little encounters. Quarrels are made beautiful by such sweet atonements. One would almost consent to be knocked down twice a week if one were always sure of being picked up so cleverly and so kindly." Johnson borrowed sixpence of Boswell, "not to be repaid," on which Mr. Main remarks, "Johnson's is one of the *richest* characters on record."

Davies's description of Johnson, that "he laughed like a rhinoceros," produces this comment from Mr. Main: "Salvation is always possible to a man who can laugh at all; but a man who could laugh like that hardly *needed* to be saved." Mr. Main we believe to be a Scotchman—if so, he is very far gone from the "standards" of Scottish theology, but certainly he shows one of the notes of the Christian character in his enthusiastic love for Johnson, who hated and despised Scotland and the Scotch. Mr. Main, indeed, believes that three fourths of Johnson's hatred of the Scotch was merely good-humored, witty banter, and the other fourth honest prejudice. We, on the other hand, believe that what Mr. Main calls "the wildest thing Johnson ever said on the subject" expressed his deliberate conviction. "On his return from the Hebrides, a London-bred Scotchman asked him what he thought of his country. 'It is a very vile country, sir.' 'Well, sir, God made it.' 'Yes, sir, *but he made it for Scotchmen*. Comparisons are odious, *but God made hell*.'" Mr. Main feels compelled to say of this that he "does not crave a single reader's forbearance."

A gentleman attempting to defend hard drinking said: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*." This piece of insolence and rudeness Mr. Main calls "a magnificent retort." Johnson visits his mother's old servant on her death-bed, "kisses her and prays with her"; of this Mr. Main says, "It is a scene to say grace over." Every one remembers Johnson's civil speech to single-speech Hamilton: "I go with my company down the first pair of stairs, in some hopes that they may perhaps return again: *I go with you, sir, as far as the street door*." At which Mr. Main exclaims: "What delicacy! what feeling! what originality!" To us it seems an ordinary compliment. On one occasion a conversation took place of which we will give Peter Pindar's poetic version, which in no respect exaggerates or misrepresents Boswell's prose version:

"Again," says I, "one day, I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have will grieve
To hear her friend hath lost a large estate."
"Yes," answered he, "lament as much her fate
As did your horse (I freely will allow)
To hear of the miscarriage of your cow."

This piece of folly, coarseness, and brutality, draws from Mr. Main the approving comment, "A plain-spoken man this hero of ours." The instances are so many that we do not speak confidently; but we think that the lowest depth of

slavish adulation of Johnson into which Mr. Main has descended is the remark which we now transcribe: "Boswell brought up the vexed question of freedom a necessity. Johnson [who, for reasons we shall presently glance at, could not bear to discuss the foundations of his religious belief]: 'Sir, we *know* our will is free, and there's on end *on't*'"; on which Mr. Main remarks: "Our readers will have perceived, long ere now, that the Doctor never *thinks*, he always *decides*; he never simply disables an opponent; he always leaves him dead upon the field; and no resurrection is conceivable for one whom he has slain." We do not think the controversy as to free will and necessity, which, according to Milton, first arose among the fallen angels, was settled by Johnson's *ex cathedra* utterance on October 10, 1769. One of the many instances of Johnson's rudeness quoted by Mr. Main is a case where Johnson snubbed the man at whose table he was dining. This produces the following encomium: "Host or no host, our Doctor will not be worsted. Johnson thought no more of snubbing a man at his own table than at the Mitre Tavern." Turning over Mr. Main's pages we come to a remark intended no doubt to be as "profound" as one of Johnson's own "deliverances," but which, to our limited apprehension, seems simple nonsense. At a dinner at Dillys's (the bookseller's) the conversation turned on toleration, in the course of which Johnson, in reply to Goldsmith, uttered this historical falsehood: "Sir, our first reformers were not burned for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did believe it"; and finished the discussion with a gross insult to Goldsmith. The same evening, at a meeting of the club, the two doctors were reconciled. This fact draws from Mr. Main the remark to which we alluded: "What a beautiful little scene, pathetic almost in its childlike simplicity, and majestic even in its moral grandeur! Truth is often finer than fiction—indeed, there would have been no such thing as fiction known among men had there not lived and moved in our midst real human beings like Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson." Once only does Mr. Main venture to hint a difference from any of his pope's infallible utterances. At Pembroke College, Oxford, during a discussion between Dr. Adams (the master, who, to quote Mr. Main's own words, "had written an answer—or only a *reply* perhaps—to Hume's 'Essay on Miracles'"), Johnson, and Boswell, on the controversial treatment due to infidels like Hume, Boswell urged that "personal abuse of the author even might not come amiss in such a case." Adams demurred to this last declaration. Johnson: "When a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to

lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning. If my antagonist writes bad language, though that may not be essential to the question, I will attack him for his bad language." Adams: "You would not jostle a chimney-sweeper?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if it were necessary to jostle him *down*." That was a capital retort of Johnson's; but if his chimney-sweeper had persisted in constantly getting up again—as black as ever and quite as formidable—would not the Doctor have tired of this jostling process? But there are people among us (Mr. Main does not venture to say whether or not he is one of them) who honestly believe that "David Hume has never been down yet." We have given our readers sufficient material to enable them to decide whether the "Life of Johnson" derives any improvement from being transferred from the narrative and comment of Boswell to the narrative and comment of Main. We turn to the other volumes mentioned at the head of this article.

We have already said that, in our opinion, Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Johnson" is an abridgment, or rather a dilution, of Boswell. It fails to bring Johnson before us: of two men who have read nothing more about Johnson than in one case, Macaulay's brief memoir, and the other Mr. Leslie Stephen's longer work, the student of Macaulay will have the most vivid and exact idea of Johnson. Mr. Arnold says Macaulay's "Life" is a work which shows him at his best. The subject was one he knew thoroughly, and for which he felt cordial sympathy. Mr. Arnold, therefore, considers himself fortunate in having been successful in his application to the proprietors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for permission to prefix Macaulay's memoir to his selection from the "Lives of the Poets."

Mr. Birkbeck Hill's volume is a miscellany of articles on Johnson and subjects concerning him, some of which are now published for the first time; others have previously appeared, but are so "recast and so enlarged, that, so far as form at least is concerned, they may fairly claim to be original." The remainder are reprints with additions of articles which have already appeared in sundry journals. Their author has devoted himself heart and soul to the study of Johnsonian literature—but he has traveled through it "from Dan even too Beersheba, to find that all is barren."

As I continued (says Dr. Hill) to read, and passed from Boswell to the works of Hawkins, Murphy, Madame Piozzi, Madame d'Arblay, and other writers who had themselves known Johnson, I began to feel that in every separate portrait that had been drawn of that great man there were great imperfections.

Boswell's, indeed, was worth all the rest taken together; but even Boswell had not seen Johnson in every light. The sketch that Lord Macaulay has given in his celebrated review, which I once accepted without misgiving, now seemed to me singularly unjust and distorted. Even the life of Johnson that he contributed to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," finely though it is written, I yet found to be greatly wanting in truthfulness. Mr. Carlyle's noble portrait of my hero, while it delighted me, did not fully satisfy me. It was too much like a portrait drawn by Rembrandt, in which the light that the artist lets in on his picture but too often serves to give the spectator a greater impression of gloom.

If Johnson (Dr. Hill continues) had had but scant justice done to him, the greatest injustice, I felt, had been done to Boswell. Mr. Carlyle had, indeed, defended him, as he had defended Johnson, from the violent attacks of Macaulay, but he had not gone into the whole case. In some points also, even he, I held, had not formed a right estimate of Boswell's character.

As these convictions grew upon Dr. Hill he began to publish the articles here reprinted, and in the end produced the book-work we are now reviewing.

"Was there ever work done on earth," truly said Charles Kingsley, "however noble, which was not, alas! alas! done somewhat ill?" We presume biography is not excepted from this rule. Probably every one of the writers named by Dr. Hill would admit that his or her work on Johnson has some errors or deficiencies. Yet it is a strong thing for any man at this day to set aside such a *catena* of writers as those we refer to, most of whom were personally acquainted with Johnson; and we must say that, after reading Dr. Hill's strong assertion, we are surprised to find that he fails to give us the true portrait of Johnson which we were led to expect from him. Nay, more, as we shall see, he seeks to set aside the authenticity of Boswell's portrait, and to leave us, therefore, in darkness as to what Johnson really was.

The first chapter is the most interesting in the book; the author says that he has—

Done his best to bring before his readers Oxford as it was when the rolls of Pembroke College first received the name of Samuel Johnson, and that he hopes he has thrown some light also on the university as it was in his later years. He adds, "It is but little that has been handed down to us of the incidents of Johnson's undergraduate days, and to that little I have not been able to add anything. All that was left for me to do was to give a picture of the general life of the student in his time."

We think Dr. Hill has succeeded in bringing before his readers, vividly and exactly, both the college of Johnson's youth and the university of his later years. Dr. Hill also claims to have

set at rest a matter which has been the puzzle of Johnsonian critics for more than forty years. It was assumed by Johnson's earlier biographers that his residence at Oxford extended over the usual period of three years. Mr. Croker was the first to dispute the fact, and to point out that Johnson's residence there did not exceed fourteen months. Dr. Hill devotes the appendix to his book to a discussion of this question, and, we think, he has shown that the facts are that Johnson was entered at Pembroke on October 31, 1728, that his name remained on the books till October, 1731, when it finally disappears, but that his residence came to an end, as the Pembroke battel-books show, in December, 1729.

Himself a member of Pembroke, Dr. Hill thinks that he is in honor and duty bound to defend against all comers Johnson, "the great man who is the glory of that society," and, of course, must indulge "in the bad habit of pecking at Lord Macaulay." We have already quoted the passage in which he describes the memoir in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" as greatly wanting in truthfulness. His second chapter, which is entitled "Lord Macaulay on Johnson," opens with this passage:

Johnson's character must have had a singular interest for Macaulay, as he has twice described it. The vigorous sketch that he dashed off in the days of his youth for the "*Edinburgh Review*" is doubtless more widely known than the life that he wrote with such exquisite skill, when he was in the fullness of his powers. In the essay we seem to look upon the picture of a Tory painted by a Whig. In the life we have the portrait of one great man drawn by another great man. Even here there are great blemishes and great exaggerations. But, taken as a whole, it is an admirable piece of workmanship. In it Macaulay silently retracts not a few of the gross statements he had made in his earlier writing.

We wonder if Dr. Hill and others like-minded with him ever consider the peculiar means of knowledge of Johnson, his habits and his character, which Macaulay enjoyed. Every reader of Mr. Trevelyan's "*Life*" of his uncle knows that much of Macaulay's earlier life was spent with Hannah More; not only did she know Johnson well, and was one of his worshipers, she was also the friend of Johnson's pupil and friend, Garrick, and after Garrick's death she lived for some time with his widow. Macaulay, as Dr. Hill tells us, was, at the age of fourteen, master of "*Boswell's Life*," and, beyond doubt, he heard from Hannah More, and treasured up much oral tradition as to Johnson, his manners and conversation—hence arose the singular interest which Johnson's character had for him. "You are next to myself," he writes to his sister, "Hannah, the goddaughter of Hannah More—the best read

Boswellian I know." He speaks of the fame of Chatham "as not comparable with that of Johnson." Within a few years of his death we find from his diary that he was again reading Boswell with great delight. A man whose mind by reading and oral tradition was thus, to use his own word, "soaked" in Johnson, is not likely to write a life of one whom he considered "a good and a great man" which should be justly open to the charge of "being unjust, distorted, and greatly wanting in truthfulness." Why the whole tone of the "Life" is more favorable to Johnson than the tone of the "Review," is easily explained. The "Review" was first published in September, 1831. In 1842 appeared the first edition of "Madame d'Arblay's Diary and Letters." Macaulay reviewed the book in the "Edinburgh" for January, 1843. In his review he says of Johnson: "That with all his coarseness and irritability he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be was not known till the 'Recollections of Madame d'Arblay' was published."

We doubt the correctness of Dr. Hill's statement, that the "Review" is better known than the "Life." The "Life" and Macaulay's other contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" were first separately published within a year of his death. The volume containing them had a great circulation, owing to the desire of the public to read any new publication by the great writer whom they had lost. They are included in the miscellaneous writings first published by Mr. Ellis in 1860, and we suspect that these are as widely read as the earlier published essays. We dissent also from the proposition that "in the essay we seem to look upon the picture of a Tory painted by a Whig. In the 'Life' we have a portrait of one great man drawn by another great man." In order to judge whether this be so or not, let us compare the account of Johnson's political opinions given in the essay with that given in the "Life." In the essay, after speaking of Johnson as a "bigoted Tory," which we suppose Dr. Hill will admit he was, Macaulay continues:

Nobody spoke more contemptuously of the cant of patriotism.* Nobody saw more clearly the error of those who regarded liberty not as a means but as an end, and who proposed to themselves as the object of their pursuit the prosperity of the state as distinct from the prosperity of the individuals who

compose the state. His calm and settled opinion seems to have been that forms of government have little or no influence on the happiness of society. This opinion, erroneous as it is, ought, at least, to have preserved him from all intemperance on political questions. It did not, however, preserve him from the lowest, fiercest, most absurd extravagances of party spirit; from rants, which in everything but the diction resemble those of Squire Western. He was as a politician half ice and half fire. On the side of his intellect he was a mere *poco curante*, far too apathetic about public affairs, far too skeptical as to the good or evil of any form of polity. His passions, on the contrary, were violent, even to slaying, against all who leaned to Whiggish principles. If the happiness of individuals is not affected by political abuses, zeal for liberty is doubtless ridiculous, but zeal for monarchy must be equally so. No person could have been more quick-sighted than Johnson to such a contradiction as this in the logic of an antagonist.

There is nothing "unjust" or "distorted" or even peculiarly "Whiggish" in this passage. That it accurately represents the state of Johnson's mind on political questions any one can judge who will look at the passages in Boswell referred to in the note.* Macaulay expresses the same judgment more concisely in the "Life":

Johnson was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read or thought or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners, but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother-country was a question on which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men fail, when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson.

Neither can we assent to Dr. Hill's other statement that in the "Life" Macaulay "silently retracts not a few of the gross statements he had made in his earlier writings. He no longer holds that 'as soon as Johnson took his pen in his hand to write for the public his style became systematically vicious.' He no longer sneers at 'his constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets till it became stiff as the bust of an exquisite.'" It would be somewhat difficult to define what it is to "silently retract" a statement. Be that as it may, we see no reason to suppose that Macaulay in the "Life" retracts or intended to retract what he said of Johnson's style in the "Review." What he does say in the "Life" is this:

"The Lives of the Poets" are on the whole the best of Johnson's works. "Savage's Life" Johnson

* It has often occurred to us that had the well-known sentence, "The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon," had been written by any one else than Johnson, and read to him, he would have said: "Clear your mind of cant, sir; why should a man feel more patriotism at Marathon than at Marazion?"

* Vide Boswell's "Life," pp. 105, 144, 156, 157, 170, 171.

reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever after reading that life will turn to the other lives will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and talked much; when, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the "Journey to the Hebrides," and in the "Lives of the Poets"; it is so obvious that it can not escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Macaulay says, therefore, that Johnson's later style had less mannerism than his earlier, but he neither expressly nor impliedly retracts his condemnation of Johnson's earlier style pronounced in the "Review," and it is to the earlier writings that the sentences quoted by Dr. Hill more particularly apply. Dr. Hill is here guilty of the sin he lays to Macaulay's charge, exaggeration. Dr. Hill is merciful to Lord Macaulay's reputation. He will not, he says, "point out all the errors into which Macaulay has fallen, and all the misstatements which Macaulay has made. He contents himself with some—but only some—of those which are of the most importance. The first alleged misstatement is as to Johnson's credulity as to witches, ghosts, and second-sight. The state of Johnson's mind on these subjects is accurately stated by Peter Pindar:

At supper rose a dialogue on witches,
When Crosby said there could not be such bitches;
But Johnson answered him, "There might be witches,
Naught proved the non-existence of the bitches."

Dr. Hill says: "It was Johnson's strong desire to add one more prop to his belief that made him willing to believe in the appearance of spirits and second-sight," and to prove this he quotes several of Johnson's sayings, omitting, however, the strongest, which was uttered at Pembroke College, not long before Johnson's death. Boswell "mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttleton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death and its exact fulfillment. Johnson: 'It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' Dr. Adams: 'You have evidence enough—good evidence, which needs not such support.' Johnson: 'I want more.'"

To prove the "untruthfulness" of Macaulay's "Life," Dr. Hill quotes this passage from the "Review":

Johnson (says Macaulay) began to be credulous precisely at the point when the most credulous peo-

ple begin to be skeptical. He related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave, of St. John's Gate, saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock Lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance.

This Dr. Hill calls a "strange perversion," and he says that Johnson "was angry with Wesley, not for not following up the scent with proper spirit and perseverance, as Macaulay says, but for believing in a ghost story without proper grounds." To prove this he quotes from Boswell the following conversation:

Boswell. "Pray, sir, what has John Wesley made of his story of a ghost?"

Johnson. "Why, sir, he believes it, but not on sufficient authority. *He did not take time enough to examine the girl.* It was at Newcastle where the ghost was said to have appeared to a young woman several times, mentioning something about the right to an old house, advising application to be made to an attorney, which was done, and at the same time saying the attorney would do nothing, which proved to be the fact. 'This,' says John, 'is a proof that a ghost knows our thoughts.' Now" (laughing) "it is not necessary to know our thoughts to tell that an attorney will sometimes do nothing. Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story. *I am sorry that John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it.*"

Miss Seward (with an incredulous smile). "What, sir, about a ghost?"

Johnson (with solemn vehemence). "Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided—a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

How does Macaulay misrepresent this conversation? Johnson twice expresses his dissatisfaction with Wesley for not taking more pains to inquire into the evidence for the supposed apparition. Does not that justify Macaulay in saying that Johnson "was angry with Wesley for not following up the scent with proper spirit and perseverance"? Dr. Hill continues:

The account Macaulay gives of the ghost that Cave was said to have seen, though not so inaccurate, is still not fair. Boswell writes: "Talking of ghosts, Johnson said he knew one friend who was an honest man and a sensible man, who told him he had seen a ghost, old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer at St. John's Gate. He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned."

Boswell. "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?"

Johnson. "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being."

Macaulay says "he related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave saw a ghost." Of the gravity of his face we are told nothing; but what he related was not what old Mr. Cave saw, but what old Mr. Cave said he saw.

This is hardly, if at all, better than verbal quibbling. "With a grave face" means gravely—Johnson would not talk of ghosts otherwise than gravely—as the "solemn vehemence" of his reply to Miss Seward's incredulous remark shows. If he did not expressly affirm the truth of Cave's story, he was equally far from denying it. Boswell closes his account of this conversation with a passage Dr. Hill finds it convenient to omit:

He did not affirm anything positively upon a subject which it is the fashion of the times to laugh at as a matter of absurd credulity. He only seemed willing, as a candid inquirer after truth, however strange and inexplicable, to show that he understood what might be urged for it.

Again, Dr. Hill says: "As to the Cock Lane ghost, Johnson scarcely deserves more reproach than did Faraday when he took the trouble to expose the folly of table-turning. He thought, indeed, that it was possible for a ghost to appear in Cock Lane as anywhere else." Dr. Hill, indeed, owns that "we may indeed wonder that a man of Johnson's vigorous intellect should have refused to accept the general evidence against apparitions which were strong enough even in this day. . . . It was this feeling of wonder which led Macaulay to mention that Johnson went on 'a ghost-hunt.' The state of the evidence was, we think, the same in Johnson's time as now."

With regard to second-sight, Johnson, Dr. Hill tells us, found that the people of the Hebrides "of all degrees, whether of rank or understanding, universally admitted it, *except the ministers*"—a notable exception truly, for it included all the men of the greatest education in the islands. The result of his inquiries into the matter Johnson thus states, "I never could advance my curiosity to conviction, but came away at last only willing to believe." "Is this," asks Dr. Hill, "the habit of mind of a man who begins to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be skeptical?" With all respect to Dr. Hill, we say, "Yes, it is."

We resume our quotations from Dr. Hill:

To pass to another of Johnson's low prejudices. "It is remarkable," Macaulay writes, "that to the last Johnson entertained a fixed contempt for all those modes of life and those studies which tend to emancipate the mind from the prejudices of a particular age or a particular nation. Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boister-

ous contempt of ignorance." What does a man learn by traveling? Is Beauclerk the better for traveling? What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt? Any one reading this passage and seeing the inverted commas would at once believe that he was reading Johnson's own words. He is really reading an abridgment of them, in which the sense has been greatly altered. I must give his words as reported by Boswell.

Dr. Hill then professes to give, but does not in fact give, the whole conversation. We will transcribe the whole passage. The words in italics are omitted by Dr. Hill. The conversation took place in 1778. Johnson was then in his sixty-ninth year, and what he says may therefore be taken as his mature judgment on the question:

Johnson. "The French are a gross, ill-bred, untaught people; a lady there will spit on the floor and rub it with her foot. What I gained by being in France was learning to be better satisfied with my own country. Time may be employed to more advantage from nineteen to twenty-four almost in any way than in traveling. When you set traveling against mere negation, against doing nothing, it is better, to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during those years! Indeed, if a young man is wild, and must run after women and bad company, it is better this should be done abroad, as on his return he can break off such connections, and begin at home a new man, with a character to form and acquaintances to make. How little does traveling supply to the conversation of any man who has traveled—how little to Beauclerk!"

Boswell. "What say you to Lord Charlemont?"

Johnson. "I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and that was of a large serpent in one of the pyramids of Egypt."

Boswell. "Well, I happened to hear him tell the same thing, which made me mention him."

We may retort on Dr. Hill in his own words, that his "is an abridgment which materially alters the sense" of the passage. Than which it is difficult to imagine anything more narrow in spirit or more rash and sweeping in generalization. Johnson's universal condemnation of the French was founded on such knowledge as he obtained in a tour not exceeding in duration two months, the greater part of which was passed in Paris. Dr. Hill says, "Johnson does not condemn traveling in general." We say he condemns it altogether. From his limited experience he deduces the universal, that the only good to be gained from traveling is to learn to be better satisfied with one's own country. He assumes rightly, or more likely wrongly, that Beauclerk and Charlemont learned nothing by

their travels, and thence concludes that no one else could profit by traveling. "Johnson says, and most men would (in Dr. Hill's opinion) agree with him, that the years between nineteen and twenty-four should not be spent, as was in his time too commonly the case, merely in traveling." "Travel," says Lord Bacon, "in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience." We only regret our want of space prevents our here inserting the whole of the essay on "Travel," but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to it as the best refutation of the fallacies of Drs. Johnson and Hill. We do not see that Dr. Hill has made out his charge that in this case Macaulay has twisted Johnson's meaning. "So far," continues Dr. Hill, "from having a fierce and boisterous contempt of travel, Johnson had very early shown a great eagerness for it, and this lasted to his old age"; and he supports the statement by reference to Johnson's wish when at Oxford to visit the universities abroad, to his tour to the Hebrides, to his projected visit to the Baltic, and to his disappointment at the abandonment of his intended journey to Italy with the Thrales. This does not alter the sweeping condemnation of traveling to which Macaulay refers. It only supplies an illustration of Johnson's inconsistency. Inconsistency between his words and his acts, and between his sayings at one time and another, seems to us one of the chief characteristics of his mind. Madame d'Arblay warned George III., when he was reading Boswell, that "little of Johnson's solid opinion was to be gathered from his accidental assertions." To give one illustration only, nothing could exceed in strength his professions of his hatred and contempt for Whigs, and of his own unreasoning Toryism, yet he notes in his diary the fall of Lord North's ministry, adding that he "prayed with Francis and gave thanks"; apparently, though we admit it is not clear, for the dissolution of the Tory ministry. At another time he in effect said: "There was little or no difference between a wise Tory and a wise Whig." At another: "I am for the King against Fox, but I am for Fox against Pitt. The King is my master; I do not know Pitt, and Fox is my friend." That the Whig was his friend was reason enough for Johnson's supporting him against the Tory leader. As to the relations between Fox and Johnson, Mr. Greville tells us on the authority of Lord Holland, who derived his information through John Kemble from Garrick, that Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said he was only to blame in not being large enough. "Fox," he said, "is a liberal man; he would always be *'aut Caesar aut nullus'*"; whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*." Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule

never to talk in Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them. Such being Fox's opinion as to Johnson's pension, it is probable that, had the coalition of 1783 remained in office, "the pious negotiation," as Boswell calls it, for obtaining an increase of Johnson's pension, to enable him during the winter or two which might still remain to him to draw his breath more easily in the "soft climate of Italy," would have been successful, and that Fox would have granted what Pitt, then in possession of unbounded power, to his own discredit, refused. As it was, not a farthing was to be obtained, and the author of the "English Dictionary" and the "Lives of the Poets" gasped his last in the river fog and coal-smoke of Fleet Street.

We now come to another of Macaulay's alleged misrepresentations. "Johnson's manners," says Dr. Hill, "if we are to trust Macaulay, were almost savage. . . . His active benevolence," he says (still quoting the "Review"), "contrasted with the constant rudeness, and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society made him, *in the opinion of those with whom he had lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original.*" The words in italics are omitted by Dr. Hill. Macaulay, after describing the toils and sufferings of Johnson's early life, through all which he had struggled manfully up to eminence and command, continues: "*It was natural that in the exercise of his power he should be 'eo immitior quia toleraverat,' that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy but munificent relief.* But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity, for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive." The passage in italics is omitted by Dr. Hill. Our readers will see the difference it makes in Macaulay's estimate of Johnson, and will find that they are again reading not Macaulay's own words but Dr. Hill's abridgment of them, and an abridgment in which the sense is greatly altered.

Dr. Hill says that Mr. Carlyle has most nobly vindicated Johnson's claim to a "merciful, tenderly affectionate nature." Macaulay speaks of Johnson's "active benevolence," of his "undoubtedly generous and humane heart," of the "not only sympathy but munificent relief he had for severe distress." It seems to us the difference between Macaulay and Carlyle is one of words only. Dr. Hill says that "it is rather, however, with the greater matters that he [Carlyle] has dealt. I shall attempt to show that in

smaller matters also Macaulay has not done Johnson justice." He maintains Johnson's tenderness of heart was always great, but he admits and he quotes from Boswell Johnson's own admission, that "his manners in the last twenty years of his life were not a little softened." He says that "the circumstances of Johnson's early life did not tend to sweeten the temper or soften the manners," which is in complete agreement with Macaulay, who says "if we possessed full information concerning those who shared Johnson's early hardships we should find that what we call his singularities of manner were for the most part failings which he shared in common with the class to which he belonged." "Even at this [the earlier] time of his life, however," says Dr. Hill, "he was far from deserving the harsh judgment that Macaulay has passed upon him." Macaulay's judgment is that "Johnson, though a man of active benevolence, was, in society, constantly rude, and occasionally fierce." How far this was the case in his earlier life we have not the means of knowing so well as after the time when Boswell began

. . . each joke and tale t'enroll,
Who, like a watchful cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflamed with lettered pride)
Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able,
A very Lazarus at the rich man's table.

But we have a description of Johnson at the age of forty, which justifies the belief that in temper and manners he was much the same at that earlier age as in the days when he was worshiped by Boswell and Fanny Burney. "I was," writes Aaron Hill to Mr. Mallet, "at the anomalous Mr. Johnson's benefit, and found the play [Johnson's "Irene"] his proper representative: strong sense ungraced by sweetness or decorum." Our belief as to the substantial identity of Johnson's character and manner throughout his life is strengthened by his lifelong friend Dr. Taylor's description of him, which Boswell has preserved.

"He is a man of very clear head, great power of words, and a very gay imagination; but there is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down." Macaulay referred, of course, to the period about which we all know, not to that time which was to him and is to Dr. Hill necessarily obscure. But in the time which we so well know Johnson, we know there is abundant proof that he was in society constantly rude, and occasionally fierce; Johnson, we know, was under the influence of two delusions: one that he was "a very polite man," the other "that he was a good-natured man." We think his character best described by applying to himself the words

he used of two other men. Of Sir Joshua Hawkins, his friend, and afterward one of his biographers, he said:

It must be owned he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that can not easily be defended.

Of Warburton he said:

He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not impressed his imagination nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits were too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty confidence which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers [in Johnson's case hearers would be more applicable] commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some of those who favored the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's description, *oderint dum mutant*, he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

These two passages combined form a perfect description of Johnson. To refute Macaulay, Dr. Hill quotes from Madame d'Arblay many instances of Johnson's gentleness and tenderness to her. We have quoted the passage in which Macaulay says that "how gentle and endearing Johnson's deportment could be was not known till the recollections of Madame d'Arblay were published." But what has Dr. Hill's witness to say as to Johnson's constant rudeness and occasional ferocity? We have already referred to her account of one occasion on which Johnson made himself "dreaded by all, and by many abhorred." Early in their intercourse she notes that "the freedom with which Johnson condemned whatever he disapproved was astonishing; and the strength of words he uses would be to most people intolerable." She records a political discussion between him and Sir Philip Jennings Clerk, in which Johnson was not only rude and fierce, but also fully showed his bigotry, Tory prejudices, and inconsistency. She tells us that Johnson, during their Welsh tour, rebuked Mrs. Thrale for over-civility to the people, and that Mrs. Thrale thus retorted on him with what Madame d'Arblay calls a "cutter": "Why, I'll tell you, when I am with you and Mrs. Thrale and Queenie I am obliged to be civil for four." Madame d'Arblay also gives another instance of what she calls Johnson's "uncontrolled freedom

of speech" when he rudely quoted some lines with direct application to a lady who was dressed in what he was pleased to consider a fashion too young for her age. She also records a dispute as to Johnson's "Life of Lyttleton" which he forced on an unwilling antagonist, and in which his admirer confesses that "this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe, showed a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible, and had at last to be silenced by Mrs. Thrale, who showed great spirit and dignity." On another occasion she remarks of Johnson, "Were he less furious in his passions he would be semi-divine." At Brighton, she tells us, Johnson was almost constantly omitted "from the invitations sent to the Thrales and their visitors," either from too much respect or too much fear. We fear from what follows there can be little doubt as to the cause of the omission. On the next page she narrates how Johnson attacked with "unmerciful raillery a young man who had, at Madame d'Arblay's request, seated himself between her and Johnson." She describes the young man as bearing "Johnson's rudeness for about ten minutes, when his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse that he ran from the field and took another chair." Madame d'Arblay's significant comment on this event is that she must "take expedients to avoid Johnson's public notice of her in future." During this same visit to Brighton she also notes in her "Diary"—

That single-speech Hamilton was gone, and "Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terribly severe humor of late, and has really frightened all the people till they almost run from him. To me only, I think, is he now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than anybody. 'Tis very strange and melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people." She adds that "poor Dr. Delap confessed to us that the reason he now came so seldom was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson," and also that "Mr. Selwyn refused to meet the Doctor in society," and paying a visit to the Thrales during Johnson's absence, left as the time drew near when he was expected to return, "lest the Doctor should call him to account."

This visit to Brighton occurred within two years of Johnson's death, and therefore within the period when it is admitted his manners were softened and his temper improved—we are content to rest on these recollections of Madame d'Arblay the proof of our proposition that Macaulay's description of Johnson as being "constantly rude and occasionally fierce is neither exaggerated nor unfair."

Dr. Hill says, "If we are to trust Macaulay,

'Johnson's manners were savage.'" Johnson says of Milton that his "contemptuous mention" of a bishop "shows that he had adopted the Puritanical savageness of manners." As on Johnson's own principles to mention people contemptuously is proof of savage manners, Macaulay is, beyond question, right. We know that Johnson looked on himself as "a very polite man." Mr. Carlyle says, "He had the noble universal politeness of a man that knows the dignity of men and feels his own." Had it been so, would Johnson have replied to the man who asked him "Would you advise me to marry?" "I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding." On many occasions, to some of which we have alluded, he was guilty of rudenesses quite inconsistent with any sense of the dignity of other men, whatever he might think of his own. Dr. Hill quotes Madame Piozzi, who says, "I saw Mr. Johnson in none but a tranquil uniform state, passing the evening of his life among friends who loved, honored, and admired him"; but he admits her "words must not be pressed too closely," and certainly they are not consistent with Madame d'Arblay's Streatham and Brighton experiences, and it is difficult to reconcile them with other reminiscences of Johnson by Madame Piozzi herself.

Veneration (she says elsewhere) for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor could I pretend to support it without help when my coadjutor was no more.

Again she says that he was—

Ever musing till he was called out to converse, and conversing till the fatigue of his friends, or the promptitude of his temper to take offense, consigned him back again to silent meditation.

Boswell draws this vivid picture of Johnson's appearance and manners in society:

While talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes

protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*. All this, accompanied sometimes by a thoughtful look, but more frequently by a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This, I suppose, was a relief to his lungs, and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the argument of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

This, and Boswell's candid admission that Johnson's "irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downward when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to his wife," justify, we think, the application of the word "savage" to Johnson's manners, as described by Boswell; they are certainly not those of "a very polite man." Macaulay truly says of Boswell, none of Johnson's enemies could have exposed his weaknesses more unsparingly. His remark, "I have no passion for clean linen," is well known, and we agree with Mr. Leslie Stephen that "it is to be feared he must sometimes have offended more senses than one." In Johnson's "Life of Swift," he has given one of those unconscious descriptions of himself of which we have already given instances. He says of Swift:

In the intercourse of familiar life he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm. He predominates over his companions with very great ascendancy. . . . On all common occasions he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularly, but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

And again:

Whatever he did he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others if he be not better.

To return to Dr. Hill, nothing, according to him, was further from the truth than Macaulay's statement that "for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive."

We leave Dr. Hill to reconcile his statement with his idol's repeated declarations. "My dear

Doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?" "Pooh, ma'am!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" And within a few months of his death, when conversing with Boswell respecting Langton and the memorable occasion when, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, the penitent got into a passion and belabored his confessor, "What harm," said he to Boswell, "does it do to any man to be contradicted?" Boswell: "I suppose he [Langton] meant the *manner* of doing it roughly and harshly." Johnson: "And who is the worse for that?" Boswell: "It hurts people of weaker nerves." Johnson: "I know no such weak-nerved people." Dr. Hill devotes several pages to prove that "the more familiar we are with Boswell the more we are convinced that Johnson was a far happier man, at all events in his latter days, than is commonly thought." We are glad for once to agree with Dr. Hill—and this conviction is strengthened the more familiar we become with Madame d'Arblay and Hannah More. Johnson's theory of many things was inconsistent with his practice—his opinions contrary to his habits—as, for instance, his advice to Boswell never to publish anxiety or gloominess by complaints, on which Dr. Hill remarks that "it is a pity that his own fits of gloominess were not more successfully hidden."

We must not forget that Johnson's constitutional melancholy "gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny." His theory of life may be expressed in James Mill's words, "It is a poor thing." He professed to hold that belief to the end of his days. In the last year of his life he expressed the opinion that a man who said, "I have lived fifty-one years without ten minutes of uneasiness," was attempting to impose upon human credulity. During his last visit to Oxford, Boswell tells us "we passed to discourse of life whether it was, upon the whole, more happy or miserable. Johnson was decidedly for the balance of misery." Boswell thought himself bound to be of the same mind as Johnson, and aimed to be like Master Stephen in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "genteel and melancholy," in confirmation of which he continues: "I maintained that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms." We think Burke disposed of this argument in a few words which Boswell quotes: "Every man," said he, "would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better or even so good as what has preceded." No better proof of Burke's proposition could be furnished than that of Johnson's own case. In

the July of the year we refer to, "when sinking" under a load of infirmities and sorrows, he wrote to his physician, "In my present state I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain some help from a softer climate. Do for me what you can." Even Boswell doubts whether Johnson really believed in the theory of life he professed to hold.

It was observed to Dr. Johnson (he says) that it was strange that he who so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation should say he was miserable.

Johnson. "Alas, it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun; *Sun, how I hate thy beams!*"

"I knew not well," says Boswell, "what to think of this declaration; whether to hold it as a genuine picture of his mind, or as the effect of his persuading himself, contrary to the fact, that the position he had assumed as to human unhappiness was true," and he applies to him this passage from Greville's "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections":

Aristarchus is charming; how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment! You get him with difficulty to your supper; and after delighting everybody and himself for a few hours he is obliged to return home. He is finishing his treatise to prove that unhappiness is the portion of man.

Mr. Leslie Stephen truly says that "superstition and disease stood by Johnson's cradle, and they never quitted him during life." Dr. Hill devotes a chapter to a comparison of the melancholy of Johnson with that of Cowper, and propounds as "an interesting question how far the gloom, both of Johnson and of Cowper, was due to religious belief, and how far religious belief was due to gloom. If the dread of a future state had not constantly hung over each man, would he still have lived so much in a state of morbid melancholy?" Between the superstition of the two men he cynically says "there was not much indeed to choose; of the two, however, he should prefer Johnson's, for on the whole it sat on him more easily." With regard to the dread of a future state causing Johnson's melancholy, had he not believed in a future life he would, we think, have been equally or even more melancholy than he was. He would then have had the apprehension of annihilation which he considered "dreadful." Spite of his theory of the preponderance of misery in life, he held that existence is so much better than nothing that one would rather exist "even in pain than not at all." The relation between Johnson's religion and his melancholy is admirably described by Lord Macaulay:

In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection, for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium. They reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

What Boswell calls Johnson's "direful apprehensions of futurity" were no doubt the effect of his melancholy temperament, and they were the result of his belief. It is said of Dr. Newman that "his own faith is an escape from an alternative skepticism, which receives the veto not of his reason but of his will. He has, after all, the critical, not the prophetic, mind. He wants immediateness of religious vision." This is equally true of Johnson. It is a curious coincidence that both Newman and Johnson were influenced in their religious views by one and the same book, Law's "Serious Call," the deep impression produced by which removed Newman from the influence of the Evangelicalism of Scott's "Commentaries," and converted Johnson from "a habit of talking laxly about religion, though he did not think much against it." He embraced and held firmly, but blindly and unreasoningly, all the dogmas of the orthodox theology, and his constitutional melancholy, and his orthodox faith, resting not on reason but on his will, disposed him to take the gloomiest views of the future which awaited him beyond the grave. We know nothing more melancholy than his state of mind within a few months of his death, as he described it during that last visit to Oxford to which we have so often referred.

Dr. Johnson (narrates Boswell) surprised not a little Mr. Henderson, a very learned and pious man who supped with us, by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good.

Johnson. "That he is infinitely good as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I can not be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid that I may be one of those who shall be damned" (looking dismally).

Dr. Adams. "What do you mean by damned?"

Johnson (passionately and loudly). "Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly."

Dr. Adams. "I don't believe that doctrine."

Johnson. "Hold, sir! Do you believe that some will be punished at all?"

Dr. Adams. "Being excluded from heaven will

be a punishment, yet there may be no great positive suffering."

Johnson. "Well, sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument, for infinite goodness, simply considered, would inflict no punishment whatever. There is no infinite goodness physically, considered morally there is."

Boswell. "But may not a man attain such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?"

Johnson. "A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet from the vehemence with which I talk, but I do not despair."

Dr. Adams. "You seem, sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer."

Johnson. "Sir, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right hand and some on his left."

He was in gloomy agitation and said, "I'll have no more on't."

This illustrates Johnson's habit of stifling religious doubts and difficulties by the veto, not of his reason, but his will. After reading this conversation, it is consolatory to know that, though through fear of death Johnson was all his lifetime "subject to bondage," yet, as the end drew near, he was freed from his terrors, and felt what he characteristically called the "irradiation of hope."

Dr. Hill, we think, clearly establishes that Boswell, Murphy, and Hawkins were all alike wrong in supposing that the celebrated passage in Chesterfield's letters describing the "respectable Hottentot" refers to Johnson, and he is at great, and we think needless, pains to prove that "there never could have been any intimacy, still less could there have been any affection," between Chesterfield and Johnson. He devotes a chapter each to Langton and Beauclerk, in which he gathers together the various scattered references to them by Boswell and other biographers of Johnson, and combines them into admirable sketches of each of these friends of Johnson. Another chapter is devoted to Goldsmith, but this sketch will not bear comparison with Macaulay's "Life of Goldsmith." We have not left ourselves space to follow Dr. Hill into his labored vindication of Boswell against the censures of Macaulay; he tries hard to make a hero of Boswell, but that is beyond human power, and Boswell's admirers must be content to let him remain in his true character of *l'âme damnée* of Johnson.

Notwithstanding his admiration of Boswell, Dr. Hill applies to him a process of destructive criticism. After claiming for him "against the authority of one of the greatest writers of our age"—a high place indeed—he ends by ex-

pressing the hope that "he has sufficiently shown that there are strong grounds for thinking that Boswell's merits, as a mere reporter of Johnson's talk, are not quite what they were thought to be." It is doing Boswell small service to claim for him a "high place" among biographers, and then to cast a doubt on what forms the charm and value of his book—the authenticity of his reports of Johnson's conversations. "It is not in his writings," says Dr. Hill, "but in his talk, that Johnson lives." But what should we know of his talk but for Boswell; and if Boswell be not accurate, what do we know of Johnson? Boswell records that "Johnson once said: 'The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture of an individual or of human nature in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing.'" This is equally true of reports of conversations. Are we then, adopting Mr. Hayward's classification, to place Boswell's Johnson among the "False Pearls of History"? It should be borne in mind that Boswell himself says: "I must again and again entreat of my readers not to suppose that my imperfect record of conversations contains the whole of what was said by Johnson or other eminent persons who lived with him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of the most perfect authenticity." Boswell, therefore, admits imperfection in his records, because he has not preserved the whole of conversations at which he was present; but he asserts universally that whatever he has preserved is authentic. The grounds on which Dr. Hill bases his depreciation of Boswell are, first, that certain sayings were repeated to Boswell by Langton, and introduced into the "Life." "Of these, the authenticity of every article," says Boswell, "is unquestionable. For the expressions I, who wrote them down in his (Langton's) presence, am partly answerable." Boswell admits, therefore, that in the case of these particular conversations which are collected together and form one chapter of the edition before us, he is partly responsible for the *expressions*; and Dr. Hill admits that, though Boswell was "utterly incapable of imitating Johnson in the substance of what he said, yet he had a considerable power of taking off his style." As to these sayings, therefore, we do not think the merits of Boswell as Johnson's reporter are much depreciated. The other grounds of Dr. Hill's depreciation are verbal differences, between reports of some of Johnson's sayings, which are to be found in a comparison between the "Life" and a book called "Boswelliana," first printed in 1874 by the Grampian Club. This book consists of "some loose quarto sheets in Boswell's writing inscribed on each page 'Boswelliana.'" They contain "twenty-five anecdotes about Johnson, twenty-one of which

* Macaulay.

are given also in the 'Life.' " Dr. Hill assumes that the stories to be now found in both these books were recorded in the "Boswelliana" at the time they were heard; and from the difference between the versions in the "Boswelliana" and the "Life," assumes that "Boswell, to a certain extent, changed the sayings of Johnson which he had collected." With the history of these sheets we are not acquainted; but the simple reason for the discrepancy seems to us to be that Boswell has given in the "Life" what he thought to be the most authentic report of these particular sayings of Johnson. We think, therefore, that Dr. Hill is not more successful in depreciating Boswell's merits as a reporter of Johnson's sayings than in proving his assertion that Macaulay's "Life of Johnson" contains "great blemishes and exaggerations," of which throughout Dr. Hill's volume we find no single instance given by way of proof. We see that the current number of the magazine* in which Johnson's first published writings appeared contains "Unpublished Episodes in the Life of Dr. Johnson." We take occasion of their publication to suggest to Dr. Hill, Mr. Jewitt, and other searchers after unpublished traditions of Johnson, that a very curious and interesting subject for their research is the relations between Johnson and Thurlow, of whom it might be said—varying Gibbon's comparison between Thurlow and Wedderburn—that they were *pares atque similes*. When did their acquaintance begin? To what degree of intimacy did it reach? At first sight, one is inclined to say of them, in the words Dr. Hill uses of Johnson and Chesterfield, "There never could have been any intimacy, still less could there have been any affection, between them." Yet they appear to have been at some time intimate, for Johnson compared Wedderburn with Thurlow much to Wedderburn's disadvantage.

I never (said Johnson to Boswell) heard anything from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are. To make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now I honor Thurlow, sir. Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours.

On another occasion, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow; when I am to meet him I would wish to know a day before." Again, when giving advice to Boswell as to his being called to the English bar, he finished by saying: "All this I should have said to any one. I should have said it to Lord Thurlow twenty years ago." From this, one would

infer that he had been intimate with Thurlow in Thurlow's earlier days. Again, Thurlow, unfortunately, considering the relations between him and Pitt, was chosen to conduct the "pious negotiation"; "because," says Boswell, "I knew that he highly valued Johnson and that Johnson highly valued his lordship." Thurlow's high value of Johnson was shown by his liberal offer to supply Pitt's want of liberality; nevertheless, Boswell gives no account of any intercourse between the two men. We have spoken of the likeness between them; in many points, both of manner and character, it was great. The most lifelike of Lord Brougham's sketches of statesmen is that of Thurlow. It is founded no doubt on information received from Lord Holland, whose uncle, Charles James Fox, was, after Thurlow's loss of office, his intimate friend. Lord Holland, it is well known, was celebrated for his stories of Thurlow and for his imitation of him.

Lord Thurlow (says Lord Brougham) showed to the suitor a determined, and to the bar a surly, aspect. The measure of his courtesy was too scanty to obstruct the overflow in very audible sounds of the sarcastic and peremptory matter which eyes of the most fixed gloom, beneath eyebrows formed by nature to convey the abstract idea of a perfect frown, showed to be gathering or already collected. He possessed great depth of voice, rolled out his sentences with unbroken fluency, and displayed a confidence both of tone and assertion which, accompanied by somewhat of Dr. Johnson's balanced sententiousness, often silenced when it did not convince, for of reasoning he was proverbially sparing. His speeches were mainly positive assertions, personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced on individuals, as if they were standing before him for judgment.

The points of resemblance were neither few, nor small. In other respects the two men were the exact opposites of each other:

Thurlow's conversation was garnished with expletives rather sonorous than expressive, but more expressive than becoming. His life was passed in so great and habitual a disregard of the decorum usually cast round high station, especially in the legal profession, as makes it extremely doubtful if the grave and solemn demeanor in which he was used to shroud himself were anything more than a manner he had acquired.

One can hardly imagine how any social intercourse was possible between Johnson and Thurlow. Johnson boasted to Boswell that "obscenity and impiety had always been repressed in his company," and Boswell gives an instance of the manner in which, by emphasized words and frowning looks, Johnson reproved one who was

* The "Gentleman's Magazine," December, 1878. The article is by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt.

guilty of the indecorum of swearing in *his* presence. But Thurlow's profane swearing was irrepressible. When Chancellor he received a deputation of what, in the language of the older Dissenters, were called Nonconformist divines, including such well-known men as Drs. Kippis Palmer, of Hackney, and Rees. Their object was to obtain his support to Beaufoy's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Thurlow heard them very civilly, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am against you, by G—d! I am for the Established Church, damme; not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other church, but because it is established—and if you can get your d—d religion established, I'll be for that, too!" A man who could so address a body of grave and venerable men like those then before him is not likely to have been repressed even by Johnson. In this particular case Johnson might have pardoned or even justified Thurlow's oaths, on the ground that they were aimed at Dissenters. It would only have been in conformity with a dictum which, if a story we have read, but our authority for which we have forgotten, be true, he once uttered. Johnson reproved an acquaintance for breach of Christian charity in throwing snails from his own garden into his neighbor's, but on learning that the neighbor was a Dissenter, Johnson rejoined, "Toss away, sir, then, as fast as you like."

We will close this paper by giving our own estimate of Johnson. It differs wholly from those of the writers of the later works we have been reviewing, nor can we without reservation assent to Lord Macaulay's final judgment on Johnson, that "our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the amufractuosités of his intellect and of his temper serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man." To our mind, Macaulay's earlier description of Johnson was the better one, viz., that "he was a man of strong but enslaved understanding, the characteristic peculiarity of whose intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices." That any one can deliberately say, as does Mr. Leslie Stephen, that among all the "heroes and statesmen and philanthropists and poets who lie buried in Westminster Abbey, there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson." We could respect, regard, possibly reverence Johnson, but except Boswell and Madame d'Arblay we can not imagine that any human being loved Johnson. Johnson said of himself that "he ought to have been a lawyer," and Boswell relates that "Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) said to Johnson: 'What a pity it is, sir, that you did not follow the profes-

sion of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor and attained to the dignity of the peerage.'" There can be no doubt that Johnson was eminently qualified to be a great advocate. At the bar his power of arguing at any moment on any side of any question would have made him *primus inter pares*. Had his application for admission to the bar of Doctors' Commons been successful, he would no doubt have taken a high place, and the then leader of that bar, his friend Sir William Scott, would have found in him "a foeman worthy of his steel." Some idea of his forensic ability may be gained from reading the arguments with which, on several occasions, he supplied Boswell for use in court. After hearing one of them read, Burke remarked, "Well, he does his work in a workmanlike manner." Johnson might even have outstripped Scott in the race for preferment and become Judge of the Consistorial and Admiralty Courts, but we do not think he would have made a good judge. Like his friend Thurlow, he would have been too dogmatic; like him he would have "decided, not reasoned," nor would he have enriched the literature of the law with such judgments as those of Lord Stowell in the cases of *Dalrymple vs. Dalrymple*, the *Maria*, and the *Gratitude*, which, to quote again Lord Brougham, make "the volume which records Lord Stowell's decisions not like the reports of common law cases, a book only unsealed to the members of the legal profession; it may well be in the hands of the general student, and form part of any classical library of English eloquence or even of national history." We have said that Johnson could argue at any moment on any side of any question—and this is no exaggeration. This peculiarity had its rise in the skeptical nature of his mind. He had strong political and religious prejudices; but of deep convictions on any subject he had but few. Boswell owns that he loved to

Display his ingenuity in argument, and therefore would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: "Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing." "Now," said Garrick, "he is thinking which side he will take." He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion whatever was delivered with an air of confidence, so that there was hardly any topic, if not one of the great truths of religion and morality, that he might not have been incited to argue for or against.

Even on religious subjects he talked loosely. He led old Mr. Langton to believe that he was a papist. Johnson at times showed a leaning to Romanism. An authoritative church would have

best suited him, but at other times he expressed himself against it. "In everything," he said, "in which they differ from us they are wrong." "He was," says Boswell, "even against the invocation of saints; in short, he was in the humor of opposition."

At the close of another conversation, when he had spoken favorably of the old religion, Boswell observes, "It is not improbable that, if one had taken the other side, he might have reasoned differently." This is a proof that he was an acute and a versatile rather than a great man. Boswell says of Johnson that "no man had a more ardent love of literature, a higher respect for it, nor a higher notion of its dignity." Yet this is hardly to be reconciled with what Boswell calls his "strange opinion," that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Lord Macaulay, on the other hand, thought that "the pleasure of writing always pays itself." Here is another instance in which Johnson's opinions and his practice were opposed; for few men wrote more without receiving any remuneration, and for all his works he was underpaid. He says of Dryden, "To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and no unvaried pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character." What Johnson denies of Dryden, we may without fear of contradiction affirm of Macaulay; and this description of Dryden is another instance where Johnson, in describing another man, unconsciously describes himself.

Johnson's position in the literary world of his day was well described by Goldsmith. It will be remembered that he censured Boswell "because he was for making a monarchy of what should be a republic." The same thing might be said of nearly every one of the people among whom Johnson lived. For ourselves, we say as did Macaulay, in reference to Niebuhr, "This sort of

intellectual despotism always moves us to mutiny, and generates a disposition to pull down the reputation of the dogmatist." Indeed, the marks of respect, and even adulation, shown Johnson, were such as in these days are reserved for persons of royal rank. It appears from Madame Piozzi, as quoted by Dr. Hill, to have been not unusual, "when he entered a room, for every one to rise to do him honor." The homage paid to him was due in part to his mannerism—the histrionic element in his character. Lord Pembroke, Boswell tells us, once said to him, "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his bow-wow way." Here again the likeness between Johnson and Thurlow is great. In each case "the solemn and imposing aspect, the well-rounded periods, the sonorous voice, appeared to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question." This would not impose on Burke, Gibbon, Wyndham, Sheridan, or Fox, but on the weaker brethren of the club, and in common society it had no doubt a great effect; but a stronger reason for the homage paid to Johnson was that writers and readers alike were fewer in those days. In these days when many write, and all read, a literary monarch is as great an anachronism as an infallible Pope. The adulation paid to Johnson was a misfortune for him. It developed and strengthened the worst parts of his character, which were also the strongest. We admit his benevolence and generosity, but these were fully balanced, if not outweighed, by his vanity, his coarseness, and his ferocity, which adulation only increased. We can not sympathize with Johnson's worshippers, like Dr. Hill and Mr. Leslie Stephen, still less with fanatics like Mr. Main. With some reservations and qualifications we can agree in Lord Macaulay's later opinion, but we can not refrain from expressing our gratitude that our lot is cast in a time when in society such a man as Samuel Johnson is an impossibility.

Westminster Review.

THE DOME OF THE CONTINENT.

THE great volcano of Popocatepetl, in old Mexico, is without exception the grandest natural object of the North American Continent. This mighty mountain stands nineteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three feet in height (not seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight feet, as most geographers have it), south-east of the city of Mexico, whence its snow-capped brow is viewed with a curiosity allied

to awe by the passing traveler or visiting foreigner.

In the month of November, 1874, it fell to the happy lot of the writer and two other Americans to be sojourning in the Mexican capital. All three being of an adventurous character, and sincere lovers of nature, it was but natural that so interesting and rare an object as Popocatepetl should be a perpetual aggravation to us

until we had explored its fastnesses and surmounted its snowy cone. When we could withstand the temptation no longer, we decided to make the ascent. Accordingly, General Gaspar Ochoa, an eminent politician and scholar, who owns the mountain, was sought, and letters of direction and introduction to his servants and friends in Mecameca, the town at the foot of the volcano, were procured. It was through the generosity of this gentleman, both in the way of guides and information, that the expedition achieved its success.

Armed with his talismanic letters, we secured outside seats on the stage for Mecameca, and all arrangements for our dangerous journey were complete. Early next morning, dressed in stout clothing, and heavily armed with rifles, revolvers, and knives, we left our comfortable quarters at the Hôtel Iturbide, and were ready for the day's ride in the *diligence*, highway robbers and sight-seeing all included. Mounting to our lofty seats above the two strange-looking fellows who drove the stage, the mules were started with a whoop and pistol-like crack of the whip, and we were off. At six we passed out of the still slumbering city, crossed a marshy plain, and soon struck an ancient causeway which crosses the southern end of Lake Tezcuco. On either side was a great waste of reeds and high grasses, interspersed with numerous ponds and bayous, in which were thousands upon thousands of water-fowl, while the air above our heads resounded with flying flocks of ducks, geese, and plover. Now and then we espied mud-banks, on which gawky, grave-looking cranes or red flamingoes stalked stiffly about like soldiers. Before us rose Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl; flanking them, and extending around us at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles on each hand, was a ridge of subordinate Alps, forming a grand but jagged setting to this gem-like valley, with its dozen smiling lakes and white-walled towns. It is little wonder that the lamented Bayard Taylor should pronounce the fair valley of Mexico more beautiful than any of all her rivals. Upon reaching the farther end of the causeway, a large hill was circled, in whose sides were cracks and caves, inhabited by poor lepers, who stared out at us with the despairing look of the lōst. Two of these miserable beings, who appeared as if, like ghouls, they might have fed on dead bodies until their own flesh was rotten on their very bones, seated themselves on a stone, and accosted us in a piteous *patois* of Indian and Spanish for alms. Two more frightful and utterly wretched persons could scarcely be imagined. Their eyelids and hair had been destroyed, while their features, head, and arms were covered with chalky spots, and swollen to distortion, by the dreadful malady of

leprosy. They seemed so devoid of all earthly enjoyment that we threw them a few spare *medios*, and sorrowfully watched them hobble after them in the dust. Soon a turn in the road put them from our vision, but their misery had fallen like a pall upon our spirits, and its remembrance was hard to forget. Our driver said that leprosy was very common among the lowest classes of Indians, and that these were some who had the disease in its worst form, and had been driven, like those of Holy Writ, from the towns to the fields, to live like beasts for a little while, and finally to die after the manner of a reptile—in the crevice of a rock.

Our road from here to the journey's end was through a rich farming and grazing country, and, although it was dry and treeless, the fields were full of grain, which dusky peons were gathering with sickles of ancient make and pattern. Great mountains, on whose sides little hamlets peeped from lime- and olive-trees, could be seen both near and far, and though the way was very lonely at times, our party was a jolly one; the crisp joke passed from lip to lip, the laugh went round, and time flew by with the fleeting road. At the last station before we reached Mecameca, the mule-team was increased to sixteen, and the stage, with an easy rise and fall like a ship running before the wind, rolled along famously. The joys of earth are as transient as the summer breeze, however, and our stage came to a long and terribly rough ascent, which the wild team, never daunted in the least, took with a furious charge. The previous delightful swing was changed to a motion only to be compared with that of a steam trip-hammer. The huge old concern leaped from rock to rut in a manner fearful to behold, especially for the passengers, who were bounced about with a rapidity greater than that of pop-corn in a popper.

Still that did not agitate the drivers at all. Their blood, fired by the *pulque* of the last drinking-place, was up, and they enjoyed the fun. Jehu himself could not have driven more recklessly. One of them threw stones at the mules, while the other, who held the ribbons, slashed them with an immense bull-whip with a lash about forty feet long. This performance was reinforced by an accompaniment of grunts, hisses, and Mexican curses that would have frightened a Comanche Indian. After traveling two or three hours in this gentle style, the "infernal machine" stopped, and we were in the little mountain town of Mecameca.

We alighted—that is to say, we rolled, slid, and fell to the ground from the top of the vehicle, and felt as dusty and stiff as so many Egyptian mummies. The mules were fresh and philosophical. Lo! what a wonderful beast is your

mule, especially he of Spanish-American countries!

Upon turning around, the interpreter of the party, Colonel Grasty, asked a pot-bellied, pig-eyed Sancho Panza standing by for the house of Juan Noriega. He glared, hiccoughed, and said "There," pointing to a large pink-and-white *hacienda* across the Grand Plaza.

We shouldered our guns, passed through the square in a Falstaffian procession, entered the great store on the first floor of the dwelling, and inquired for the brothers Noriega. Our warlike appearance subjected us to the suspicious glances of a score or more clerks as we entered, but did not prevent our being politely received, and conducted to the living-apartments on the second floor. Juan, the elder of the two brothers, soon presented himself. He was a small, wiry Castilian, in a red skull-cap, roundabout jacket, and brown-leather pantaloons, ornamented with silver buttons and chains. His face was shrewd and interrogative; it was fringed with bristling side-whiskers, and surmounted by a large aquiline nose, from which at intervals he exhaled dense puffs of cigarette-smoke.

He read our letters, and immediately gave us a welcome to Mecameca with a heartiness that would have done credit to one of Sir Walter Scott's barons in the proudest days of chivalry. Before he had finished, his brother Francisco entered the room with a slow and ponderous tread; he was a jolly, corpulent man of thirty-five or thirty-seven, the happy father of a mestizo family, the owner of broad acres, and withal the *alcalde* of the town. Like Shakespeare's Justice, his belly was fair and round, while his head was full of "wise saws and modern instances." Embracing us with all the warmth and extravagant professions of friendship so natural to the Southrons, he patted us on the back and greeted us in Spanish, to which we replied in Buckeye English, and neither were any the wiser. Nevertheless both parties put on a broad smile, and pretended to understand each other perfectly.

After ordering a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars to be placed upon the table, we were left alone in the room, with an opportunity given us to examine our surroundings. The apartment was very spacious, with a tessellated floor of red tile and a ceiling composed of great beams that supported the roof. At one end was a balcony-window, which looked out on a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

Twenty-five miles to the east, and away up, up in the thin blue air, so high that it almost made one's neck ache to look at them, were the snowy domes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. On their sides, just below the snow-line, was a belt of purple-hued sand and ashes, and then a

zone of low shrubs and grasses. Under these were scrubby larches and dark and melancholy pines. Still lower were oaks and ash-trees, and finally the whole was set in a glorious fringe of oranges, olives, and the general vegetation of the plain from which we looked.

At the end of the room, opposite to the window, was a glass door which opened upon a large veranda on the court of the *hacienda*. This was a most charming place. The side that looked into the court was provided with a substantial balustrade, while the roof was supported by strong wooden pillars. Hanging from these and the walls were many quaint little bird-cages, containing half a hundred or more varieties of birds, the majority of whom were natives, although there were numerous foreign songsters in the number. Added to the red of the floor and the white of the walls was the green of an innumerable lot of plants of exquisite fragrance and beauty which were placed on the balustrade and at the base of the columns. Twining up these were many rare climbers and air-plants that hung in festoons along the eaves-troughs, projecting water-spouts, and the entire edge of the roof, thus forming a veil to keep out the rays of the sun. A great owl stared at us from among the flower-pots of the farther end, as if he did not know what to make of the white-faced barbarians from the North. In the corner I noticed two hazel-eyed fawns from the forests of Iztaccihuatl, while several loquacious parrots chattered noisily from perches overhead. Though in the Occident, the scene was picturesque and truly Oriental. From this odorous abode of flowers and song we looked into the great court of the *hacienda*.

In the center was a fountain circled by fig-trees, around which was a large paved space extending to the walls. Here all the domestic animals of the establishment were assembled, while in the building that formed the walls of the court were the various apartments used to carry on the different kinds of business in which the Noriegas were engaged. At our backs was the parlor; we passed through this, and came out on another veranda that overlooked the great Plaza and town generally. To the right was a forest-clad hill, two or three hundred feet high, with convent-crowned crags and the white walls of ancient churches peeping from its green foliage. This was a famous shrine called Mount Calvary. Having an hour or two of leisure, we strolled to this sacred locality, and ascended the hill by a holy path, which was paved and divided into thirteen terraces, each of which was surmounted by a cenotaph. This approach was intended to represent a pilgrimage, and the tablets are called "stations." Each of them bore a porcelain plate

engraved with a Latin inscription describing how Christ bore his cross at that stage of his journey to the place of crucifixion, and closing with an earnest exhortation to sinners to repent and accept God's holy vicar, the Pope, as their teacher on earth.

On their knees before several of the stations were a dozen or so devotees, who were offering up their evening orisons with a fervor that told how completely they were saturated with their religion. The mellow Castilian of their *pater-nosters* had a richness and melody, as it came to us on the air of the evening, ever to be remembered as one of the sweetest things we have heard. On the summit of the elevation was a fine cloister; at its rear stood a church called that of the Holy Sepulchre. It had an octagonal nave with a high, vaulted ceiling; on each of its eight sides was a wax saint, Virgin, or Christ. Some of these were in the sear and yellow leaf of idolatrous duty, while others were yet fresh and blooming, their tinsel trappings still untouched by the corroding finger of time. The chancel of the church was a natural structure, it being the mouth of a cave ten or twelve feet high. In the center of this stood a glass case, beneath which reposed a waxen figure of Jesus, protected by a silver railing and lighted by candles in golden chandeliers. It is said that this image weeps tears of blood whenever the mother Church is afflicted by the contumacy of her children. Passing into the cave we found it gloomy and damp; the roof was painted sky-blue and bespangled with gilt stars. At one side was a crevice in its rocky floor that led down nobody knows whither, although the shambling old sexton confidently asserted that it went straight to hell, and stated, in support of this opinion, that it at times breathed forth a hot and sulphurous air. Not caring to believe that one is compelled to pass through so solemn a sanctuary as the church of the Holy Sepulchre to reach the place spoken of by the sexton, we made up our minds that the sulphur-hole was only a ramification of the fiery caverns beneath the great volcano.

Having now seen the lion of Mecameca, we returned to the house of our hosts. By the time we got back the twilight had faded to the darkness of night, and the stars of the tropics blazed out in all their splendor.

Met at the door by our friends, we were conducted to the great hall of the *hacienda* and introduced to a scene of good cheer and much hilarity. It was an immense room, with a ponderous table in the middle, around which were gathered twenty-five or thirty persons, the majority of whom were young Spaniards, who clerked in the store or superintended the peons in the field. The board was nearly buried in eatables,

it being the chief meal of the day. Huge dishes of meats, reeking with *chile colorado*, stood in the center, barricaded with lesser ones of birds and vegetables. At one end stood a large basket of bread, while a mighty tureen of soup balanced it at the other. Between the steaming dishes of flesh and fowl were capacious tankards of *pulque*, the native drink of the country, to receive which there was a bowl of vast and appalling dimensions at each plate. As the meal progressed these were frequently filled, sometimes with coffee, again with *pulque*, but always filled. Here and there was a bottle of olive-oil; this, together with *olla* and garlic, will tickle your Spaniard's palate till he fairly purrs with epicurean joy. Then there were *frijoles* and *mescal*—in other words, beans and whisky. We took our seats. Opposite sat our friend of the afternoon, Sancho Panza; he was a village lawyer from Granada, in Old Spain. A more greedy animal I never saw. He resembled a great fat spider, and ate with the rapacity of a boa-constrictor. Between courses he showered proverbs around him with a prodigality that was fearful to contemplate, punctuating them with puffs of tobacco-smoke from his nose till it looked like a double-barreled smoke-stack. After *chirimoyas* and bananas, Bacchus poured wine, *pulque*, and *mescal* down his throat until I was verily afraid he would burst from hydrostatic pressure. The rest of the company talked, gesticulated, and laughed. Such talk and gesticulations were never heard or seen outside of a Spanish country. The conversation consisted almost entirely of gossip and proverbs. These are the floating literature of Mexico, are handed down by tradition, are intimately associated with the smell of garlic and orange-peel, and belong to the Spaniard as truly as the nautical song does to the Englishman. They are shot at you or stabbed into you at every table and *fonda*. They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto; there is no occasion when he will not use them—he is full of them. When a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a little band of gossips, with shaking heads and dubious looks, then the air is as full of proverbs as it is with chaff around a threshing-machine. When muleteers, whip in hand, meet at a roadside wine-shop, proverbs are banded from mouth to mouth as fast as cards in a game of whisky poker are shuffled. When the brown burgesses of Mexican towns meet at evening in the Plaza, proverbs swarm as thick as oaths at a meeting of Mollie Maguires.

"Like Pedro, like John"—a man of Spanish extraction must have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his schnapps. Retiring to our room, we found Colonel Grasty, a member of the party, who had escaped the riot and smoke of the

supper-room and taken refuge in the streaming moonlight that flowed through the open window. He beckoned us to see the moon that had just cleared the frosted heads of Papocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. A sight more beautiful is rarely seen. The Colonel, who had rambled to the end of the world and back, was completely carried away with the landscape. "Friends," said he, "I am an old traveler, but I have never in my life seen its like but once." Warming with happy remembrances and his subject, he went on: "Nowhere, in grand Switzerland, in sunny Italy, in old Greece, or the land of Mohammed, is there anything to compare with it. The sands of the Great Sahara and the tropical plateau of Abyssinia contain nothing so impressive. The valleys of the mighty Himalayas surpass it in grandeur but do not equal it in beauty. Granada in Old Spain, with its Alhambra and circle of mountains, alone has such exquisite beauty and divine sublimity."

The keen effect of the next morning's air sent us early to the dining-room of the *hacienda* for coffee. Upon bidding good morning, Juan and Francisco informed us that our horses, mules, and servants were ready whenever we wished them. This suited us exactly, so we hastily swallowed our breakfast, got our firearms, and adjourned to the *patio*, where two Indians mounted on mules, and three small, tough horses, awaited us. With heightened respect for Mexican hospitality, the word was given, and all filed quietly out from the house of our kind hosts.

Now the real work of the expedition began. For a time the several members of the party rode silently on, each enjoying the journey according to the poetry of his nature or his individual experience. Colonel Grasty, the eldest of the three, considerable of a character in his way, at last broke the silence with a series of stories concerning mountain travel in various countries, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly appropriate and highly acceptable. During the war this gentleman was a colonel in the Confederate service, and at the close of the "unpleasantness" he preferred foreign air to reconstruction, so left the country, and spent nine years traveling in Europe, Africa, and the far East. At one time, he filled a chair in the University of Paris; at another, was a lieutenant-colonel under Serrano in Spain. Not content with the beaten paths of travel, he crossed from Spain to Africa, joined an Arab sheik and passed over the Sahara to the head-waters of the Nile. Thence he roamed to Abyssinia, and north again to Arabia and Persia, where he spent some time acquiring Arabic. With Edward Montagu's passion for the flowery literature of the Orient and an

American's curiosity for that which is odd, he now became completely enamored of the East, and so continued his wanderings to India, where he remained for a couple of years in the valleys of the Himalayas. Resuming his rambles he finally got upon the cold table-lands of Thibet in an effort to reach China overland, but the superstitious fears of the natives raised an insurmountable barrier to his project. Only one white man had ever been this far before, and he, a poor English map-maker, unfortunately raised the suspicions of the inhabitants by his topographical observations. They took him as the Poles did Mazeppa, and dragged him to death by a wild horse. Not regarding this manner of treating foreigners with much favor, Colonel Grasty gave up the proposed journey and returned to Europe, where he spent considerable time climbing the principal mountains. In his ideas and desires he is much of a St. Elmo, a devout worshiper of the beauties of nature untouched by the vandal hands of man, and in all ways a conservative, whose face is rigidly set against the advance of the railroad and the rush for the almighty dollar. Withal he is a philosopher who loves to ramble among countries like Egypt and Mexico, whose people resemble straws on a slowly revolving pool, far removed from the swift current of human progress, where, as he says, "I can watch the even tenor of life not varnished with the shallow artifices of the nineteenth century, and study humanity undisturbed by the whirl of the great world without." In fact, he is such a character as Eugène Sue or Sir Walter Scott would have delighted in portraying—one of those mystical men whom we frequently read of but rarely see.

With this varied experience in the special line of mountain adventure, together with his odd notions, the Colonel's conversation helped us amazingly over the monotonous plain between the town and the base of the mountain.

After an hour's ride we struck a *barranca*, through which a stream flowed down from the volcano. This we followed for several miles till we got among the foot-hills, where we left it, and began the real ascent, though we had been going up hill ever since we left Mexico. Our first two hours up the mountain were through beautiful forests of live-oaks, cypresses, and Spanish chestnut-trees, while wild flowers were everywhere observed in the greatest profusion. Then we came to somber pines and distorted cedars, which for a time completely obscured the view. To the left was a gorge, whose bottom was buried in flowers and verdure, that grew deeper as we ascended, our road being nothing but a mule-path along its edge. Soon the air began to grow cooler and the underwood less dense. An intense stillness reigned around us, except when broken

by the measured strokes of a woodman's axé or the wild scream of an eagle. About eleven o'clock we heard the dull roar of a cataract, and shortly after came to a raging torrent that plunged wildly down into the *barranca* that had guided us up the volcano. Following up this for a few hundred yards higher, we forded it. Its icy waters told plainly of its origin in the melting snows of the peaks among the overhanging clouds. Beyond the river, the path, which was before almost steep enough to discourage us, grew rougher and worse than ever. But with a laugh and a joke we kept on our zigzag climbing, and were rewarded for our perseverance by emerging from the dark and dreary woods upon a sunny plateau over which wild cattle were roaming. The day, like all days in Mexico, was divinely mild and beautiful, while heaven and earth, between which we seemed suspended, were completely reconciled. Afar down in the west was Mount Calvary, dwarfed by distance to a mole-hill, while nearer and more distinct were the golden fields and party-colored walls of Mecameca.

The *barranca*, through which we had passed in the early morn, was now a faint, crooked streak of green on the yellow of the grain-fields. Winding up the mountain was the road over which we had just passed, marked here and there by crosses which the kindly priests had raised to the memory of men who had been murdered upon it by highway robbers. This pass leads to Puebla, and is considered one of the most dangerous in all Mexico. Soaring skyward in the north was "Iztaccihuatl," or the "White Woman," so called on account of the marvelous resemblance that its serrated peak, which is ten miles long, bears to the recumbent form of a dead woman beneath a shroud. This peak is about ten miles north of Popocatepetl, the "Hill that smokes." Between the two volcanoes is a great pass, through which lay our route, and in it was the grassy meadow where we were now traveling. From this point the finest view of Iztaccihuatl is gained. From here the cold, solemn contour of mountain-top is frightfully deathlike in its likeness to the human figure. The head, with classic profile and face upturned to the skies, is first noticeable; then the breast, undulating and graceful, falls beneath the eye. The limbs, with a slight elevation at the knees, and well-proportioned feet, are observed next. So lies the white lady, a mountain for her bier, the vaulted heavens for the tomb—cold, silent, and infinitely grand. During the supremacy of the Indian races this mountain was an object of great adoration. In its sides are vast natural caverns, which they adorned with images and used as mausoleums for their dead. One of these idol-caves was discovered in 1864 and explored. Its sides and recesses were lined

with bones, idols, and mummies, embalmed like flies imbedded in amber, in copal, the resin of a tree that grows abundantly in Mexico. These were built into strange figures against the walls of the grotto, similar in many respects to those in the catacombs of Rome and the mummy deposits of Peru, made by the brother race to the Aztecs, the Incas. The Indians, according to the ancient manuscripts of the learned Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, used to repair to the forest solitudes of Iztaccihuatl in great numbers, where, like the Druids of old Britain, they performed the horrid rites of their mystic faith. For the most part this consisted of human sacrifices and burnt offerings to Quetzalcoatl, the air-god, while the sun was worshiped with weird dances and idolatrous chants at sunrise and sunset.

A short halt being over, we resumed our toilsome struggle up the volcano. The cattle sniffed the air in a ferocious manner as we passed, but we gained the opposite timber in safety. This was much smaller than any we had yet seen. Above us, seemingly higher than we had ever seen it, frowned the beetling brow of Popocatepetl. Around us were the melancholy pines, draped in moss, rent, twisted, and broken by the terrific storms that almost incessantly rage in these lofty regions. We were now traveling up a sandy slope, garnished here and there with huge bowlders of porphyry and masses of crumbling lava and scoria. About three in the afternoon a bank of damp clouds swept over us, and all further sight-seeing was impossible. The path alone was visible. Another half hour's climbing, and we reached the "divide" of the pass that lies between the two peaks. The fog silently slipped away, and we sighted Tlamacas, five hundred feet below us on the opposite slope. This place is a small *hacienda* owned by General Ochoa, and consisted of one lone *rancho* among the clouds, over thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and on one of the highest inhabited spots of the earth. We descended from the bluff that overlooked it, waded another icy stream, and were greeted by a swarm of coppery peons who rushed out to meet us. Dismounting from our nearly exhausted animals, we entered the house cold, weary, and hungry. We had been ten hours on the way—ten hours of constant and steep climbing over rocks, stumps, and logs, through cañons and streams, in a thin, cold atmosphere, and frequently immersed in the penetrating damp of frost-laden clouds. In one corner of the *rancho* was a rude fireplace, that poured dense volumes of black resinous smoke into the room, the air not being heavy enough at this altitude to float it away. It did not take us long to plant ourselves before this with our backs to the flame, which thawed us out quickly, while

the smoke besmattered us till we almost resembled hams.

Upon breaking our prolonged fast on *frijoles*, *olla-podrida*, *tortillas*, and claret, two of the party took their guns and went into the woods after parrots, that were very numerous around Tlamacas. They were also very shy, and after two hours' tramping up and down the mountain, they only succeeded in bagging one. This was a magnificent specimen, however—a green bird about fifteen inches long, gorgeously marked with crimson and gold, and one of a flock of over two hundred. The most remarkable thing about these birds is that, being natives of the tropics, they should resort to the lofty and cold altitude in which we found them. Sometimes we even saw them higher than this, away up so far that they resembled motes, and, what was still more curious, the rarity of the air even then did not incommode their flight in the least. From the fact of their being in such a cold place and in flocks, I am of the opinion that they are of the South Carolina species, the hardiest of all the parrot family.

The afternoon was spent shivering around the fire and listening to the wild tales of blood and violence which Colonel Grasty drew from our Indian hosts. After supper we retired to gunny-bag beds, and shivered ourselves into dreams of home and friends far away; of our comrades, and the blonde girls of the North; of brilliant dinners, gay ladies, and gallant gentlemen, for to-morrow would be Thanksgiving day.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 28th of November we crawled out from a heap of Indians, dogs, and mats, and completed our toilet by pulling off our heavy riding-boots, and having our feet and ankles bound up in small pieces of blanket, to prevent their freezing when we got among the snows. Our inner man fortified with a vast supply of coffee, we were ready for the last grand struggle of the expedition. Muffled in *rebozas*, and our hands in woolen socks, we mounted our steeds and rode out of the *rancho*

... into the clear, still night
Up the frosty mountain-height!

The timber-line was soon crossed, and we struck a great belt of sand and ashes, that separates the zone of vegetation from that of eternal snow and ice. The soil was frozen quite dry, which made it soft and easy traveling for the horses. The only vegetation now seen was entirely of an Alpine character. Here and there were tufts of grass, all crisp and silvered with hoar frost. Everything around us, though strange and desolate, possessed a wild and unearthly

beauty. Radiant and glistening in the moon's mellow light rose the great dome of snow and ice, thousands of feet above us; below us were valleys, plains, forests, and fleeting fog-banks. The air was thin, cold, and clear; deep silence reigned, intensified at intervals by the wind, which, as it came creeping down the peak and over the cinders, sounded like the scrambling of mountain sprites. Overhead myriads of stars that we had never before seen in the regions of the Great Lakes, twinkled and sparkled with a brilliancy that was to us of unsurpassed magnificence.

About four o'clock we came to the lower end of the "Barranca de Muerte," a gaping fissure which, during some herculean eruption, had been rent in the mighty walls of the crater. At the point where we crossed it, it is only two hundred feet deep, although at the upper end it is nearly three thousand feet. Here stands the wonderful "Pico del Fraile," or Friar's Head, an enormous basaltic monolith, that springs like a tongue from the very throat of the gulch, and projects five hundred feet into the air beyond its rocky lips.

We entered the gorge by zigzagging down its rugged and fearfully steep sides. Verily, I thought I should slide over my horse's head into the bottom. At the bottom was a small stream of cold lava that had been arrested in its headlong rush down the *barranca* by the killing hand of the frost-king. In the basin of this strange river was a frozen torrent, over which we crossed on the ice. On all sides of this awful ravine were the most frightful evidences of combustion and destruction. Great masses of shattered lava and blackened rock were strewn around in grotesque profusion. It looked like a place where the gods had hurled mountains at each other, and finished the duel with thunderbolts. Everything looked weird and fantastic in the pale light of the dying moon. Ghostly fragments of clouds now and then flitted in and out among the rocks, and a strange, indefinable awe crept over us all. We tried to laugh away our gloomy spirits, but laughter came back from the crevices and caverns, distorted into the hilarity of goblins. The zigzag process, vigorously applied, soon took us out of the gully, however, and the party was more cheerful. We now toiled up three miles or more of shimmering sand and beds of tufa and scoria. All the while we were winding diagonally toward the snow, and all now began to feel the cold very seriously, the thermometer indicating several degrees below zero. The rarity of the atmosphere forbade much conversation, while our animals were compelled to stop every fifty or seventy-five paces to regain their breath. Colonel Grasty's nag gave out; he and the writer

exchanged, and we went along better for the time. Being a heavy weight, however, his new beast was soon exhausted, and he had to dismount and lead it. Just at sunrise we reached the snow-line at a place called "La Cruz," a kind of station designated by a wooden cross set on top of a huge porphyritic block. We dismounted and gave our animals in charge of the servants. This point is over fifteen thousand feet above the sea, and about twenty-five hundred higher than Tlamacas. Beyond this point no horse or mule has ever gone without suffocating. Even here it is with the greatest difficulty that they can breathe.

Attention was now attracted to a scene of beauty even surpassing the beautiful landscapes which had become common to us in the past three days. It was a sunrise above the clouds. Day was just breaking. Half a mile below us, stretching far, far away to the east, was a rolling, billowy sea of clouds. The only objects to be seen above this broad expanse were the white peaks and colossal domes of Orizaba, Perote, Malinche (named after Cortes's mistress), and Iztaccihuatl.

On the eastern horizon was a small spot of crimson that heralded the approach of the sun. This rapidly grew larger and larger, until the whole sky before us was one vast mass of crimson, and looked like a great ocean of blood, in which the numerous snow-capped mountain-peaks appeared as so many icebergs, around whose bases this unreal sea seemed to swirl and eddy with a fury most deceptive. It was a picture, while it continued, of gorgeous and awful expression. It would try the pen of Milton himself, that great creator of imaginative grandeur, to do so magnificent a panorama justice. On every side were enormous mountains and volcanoes, any of them as great as Byron's "monarch of the mountains," whose peaks presented every variety of Andean architecture. Below us was a crimson sea, above us was an indigo heaven set with paling stars. The effect while it lasted was truly sublime. Nature's phases are fleeting things, however; the sun, moving rapidly as it does in the tropics, soon got above the clouds, and all was over.

Upon the resumption of the journey the sufferings of the party began. The ice up which we were tramping was extremely hard and slippery, so that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could advance. My two companions were a short distance ahead, and I started off briskly to overtake them, when a sharp, piercing pain through my lungs admonished me to proceed less hastily. I did so, but even then was compelled to stop every few yards to regain breath. The others were also severely troubled

in the same manner, but the writer, who was yet weak from a recent illness, had the hardest road to travel. We were now amid the eternal snows that crown the volcano, and entirely surrounded by drifts and sloping ice-fields. To the right was the great *barranca* in which was a small glacier. The snow over which we were climbing upward lay in long deep ridges across our path, and was incrustated with ice, rendering our progress slow and extremely difficult. Every step toward the lowering brow above us increased the strain of our lungs, which were already expanded to their fullest extent in their almost ineffectual attempts to secure a supply of oxygen. I could not go over ten or fifteen steps without sinking on the snow to rest. The only way we had of surmounting the huge snow-drifts was to have an Indian go ahead and cut footholds for us with a spade. The air—what there was of it—was "an eager and a nipping air." Suddenly, when about opposite to the "Pico del Fraile," I began to feel very faint and dizzy, with suffocating sensations and other alarming symptoms. One of the guides gave me a drink of *mescal*; but it was of no use. I sank on the ice, completely "played out." It was humiliating to tell the rest of the party that I could go no farther, but I summoned about all the breath I had left, and told them to go on without me. They did so, and after a half hour's rest, and with the aid of one of the peon guides, I managed to crawl down the ice, consoling myself that I had at least attained a greater altitude than that of any mountain in Europe, and that only about one in ten of the travelers who attempt to scale Popocatepetl ever get any higher than I did. I got my horse and returned to the *rancho*, where I arrived about two in the afternoon, sick, sore, and disgusted.

For the continuation of this narrative, I am indebted to Colonel Grasty. After my return, he and our companion continued the ascent over the same slippery billows of snow, sometimes crawling over them, sometimes springing over them like Alpine chamois, and sometimes zigzagging around them. Harry Stevens, being as light, strong, and lithe as an antelope, soon got far above the Colonel, who was greatly troubled by the rarity of the atmosphere. By proceeding slowly, he managed to get along comparatively well until he came to an unusually large drift. "This," he said, "I surmounted by an extra exertion, and was immediately seized by a terrible faintness and giddiness. The great dome above me danced fantastically, the world beneath me whirled like Charybdis, and I sank on the ice insensible. . . . When my senses returned our two Indians were bending over me; they had opened my coat and were chafing my hands and wrists. They offered me a bottle of *mescal*. I took a

long drink, and soon felt better under its vivifying effects. I arose and resumed the fearful task of climbing to the lips of the crater, about half a mile above. Stevens had gained the summit. I had not gone much higher before I was again taken sick, this time with a dreadful nausea, and began to vomit blood." He had now gone so near the top that he would not give up, so he kept on. When within about five hundred feet of the crater, his exhausted body refused further obedience to his will, and he fell on the snow dyeing it with the blood that trickled in tiny streams from his ears and nose. He lay for some time conscious, but helpless as a babe. The Indians said they thought it was all up with the Colonel this time. What was to be done? Harry Stevens had gone over the brow, and was ignorant of the Colonel's misfortune. To gain the summit now seemed impossible; but to return after climbing so high and braving so many dangers was not to be thought of. The Colonel shut his teeth and ordered the peons to *carry* him to the top, even if they had to pitch him into the Baranca de Muerte to get him back again. They obeyed orders, and found Stevens on the top surveying the wonderful landscape that lay at their feet. The spot where they stood is the highest land in North America; they were in fact on the dome of the continent, nineteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three feet above the level of the sea—over three miles and a half high, three times as high as Mount Washington, and higher than any point in either Europe or Australia.

Away down in the west was the valley of Mexico with its smiling lakes and Moorish towns. To the north was the White Lady, without the least sign of a crater, although she is set down by the geographers as a volcano. Beyond were the cloud-mottled plains of Tlascala, the Tyrol of Mexico. On the east was Popocatepetl's great rival, the bald-headed and big-waisted Orizaba. Near it was Perote overshadowing Jalapa, said by the Indians of the olden time to be a little piece of heaven let down on earth. Between Orizaba and Perote's flashing snows they gazed down where the hot country lies, into the land of the sweet cocoa and out upon the sapphire-hued waters of the Gulf, two hundred miles away. Nearer to them was the great city of Puebla, with its onyx-paved Plaza, and the ancient pyramid of Cholula. Southward they saw the valley of the Lopez, whose beauty was so sweet that it wound its way into their hearts as through the forest at their feet. It lay far down in the Sierra Caliente—

. . . the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;

Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in their bloom;
Where citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest of dye.

To the right, to the left, behind and in front, were mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, and clouds, all distorted and dwarfed by their elevated point of vision. The towns and roads, map-like, were visible for a hundred miles in every direction. The world seemed like the kingdom of Liliput.

In the top of the volcano yawned the vast crater, which, according to Dr. Hartwig, is a mile in diameter, and eight thousand feet deep. Into this they passed with dizzy eyes and whirling brain. Rolling up from it, at times like the breath of the infernal regions, came great volumes of sulphurous steam. Almost incredible to relate, at the bottom of this awful cavity exists a settlement of sulphur-miners numbering about forty souls, whose only mode of ingress and egress to this infernal abode is by means of several hundred feet of rope with which they are let down and hauled out.

Our two bold adventurers, after descending a slope of warm sand and cinders, found themselves on the brink of the precipice whence hung the rope of the windlass. It was evident that they could not pass the night, which would soon fall, on the top, and neither could they return to Tlamacas on the "timber-line," and so they decided to go to the bottom and sleep with the miners—a thing which even the hardest adventurers, who had not been raised to breathe the rare air of these stupendous altitudes, had never before done.

An Indian was accordingly dispatched to Señor Corchado, the superintendent of the mine, with a letter of introduction, and this gentleman repaired to the summit. Corchado, "the old man of the mountain," is a singular character, who would figure well in the pages of yellow-covered literature. He is a creole, well advanced in the evening of life, whose personal appearance is odd and ancient, and in harmony with his strange and frightful surroundings. His face and head were completely buried in an enormous shock of grizzly gray hair which fell over his shoulders and reached down on his breast, completely veiling his features from scrutiny. Peering from this luxuriant crop of hair was a strong Roman nose, while a big pair of green goggles protected his eyes from the sulphurous vapors of his home and the glistening white of the snow on the dome. He was dressed in the style of a muleteer, a deer-skin coat and goat-skin trousers with

the hair on the outside comprising the suit. On his feet were blanket moccasins, on his head a *sombrero* with a brim eight inches wide. Born at Tlamacas, he has always lived on the mountain or in his present brimstone home, where his father lived and died before him. Reared in nature's wildest, roughest, and most sterile region, his manners are rude, but his heart is as warm as if it were a product of a kindlier clime. Intimately connected with Popocatepetl and everything associated with the great volcano for the last half century, he is now one of its curiosities.

Having welcomed the party to the crater, he prepared for the descent. At the point where they stood the rope was suspended from a capstan peculiar to the country, called *el malacate*. This rope was nearly a thousand feet long and about an inch and a half in diameter. From this point they obtained a magnificent view of the crater, whose bleared and blackened walls rose everywhere in frightful wildness and sublimity. They at once appreciated its enormous dimensions, for a mile below them, almost lost in depth and darkness, was the bottom. The Colonel expressed it as his opinion to the writer that, if Vesuvius was shaved off close to the earth, and turned upside down, it would just about plug the top of Popocatepetl without projecting over the rim. This gulf presents one of the grandest sights on earth, and has a terrible fascination for the beholder. The most stolid are impressed, while the susceptible are completely overwhelmed by its awful magnitude. The Colonel and Stevens peered over the ledge, and saw far below a level rock which formed the top of a long, steep declivity, at the foot of which was a black spot, which they were informed was the miners' house. To reach this rock they were compelled to use the rope.

Corchado and Stevens went first, being tied to the cable in such a manner as to sit side by side. Everything being ready, Stevens cried out, "Good-by, Colonel!" and they were swung far out over the yawning deep. For about one hundred and fifty feet the ledge from which they made their wild leap projected out over the precipice, and consequently they hung free and dangling in mid-air. It was but a minute or two before they came to a place where the cliff belied farther out than the windlass, and they were compelled to kick against its strong front to keep clear of it. From beneath, immense clouds of sulphurous steam and gases rolled skyward. So dense were they at one time that Stevens, who had hitherto got along without trouble, was nauseated and set to vomiting badly. They were now out of sight of the people above them, and the American said that he felt as though he was going straight into the jaws of hell. On every

side of them was a gigantic and hideous ruin of cracked cliffs and blistered crags. Beneath them and to the right were pools of liquid and burning sulphur, that trickled in little rivulets from the gashed and fire-marked walls. Noxious vapors floated through the air—all seemed a horrible nightmare of destruction and chaos. After a fearful journey of almost ten minutes' duration, they reached the declivity in safety. The rope was pulled up and the Colonel proceeded to tie himself on. Although still weak from the suffering he had experienced on the ascent, he was not daunted, and courageously dropped from the crag. Everything went well until he got to the great bulge of the cliff, but here disaster overtook him. A cloud of gas-loaded vapor suddenly enveloped him, and, in spite of the most frantic efforts on the part of his will, he fainted entirely away, with seven hundred feet of the awful trip downward yet to be accomplished. To render matters still worse, the rope around his waist to keep him upright slipped down too low and he fell back. Corchado and Stevens saw him. It was a frightful moment. They saw the brave fellow let go of the rope, throw his arms out, grasping at the evasive air, and fall back till his head was lower than his heels, then spin round and round, striking against the cruel rocks at each turn in the most desperate style. Oh, it was an awful sight! Stevens said his blood ran cold, and he had to turn his eyes away, while Corchado gave the men at the windlass a sign to lower faster. It seemed as if he never, never would come down, but two or three minutes brought Grasty's apparently lifeless and mutilated body to their eagerly outstretched hands. His face was severely bruised and his clothing torn, while the blood oozed from his nose and eyes; but he still breathed. After an hour's rubbing and throwing snow on his face he came to, and the party, now augmented by the arrival of a number of peon miners from below, descended the sloping inside of the crater. Corchado and the Indians led the way, followed by Grasty, supported by Stevens and a peon. The first part of the way was easy enough, but the ice and stones began to worry them. In fact, one of the worst dangers threatened. Huge chunks of ice and rock were continually rolling down from above, and they were likely to be crushed. This *débris* is the matter that is loosened daily by the sun, whose warmth strikes off its icy fetters and suffers gravity to have its sway. Our adventurers had therefore to keep one eye cocked up hill and the other down—the one to dodge the huge boulders, and the other to prevent them from losing their precarious foothold and tumbling with the stones. Just as darkness added its terrors to the dreadful tomb into which they

thought they had gone, they arrived at the bottom of the pit. Sixteen hours before they had left the timber-line. During this period they had climbed six thousand feet on the outside, and gone down nobody knows how far on the inside. At the hut, which was a miserable affair of stones, they immediately threw themselves on a pile of mats and sought the much-needed and well-earned repose of sleep, but found it not. Stevens had a severe attack of rheumatism in his left arm, while Grasty was in a stupor like that of a drunken man, more dead than alive. Both were sore, chafed, and bruised by their many falls during the day, and sick at the stomach from the vile gases that filled the crater. The ashes beneath were warm, but the air was intensely cold, and it was impossible to sleep on account of the horrible hisses and groans that resounded throughout the crater. So they lay all the night long, wearied and worn, rolling and tossing in ineffectual efforts to sleep. Sometimes the drowsy god would answer their wooings and for a little time they would slumber; but it was only a sleep that tired—a wild, troubled sleep, unrefreshing and in small allowance. At twelve—perhaps it was later—Stevens felt the Colonel crawling over him for the door. In answer to an inquiry, he said that he was going for air, in such a manner as to startle Stevens, who followed him, caught him by the shoulder, and exclaimed:

“Hallo, Colonel, what’s the matter?” Grasty turned around, in a strange and quick manner, and asked how he got out there. It was plain that the Colonel’s long fast and great hardships had produced a slight hallucination of his brain. Rousing himself, he remained with Stevens while they observed the ghastly effect of the moonlight on the gigantic and wrecked walls of their rocky environment. The moon was nearly overhead, and poured her effulgent beams directly down the great throat of the crater; the rim, so far overhead that it made their necks ache to look up to it, was silvered with everlasting snow, and looked like a vast aureola against the black of the sky. The southern sides rose precipitously for thousands upon thousands of feet, while those on the north were sloping to within a thousand or fifteen hundred feet of the summit. A mighty caldron of cooled lava, covered by small mounds, was the appearance presented by the small circular plain which formed the bottom. This was crossed in every direction by great cracks. In some of the darkest of the caves and crevices of the surrounding cliffs could be seen little streams of liquid sulphur trickling down the stones, and in other places pools of the same coated with an efflorescence of sublimated sulphur. As the vapor and blue flames darted up from these fiery little lakes and floated skyward, they appeared

like demon spirits from the dominions of Pluto, winging their midnight way to spread contagion to the slumbering world without. Thoroughly impressed with the horrors of the infernal region, they returned to the hut and once more buried themselves in the cheerless mats and gunny-bags, and there shivered and groaned till morning. At breakfast they could scarcely eat anything; their stomachs, not used to the harsh treatment they had been receiving for the past thirty-six hours, refused to be comforted. Their lungs, also, were in rebellion, disgusted with the vapidness of the air and the gaseous exhalations of the breathing-holes. These they now visited in company with their kind host. Not broad, but of tremendous depth, these mighty fissures appeared in every direction in the bottom of the crater. From them issued dense masses of steam and smoke, all heavily laden with sublimated sulphur, a beautiful substance, held in suspension until brought in contact with the frigid air above, when it condenses and falls in a fine sprinkle on the surrounding rocks. This process has been going on for so many ages that the whole interior of this wonderful orifice is thickly coated with a remarkably fine quality of the flower of sulphur, which the forty miners employed here by General Ochoa are engaged in excavating and hoisting to the top of the crater. To return to chasms, however, the party visited the largest and gazed down into it. No bottom could be seen, for it ended in Stygian darkness. They rolled a huge stone into its jagged lips. A series of detonations, caused by the missile bounding from side to side of the pit, came back, loud at first, but gradually diminishing until they finally died away in the awful depths below.

Who knows where that rock went to? The nostrils of hell could not have vomited forth more steam and made greater or stranger noises than did these. At times these sounds seemed like the slow and laboring throb of Cyclopean machinery, or, again, like the hisses of antediluvian reptiles, or the shrieking and bellowing of fretted devils.

Having now seen the very vitals of the “Hill that smokes,” they bade their new friends farewell, and set out to return. The climb up to the end of the windlass rope was a hard job, but the ascent by the rope still worse. They got to the top in safety, however, and there found more peons to escort them to the “timber-line.” A new method of traveling was now before them, one for which Canada and Scandinavia are far more famed than tropical Mexico—that of coasting. All the essentials to this glorious sport were there: miles of descending snow and ice, and a pair of odd but effective sleds made out of heavy matting or wicker-work. Mounting these, each

behind an Indian, they slid down the mountain over different paths from those by which they had ascended. Although this is a most perilous way of descending, it was a short one compared to the pedal method. At one time they came within a hair's breadth of slipping into the Barranca de Muerte, along with a small avalanche which they had started while in the midst of a snow-laden cloud, but the Providence who had watched over them so kindly interposed, and they got down in safety.

When they arrived at Tlamacas the writer could scarcely recognize them—they were so haggard, sunburned, bruised, and dirty. After lying by for a day to recuperate, the whole party returned to Mecameca, and our tedious but satisfactory adventure was over.

Before closing this paper, it is perhaps proper that something concerning the history of Popocatepetl should be given, and a few facts concerning its volcanic phenomena stated which are not generally known.

When Cortes conquered Mexico, Popocatepetl was in a state of active combustion and throwing out vast volumes of smoke, which could be seen for hundreds of miles in every direction. Now it is comparatively dead, and the quantity is so small that it can only be seen after arriving at its base. The first white man to ascend it was Francisco Montano in 1519. He was sent to the crater for a supply of sulphur for Cortes, and to impress the Aztecs with the valor of the Spaniards. Since then numerous ascents have been made by eminent *savants*, travelers, and adventurers, none of whom, however, have ever descended to the bottom of the crater—the two gentlemen whose adventures have just been chronicled in this article being the only foreigners who have ever accomplished this feat.

The last eruption recorded of Popocatepetl

occurred, according to an ancient Aztec maguëy-paper manuscript now in possession of Señor Ramez, of Mecameca, about the middle of the fourteenth century, or about one hundred and seventy years before the Spanish conquest.

Humboldt, the great father of physical geography, was the first to take the altitude of Popocatepetl; he calculated in 1804, from the valley of Titimba, that the height of the mountain was 17,728 feet above the sea, and this is the measurement given to-day in most geographies. These figures were afterward corrected, and justly so, as Humboldt admitted, by a learned Scotchman named Glennie, who in 1827 measured and increased the height to 17,884 feet. Glennie was followed by the Swedish traveler Sonntag, accompanied by Von Gesolt and Goss, in 1835. They found its height to be still greater. A few years later another measurement was taken by a scientist named Burckhardt, who got a result of 18,017. The next estimate was made by a party of French *savants* under the orders of Maximilian. They reported the top of the volcano to be 18,362 feet above the sea. Two other calculations give it a still greater altitude by several hundred feet. The latest and undoubtedly the most accurate estimate of its height is that of General Gaspar Ochoa, of Mexico. In 1870 he measured its altitude both by the barometer and by the process of triangulation, and found it to be 19,623 feet above the sea. These figures make it 1,623 feet higher than Mount St. Elias in Alaska, and the highest peak in North America. With regard to the depth of the crater nothing definite is known. Dr. Hartwig, in his "Subterranean World," says that it is 8,000 feet deep and a mile in diameter. This I believe, from the statements of our party, to be too great an estimate. Popocatepetl is the highest peak whose top has been reached by man.

EUGENE H. COWLES.

"SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES."

A WRITER in "Appletons' Journal" for February essays the task of proving that the Shakespearean dramas and poems are not rightly credited to the name they have borne undisputed for nearly three centuries. It is a like attempt, negatively, to that of two other writers within recent years, but differing from them in almost the only respect which gave its degree—whatever it were—of plausibility to their singular theory. The "gifted woman," whose pathetic

story Hawthorne has told so touchingly, held to the idea of single authorship, and championed with fervid importunity Lord Bacon as the author, not without a certain method in the madness which stamped its dogmatic seal of infallibility upon her every thought connected with this subject—this consuming fire of her soul, rather than theme for rational and deliberate investigation—a madness which soon overwhelmed her in its black abyss. Judge Holmes has given the

same unitary theory eloquent defense; but Mr. Appleton Morgan, in "The Shakespearean Myth" alluded to, leaves the whole matter quite at loose ends. While denying with emphatic iteration that Shakespeare is the true author, he would persuade us that the plays and poems attributed to him are the composite work of an indefinite number of minds, varying in all degrees of the scale of ability, from the insight of a profound philosopher, and the scholarship and culture of a chivalrous gentleman, down to the level—down, indeed, to the very "bottom-lands" of a grade of imbecility vague but appalling. Here are the philosophic Bacon and the courtly Raleigh, hand in glove with certain "*curled darlings* who frequented Master William Shakespeare's side-doors"; and last, and least of all, Master William Shakespeare himself! Harmonious band!—such a choir for chanting the music of the spheres as was never got together before, it is safe to aver! The genial Goldsmith must have had a premonition of these latter-day enlightenments when he wrote of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." We are interested to see what part was the work of poor Master Shakespeare; and we are told that "he took the dramas and rewrote them for the actors; he inserted the requisite business, the exits and entrances, and, when necessary, suited the reading to the actor who was to pronounce the dialogue, according as he happened to be fat or lean"!

The general belief regarding the great French Emperor has probably been disturbed in the minds of very few by Whately's "Historical Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte": I confess that "The Shakespearean Myth" seems to me quite as little calculated to prove successful in wrestling from "Bacon's ignoble contemporary" ("Lord Leicester's groom" is Miss Bacon's epithet) the crown which the centuries have placed upon his brow.

Such a question as this of Shakespeare's authorship requires to be entertained in a cautious spirit. It must not be forgotten for a moment that the burden of proof lies entirely with the assailant; the presumption is overwhelmingly against him. Its discussion should be carried on with a freedom from bias that shows a willingness to examine the authority of any account bearing upon the case with the same thoroughness and impartiality, whether it favor or militate against the particular theory espoused. The reader—who is supposed to occupy, for the nonce, a purely neutral position—should be impressed by the endeavor of the writer to elicit the facts, and, much more important than this, *all* the facts, in whatever way from his standpoint they may be viewed; and he has a right to demand an amount of solid argument and proof in some reasonable

proportion to the prominence of dogmatic assertion, and corresponding in some adequate degree to the dimensions of the proposition to be proved. How far in this spirit Mr. Morgan carries on the discussion of the question raised can be seen by examination of the article referred to.

The task, it will be discovered, is no very trivial one; indeed, it will appear quite herculean the more we scrutinize the true position of the case. Here is a large collection of poetical works, dramatic and other, which is known to have been given to the world at the latter end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and all of which was published through the press, or by means of the stage, during the lifetime of the reputed author. This man, William Shakespeare, was, without exception of an individual, so far as is known, believed by his contemporaries to be the author of this literature; and this has been the general belief since his death. His most intimate friends—and there must have been a large circle, from his position, who had intimate knowledge of him—always ascribed this authorship to him, as well as the few bitter enemies he had made by putting out their feeble light, unavoidably, by his own effulgence. And, outside of his private relations, with the world at large his popularity was unbounded. The echoes of the plaudits that greeted him show that he attained an immediate and wide popularity that has been seldom the reward of a literary man in any age. The favorite of two sovereigns, surrounded by his friends and watched by his enemies, from first to last there is no hint of doubt as to this man, William Shakespeare, and his claim to the paternity of the poems and plays that gave them such enthusiastic delight—no murmur of suspicion from one of those who had such opportunities of knowing him well. He certainly claimed these works as his composition, or they would not have been attributed to him. More than this: no other person ever laid claim to them; there were no fugue-singers of "Rock me to Sleep" with confusing voices haunting the Globe and Blackfriars; nor can any contemporary writer be discovered who shows that indisputable birth-mark of *style*. False oaths may be sworn; Tichborne claimants may weave tangles of circumstantial evidence; impostors may elaborate manifold embroideries of fiction that will deceive the very elect; but in the matter of literary style a counterfeit can not in the end escape detection; allowing, of course, a sufficient range of subject and extent of composition to permit of examination and comparison, as well as supposing that the literary work to be submitted is characterized by *any* salience or individuality. Rather, it may be said, a counterfeit of style, on the scale

of such voluminous works as Shakespeare's, can not be really undertaken. Here was one of his contemporaries, for instance, Lord Bacon, whose acknowledged works are also voluminous. Is it possible to believe that there is a common authorship to both? Each is characterized by a strongly individualized style, as all writings are that the world cares to read. Each has a flavor distinct from the other. Yet, if Bacon be the author of both sets of works, he must in one of them have assumed a style of composition foreign to him—a thing impossible, even were there a motive for such an undertaking. Those subtle tints and shades in an artist's work—that impalpable something which conveys to our perceptions the aroma of his innermost spirit—eludes all definition; but this which we call his style is the one quality which is the most impossible to deny. If works of such individuality as those that are labeled Shakespeare and Bacon respectively are the product of one brain, it is safe to say that it would require but a very inconsiderable portion of each through which to detect the fact. Similarity, or even identity of ideas, or precepts, or axioms—any likeness of speculation or philosophy—all these are nothing whatever. The human mind, at the root, is everywhere the same. Counterparts appear constantly in literature, even in widely severed nations and ages. Such parallels as are pointed out in Bacon and Shakespeare can be discovered in almost any two writers; but of that individuality that must permeate the work of any writer, in manner of treatment, in style, there seem to be no traces in common.

From every point of view the task of constructing a new hypothesis as to the author of the world's greatest literature seems formidable. The so-called difficulty of conceiving that he could have been a man of such antecedents and circumstances of life as we know to have been those of Shakespeare, what is it other than—or even equaling—the difficulties in accounting for the genesis of genius in this world of ours in all ages? It is a commonplace of literary history—the ever-new astonishment with which the pitiful circumstances are contrasted with the splendor of achievement. Think of Coleridge, "the inspired charity boy," of Lamb and Keats, the sons of serving men, of Jean Paul, of Goldsmith, Hood, Burns.

There is no reason to believe that the origin of Shakespeare was peculiarly mean. His father was a prosperous burgess of Stratford during the period of his boyhood, and at one time chief alderman; and his mother was of "gentle blood," so called, being descended from a prominent Warwickshire family. He had the advantages in school of something more than the mere rudi-

ments of learning. When Shakespeare went up to London there is much probability that he went from a deliberate and settled purpose, as an enterprise for the betterment of his fortunes. He was already anchored in life. "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises," is Bacon's immortal simile; but how often are we reminded that the seeming obstructions in the path of a great nature are the very stepping-stones to success! Had these impediments in the wife and three children of William Shakespeare not existed, would he have been moved to the "great enterprise" which has placed the world for ever in his debt? We know not; but there is probability in the supposition that his devotion to his family drove him forth from the rural seclusion of Stratford, which was the scene of the rapidly falling fortunes of his father, into the battle of the great world. We know that those domestic ties were never severed; that he returned to Stratford, and finally retired there after his life-work was done, where he died loved and honored, having gained a substantial fortune through the work of his genius.

What is there, after all, to give the least plausibility—leaving out of sight all question of reasonable proof—to this theory that his life was all one piece of imposture? Absolutely nothing. There seems to be no circumstance in the records of his life that gives color to any more doubt respecting him, as the author of certain plays and poems showing great genius, than we find in the biographies of most other authors. Is there any greater obstacle to the construction of a counterpart theory respecting Milton? or Spenser? or Dryden? Who knows but that Dr. Johnson—maker and unmaker of poets (poor Shakespeare was weighed in the balance and found wanting)—who knows but that the testy, hypochondriac grandmother of eighteenth-century literature was not the versatile, pragmatic, ingenious Boswell himself? There is really no perceptible difference between the immaculate Johnsonese of the biographer and his subject.

The manner in which the peculiar theory of the Shakespearean Myth is defended does not impress the unprejudiced reader favorably with regard to it. There is too much reminiscence of the pugnacious logic of the "Debating Club" of adolescent years—that forensic style of the orator who brandishes the straws of his own side as formidable weapons, and denounces the stronghold of the enemy as paper batteries. It is the least effective mode possible of carrying conviction to the mind of the dispassionate seeker after truth. Note, especially, how the exploded or more than half-discredited old stories and anecdotes of Shakespeare's life are brought forward

as undisputed history, if they happen to lend a faint hint of support to the new theory, by casting somber reflections upon his character—such as "the precious story that he left Stratford for deer-stealing; that he lived by holding gentlemen's horses at the doors of the theatre, and other trash" (I quote Coleridge's words) "of that arch-gossip, old Aubrey." They have no bearing whatever upon the matter at issue, if these things be all veritable history; but it becomes wearisome, the reiteration of contemptuous and opprobrious expressions from beginning to end of this article respecting Shakespeare, such as—"This vagrom runaway youth, who . . . cuts off to London at the heels of a crew of strolling players; who begins business for himself as linkboy at a theatre-door; and, by saving his pence, works up to be actually a part proprietor in two theatres," etc. Even the story of his impromptu manner of composition—never erasing a line—is dwelt upon; but that the meaning of Jonson's words is misconceived is manifest from certain lines in his poem to his "beloved master":

Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) *and strike the second heat*
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou!

Clear proof, certainly, is this that Shakespeare's fellow-poet is not rightly understood as believing that such a work as "Hamlet" came forth like Minerva. Webster, the dramatist, too, speaks of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare"; and Meres of his "fine-filed phrase."

Mr. Morgan figures the belief in Shakespeare's authorship—"this presumption, three hundred years old"—as an egg-shell outriding the breakers which would destroy the mightiest ship; but, he continues, "it is only an egg-shell, for all that; and a touch of the finger will crush and destroy it. And so, formidable as it was in age, the presumption as to William Shakespeare's authorship of the great dramas, which for three hundred years had gone by his name, had only to be touched by the thumb and finger of common sense to crackle and shrivel"! Verily, Miss Delia Bacon, and Judge Holmes, as well as Mr. Appleton Morgan, might have saved themselves the trouble of all elaborate argument. So wondrous easy is it!—just a little pinch of the thumb and finger, and Shakespeare is snuffed out for ever!

It would seem unnecessary to examine, step by step—or rather pinch by pinch—the manner in which this doughty thumb and finger accomplish their simple task. The whole structure of this Shakespearean myth-building seems to cluster about the central fact, so incredible, that the world's greatest genius should have been a man of like passions with one of us; one of humble origin, who rose in the world by natural means, and was shrewd enough to win a competence from it; a man with too keen a sense of justice to allow a rascally neighbor to cheat him out of his just dues (instanced by a suit at law which he brought—a matter that Mr. Morgan harps upon with many vibrations of superlative contempt); a man, in short, who ate and drank, who required a roof over his head, and clothing to keep him warm, like his fellow-mortals. The marvel will never cease, with some, that the intellect which gave birth to "Lear," and "The Tempest," should also be endowed with common sense, and crave common wants. "Most of us authors of consequence," says Jean Paul, "hover before a reader as fine ethereal images, of whom it is hard to comprehend how they can eat a slice of bacon, or drink a glass of March beer, or wear a pair of boots." Verily, genius has always been a knotty problem, from the time of Homer, the strolling singer, to that of Burns, the peasant farmer. Rather than credit that the author of the great dramas was a man with the plain human traits of which we have pregnant hints in the scanty records fate has vouchsafed us, how much easier to construct a Frankenstein, or some vague, nebulous shape—some Specter of the Brocken, projected on the mists of our own misapprehensions!

Our critic seems to have come into some such mental condition, while he is warily avoiding to commit himself to the theory of Lord Bacon's sole authorship—a theory that, at least, has the merit of definiteness, and one that admits of a rational criticism and study of the plays and poems themselves, whoever be the author. But what shall be said of the astonishing receipt which Mr. Morgan presents as that on which is made up what we know as the Shakespearean literature? It could scarcely be called anything so artistic as mosaic work—for that would presuppose an artist working with a single idea—rather, a bedquilt of heterogeneous patchwork, as we have already seen. "Clearly, William Shakespeare, or some other playwright," he says, "took the dialogues of Bacon and Raleigh, put them into the form of plays, *introduced a clown here or a jade there*, interpolated saws and localisms," etc., and the "curled darlings," too, we are informed, "who frequented the side-doors," put their dainty fingers into this delectable dish! Heaven defend us! Is this literary criticism?

Where is the evidence, in the works called Shakespeare's, of any such preposterous mixture? On whose palate is there the flavor of any such stultifying hash, of minced Bacon, with Raleigh condiment, and scattered tidbits—the most unsavory morsels of the dish—of Master Manager Shakespeare, and the garlic of all manner of “curled darlings”? Who can peruse the great dramas and believe them such a conglomeration as this? Where is the slightest internal proof of such manufacture? The few instances of partnership in the plays are pretty well known, and usually quite determinable to students by manifest signs; but when it comes to making the whole Shakespearean literature one mass of patchwork, it is quite another matter. Even “the clown here or the jade there” show “the hand that rounded the dome” of “Lear” and “Othello”! The buffoonery of the plays—the sport and frolic of this literary *jotun*—as superlatively exceeds the achievement of his fellow-dramatists as do the dignified and lofty passages. Whatever instances there are of partnership—and they are few and slight, beyond all doubt—it is that of artistic work—artists, not mechanics, working with unity of design. Can we read one of these dramas and not perceive that it is impossible there could have been any such clumsy journey-work as is described?

The main proof in this matter is, after all, internal. It would seem as if we should not fail to convince a real student of the Shakespearean literature—with its pervading tone of individuality, its distinct flavor of style in almost every passage, delineation, and scene, under whatever disguise of character, under whatever ventriloquial utterance of sentiment—that there is but one voice under the mask; but one right hand beneath the cloak, wielding the puissant pen—unless, indeed, we be making some such experiment as we should by arguing with a subject of Daltonism on the appearance of a rainbow. There is an individual style common to all these writings—poems as well as dramas—a sleight of hand, as it were, in the peculiar manner of treating a theme so definite and manifest as to clearly show there is but one writer of the whole collection. I can not discover that it is in any respect less unmistakable than the style of Milton, or Spenser, Samuel Johnson, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, or Emerson. The brush in a painter's hand will move in a certain way, to some extent, beyond his control. Adepts tell us that no one, with the utmost effort, can conceal his penmanship; somewhere, in some unnoticed turn, the pen will betray its master. How much more difficult to escape detection in communicating the intimate workings of the brain! But it is not pretended, so far as I am aware, that any such

thing has been attempted in the works under consideration; and, had it been, the possibility of successfully accomplishing the feat on such an immense scale was out of the question.

This view of the case with respect to style seems to me of such importance as to be a complete test in itself—a proof not only of the single authorship of the works we call Shakespeare's, but of an authorship that is common to no other writings known in literature. If Shakespeare be not the author, the Great Unknown has left no other monument of his genius.

It is noticeable that the difficulties of the critical enterprise under discussion are immensely enhanced by the necessity of including the poems with the plays in the peculiar theory of authorship. This Mr. Morgan explicitly does, as he needs must. Hence the cue is: underrate their value; assume that they are of such a character that the sneaking author was only too happy to find some one willing to own them. Of the poems dedicated to the Earl of Southampton he says: “There was but one man available on whom to father them. A man with no reputation to lose, a vagabond—at anchor, indeed, but still a vagabond—a nobody, pretending to no standing or consequence, save on the boards of his own play-house, would father them, and that man was William Shakespeare”! (We must bear in mind that this able and attractive gentleman was co-author in the getting up of the immortal plays!) Can this be he of whom his fellow-dramatist and intimate friend wrote so fondly?—poet, court favorite, profound classical scholar that he was. Yet it was none other than this same Shakespeare of whom Ben Jonson says: “I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; he had excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions.” How strange that this keen-eyed man of the world—not without some germs (scarcely latent) of jealousy in his make-up—that instinct which thrusts, as it were, a microscope before the eye when another candidate for the honors itself is looking for comes within range—how strange that this shrewd man should have known so little of his intimate companion, and that we, in this third century, should know so much! Among the few meager records of Shakespeare's life there is nothing more explicit than the testimony to his honor and generosity, to his general personal worth as a man. Chettle says (“Kind-Hart's Dream,” 1592): “Myself have seen his demeanor, no less civil than excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his wit.” On the other hand, the

absurd jealousies of certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who would fain aspire to be his rivals, were no less excellent evidence in his favor.

But to return to the early poems referred to: What is the true point of view with regard to them? A glimpse into the literature of the age in which they were written shows that it was a common practice of the best writers to treat of themes and to handle them in a manner not acceptable to the tastes of our day. Coleridge pointed out long ago that Shakespeare is peculiar and eminent in the degree of his purity when placed side by side with his contemporaries—particularly the other writers for the stage. "His grossness," he says, "how diverse in kind is it from Beaumont and Fletcher's! Even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings." Compare him with the most eminent—not to mention the wallowing depths which hold almost the whole corps of Elizabethan playwrights. One turns in nausea from many a play in that list; and the opening of Shakespeare's book is like a breath of mountain air. The worst phase of the case is that the indecency, very frequently, is altogether second to the worse moral it envelops. As Coleridge remarks, "Though there are gross, there are no vicious passages in Shakespeare."

In the case of the two poems alluded to, it is noticeable that, however broad their treatment, there is no immoral teaching insinuated. "The Rape of Lucrece" is puritanic—scathing; and the hand of Tennyson or Whittier would not more highly uplift the standard of purity. Of the "Venus and Adonis" it can be said that, with all its grossness, there is no such use, in licentious teaching, of the opportunity offered by the subject as the average poet of that era would have embraced. And where, in all the starry range of that Elizabethan constellation, is there a poem of more exquisite rural description—richer in imaginative fervor?—

Even as the sun, with purple-colored face,

Hath taken his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase:

Hunting he loved; but love he laughed to scorn.

And yet these poems with their affluent treasures of beauty, and the unmistakable impress of that richly imaginative and individual style common to the plays, we are informed were "the joint, or several, productions of certain young men about town, certain 'curled darlings'" ("that strain again"—those dainty fingers, it seems, in all the contracts) "who affected Shakespeare's green-room, were foisted upon the wildest and most brazen of them all (Southampton), and sworn upon the complacent manager"! Truly, in involv-

ing such schemes, their misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows!

The necessity of placing the poems in the same predicament as the plays is, really, the most difficult of the many difficulties to be encountered. The hypothesis which will do duty in the theatre will not answer at all for these glowing, passionate songs of Shakespeare's youth; and yet, they stand or fall together. That tantalizing autobiography, unique in literary history, the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets—what shall be done with them? Did Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, embalm in this perfumed casket the love and friendship—the passionate errors, the fervid experiences, and the noble longings and aspirations of his youth?—did he go over them all in these immortal Sonnets that kindle and flush—that fairly palpitate beneath the icy hands of three long centuries? Shall we give them to him? or shall they be parceled out among the "curled darlings"? It is difficult to believe that Lord Bacon, christened Francis, thus wrote his heart-history down under the name of William:

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is WILL;

—and still more difficult to credit poems of such profound depth to those delicate, ringleted creatures we are told of! Half a dozen times, within a few lines, does the author of the Sonnets introduce his Christian name, with a tinkling shower of puns upon it. This golden thread of punning, by the way, weaving its sunshine through tragedy, comedy, song—is it not, of itself, an unimpeachable sign-manual—*W. S.* "his marke"? There are puns and puns—but the Shakespearean pun is a thing apart—a genus by itself.

But, we are told, the erudition displayed proves that the plays could not have had their origin in a mind that lacked the acquirements of a classical education; that Shakespeare, deficient in this, and with the business cares of a theatre on his hands, could not have written them. But, in truth, the writer of the great dramas—whoever he were—was not extraordinarily equipped in what may be gained from books merely. He is conspicuously less so than was Ben Jonson; a fact to be noted, where the profoundly erudite Bacon is in question. The genius is the great, overshadowing thing in this literature—the marvelous knowledge of the human soul; but the accumulated literature of the world had taught Shakespeare no more than a nimble intellect could have harvested from fields within his easy reach. Books were quite accessible to him; and stores of classical lore in numberless translations. Perhaps we feel sometimes a surprise that, with even his scanty early opportunities and his business

cares, he should still have made the blunders and anachronisms that he did. Pedantic Brother Ben, it is hinted, sometimes corrected his solecisms: picture his rendering my Lord Bacon the like service! How his fellow-scribblers good-humoredly bantered him on that bull he perpetrated in Julius Cæsar, which fairly out-Erins Erin:

Cæsar, thou dost me wrong!—

Cæsar did never wrong, *but with just cause!*

But the passage was early corrected; for the First Folios give only the altered form.

"Shakespeare built up an outward world from the stores within his mind, as the bee fills a hive with a thousand sweets from a thousand flowers"; but it requires no miracle to account for the knowledge derived from books which he displays. In fact, the stock in trade of his detractors has ever been the lack of learning and accurate scholarship alleged against him. It was the jeer of a handful of his envious contemporaries—Greene, the disappointed playwright; Nash, the bitter pamphleteer; Marston, and a few other authors of the dullest, most stilted and conceited lampoons ever penned. But their tongue was no slander. There are evidences, indeed, of an intellect that could hold in its grasp the wisdom of all ages; but there is, too, the easy nonchalance that cares little to display erudition—heedless, sometimes, of the most common inaccuracies. To this great revealer—so that he get nearer to the throbbing human heart—be "the tongue of the secret"—what are all chronologies? let civilizations separated by long centuries be mingled together on the stage; and let historical and geographical questions take care of themselves! If Bohemia will not extend to the sea, bring the sea to Bohemia: if Mohammed will not go to the mountain, the mountain shall come to Mohammed! But, after all, Shakespeare's blunders and inaccuracies are very few. Occurring in *him*, they have been placed under the microscope. And he shows no trifling knowledge of the written wealth of the world's heritage, if it be not marvelous. But of that mighty, creative genius, what can we more than exclaim with Coleridge: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

There is a striking unity of action in a play of Shakespeare's; and in each of the best of his dramas there seems to be an esoteric idea to the development of which every scene bends—a theme within the outward story, interblended with all its involutions. There is much more than lies upon the surface in this profound author. The leading characters are deep wells, into which, it would seem, some plummet is sounding, now and again, a greater depth than had before been supposed to exist. Sir Isaac

Newton, harassed by false claimants to the honor of his great discoveries, published some of them disguised in anagrammatic form. It would seem as if Shakespeare had thus enveloped and shrouded in occult meanings, with picturesque scenic representations, his dramas, designedly or otherwise, and that, when generations of study have given the key, the works stand forth with authentication beyond controversy of a definite, unmistakable unity of conception in the composition. Think of the deep meanings which have only within more recent years come to light in several of the most prominent of the great dramas; and, beyond question, the full depths have not yet been sounded. "Hamlet" is like one of the old vellum palimpsests. On its page—illuminated with gold and all manner of magnificent coloring—under the hand of the skillful antiquarian, is slowly being made visible one writing under another that had never been suspected to exist. It is not to be denied that ingenuity in this way has often "o'erleaped itself"; but none the less will every diligent student of the great dramas be more and more convinced that they are not the manufactured product of any patent combination process.

In order to make a theory of authorship against Shakespeare conceivable, it is, of course, necessary to imagine some coincidence of peculiar and extraordinary circumstances which will account for the stubborn fact (admitted on all hands) that the plays and poems attributed to him were believed by his contemporaries to be his composition—a belief on which not a whisper of doubt was breathed for nearly three centuries. Certainly, some very unequivocal proof is demanded of doubting Thomases at this late day, far more than vague, intangible surmises, collations of remotely resembling passages from Elizabethan authors, and dazed "wonderments" over the fact that an obscure youth, reared in the country with only medium school advantages, and not known to have been a descendant of William the Conqueror, or even of any titled family, should have turned out England's and the world's greatest poet. If Master Manager Shakespeare was only a shrewd money-maker, as incapable of "building the lofty rhyme" as the late Mr. Vanderbilt, it is a matter more difficult of explanation than anything else in all history that no one about him should ever have harbored the slightest suspicion of the fact. Imagine his position at the head of a large theatre, the focus of scores, perhaps hundreds, of keen eyes that must have scrutinized his every motion; picture him

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne;
—it is no stilted comparison; for, however small

the realm, he was the monarch of the little kingdom of the *Globe*, and must have been subject to as intense a gaze as any king upon a throne—surrounded, as he was, by his loyal friends and his "intimate enemies."

What a position was this for an illiterate money-maker to pretend to be the author of "Lear," "Macbeth," of the "Winter's Tale," and the "Sonnets"!—what a difficult rôle, to prepare scenes and speeches, and fit them to the capacities and personal traits of the actors, as the exigencies of the hour required! How impossible to pretend, successfully, to have just composed them; and to have kept up the imposture through the constant intercourse and consultation with his theatrical troupe on all manner of questions pertaining to the plays—their proper presentation and reception by the public! What a position was this for an ignorant schemer whose "Dorian mood" sang ever, "Put money in thy purse"; in the closest personal relations with so many; besides the eager curiosity of the great public, with whom his name was a household word; and to keep up this gigantic imposture for a space of twenty years!

It must not be forgotten how different was the situation of a dramatic author, who was also a stage-manager, from that of a private author. Edmund Spenser, in the retirement of Kilcolman Castle, it is barely conceivable might have stood sponsor to a "Faerie Queen," concocted by a dozen or so of his fellow-authors; but it is not conceivable that one of Shakespeare's plays could have been thus foisted upon the public. They were no "closet dramas": his actors were to act; his scenes were to be seen; and their composition must have been brought into very near and vital connection with their presentation. There must have been incidental changes very often, for purposes of the hour; there were, doubtless, questions as to the eligibility of particular scenes; and frequent changes must have been made, as, in fact, we know was the case, to make the "very palpable hit" with those strangely mixed audiences. We can fancy the very evolution of a play may almost have been seen issuing from the poet's brain; probably there were often portions on the boards, at rehearsals, ere the latter acts had become clothed in material form, like

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts—

at the creation, according to Milton.

It would make little difference in the decision of this question of authorship if it were true that Shakespeare had no contemporary appreciation to speak of—that the cultured part of his audiences, as Mr. Morgan says, gave "no recognition

of the plays as works worthy of any other than a stage-manager." But it is not true. Mr. Morgan shares a popular misconception—a misconception difficult to account for in face of the authenticated facts. But there is no room here to go over the evidence that Shakespeare was, during his life, one of the most popular poets who ever lived. De Quincey has shown this very clearly, and instances the fact that he amassed a fortune scarcely exceeded by any one, as the result of literary labor, even in modern times. If it be said that this was the fruit of his work as manager, it may well be asked, What made the unprecedented success of his theatre except the unprecedented popularity of his plays? The praises he received from his friends and the public were unbounded. His most illustrious fellow-dramatist, Ben Jonson, uses no measured terms:

While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much!

and again he exclaims:

He was not for an age, but for all time!

There is one thing which would prove Shakespeare's contemporary popularity beyond all doubt, were every other point of evidence destroyed; and that is, the extent to which "stolen and surreptitious copies" (as the First Folio editors say) were circulated. His plays were taken down in short-hand at the theatre; sometimes, it would seem, written out from memory; they were got hold of in any and every way—mangled, garbled—if only their printers could appease the public craving for something with the magic name, SHAKESPEARE, on the title-page! In some respects more annoying still, he was made responsible for a large number of spurious plays in addition to the pirated ones. The pirate attacks no valueless, empty ship; and his literary namesake showed the same instinct in Shakespeare's day when he attacked that richly freighted argosy, laden with the wealth of all climes and all ages.

The extent to which this piracy was carried on indicates a sufficient answer to what Mr. Morgan says of "the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block of the Shakespeareans," that is, the fact that the poet made no testamentary provision regarding his literary property. Undoubtedly, the copyright laws of the time did not extend to protecting from publication through the press literary productions that had already been published by means of the stage. However this may be, Shakespeare must have disposed of his plays, beyond question, as part of the "properties" of the theatre, before he retired to Stratford. In any case, if this circumstance argues indifference to the future welfare of the "children of his brain," what must be the indifference of that

author who would cast off and utterly disown his offspring for all time!

But there is a greater "stumbling-block" than this in that last will and testament of William Shakespeare—that *second best bed* bequeathed to his wife! It would seem to be a piece of furniture no less bulky than the Great Bed of Ware itself, from the importance Mr. Morgan attaches to it. He makes it a Procrustean bed, on which he lays the world's greatest literature to bring it to that measure! It matters little that we know Mrs. Anne Shakespeare to have been amply provided for by dower in a rich estate; that, possibly, she owned a complete set of *first best beds* in her own right; and that this gift may have been,

in reality, a token of kindly remembrance—nothing avails against the weight of those three unfortunate words! Through the changes to which our critic, by frequent repetition, subjects this humble piece of household furniture, it is made "a thing apart." By one picturesque setting after another it is transfigured in our eyes. No longer a simple "second best bed"—in the phrase of the bequest—it becomes, at last, "*the oldest and most rickety bedstead under his roof . . . which he tenderly bestows upon the wife of his youth and the mother of his children*"! There is something in the airy touch of fancy, and the revivifying power of the imagination, after all!

MYRON B. BENTON.

GODWIN AND SHELLEY.

THE poetic and the metaphysical temperaments are generally held to be in some sense incompatible. Poets, indeed, have often shown the highest speculative acuteness, and philosophy often implies a really poetical imagination. But the necessary conditions of successful achievement in the two cases are so different that the combination of the two kinds of excellence in one man must be of excessive rarity. No man can be great as a philosopher who is incapable of brooding intensely and perseveringly over an abstract problem, absolutely unmoved by the emotion which is always seeking to bias his judgment; while a poet is great in virtue of the keenness of his sensibility to the emotional aspect of every decision of the intellect. For the one purpose, it is essential to keep the passions apart from the intellect: for the other, to transfuse intellect with passion. A few of our metaphysicians have ventured into poetical utterance. Berkeley wrote a really fine copy of verses, and Hobbes struck out one famous couplet—

And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head—

in a translation of Homer, otherwise not easily readable. Scott proposed to publish the whole poetical works of David Hume, consisting of a remarkable quatrain composed in an inn at Carlisle.*

Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
Here godless boys God's glories squall,

Here Scotchmen's heads do guard the wall,
But Corby's walks atone for all.

The only exception to this rule in our literature seems to be Coleridge. Coleridge undoubtedly exercised a vast influence upon the speculation of his countrymen, while his poems possess merits of the rarest order. It is more worthy of remark that his poetry is successful pretty much in proportion as he keeps it clear of his philosophy. In "Christabel," the "Ancient Mariner," or "Kubla Khan," we can only discover the philosopher by the evidence of a mind richly stored with associations, and by the tendency to discover a mystical significance in natural objects. Some people would urge that his philosophy would have been improved if it had been equally free from poetical elements. In any case, Coleridge is an example of a combination of diverse excellence not easily to be paralleled. Another poet was supposed by some of his admirers to have similar claims upon our respect. Shelley seems to have thought himself as well fitted for abstract speculation as for poetry; and his widow declared that, had he lived longer, he might have "presented to the world a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge, and Kant would have contributed; but more simple, unimpeachable, and entire than the systems of those writers." The phrase is by itself enough to prove Mrs. Shelley's incompetence to form any opinion as to her husband's qualifications for this stupendous task. It is not by forming a patchwork of Berkeley, Kant, and Coleridge that a "complete theory of mind" is likely to be evolved; nor does it appear that Shelley really

* Hume's biographer, Mr. Hill Burton, gives some other verses attributed to Hume; but the impartial critic must admit that they are of inferior merit.

knew much about either of the latter writers ; certainly, he has not given the smallest proof of a power of original speculation in such matters. And yet, though it would be absurd to treat Shelley seriously as an originator of philosophic thought or even as a moderately profound student of philosophy, there is no doubt that his poetry contains a philosophical element which deserves consideration if only to facilitate the comprehension of his poetry.

Enough has been written by the competent and the incompetent, the prosaic and the poetical, the hyperbolic panegyrists and the calm analytical critics, of Shelley considered primarily as a poet. Nobody, as it seems to me, is entitled to add anything who has not himself a very unusual share, if not of Shelley's own peculiar genius, at least of receptivity for its products ; and, after all that has been written by the ablest writers, one can learn more of Shelley by getting, say, the "Adonais" or the "Ode to the Skylark" by heart than by studying volumes of talk about his works. At any rate, I feel no vocation to add to the mass of imperfectly appreciative disquisition. Recent discussions, however, seem to show both that some interest is still taken in the other aspect of Shelley's writings, and that an obvious remark or two still remains to be made. People are in doubt whether to classify Shelley as atheist, pantheist, or theist ; they dispute as to whether his writings represent the destructive spirit which undermines all that is good among men, or, on the contrary, are the fullest expression yet reached by any human being of the divinest element of religion. Were it not that some parallel phenomena might be very easily suggested, it would be surprising that the meaning of a writer, who had extraordinary powers of expressing himself clearly and an almost morbid hatred of anything like reticence, should be seriously doubtful. The explanation of the wonder is not, I think, very far to seek. For one thing, people have not yet made up their minds as to the true bearing of some opinions which Shelley undoubtedly held. The question whether they were of good or evil import is mixed up with the question as to whether they were true or false. Upon that problem I shall not touch ; but a few pages may be occupied by an attempt to indicate what, as a matter of fact, Shelley actually held, or rather what was his general attitude as to certain important questions. One result will probably be that it matters very little what he held so far as his influence upon our own conclusions is concerned. For, to say nothing of Shelley's incapacity to deal satisfactorily with the great controversies of his own time, our point of view has so much shifted that we can consider his opinions almost as calmly as those

of the Eleatics or the Pythagoreans. They are matters of history which need affect nobody at the present day.

The volume of essays by the late Mr. Bagehot, recently published, contains one upon Shelley, which deals very clearly and satisfactorily, as far as it goes, with this part of Shelley's work. Mr. Bagehot showed, with his usual acuteness, how Shelley's philosophy reflected the abnormal peculiarities of his character. He speaks less, however, of certain extraneous influences which must have materially affected Shelley's intellectual developments, and indeed seems to have partly overlooked them. He tells us, for example, that Shelley's poems show an "extreme suspicion of aged persons." Undoubtedly, a youthful enthusiast is apt to be shocked by the dogged conservatism of older men, who have been hammered into a more accurate measure of the immovable weight of superincumbent prejudice in the human mind. Shelley could not revolt against things in general without contracting some dislike to the forces against which he inevitably ran his head at starting. Even here, indeed, the charm of Shelley's unworldly simplicity for men of an opposite type, for cynics like Hogg, and Peacock, and Byron, is one of the pleasantest indications of his character. He attracted, and doubtless because he was attracted by, many who had nothing but contempt for his favorite enthusiasms, and it is still more evident that, however wayward was his career in some relations of life, he had a full measure of the young man's capacity for reverence. Dr. Lind seems to have been his earliest idol ; but a far more important connection was that with Godwin. Godwin was in his fifty-sixth and Shelley in his twentieth year when their correspondence began, and Godwin's most remarkable book was published when Shelley was in the cradle. Young gentlemen of nineteen, even though they belong to the immortals, consider a man of fifty-six to be tottering upon the verge of the grave. Books published before we could spell appear to have been composed before the invention of letters. To Shelley, in short, Godwin was to all intents and purposes a venerable sage, and a fitting embodiment of hoary wisdom. A guide, philosopher, and friend—an oracle who can sanction his aspirations and direct him to the most promising paths—is almost a necessity to every youthful enthusiast ; the more necessary in proportion as he has more emphatically broken with the established order. What J. S. Mill was to men who were in their early youth some twenty or thirty years ago, or Dr. Newman to young men of different views at a slightly earlier period, that Godwin was to Shelley in the years of his most impetuous speculation. A lad of genius reads old books with eager

appetite and learns something from them; but to get the full influence of ideas he must feel that they come from a living mouth, clothed in modern dialect, and applied to the exciting topics of the day. Perhaps neither Mill nor Dr. Newman said anything which might not be found implicitly contained in the writings of their spiritual ancestors. Much of Mill is already to be found in Locke, and Dr. Newman is at times the interpreter of Butler. But then Butler and Locke have been dead for a long time; and what the impatient youth requires is the direct evidence that the ancient principles are still alive and efficient. The old key has probably become rusty, and is more or less obsolete in form. The youth can not wait to oil and repair it for himself. He wants the last new invention spick and span, and ready to be applied at once to open the obstinate lock. Shelley read Helvetius and Holbach, and Berkeley and Hume; but, though they supplied him with a tolerably modern version of some ancient theories, they could not tell him by anticipation what precise form of argument would best crush Paley, or what specific policy would regenerate Ireland out of hand. For such purposes a young man wants the very last new teacher, and the chances are that he will read even the older philosophers through the spectacles which such a teacher is kind enough to provide.

Thus, when looking about in this dark world, given over as he thought to antiquated prejudice embodied in cruel injustice, poor Shelley greeted the writings of Godwin as the lost traveler greets a beacon-fire on a stormy night. They seemed to contain a new gospel. When he discovered the author to be a real human being, not one of the fixed stars that have been already guiding us from the upper firmament, he threw himself at the philosopher's feet with the rapt fervor of a religious neophyte. In his first letters to Godwin he pours out his heart: "Considering these feelings" (the feelings, namely, of reverence and admiration which he has entertained for the name of Godwin), "you will not be surprised at the inconceivable emotions with which I learned your existence and your dwelling. I had enrolled your name in the lists of the honorable dead. I had felt regret that the glory of your being had passed from this earth of ours. It is not so; you still live, and, I firmly believe, are still planning the welfare of human kind." A letter written soon afterward from Dublin is still more significant. It begins with a kind of invocation as to a saint. "Guide thou and direct me," exclaims the young gentleman; "in all the weakness of my inconsistencies bear with me; . . . when you reprove me, Reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decisions." He presently defends the impatience which Godwin has blamed by an argument which evidently

struck even Godwin as having an absurd side. The "Political Justice," he says, was first published nearly twenty years before (or almost at the dawn of history!), but yet what has resulted from the general diffusion of its doctrines? "Have men ceased to fight? Have woe and misery vanished from the earth?" Far from it! Obviously something must be done and that at once. Do I not well to be impatient, he says, when such reasonable expectations have been so cruelly disappointed?

It must be a most delightful sensation to have so ardent a disciple; but it must also be a trifle provoking when the ardor is of a kind to justify some misgiving as to the sanity of the proselyte. Even the vanity of a philosopher could hardly blind him to the fact that such extravagance tended to throw ridicule upon its object. Godwin, however, kept his countenance—a little too easily perhaps—and gave very sensible advice to his proselyte. He pointed out in substance that it was not altogether amazing that vice and misery had survived the publication of his wonderful book, and still recommended patience and acceptance of the strange stupidity of mankind. We may suppose that in later years Shelley's reverence lost a little of its warmth: he came to know Godwin personally. Moreover, among his other tenets, the calm philosopher held the comfortable doctrine that philosophers might and ought to receive pecuniary assistance from the rich without any loss of dignity. The practical application of this theory may perhaps have helped to convince Shelley that Godwin was not altogether free from earthly stains, and, in fact, not so indifferent as he ought to have been to the possible advantages of a connection with the heir to a baronetcy and a good estate.

For the present, however, Shelley sat humbly at Godwin's feet. He declared that from the "Political Justice" he had learned "all that was valuable in knowledge and virtue." He mixed with the queer little clique of vegetarians and crotchet-mongers who shared his reverence for Godwin and excited the bitter contempt of Hogg. It is, therefore, not surprising that we find Shelley's doctrines to present a curiously close coincidence with Godwin's. Partly, no doubt, it was simply a coincidence. Shelley's temperament predisposed him to accept conclusions which were in the air of the time, and which were to be found more or less represented in many of his other authorities. But, at any rate, we may fairly assume not only that he, as he was eager to proclaim, learned much from Godwin, but also that his whole course of thought was guided to a great degree by this living representative of his favorite theories. He studied the "Political Justice," pondered its words of wisdom, and exam-

ined its minutest details. One trifling indication may be mentioned. Among Shelley's fragmentary essays is one upon "A System of Government by Juries"—a "singular speculation," as Mr. Rossetti naturally remarks. But the explanation is simply that Godwin's theory, worked out in the "Political Justice," sets forth government by these so-called juries as the ultimate or penultimate stage of human society. Shelley, like a faithful disciple, was writing an incipient commentary upon one of his teacher's texts. The fragmentary "Essay on Christianity," of about the same date (1815), is virtually an attempt to show that the valuable part of the Christian religion is its supposed anticipation of Godwin's characteristic tenets. But the coincidence does not consist in any minute points of external resemblance. Godwin's political writings seem to have been pretty well forgotten, though some interest in him is maintained by "Caleb Williams" and by his relationship to Shelley. Hogg is evidently anxious to sink as much as possible the intellectual obligations of the disciple to so second-rate a teacher; and later writers upon Shelley are content to speak vaguely of Godwin as a man who had some philosophic reputation in his day, and some influence upon the poet. A full exposition of Godwin's theories would display the closeness of the mental affinity. That may be found elsewhere; but a brief indication of his main tendencies will be sufficient for the present purpose.

Godwin appeared to many youthful contemporaries—as may be seen from the brilliant sketch in Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age"—as a very incarnation of philosophy. "No work in our time," says Hazlitt, "gave such a blow to the philosophical mind of the country as the celebrated 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice.' Tom Paine was considered for the time a Tom Fool to him, Paley an old woman, Edmund Burke a flashy sophist. Truth, moral truth, it was supposed, had here taken up its abode, and these were the oracles of thought." Hazlitt is not given to measuring his words, and he was probably wishing to please the decaying old gentleman. But doubtless there is some truth in the statement. Godwin was admirably fitted to be an apostle of reason, so far as a man can be fitted for that high post by the negative qualifications of placid temper and singular frigidity of disposition. He works out the most startling and subversive conclusions with all the calmness of a mathematician manipulating a set of algebraical symbols. He lays down doctrines which shock not only the religious reverence, but the ordinary conscience of mankind, as quietly as if he were stating a proposition of Euclid. An entire absence of even a rudimentary sense of humor is,

of course, implied in this placid enunciation of paradoxes without the slightest perception of their apparent enormity. But then a sense of humor is just the quality which we do not desiderate in a revered philosopher.

It admits of more doubt whether Godwin possessed in any marked degree the positive qualification of high reasoning power. What is called "remorseless logic"—the ruthless sweeping aside of every consideration that conflicts with our deductions from certain assumptions—is as often a proof of weakness as of strength. Nothing is so easy as to be perfectly symmetrical and consistent, if you will calmly accept every paradox that flows from your principles, and call it a plain conclusion instead of a *reductio ad absurdum*. A man who is quite ready to say that black is white whenever the whiteness of black is convenient for his argument, may easily pass with some people for a great reasoner. Godwin, however, was beyond question a man of considerable power, though neither vigorous enough nor sufficiently familiar with the wider philosophical conceptions to produce results of much permanent value. Crude thinkers habitually mistake the blunders into which they, like their fathers before them, have fallen for genuine discoveries. They have once more made the old mistakes, and do not know that the mistakes have been exposed.

Godwin was familiar with the recent school of French materialists, and with the writings of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. He worked out by their help a system which curiously combines opposite modes of thought. He was, in one sense, a thoroughgoing skeptic. Nobody could set aside more completely the whole body of theological speculation. He assumes that all the old religions are exploded superstitions. He did not argue against theism, like Shelley; and, indeed, arguments that might lead him into personal difficulty were not much to his taste. But he virtually ignores all such doctrine as undeniably effete. So far he, of course, sympathizes with the French materialists, and with them he abolishes at one blow all the traditional and prescriptive beliefs of mankind. The fact that a doctrine has been generally accepted is a presumption rather against it than in its favor. He will believe nothing, nor even temporarily accept any practical precept which is not capable of direct scientific proof. But, in the next place, Godwin did not in any sense accept the materialism of the French writers. He, like other English thinkers, had been profoundly impressed by the idealism of Berkeley—to whose remarkable influence upon his countrymen we are perhaps only beginning to do justice. But then he extends Berkeley by the aid of Hume. He abolishes not only mat-

ter but mind. It may be still convenient to use the word mind, but in fact there is nothing, so far as we know, but a chain of "ideas" which somehow link themselves together so as to produce the complex idea we generally know by that name. Of any substratum, any internal power which causes the coherence of these ideas or of the universe in general, we know and can know absolutely nothing.

When a man has got so far, he not unfrequently begins to feel himself a little bewildered. Nothing is left—to quote from a philosopher of whom neither Godwin nor Shelley apparently ever heard—but "ceaseless change." "I know of no being, not even of my own. Pictures are—they are the only things which exist, and they know of themselves after the fashion of pictures; pictures which float past without there being anything past which they float, which by means of like pictures are connected with each other; pictures without anything which is pictured in them, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these pictures—nay, I am not even this, but merely a confused picture of the pictures. All reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a life which is dreamed of, and without a mind which dreams it: with a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself. Perception is the dream; thought is the dream of that dream."

This description of the thoroughgoing skeptical position might pass (to anticipate for a moment) for a description of the state of mind produced by some of Shelley's poetry. It is, at any rate, a state of mind from which a reasoner is generally anxious to provide some escape, lest all ground for reasoning should be cut away. How can knowledge be possible, if the mind is merely a stream of baseless impressions, cohering or separating according to radically unknowable laws? Godwin, however, goes on calmly, without any attempt to solve our difficulties, and proceeds to build up his scheme of perfectibility. Upon this shifting quicksand of utter skepticism he lays the foundations of his ideal temple of reason. For, as he argues, since a man is nothing but an aggregate of "ideas," he is capable of indefinite modification. Education or the influences of climate or race can have no ineradicable power upon this radically arbitrary combination of flitting phantasms. Anything may be the cause of anything; for cause means nothing but the temporary coherence of two sets of unsubstantial images. And hence, we may easily abolish all the traditional ties by which people have hitherto been bound together, and rearrange the whole structure of human society on principles of mathematical and infallible perfection. The force which is to weave ropes of sand, or rather to arrange

the separate independent unsubstantial atoms in a perfect mathematical sphere, rounded, complete, and eternal, is the force of reason.

Godwin is troubled by no misgiving as to the power of reason when all reality seems to have been abolished. He quietly takes for granted that reason is the sole and sufficient force by which men are or may be guided, and that it is adequate for any conceivable task. Not only can it transform society at large, but it is potentially capable of regenerating any given individual. The worst scoundrel could be made into a saint if only you could expose him to a continuous discharge of satisfactory syllogisms. Reason, as he calmly observes, is "omnipotent." Therefore, he infers, when a man's conduct is wrong, a very simple statement will not only show it to be wrong—just as it is easy to show that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third—but make him good. No perverseness, he thinks, would resist a sufficiently intelligible statement of the advantages of virtue. From this agreeable postulate, which he regards as pretty nearly self-evident, Godwin draws conclusions from some of which, great as was his courage in accepting absurdities, he afterward found it expedient to withdraw. Thus, for example, morality, according to him, means simply the right calculation of consequences—I must always act so as to produce the greatest sum of happiness. The accidental ties, the associations formed by contingent circumstances, are no more to override this principle than a proposition of Euclid is to vary when applied to different parts of space. Three angles of a triangle are as much equal to two right angles in England as in France. Similarly the happiness of an Englishman is just as valuable as the happiness of a Frenchman, and the happiness of a stranger as the happiness of my relations. Hence—so runs his logic—friendship, gratitude, and conjugal fidelity are simply mistakes. If my father is a worse man than a stranger, I should rather save the stranger's life than my father's, for I shall be contributing more to human happiness. If my wife and I are tired of each other, we had better form new connections, for it is unreasonable to sacrifice happiness to any accidental ties. Any particular rule, indeed, is so far a mistake: for to act upon such a rule is to disregard the general principles of reason. In every action and in every relation of life, I should hold myself absolutely free to act simply and solely with reference to the greatest happiness. Habits are bad, for habits imply disregard of reason, and all promises are immoral, for to keep a promise is to pay a blind obedience to the past. To punish is unreasonable; for, in pure reason, we have no more right to hate a villain than a viper or a cup of poison. The only

legitimate end of punishment is reform, and reform should be produced by argument instead of imprisonment. All coercion is clearly bad, for coercion is not argument; and, since all government implies coercion, all government is immoral. Society, in short, must be reduced to an aggregate of independent atoms, free from all conventions, from all prescriptive rights and privileges, without the slightest respect for any traditional institutions, and acting at every moment in obedience to the pure dictates of reason.

When these principles have forced their way, and the omnipotence of reason shows their triumph to be only a question of time, we shall reach the millennium. Mind will then be omnipotent over matter (though it is rather hard to say what either of those two entities may be); kings, priests, laws, and family associations will disappear; and every man will live in perfect peace and happiness in the light of reason. One difficulty, indeed, suggests itself. Why, if reason be thus omnipotent, has it done so little in the past? Whence this persistence of inequality and injustice, this enormous power of sheer obstinate unreasoning prejudice in a set of beings which are to be so completely regenerated by the power of pure reason? Monarchy, he declares summarily, is founded on imposture. How, if reason be the one force, has imposture been so successful, and, if successful for so long, why should it not be successful hereafter?

To this Godwin has no very intelligible answer, or perhaps he hardly sees that an answer is desirable. But, in truth, his whole system appears to be so grotesque when brought to one focus and distinctly stated, that we must in fairness recall two things: first, that most philosophical systems appear absurd when summarized after their extinction; and, secondly, that in bringing out in a very brief space the most salient features of such a doctrine, it is quite impossible to avoid caricature. There is enough not only of apparent philosophy in it, but of really intelligent—though strangely one-sided—reflection to enable us to understand how this deification of reason, falling in with the most advanced movements of the time, should affect Shelley's simple, impulsive, and marvelously imaginative nature. Men of much stricter logical training considered Godwin to be a great, if paradoxical, thinker, and Shelley, who had rather an affinity for abstract metaphysical ideas than a capacity for constructing them with logical wholes, was for a time entirely carried away. When after reading Godwin's quiet prosaic enunciation of the most startling paradoxes in the least impassioned language, we turn to Shelley's poetical interpretation, the two seem to be related as the stagnant pool to the rainbow-colored mist into which it has been

transmuted. Shelley's fervid enthusiasm has vaporized the slightly muddy philosophic prose, changed it into impalpable ether, and tinged it with the most brilliant, if evanescent, hue. Shelley had certainly learned from others besides Godwin, and in particular had begun those Platonic readings which afterward generated his characteristic belief in a transcendental world, the abode of the archetypal ideas of beauty, love, and wisdom. But through all his poetry we find a recurrence of the same ideas which he had originally imbibed from his first master.

The Godwinism, indeed, is strongest in the crude poetry of "*Queen Mab*," where many passages read like the "*Political Justice*" done into verse. So, for example, we have a naïf statement of the incoherent theory which has already been noticed in Godwin's treatise. After pointing to some of the miseries which afflict unfortunate mankind, and observing that they are not due to man's "evil nature," which, it seems, is merely a figment invented to excuse crimes, the question naturally suggests itself, To what, then, can all this mischief be due? Nature has made everything perfect and harmonious, except man. On man alone she has, it seems, heaped "ruin, vice, and slavery." But the indignant answer is given:

Nature! No!

Kings, priests, and statesmen blast the human flower
Even in its tender bud; their influence darts
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins
Of desolate society.

According to this ingenious view, "kings, priests, and statesmen" are something outside of, and logically opposed to, Nature. They represent the evil principle in this strange dualism. Whence this influence arises, how George III. and Paley and Lord Eldon came to possess an existence independent of Nature, and acquired the power of turning all her good purpose to naught, is one of those questions which we can hardly refrain from asking, but which it would be obviously unkind to press. Still less would it be to the purpose to ask how this beneficent Nature is related to the purely neutral necessity, which is "the mother of the world," or how, between the two, such a monstrous birth as the "prolific fiend" Religion came into existence. The crude incoherence of the whole system is too obvious to require exposition; and yet it is simply an explicit statement of Godwin's theories put forth with inconvenient excess of candor. The absurdities slurred over by the philosopher are thrown into brilliant relief by the poet.

Shelley improved as a poet, and in a degree rarely exemplified in poetry, between "*Queen Mab*" and the "*Prometheus*"; but even in the "*Prometheus*" and his last writings we find a

continued reflection of Godwin's characteristic views. Everywhere as much a prophet as a poet, Shelley is always announcing, sometimes in exquisite poetry, the advent of the millennium. His conception of the millennium, if we try to examine precisely what it is, always embodies the same thought, that man is to be made perfect by the complete dissolution of all the traditional ties by which the race is at present bound together. In the passage which originally formed the conclusion to the "Prometheus," the "Spirit of the Hour" reveals the approaching consummation. The whole passage is a fine one, and it is almost a shame to quote fragments; but we may briefly observe that in the coming world everybody is to say exactly what he thinks; women are to be

. . . . gentle radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons are to be abolished when reason is absolute; and when

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself.

To be "unclassed, tribeless, and nationless," and, we may add, without marriage, is to be in the lowest depths of barbarism. It is so, at least, in the world of realities. But the description will fit that "state of nature" of which philosophers of the time delighted to talk. The best comment is to be found in Godwin. The great mistake of Rousseau, says that writer, was that while truly recognizing government to be the source of all evil, he chose to praise the state which preceded government, instead of the state which, we may hope, will succeed its abolition. When we are perfect, we shall get rid of all laws of every kind, and thus, in some sense, the ultimate goal of all progress is to attain precisely to that state of nature which Rousseau regretted as a theory of the past, and which is described in Shelley's glowing rhetoric.

The difficulty of making this view coherent is curiously reflected in the mechanism of Shelley's great poem; great it is, for the marvel of its lyrical excellence is fortunately independent of the conceptions of life and human nature which it is intended to set forth. If all the complex organization which has slowly evolved itself in the course of history, the expression of which is civilization, order, coherence, and coöperation in the different departments of life, is to be set down as

an unmitigated evil, the fruit of downright imposture, all history becomes unintelligible. Man, potentially perfectible, has always been the sport of what seems to be malignant and dark power of utterly inexplicable origin and character. Shelley, we are told, could not bear to read history. The explanation offered is that he was too much shocked by the perpetual record of misery, tyranny, and crime. A man who can see nothing else in history is obviously a very inefficient historian. Godwin tells us that he had learned from Swift's bitter misanthropy the truth that all political institutions are hopelessly corrupt. A fusion of the satirist's view, that all which is is bad, with the enthusiast's view, that all which will be will be perfect, just expresses Shelley's peculiar mixture of optimism and pessimism. When we try to translate this into a philosophical view or a poetical representation of the world, the consequence is inevitably perplexing.

Thus Shelley tells us in the preface to the "Prometheus," that he could not accept the view, adopted by Æschylus, of a final reconciliation between Jupiter and his victim. He was "averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind. He can not be content with the intimate mixture of good and evil which is presented in the world as we know it. He must have absolute good on one side, contrasted with absolute evil on the other. But it would seem—as far as one is justified in attaching any precise meaning to poetical symbols—that the fitting catastrophe to the world's drama must be in some sense a reconciliation between Prometheus and Jupiter; or, in other words, between the reason and the blind forces by which it is opposed. The ultimate good must be not the annihilation of all the conditions of human life, but the slow conquest of nature by the adaptation of the life to its conditions. We learn to rule nature, as it is generally expressed, by learning to obey it. Any such view, however, is uncongenial to Shelley, though he might have derived it from Bacon, one of the professed objects of his veneration. The result of his own view is that the catastrophe of the drama is utterly inexplicable and mysterious. Who are Jupiter and Demogorgon? Why, when Demogorgon appears in the car of the Hours, and tells Jupiter that the time is come, and that they are both to dwell together in darkness henceforth, does Jupiter immediately give up with a cry of Ai! Ai! and descend (as one can not help irreverently suggesting) as through a theatrical trap-door? Dealing with such high matters, and penetrating to the very ultimate mystery of the universe, we must of course be prepared for surprising inversions. A mysterious blind destiny is at the bottom of

everything, according to Shelley, and of course it may at any moment crush the whole existing order in utter annihilation. And yet, it is impossible not to feel that here, too, we have still the same incoherence which was shown more crudely in "Queen Mab." The absolute destruction of all law, and of law not merely in the sense of human law, but of the laws in virtue of which the stars run their course and the frame of the universe is bound together, is the end to which we are to look forward. It will come when it will come; for it is impossible to join on such a catastrophe to any of the phenomenal series of events, of which alone we can obtain any kind of knowledge. The actual world, it is plain, is regarded as a hideous nightmare. The evil dream will dissolve and break up when something awakes us from our mysterious sleep; but that something, whatever it may be, must of course be outside the dream, and not a consummation worked out by the dream itself. We expect a catastrophe, not an evolution. And, finally, when the dream dissolves, when the "painted veil" called life is drawn aside, what will be left?

Some answer—and a remarkable answer—is given by Shelley. But first we may say one word in reference to a point already touched. The entire dissolution of all existing laws was part of Shelley's, as of Godwin's, programme. The amazing calmness with which the philosopher summarily disposes of marriage in a cursory paragraph or two, as (in the words of the old story) a fond thing, foolishly invented and repugnant to the plain teaching of reason, is one of the most grotesque crudities of his book. This doctrine has to be taken into account both in judging of Shelley's character and considering some of his poetical work. It is, of course, frequently noticed in extenuation or aggravation of the most serious imputation upon his character. We are told that Shelley can be entirely cleared by revelations which have not as yet been made. That is satisfactory, and would be still more satisfactory if we were sure that his apologists fully appreciated the charge. According to the story as hitherto published, we can only say that his conduct seems to indicate a flightiness and impulsiveness inconsistent with real depth of sentiment. The complaint is that he behaved ill to the first Mrs. Shelley, considered not as a wife, but as a human being, and as a human being then possessing a peculiar and special claim upon his utmost tenderness. This is only worth saying in order to suggest the answer to a casuistical problem which seems to puzzle his biographers. Is a man the better or the worse because, when he breaks a moral law, he denies it to be moral? Is he to be more or less condemned because, while committing a murder, he proceeds to assert that every-

body ought to commit murder when he chooses? Without seeking to untwist all the strands of a very pretty problem, I will simply say that, to my mind, the question must in the last resort be simply one of fact. What we have to ask is the quality implied by his indifference to the law. If a man acts wrongly from benevolent feeling, misguided by some dexterous fallacy, his error affords no presumption that he is otherwise intrinsically bad. If, on the other hand, his indifference to the law arises from malice or sensuality, it must of course lower our esteem for him in proportion, under whatever code of morality he may please to shelter his misdoings.

In Shelley's particular case we should probably be disposed to ascribe his moral deficiencies to the effect of crude but specious theory upon a singularly philanthropic but abnormally impulsive mind. No one would accuse him of any want of purity or generosity; but we might regard him as wanting in depth and intensity of sentiment. Allied to this moral weakness is his incapacity for either feeling in himself or appreciating in others the force of ordinary human passions directed to a concrete object. The only apology that can be made for his selection of the singularly loathsome motive for his drama is in the fact that in his hands the chief character becomes simply an incarnation of purely intellectual wickedness; he is a new avatar of the mysterious principle of evil which generally appears as a priest or king; he represents the hatred to good in the abstract rather than subservience to the lower passions. It is easy to understand how Shelley's temperament should lead him to undervalue the importance of the restraints which are rightly regarded as essential to social welfare, and fall in with Godwin's tranquil abolition of marriage as an uncomfortable fetter upon the perfect liberty of choice. But it is also undeniable that the defect not only makes his poetry rather unsatisfying to those coarser natures which can not support themselves on the chameleon's diet, but occasionally leads to unpleasant discords. Thus, for example, the worshipers of Shelley generally regard the "Epipsychidion" as one of his finest poems, and are inclined to warn off the profane vulgar as unfitted to appreciate its beauties. It is, perhaps, less difficult to understand than sympathize very heartily with the sentiment by which it is inspired. There are abundant precedents, both in religious and purely imaginative literature, for regarding a human passion as in some sense typifying, or identical with, the passion for ideal perfection. So far a want of sympathy may imply a deficiency in poetic sensibility. But I can not believe that the "Vita Nuova" (to which we are referred) would have been the better if Dante had been careful to explain that

there was another lady besides Beatrice for whom he had an almost equal devotion; nor do I think that it is the prosaic part of us which protests when Shelley thinks it necessary to expound his anti-matrimonial theory in the "Epipsychidion." Why should he tell us that—

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,

and so on—in short, that he despises the "modern morals" which distinctly approve of monogamy? Human love, one would say, becomes a fitting type of a loftier emotion, in so far as it implies exclusive devotion to its object. During this uncomfortable intrusion of a discordant theory, we seem to be listening less to the passionate utterance of a true poet than to the shrill tones of a conceited propagator of flimsy crotchets, proclaiming his tenets without regard to truth or propriety. Mrs. Shelley does not seem to have entered into the spirit of the composition; and we can hardly wonder if she found this little bit of argument rather a stumbling-block to her comprehension.

To return, however, from these moral deductions to the more general principles. It is scarcely necessary to insist at length upon the peculiar idealism implied in Shelley's poetry. It is, of course, the first characteristic upon which every critic must fasten. The materials with which he works are impalpable abstractions where other poets use concrete images. His poetry is like the subtle veil woven by the Witch of Atlas from "threads of fleecy mist," "long lines of light," such as are kindled by the dawn and "star-beams." When he speaks of natural scenery the solid earth seems to be dissolved, and we are in presence of nothing but the shifting phantasmagoria of cloudland, the glow of moonlight on eternal snow, or the "golden lightning of the setting sun." The only earthly scenery which recalls Shelley to a more material mind is that which one sees from a high peak at sunrise when the rising vapors tinged with prismatic colors shut out all signs of human life, and we are alone with the sky and the shadowy billows of the sea of mountains. Only in such vague regions can Shelley find fitting symbolism for those faint emotions suggested by the most abstract speculations, from which he alone is able to extract an unearthly music. To insist upon this would be waste of time. Nobody, one may say briefly, has ever expanded into an astonishing variety of interpretation the familiar text of Shakespeare—

. . . . We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little lives
Are rounded with a sleep.

The doctrine is expressed in a passage in "Hellas," where Ahasuerus states this as the final result of European thought. The passage, like so many in Shelley, shows that he had Shakespeare in his mind without exactly copying him. The Shakespearean reference to the "cloud-capped towers" and "gorgeous palaces" is echoed in the verses which conclude with the words—

. . . . This whole
Of suns and worlds, and men and beasts, and flowers,
With all the violent and tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision: *all that it inherits*
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being.
Naught is but that it feels itself to be.

The italicized words point to the original in "The Tempest"; but Shelley proceeds to expound his theory more dogmatically than Prospero, and we are not quite surprised when Mahmoud is puzzled and declares that the words "stream like a tempest of dazzling mist through his brain." The words represent the most characteristic effect of Shelley as accurately as the aspect of consistent idealism to a prosaic mind.

It need not be said how frequently the thought occurs in Shelley. We might fix him to a metaphysical system if we interpreted him prosaically. When in "Prometheus" Panthea describes to Asia a mysterious dream, suddenly Asia sees another shape pass between her and the "golden dew" which gleams through its substance. "What is it?" she asks. "It is mine other dream," replies Panthea. "It disappears," exclaims Asia. "It passes now into my mind," replies Panthea. We are, that is, in a region where dreams walk as visible as the dreamers, and pass into or out of a mind which is indeed only a collection of dreams. The archaic mind regarded dreams as substantial or objective realities. In Shelley the reality is reduced to the unsubstantiality of a dream. To the ordinary thinker, the spirit is (to speak in materialist language) the receptacle of ideas. With Shelley, a little further on, we find that the relation is inverted; spirits themselves inhabit ideas; they live in the mind as in an ocean. Thought is the ultimate reality which contains spirits and ideas and dreams, if, rather, it is not simpler to say that everything is a dream.

The Faerie-land of Spenser might be classified in our inadequate phraseology as equally "ideal" with Shelley's impalpable scenery. But Spenser's allegorical figures are as visible as the actors in a masque; and, in fact, the "Faerie Queen" is a masque in words. His pages are a gallery of

pictures, and may supply innumerable subjects for the artist. To illustrate Shelley would be as impossible as to paint a strain of music, unless, indeed, some of Turner's cloud scenery may be taken as representative of his incidental descriptions.

This language frequently reminds us of metaphysical doctrines which were unknown to Shelley in their modern shape. Nobody, perhaps, is capable of thinking in this fashion in ordinary life; and Shelley, with all his singular visions and hallucinations, probably took the common-sense view of ordinary mortals in his dealings with commonplace or facts. It is surprising enough that, even for purely poetical purposes, he could continue this to the ordinary conceptions of object and subject. But his familiarity with this point of view may help to explain some of the problems as to his ultimate belief. It is plain that he was in some sense dissatisfied with the simple skepticism of Godwin. But he found no successor to guide his speculations. Coleridge once regretted that Shelley had not applied to him instead of Southey, who, in truth, was as ill qualified as a man could well be to help a young enthusiast through the mazes of metaphysical entanglement. It is idle to speculate upon the possible result. Shelley, if we may judge from a passage in his epistle to Mrs. Gisborne, had no very high opinion of Coleridge's capacity as a spiritual guide. Shelley, in fact, in spite of his so-called mysticism, was an ardent lover of clearness, and would have been disgusted by the haze in which Coleridge enwrapped his revelations to mankind. But Coleridge might possibly have introduced him to a sphere of thought in which he could have found something congenial. One parallel may be suggested which will perhaps help to illustrate this position.

Various passages have been quoted from Shelley's poetry to prove that he was a theist and a believer in immortality. His real belief, it would seem, will hardly run into any of the orthodox molds. It is understood as clearly as may be in the conclusion to "The Sensitive-Plant":

... in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we see the shadows of the dream.
It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there
In truth have never passed away;
'Tis we, 'tis ours have changed; not they.

A fuller exposition of the thought is given in
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the "Adonais"; and some of the phrases suggest the parallel to which I refer. I have already quoted from one of the popular works of Fichte, "The Vocation of Man," a vigorous description of that state of utter skepticism which seems at one point to be the final goal of his idealism, as it was that of the less elaborate form of the same doctrine which Godwin had learned from Berkeley. Godwin, as I have said, was content to leave the difficulty without solution. Fichte escaped, or thought that he escaped, by a solution which restores a meaning to much of the orthodox language. Whether his mode of escape was satisfactory or his final position intelligible, is of course another question. But it is interesting to observe how closely the language in which his final doctrine is set forth to popular readers resembles some passages in the "Adonais." I will quote a few phrases which may be sufficiently significant.

Shelley, after denouncing the unlucky "Quarterly Reviewer" who had the credit of extinguishing poor Keats, proceeds to find consolation in the thought that Keats has now become

... a portion of the eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same
While thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of
shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And, in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—we decay
Like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief
Convulse and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.

So, when Fichte has achieved his deliverance from skepticism, his mind is closed for ever against embarrassment and perplexity, doubt, uncertainty, grief, repentance, and desire. "All that happens belongs to the plan of the eternal world and is good in itself." If there are beings perverse enough to resist reason, he can not be angry with them, for they are not free agents. They are what they are, and it is useless to be angry with "blind and unconscious nature." "What they actually are does not deserve my anger; what might deserve it they are not, and they would not deserve it if they were. My displeasure would strike an impalpable nonentity," an "invulnerable nothing," as Shelley puts it. They are, in short, parts of the unreal dream to which belong grief, and hope, and fear, and desire. Death is the last of evils, he goes on; for the hour of death is the hour of birth to a new, more excellent life. It is, as Shelley says, wak-

ing from a dream. And now, when we have no longer desire for earthly things, or any sense for the transitory and perishable, the universe appears clothed in a more glorious form. "The dead, heavy mass, which did but stop up space, has perished; and in its place there flows onward, with the rushing music of mighty waves, an eternal stream of life, and power, and action, which issues from the original source of all life—from thy life, O Infinite One! for all life is thy life, and only the religious eye penetrates to the realm of true beauty. In all the forms that surround me, I behold the reflection of my own being, broken up into countless diversified shapes, as the morning sun, broken in a thousand dew-drops, sparkles toward itself," a phrase which recalls Shelley's famous passage a little further on:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

The application, indeed, is there a little different; but Shelley has just the same thought of the disappearance of the "dead, heavy mass" of the world of space and time. Keats, too, is translated to the "realm of true beauty":

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
The part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there
All new successions to the forms they wear!
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees, and beasts, and men, into the heaven's
light.

There are important differences, as the metaphysician would point out, between the two conceptions, and language of a similar kind might be found in innumerable writers before and since. I only infer that the two minds are proceeding, if one may say so, upon parallel lines. Fichte, like Shelley, was accused of atheism, and his language would, like Shelley's, be regarded by mere readers as an unfair appropriation of old words to new meanings. Shelley had of course no definite metaphysical system to set beside that of the German philosopher; and had learned what system he had rather from Plato than from Kant. It may also be called significant that Fichte finds the ultimate point of support in conscience or duty; whereas, in Shelley's theory, duty seems to vanish, and the one ultimate reality to be rather love of the beautiful. But it would be pedantic to attempt the discovery of a definite system of opinion where there is really nothing but a certain intellectual tendency. One can only say that, somehow or

other, Shelley sought comfort under his general sense that everything is but the baseless fabric of a vision, and moreover a very uncomfortable vision, made up of pain, grief, and the "unrest which men miscall delight," in the belief, or, if belief is too strong a word, the imagination of a transcendental and eternal world of absolute perfection, entirely beyond the influence of "chance, and death, and mutability." Intellectual beauty, to which he addresses one of his finest poems, is the most distinct name of the power which he worships. "Thy light alone," he exclaims—

Thy light alone, like mist on mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives peace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

In presence of such speculations, the ordinary mass of mankind will be content with declaring that the doctrine, if it can be called a doctrine, is totally unintelligible. The ideal world is upon this vein so hopelessly dissevered from the real, that it can give us no consolation. If life is a dream, the dream is the basis of all we know, and it is small comfort to proclaim its unreality. A truth existing all by itself in a transcendental vacuum entirely unrelated to all that we call fact, is a truth in which we can find very small comfort. And upon this matter, I have no desire to differ from the ordinary mass of mankind. In truth, Shelley's creed means only a vague longing, and must be passed through some more philosophical brain before it can become a fit topic for discussion.

But the fact of this unintelligibility is by itself an explanation of much of Shelley's poetical significance. When the excellent Godwin talked about perfectibility and the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, he was in no sort of hurry about it. He was a good deal annoyed when Malthus crushed his dreams, by recalling him to certain very essential conditions of earthly life. Godwin, he said in substance, had forgotten that human beings have got to find food and standing-room on a very limited planet, and to rear children to succeed them. Remove all restraints after the fashion proposed by Godwin, and they will be very soon brought to their senses by the hard pressure of starvation, misery, and vice. Godwin made a feeble ostensible reply, but, in practice, he was content to adjourn the realization of his hopes for an indefinite period. Reason, he reflected, might be omnipotent, but he could not deny that it would take a long time to put forth its power. He had the strongest possible objections to any of those rough and ready modes of forcing men to be reasonable which had culminated in the revolution. So he gave up the trade

of philosophizing, and devoted himself to historical pursuits, and the preparation of wholesome literature for the infantile mind. To Shelley, no such calm abnegation of his old aims was possible. He continued to assert passionately his belief in the creed of his early youth; but it became daily more difficult to see how it was to be applied to the actual men of existence. He might hold in his poetic raptures that the dreams were the only realities, and the reality nothing but a dream; but he, like other people, was forced to become sensible to the ordinary conditions of mundane existence.

The really exquisite strain in Shelley's poetry is precisely that which corresponds to his dissatisfaction with his master's teaching. So long as Shelley is speaking simply as a disciple of Godwin, we may admire the melodious versification, the purity and fineness of his language, and the unflinching and, in its way, unrivaled beauty of his ærial pictures. But it is impossible to find much real satisfaction in the informing sentiment. The enthusiasm rings hollow, not as suggestive of insincerity, but of deficient substance and reality. Shelley was, in one aspect, a typical though a superlative example of a race of human beings, which has, it may be, no fault except the fault of being intolerable. Had he not been a poet (rather a bold hypothesis, it must be admitted), he would have been a most insufferable bore. He had a terrible affinity for the race of crotchets, the people who believe that the world is to be saved out of hand by vegetarianism, or female suffrage, or representation of minorities, the one-sided, one-ideaed, shrill-voiced, and irrepressible revolutionists. I say nothing against these particular nostrums, and still less against their advocates. I believe that bores are often the very salt of the earth, though I confess that the undiluted salt has for me a disagreeable and acrid savor. The devotees of some of Shelley's pet theories have become much noisier than they were when the excellent Godwin ruled his little clique. It is impossible not to catch in Shelley's earlier poetry, in "Queen Mab" and in "The Revolt of Islam," the apparent echo of much inexpressibly dreary rant which has deafened us from a thousand platforms. The language may be better; the substance is much the same.

This, which to some readers is an annoyance, is to others a topic of extravagant eulogy. Not content with urging the undeniable truth that Shelley was a man of wide and generous sympathy, a detester of tyranny and a contemner of superstition, they speak of him as though he were both a leader of thought and a practical philanthropist. To make such a claim is virtually to expose him to an unfair test. It is simply ridiculous to demand for Shelley the kind of praise

which we bestow upon the apostles of great principles in active life. What are we to say upon this hypothesis to the young gentleman who is amazed because vice and misery survive the revelations of Godwin, and whose reforming ardors are quenched—so far as any practical application goes—by the surprising experience that animosities fostered by the wrongs of centuries are not to be pacified by publishing a pamphlet or two about equality, justice, and freedom, or by a month's speechification in Dublin? If these were Shelley's claims upon our admiration, we should be justified in rejecting them with simple contempt, or we should have to give the sacred name of philanthropist to any reckless, impulsive school-boy who thinks his elders fools and proclaims as a discovery the most vapid rant of his time. Admit that Shelley's zeal was as pure as you please, and that he cared less than nothing for money or vulgar comfort; but it is absurd to bestow upon him the praise properly reserved for men whose whole lives have been a continuous sacrifice for the good of their fellows. Nor can I recognize anything really elevating in those portions of Shelley's poetry which embody this shallow declamation. It is not the passionate war-cry of a combatant in a deadly grapple with the forces of evil, but the wail of a dreamer who has never troubled himself to translate the phrases into the language of fact. Measured by this—utterly inappropriate—standard, we should be apt to call Shelley a slight and feverish rebel against the inevitable, whose wrath is little more than the futile, though strangely melodious, crackling of thorns.

To judge of Shelley in this mode would be to leave out of account precisely those qualities in which his unique excellence is most strikingly manifested. Shelley speaks, it is true, as a prophet; but, when he has reached his Pisgah, it turns out that the land of promise is by no means to be found upon this solid earth of ours, or definable by degrees of latitude and longitude, but is an unsubstantial phantasmagoria in the clouds. It is vain, too, that he declares that it is the true reality, and that what we call a reality is a dream. The transcendental world is—if we may say so—not really the world of archetypal ideas, but a fabric spun from empty phrases. The more we look at it, the more clearly we recognize its origin; it is the refracted vision of Godwin's prosaic system seen through an imaginative atmosphere. But that which is really admirable is, not the vision itself, but the pathetic sentiment caused by Shelley's faint recognition of its obstinate unsubstantiality. It is with this emotion that every man must sympathize in proportion as his intellectual aspirations dominate his lower passions. Forgetting all tiresome crotchets and

vapid platitudes, we may be touched, almost in proportion to our own elevation of mind, by the unsatisfied yearning for which Shelley has found such manifold and harmonious utterance. There are moods in which every sensitive and philanthropic nature groans under the

. . . . heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Whatever our ideal may be, whatever the goal to which we hope to see mankind approximate, our spirits must often flag with a sense of our personal insignificance, and of the appalling dead weight of multiform impediments which crushes the vital energies of the world, like Etna lying upon the Titan. This despair of finding any embodiment for his own ideal, of bridging over the great gulf fixed between the actual world of sin, and sorrow, and stupidity, and the transcendental world of joy, love, and pure reason, represents the final outcome of Shelley's imperfect philosophy, and gives the theme of his most exquisite poetry. The doctrine symbolized in the "Alastor" by the history of the poet who has seen in vision a form of perfect beauty, and dies in despair of ever finding it upon earth (he seems, poor man! to have looked for it somewhere in the neighborhood of Afghanistan), is the clew to the history of his own intellectual life. He is happiest when he can get away from the world altogether into a vague region, having no particular relation to time or space; to the valleys haunted by the nymphs in the "Prometheus"; or the mystic island in the "Epipsychidion," where all sights and sounds are as the background of a happy dream, fitting symbols of sentiments too impalpable to be fairly grasped in language; or that "calm and blooming cove" of the lines in the Eugeanean hills.

The lyrics which we all know more or less by

heart are but so many different modes of giving utterance to—

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

He is always dwelling upon the melancholy doctrine expressed in his last poem by the phrase that God has made good and the means of good irreconcilable. The song of the skylark suggests to him that we are doomed to "look before and after," and to "pine for what is not." Our sweetest songs (how should it be otherwise?) are those which tell of saddest thought. The wild commotion in sea, sky, and earth, which heralds the approach of the southwest wind, harmonizes with his dispirited restlessness, and he has to seek refuge in the vague hope that his thoughts, cast abroad at random like the leaves and clouds, may somehow be prophetic of a magical transformation of the world. His most enduring poetry is, in one way or other, a continuous comment upon the famous saying in "Julian and Maddalo," suggested by the sight of his fellow-Utopian, whose mind has been driven into madness by an uncongenial world:

. . . . Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Some poets suffer under evils of a more tangible kind than those which tormented Shelley; and some find a more satisfactory mode of escape from the sorrows which beset a sensitive nature. But the special beauty of Shelley's poetry is so far due to the fact that we feel it to be the voice of a pure and lofty nature, however crude may have been the form taken by some of his unreal inspiration.

LESLIE STEPHEN, in *Cornhill Magazine*.

PICKING UP THE PIECES: A COMEDY.

It is morning in Mrs. MELTON's apartment in Florence. All the furniture is gathered into the middle of the room, and covered with a sheet. Mrs. MELTON is a widow and no longer young. Lord DAWLISH, who comes to call, has also forgotten his youth.

Dawlish. Good morning, Mrs. Melton. I hope—Holloa! There is nobody here. What is all this about?

[After some consideration he proceeds to investigate the extraordinary erection with the point of his stick. After convincing himself

of its nature he lifts a side of the sheet, pulls out an easy-chair, inspects it, and finally sits on it.]

She is an extraordinary woman. I don't know why I like her. I don't know why she likes me. I suppose that she does like me. If

not, what a bore I must be! I come here every day—and stay. I suspect that I am an awful fellow to stay. I suppose I ought to go now. This furniture trophy don't look like being at home to callers. But perhaps she is out: and then I can go on sitting here. I must sit somewhere. May I smoke? I dare say: thank ye, I will. Smoke? Smoke. There is a proverb about smoke. I wonder how I came to know so many proverbs? I don't know much. "There is no smoke without fire." Yes, that's it. There is uncommon little fire in a cigarette. Little fire and much smoke. Yes, that's like this— I mean— Let me—what d'ye call it?—review my position. Here I sit. Here I sit every day. That is, smoke, I suppose—plenty of smoke. Is there any fire? That is the question. I wish people would mind their own business. It is trouble enough to mind one's own business, I should think. But yet there are people—there's that Flitterly, for instance—damned little snob. Flitterly makes it the business of his life to go about saying that I am going to be married; and all because here is a woman who is not such an intolerable bore as—as other people. Flitterly is the sort of man who says that there is no smoke without fire. What is this? That is what I want to know. Is this business of mine all smoke, all cigarette and soda, or—confound Flitterly! I wonder if I ought to pull his nose? I am afraid that that sort of thing is out of date. I don't think I could pull a nose, unless somebody showed me how. Perhaps if somebody held him steady, I might. I don't think I could do it. He has got such a ridiculous little nose! I wonder if I ought to give up coming here? I don't know where I should go to. I wonder if I am bound in honor, and all that? Perhaps that is out of date too. I sometimes think that I am out of date myself.

[After this he fishes under the sheet with his stick, and brings to light a photograph-book, which he studies as he continues to meditate.]

I wonder if she would take me if I asked her? I don't believe she would: she is a most extraordinary woman. Who is this, I wonder? I never saw this book before. I suppose that this is the sort of man women admire. He would know how to pull a nose. I dare say he has pulled lots of noses in his day. Does it for exercise. Suburban cad. A kind of little tooting lady-killer. I wonder she puts such a fellow in her book. Why, here he is again, twice as big and fiercer. Here is another—and another! Hang him, he is all over the book!

[He pitches the book under the sheet. Then Mrs. MELTON comes in wearing a large apron, and armed with duster and feather-brush.]

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish! What are you doing here?

D. Nothing.

Mrs. M. How well you do it!

D. Thank you.

Mrs. M. But you are doing something: you are smoking.

D. Am I? I beg your pardon.

Mrs. M. And you shall do more: you shall help me. I have been up to my eyes in work since seven o'clock.

D. Seven! Why don't you make somebody else do it?

Mrs. M. Because I do it so well. I have a genius for dusting, and Italian servants have not. In this old city they have an unfeigned respect for the dust of ages.

D. Have they? How funny! But they might help you, I should think. Where are they? There was nobody to let me in. Where are your servants?

Mrs. M. Gone.

D. Gone!

Mrs. M. Gone and left me free. I packed them all off—man and maid, bag and baggage.

D. But who will look after you?

Mrs. M. I. I am fully equal to the task. But come, be useful. You shall help me to rearrange the furniture.

D. Help! I!

Mrs. M. Yes, help! You! I am not quite sure that you can't.

[As he proceeds to brush the back of a chair with a feather-brush, it occurs to him to apologize for his intrusion.]

D. I suppose I ought to apologize for coming so early. Somehow I found myself in the Palazzo—and the door of your apartments was open, and so I came in. I took the liberty of an old friend.

Mrs. M. I believe we have been acquainted for at least a month.

D. Only a month! It is not possible. It must be more than a month.

Mrs. M. Apparently our precious friendship has not made the time pass quickly.

D. No. I mean that it never does pass quickly.

Mrs. M. Work, work, work! It's work that makes the day go quick. I am busy from morning till night, and time flies with me.

D. Then you shorten your life.

Mrs. M. And keep it bright. Better one hour of life than a century of existence! Dear, dear! how did my best photograph-book get knocked down here?

D. I am afraid that that was my awkwardness. I was looking at it, and it—it went down there.

Mrs. M. Don't let it break from you again.

Here, take it, and sit down and be good. You have no genius for dusting.

D. Nobody ever called me a genius. I have been called all sorts of names; but nobody ever went so far as to call me a genius.

Mrs. M. And yet you ain't stupid. I always maintain that you are not really stupid.

D. Ain't I? Thank you. Who is this man—this fine-looking man with the frown and whiskers?

Mrs. M. He is handsome, isn't he?

D. I don't know. I am not a judge of male beauty.

Mrs. M. Men never admire each other. They are too envious and too vain.

D. Are they? And women? What are women?

Mrs. M. What are women? What are they not? Oh, for one word to comprehend the sex! Women are—yes, women are womanly.

D. That sounds true. And women are effeminate.

Mrs. M. Only females are effeminate.

D. Oh! I wonder what that means?

Mrs. M. But John is handsome. Ask any woman.

D. John!

Mrs. M. Yes, that's John—my cousin.

D. I hate cousins. They are so familiar and so personal.

Mrs. M. I like them. They are so—so—

D. Cousinly.

Mrs. M. Precisely.

D. Cousins are cousinly. Does he dye his whiskers?

Mrs. M. Dye! Never. He has too much to do. John is a great man—a man of will, a man of force, a man of iron. That's what I call a man.

D. Do you? I don't call an iron man a man.

Mrs. M. He is the first of American engineers.

D. A Yankee stoker.

Mrs. M. Dear John! He is a good fellow. He gave me that little jar by your hand.

D. Dear John is not a judge of china. I always hated that little jar. I shall break it some day.

Mrs. M. If you do, I'll never speak to you again.

D. Please do. Tell me some more about John. Has not he got a fault, not even a little one?

Mrs. M. He has the fault of all men—vanity. He knows that he is handsome.

D. I thought he dyed his whiskers.

Mrs. M. He does not dye his whiskers.

D. You seem very keen about the whiskers.

Here they are in all sizes, and from all over the world—*carte-de-visite* whiskers, cabinet whiskers, Rembrandt-effect whiskers, whiskers from Naples, from New York, from Baker Street. You must like them very much.

Mrs. M. I like the man. I like self-respect, bravery, and perseverance. I like honest work. O Lord Dawlish, what a shame it is that you don't do something!

D. Do something? I? I do do something. I—well, I go about.

Mrs. M. Oh! you go about.

D. Yes—with a dog in England; without a dog abroad.

Mrs. M. Oh! abroad without a dog. I regret that I shall never have the pleasure of receiving the cur.

D. The cur's a collie.

Mrs. M. And so you think that man fulfills his destiny by going about.

D. Somebody must go about, you know.

Mrs. M. Yes, a squirrel in a cage. What you want is work. You ought to take a line.

D. Go fishing?

Mrs. M. Be serious, and listen to me. Here you are in Florence.

D. I believe I am.

Mrs. M. You are in the midst of priceless treasures. The finest works of art are all around you.

D. I believe they are.

Mrs. M. Take a line: take up something, for instance the Greek statues.

D. Ain't I rather old to play with marbles?

Mrs. M. Not a bit. Nobody is old who isn't old on purpose. Compare, classify, and make a book, or even a pamphlet.

D. I hate pamphlets. They are always coming by the post.

Mrs. M. I suppose it's not the thing for a man in your position to turn author.

D. I don't think I ever did hear of one of our lot writing books. But that doesn't much matter. I should like to take a line, or a course, or a—I took a course of waters once at Homburg, or Kissingen, or somewhere; but they came to an end, like other things.

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish, are you joking?

D. No.

Mrs. M. Then be serious: take up a subject; set to work; produce your pamphlet—at least a pamphlet. It might grow into a book.

D. Heaven forbid! I could not do it.

Mrs. M. Why not?

D. Writing a book is so infernally public. I should be talked about.

Mrs. M. How dreadful! The owl, who is modest withal, and shrinks from notoriety, remains at home until sunset.

D. You called me a squirrel before. Are you going through all the zoölogical what-d'ye-call-'em?

Mrs. M. Perhaps even I shall be talked about before long.

D. I should not wonder if you were.

Mrs. M. Yes, even I, humble individual as I am, may perhaps be talked about when I set up my studio.

D. Your what?

Mrs. M. My studio. Yes, I've quite made up my mind. There are many worse painters in Florence than myself. I mean to be a real painter, and no longer play with color.

D. And sell your pictures?

Mrs. M. For the largest possible prices.

D. Is not that an odd sort of thing for a lady?

Mrs. M. No. We have changed all that. Many women paint nowadays.

D. I have heard so.

Mrs. M. I believe that you are making jokes this morning.

D. I don't think so. I don't like jokes; they are very fatiguing. It's John's fault.

Mrs. M. What's John's fault?

D. No man likes to have another crammed down his throat—unless he is a confounded cannibal.

Mrs. M. Very well. I will refrain from cramming anybody down your throat. But I won't let you off. I feel that I have a mission.

D. Good Heavens!

Mrs. M. I have a mission to reform you.

D. Please don't do it.

Mrs. M. I must. Why don't you do your proper work? Why not go back to England and take care of your property?

D. Because my agent takes care of it so much better than I could. I inherited my place, and I can't get rid of it. But, luckily, land can't follow me about. That is why I come abroad.

Mrs. M. Without the dog.

D. He stays with the land. He likes it. He hates traveling.

Mrs. M. So would you if you traveled in a dog-box.

D. I wish you would not talk about me. I am so tired of myself.

Mrs. M. But you interest me.

D. Thank you. That is gratifying. Don't let us pursue the subject further.

Mrs. M. I must. It's my mission. I picture the pleasures of an English country life. You build cottages; you drain fields; you carry flannel to the old women.

D. No; I could not do it. I don't think I could carry flannel to an old woman.

Mrs. M. So much for duties. Then for amusement. Are you fond of shooting?

D. Pheasants are all so much alike. I gave up shooting when my sister took to it.

Mrs. M. Your sister!

D. She is a keen sportsman—awfully keen. I went out with her once. I feel them still sometimes in my back when it's cold weather.

Mrs. M. You like hunting better? In this country they shoot the fox.

D. Do they? That must be curious. I wonder if I could bring myself to try that. I almost think that—

Mrs. M. Go home and hunt.

D. I have given up hunting. Rather rough on Teddie, don't you think?

Mrs. M. Who's Teddie?

D. Don't you know Teddie?

Mrs. M. Is he the dog?

D. No; he is my brother. I thought that everybody knew Teddie. Teddie knows everybody. Teddie likes me to hunt. He is always bothering me to buy horses—with tricks. Or to go by excursion trains. Or to shoot lions in Abyssinia. He is an awfully ambitious fellow, Teddie. Don't you think we might change the subject?

Mrs. M. Not yet. I have not done my duty yet. Politics! Oh, for political influence! Oh, for power! Why, you must be—of course you are a—thingummy what's-his-name.

D. Very likely, if you say so.

Mrs. M. An hereditary legislator. Think of that. Think of your influence in the country; of the power you might wield. Go in for politics.

D. Well, you know, I—I inherited my politics with my place, and I can't get rid of them. But Teddie does them for me. He was always rather a muff, Teddie was; and so they put him into politics.

Mrs. M. Are there muffs in your family? But don't interrupt me. I must have the last word. Anything else I will give up, but the last word—never. In your position you must sway something. If you won't sway the country, sway the county; if you won't sway the county, sway a vestry, a workhouse, a something, or anything. Only do something. You would be a great deal happier, and—I don't know why I should be afraid to say—a great deal better, if you would only do something.

D. You forget that I am delicate. The doctors say I am delicate, and that is why I come abroad. I do wish you would change the subject. It is a delicate subject, you know.

Mrs. M. Again! You have only one malady—idleness.

D. No, no, no! All the doctors—

Mrs. M. Quacks!

D. As you please. But I have not the rude health of some strong-minded women.

Mrs. M. Nor I the rude manners of some weak-minded men. But I beg your pardon; I won't be rude.

D. Was I rude? I am awfully sorry. I beg your pardon. But I am so tired of myself.

Mrs. M. Then work—work and be cured. Do something—anything. A stitch in time saves nine.

D. Oh, if you come to proverbs—Look before you leap.

Mrs. M. Procrastination is the thief of time.

D. More haste less speed. If one does nothing, at least one does no harm.

Mrs. M. Nor does a stuffed poodle.

D. Another beast! I have been a squirrel and an owl. And, after all, I did not come here to talk about myself, nor poodles.

Mrs. M. Did you come to speak of the weather?

D. I wanted to speak about you.

Mrs. M. About me! Here's a turning of the tables.

D. May I?

Mrs. M. If you have energy for so lively a topic.

D. May I speak plainly, as an old friend?

Mrs. M. As a month-old friend. Speak plainly by all means. I've a passion for plain speaking.

D. It is an uncommonly disagreeable subject.

Mrs. M. Thank you. You were going to talk about me.

D. I don't mean that; of course not. It does not matter whether I talk about you or not. But there are other people here who talk about you.

Mrs. M. Talk about me! What do they say?

D. They say things I don't like; so I thought that I—

Mrs. M. Thank you, Lord Dawlish; but I can take very good care of myself.

D. Very well.

Mrs. M. Why should I care what this Anglo-Florentine society say of me? It doesn't hurt me; I don't care what they say of me; I am entirely indifferent; I am— Oh, do not stand there like a stick, but tell me what these people say about me!

D. I—I— It is so awkward for me to tell you. You know Flitterly?

Mrs. M. Flitterly! A sparrow!

D. Oh, he is a sparrow! What is to be done to the sparrow?

Mrs. M. Nothing. He is beneath punishment—beneath contempt. A little chattering, intrusive, cruel—I suppose it would not do for me to horsewhip Flitterly?

D. It would be better for me to do that. I thought of pulling his nose; it is a little one; but I might do it with time. I think I should enjoy it.

Mrs. M. It's too bad! It's too bad that a woman of my age should not be safe from these wretches—from the tongues of these malicious chatters! The cowards, to attack a woman!

D. I was afraid that you would feel it.

Mrs. M. I don't feel it. Why should I? Why should I feel it? But, good gracious! is the man going to stand there all day, and never tell me what this—what that—pha! what *he* says of me?

D. I don't like to tell you.

Mrs. M. Do you take me for a fool, Lord Dawlish?

D. No; for a woman.

Mrs. M. What does he say?

D. If you will know, you must. He says—he says that you and I are going to be married.

Mrs. M. Married! You and I! Well, at least he might have invented something less preposterous.

D. Preposterous!

Mrs. M. You and I!

D. I don't see anything preposterous in it. Why should not you and I be married? By George, I have made an offer!

Mrs. M. Are you mad? You say—

D. Oh, I don't want to hurry you! Don't speak in a hurry. Think it over—think it over. Take time.

Mrs. M. But do you mean—

D. Oh, please, don't hurry. Think it over. Any time will do.

Mrs. M. Will it?

D. I am not clever, nor interesting; but if you don't mind me, I will do anything I can. You shall have any sort of society you like: fast or slow; literary or swell; or anything. Of course there would be plenty of money, and jewels, and cooks, and all that. You can have gowns, and check-books, and pin-money, and—

Mrs. M. And find my own washing and beer. Lord Dawlish, are you offering me a situation?

D. Yes—no—I mean that I—

Mrs. M. A thousand thanks. The wages are most tempting; but I have no thought of leaving my present place.

D. I fear that I have been offensive. I beg your pardon. I had better go. Good morning, Mrs. Melton.

Mrs. M. Good-by, Lord Dawlish.

[*So he goes out; straightway her mood changes, and she wishes him back again.*]

Mrs. M. (sola). He will never come back. I can't let him go for ever. I can't afford to lose a friend who makes me laugh so much. Flitterly

may say what he likes—a goose! a sparrow! a grasshopper! I shall call him back.

[*So she calls to him down the stair; then from the window; and as she calls from the window, he comes in at the door, watches her awhile, then speaks.*]

D. Did you call me, Mrs. Melton?

Mrs. M. Is the man deaf? I have been screaming like a peacock; and all for your sake—all because I didn't want you to go away angry.

D. I thought it was you who were angry.

Mrs. M. No, it was you.

D. Very well.

Mrs. M. You must drop the *preposterous* subject for ever; and we will be good friends, as we were before. Sit down and be friendly.

D. Thank you. That is capital. We will be as we were before—as we were before.

Mrs. M. You are sure you can bear the disappointment?

D. Oh, yes. We will be friends, as we were. That is much better.

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish, you are simply delicious!

D. Am I? Thank you. And I may come and sit here sometimes?

Mrs. M. In spite of Flitterly.

D. Flitterly be—!

Mrs. M. Yes, by all means.

[*Then he meditates, and after due deliberation speaks.*]

D. I should like to ask you something, Mrs. Melton—something personal.

Mrs. M. Ask what you like, and I will answer if I choose.

D. May I ask as a friend—only as a friend, you know—if you are quite determined never to marry again? I know that it is no business of mine; but I can't help being curious about you. I don't think I am curious about anything else. But you are such an extraordinary woman.

Mrs. M. Extraordinary because I have refused to be Lady Dawlish. It is strange, very. Oh, don't be alarmed; I have refused. But it is strange. I am a woman, and I refused rank and wealth. Wealth means gowns and cooks from Paris, a brougham and a victoria, a stepper, a tiger, and a pug: rank means walking out before other women, and the envy of all my sex. I am a woman, and I refuse these luxuries. You were mad when you offered them.

D. I don't think that I could be mad.

Mrs. M. Not another word upon the subject!

D. But won't you satisfy my curiosity?

Mrs. M. I never knew you so persistent.

D. I never was before.

Mrs. M. Such ardent curiosity, such desperate perseverance, deserve to be rewarded. I have

nothing to do for the moment, and there is one luxury which no woman can forego—the luxury of talking about herself. You needn't listen if the effort is too great: I address the chair, or the universe. You will hardly believe it of me; but I cherish a sentiment. There! Years and years ago—how many, I am woman enough not to specify—I lived with an aunt in Paris; you hate cousins, I am not in love with aunts: however, she was my only relation; there was no choice, and there I lived with her in Paris, and was finished; there was nothing to finish, for I knew nothing. Well, it was there, in Paris—I was quite a child—it was there that I one day met a boy scarcely older than myself. I am in love with him still. Quite idyllic, isn't it?

D. Very likely. In Paris? Paris.

Mrs. M. There never was any one in the world like him—so brave, so good, so boyish: he rejoiced in life, certain of pleasure and purposing noble work.

D. (*aside*). Cousin John! Cousin John, of course. Confound Cousin John!

Mrs. M. He fell in love with me at once, almost before I had fallen in love with him. We were both so absurdly shy, so silly, and so young. I can see him blush now, and I could blush then. But I shall be sentimental in a minute: this is egregious folly; of course it is folly, and it was folly; of course it was merely childish fancy, boy-and-girl sentiment, calf-love; of course a week's absence would put an end to it; and of course I love him still. But forgive me, Lord Dawlish. Why should I bother you with this worn-out commonplace romance?

D. I like it. It interests me. Go on, if it does not bore you. It reminds me of something—of something which I had better forget.

Mrs. M. You shall hear the rest: there isn't much. He was taken away, and—I suppose forgot me. I came out in Paris, went everywhere, was vastly gay, and terribly unhappy. My aunt was youngish, and good-looking—in a way; she was dying to be rid of me, and I knew it; and so things were very uncomfortable at home, until—I married. Oh, I told him the truth, the whole truth: I told him that the love of my life had gone by. I am glad I told him the truth.

D. An American, was he not?

Mrs. M. Yes. I was grateful to him, and proud of him. He was so good and true. But he made light of my story. He thought, like the rest, that it was a mere girlish fancy; that I should soon forget; that—There, you have my story! Touching, isn't it?

D. It is most extraordinary.

Mrs. M. What is most extraordinary?

D. Your story is like my story.

Mrs. M. It's everybody's story. It's com-

mon as the whooping-cough, and dull as the mumps. But come, give me the details of your case.

D. The details! If I can remember them.

Mrs. M. If you can remember! Who would be a man?

D. It was in Paris—

Mrs. M. In Paris?

D. It is just like your story. Suppose that we take it as told.

Mrs. M. Go on. I must hear it.

D. I was sent to Paris when I was a boy, with a bear-leader. There I saw a girl—a little bread-and-butter miss—and—and I got fond of her—awfully fond of her. She was the dearest little girl—the best little thing. She was like—like—

Mrs. M. Go on. What happened?

D. Nothing.

Mrs. M. Nothing! Nonsense! Something always happens.

D. Nothing came of it. They said boy and girl, and calf-love, and all that, like the people in your story: and they packed me off to England.

Mrs. M. Why did you go?

D. I always was a fool. They said that it would try the strength of her feelings; that, if we were both of the same mind when I had got my degree, the thing should be.

Mrs. M. And you never wrote?

D. No.

Mrs. M. Nor did he—never one line.

D. They said she wished me not to write.

Mrs. M. How likely! These men, these men! They never know what letters are to women. What was the end?

D. The usual thing. As soon as my degree was all right I made for Paris. She was gone.

Mrs. M. My poor friend! She was dead.

D. Married.

Mrs. M. Married! how could she be so—

D. It is very like your story, isn't it? Only in my story the parties were not American.

Mrs. M. American! What do you mean? I wasn't an American till I married one, and Tom—

D. Then it wasn't Cousin John?

Mrs. M. John! No, no, no! Lord Dawlish! Lord Dawlish! what is your family name?

D. My family name? What on earth, my dear Mrs. Melton—

Mrs. M. Quick, quick! What is it?

D. Why—er—why—Dashleigh, of course.

Mrs. M. And you are Tom Dashleigh?

[*As she looks at him, the truth dawns on him.*]

D. And you are little Kitty Gray?

Mrs. M. Oh my bright boy lover, you are lost now indeed.

D. I think I have got a chill.

[*When they have sat a little while in silence, she jumps up.*]

Mrs. M. No more sentiment, no more folly! Away with sentiment for ever! The boy and girl lovers are dead long ago; and we old folk who know the world may strew flowers on their grave and be gone. Look up, old friend, look up.

D. Yet you are you, and I—I suppose that I am I.

Mrs. M. Young fools! young fools! why should we pity them, we wise old folk who know the world? Love is but—is but—

[*And she dashes into music at the piano: soon her hands begin to fail, and she stoops over them to hide her eyes; then she jumps up in tears, and moving knocks over the little jar which was Cousin John's gift. He would pick it up, but she stops him.*]

No, no: let it lie there.

D. Sha'n't I pick up the pieces?

Mrs. M. Let them lie there. One can never pick up the pieces.

D. Why not? I don't think I understand. But I can't bear to see you cry. I thought that you could not cry; that you were too clever and strong-minded to cry. Look here! You might have made something of me once. Is it too late, Mrs. Melton?

Mrs. M. The jar is broken.

D. Is it too late, Kitty?

Mrs. M. Let us pick up the pieces together.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.*

WITHIN the last ten years, public interest has been excited to a degree quite unparalleled in England about artistic matters; we may almost talk about an English Renaissance, which, heralded by Ruskin's earlier works, was carried forward by the pre-Raphaelite movement, and the schools of poetry headed by Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, till it took its present shape, and became visible in Queen Anne furniture, decorative needlework, iridescent glass, Doulton pottery, and many another minor symptom of awakened interest and commercial enterprise.

From taking no interest in art whatever, the nation—at all events, the fashionable portion of it—has suddenly discovered its incapacity for performing the commonest actions of daily life without æsthetic assistance, and from the capes of its footmen to the covers of its prayer-books, society expresses its longing for the sweet simplicity of art. Happy society, to have discovered a fresh subject to arouse its languid attention! Happy art, to find itself condescendingly protected by peers and plutocrats! But still drawbacks exist in most human movements, be they never so progressive, and if we carefully examine our Renaissance, we find that it, too, is not quite so perfect as it seems—that we have to pay a price, and no small one, for our artistic whistle. To men of sober mind, and especially to those who are too slow, too bigoted, or too old-fashioned to move with the fierce current, how intensely annoying, as well as astonishing, must it be to live in the midst of a jargon which has grown up suddenly, with a rapidity unheard of outside the story of “Jack and the Beanstalk”! Fancy a respectable father of a family being regarded as a “Philistine” by his more enlightened children, or imagine what his feelings must be as he finds his house gradually undergoing an artistic reformation; sees bit by bit his old-fashioned, comfortable furniture disappear, till at last he sits in a wilderness of spindle-legged chairs and gimcrack tables, with a brass fireplace which will not warm him in front, bare, stained boards beneath his feet, and a distorted image of himself reflected from a convex mirror, as a sarcastic commentary upon his improved condition. Still there are many other consequences of our Renaissance of greater importance than the somewhat ludicrous discomfort to which many respectable rich persons have

reduced their houses. Father and mother would grow used in time to tiles and dados, to coal-scuttles from which the coals can not be extracted, and plates whose position has changed from the dinner-table to the drawing-room, to stained floors which chill them in winter, and stick to their feet in summer; to *portières* which conceal the doorway, but let in the draught, and to the many minor inconveniences of æsthetic domestic life. But what use can accustom, or what advantage recompense, the parents whose children have been infected with that most dangerous and generally fatal disease, called “the Higher Criticism”? Think a little of the feelings of a mother who takes her child to a picture-gallery, in the fond hope that she may “like to see the pictures,” and then hears her whisper, in an awe-struck voice, of “the secret of Lionardo,” or the sweet, sensuous existence of living harmonies of tone in the masterly music of Burne Jones's work. We know, or can guess, what would have happened to such a child, had she lived fifty years since. But now, what is to be done? We can not logically punish our children for talking this nonsense, for, strange as it may seem, there are many men and women grown, still at large in society, who talk and think, if their mental operation can be called thinking, in a manner similar to that above quoted. It is not only the men who have made money and reputation by writing in this style who are responsible for the spread of this irredeemable bosh; it is due in no small measure to the cultivated ignorance of a certain set of fashionable people, who seek to disguise the vapidity of their thoughts beneath an affected enthusiasm and a wordy obscurity.

It is not worth while to give any long description of the origin of “the Higher Criticism,” though its ancestors are clearly determinable. Like many another quasi-intellectual, quasi-emotional movement, it first took definite shape at Oxford—indeed, its scholastic ancestry is still clearly evident. Partly the result, not of Ruskin's teaching, but of Ruskin's manner of word-painting, partly the outcome of the pre-Raphaelite movement, partly the result of general culture applied to the discrimination of art theories, without any previous acquaintance with art practice, and, above all, the result of that school of thinkers who proceed on a purely deductive method, scorning all facts, save such as can be evolved from their inner consciousness—to such various influences was the new style of criticism due, in its first inception. It is amusing to think what

* “The Renaissance,” by W. Pater. “Studies and Essays,” by A. C. Swinburne. “Essays on Art,” by Comyns Carr.

must have been the Slade professor's indignation and disgust, as he had to watch, day by day at Oxford, the growth of a school whose main tenets could hardly be better described than as being the direct opposites of everything he was endeavoring to teach. He had endeavored to show that art really meant the intelligent delight in, and reproduction of, "God's work." But the coming race of critics and art-tasters shouted as their watchword, "Art for art's sake!" He had said over and over again that only by long-continued labor and patient investigation of nature could any knowledge of, or proficiency in, art be reached. But his young opponents asked in what the real merit of a work of art consisted; and answered themselves—that it was "in the effect which it produced upon them"; clearly, therefore, they had only to investigate their consciousness to discern its merit—and, to do them justice, they adhered to this tenet with touching fidelity. "Investigate nature!" they cried; we would scorn to degrade ourselves to such drudgery; we "look into our heart, and write"—and so they did. And thus, to quote words used by Ruskin on another subject, they cut themselves off "from all possible sources of healthy knowledge or natural delight; they willfully sealed up and put aside the entire volume of the world, and had nothing to read, nothing to dwell upon, but the imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which we are told that 'it is only evil continually.' . . . They lie bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy."

It may be thought that this is perhaps a somewhat overdrawn description of that school's doctrines, but it is not so; it is not even a sufficiently strong one, for we have passed over without notice the most repulsive part of their doctrines, the utter divorce of art from morality, and the exaltation of sensuousness above intellectual or spiritual meaning. We shall have something to say of this hereafter. At present we beg our readers to keep in mind these three qualities of the higher criticism—first, its main doctrine that pure art is pure sensuousness, and, as a consequence of this, that any admixture of moral, spiritual, or intellectual meaning signifies a lower form; secondly, that this pure sensuousness is admirable and desirable in itself, apart from any use we may put it to; and, thirdly, that culture of the imagination and intellect does the best it can for us when it leaves our souls, like the leaves of the sensitive-plant, ready to quiver and droop at every passing breath of emotion.

These three doctrines are preached, indirectly, it is true, but still preached, by every member of this school, and are best exemplified in the works of Swinburne, Walter Pater, and, offspring

of the above two, Comyns Carr, whose new volume of essays has given rise to this article. Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose prose essays are the earliest as well as the best examples of this school, is a man of considerable critical insight, when he can restrain himself sufficiently to give it fair play, and is besides a consummate master of sounding, eloquent English. His criticisms of Matthew Arnold and Coleridge are sufficient to prove the first, and almost any passage of his writings would do as well as the following in proof of the second:

In the verse, as on the canvas, there is the breathless breath of over-much delight, the passion of over-running pleasure which grieves and aches on the very edge of heavenly tears—tears of perfect moan for excess of unfathomable pleasure and burden of inexpressible things, only to be borne by gods in heaven—the sweet and sovereign oppression of absolute beauty, and the nakedness of burning life—the supreme pause of soul and sense at the climax of their consummate noon and high tide of being; glad, and sad, and sacred—unsearchable, and 'natural, and strange.

This is a very typical passage; in it we see criticism just trembling upon that brink of nonsense, that unfathomable gulf of unmeaning sound, into which it was soon to fall. We see also what will be the cause of that fall. Very plainly, it will be the excess of words over the meaning which they are intended to convey, the predominance of sound over sense. Mark this: at the beginning of the above sentence, Swinburne has something to say, and, though he expresses it in terms of which the extravagance is clearly perceptible, yet, on the whole, he says it intelligibly and well; but he is not content with that, and he goes on with repetition after repetition, growing more incoherent with each successive phrase till the sentence ends with a burst of glorious word-music, the only drawback to which is its perfect unintelligibility. And there is still another quality observable in this quotation, which is almost invariably present in the works of the writers who have imitated Mr. Swinburne, and that is an element of sickly sweetness. There are too many "lumps of delight," and no solid food of wholesome character; an atmosphere of closed windows and much incense and half-shut eyes, unsuitable for the muddy ways and cold, gray skies of England, and productive of languorous exhaustion. This is the damning sin of this higher criticism, even at its best; it is thoroughly morbid and unhealthy, unreal and unworthy. A world whose actions were regulated by such emotions, and guided by such writers, would be a world of thorough unmanliness and sensuous indolence. Art is good, and may be noble and pure, and dilettant art and amateurs and critics

are at least tolerable when they confine themselves within reasonable limits; but this murmuring of scented nothings, this continual pampering up of the emotions with sounding words, is neither good nor endurable, and, if continued, it will be alike destructive of our national literature and our reputation for sturdy common sense.

Let us take a quotation from Pater's "Studies in the Renaissance," not as a specimen of his more extravagant writing, but as one of this half-delirious sweetness to which we have been referring. He is speaking of Greek sculpture:

If one had to choose a single product of Hellenic art, to save in the wreck of all the rest, one would choose, from the beautiful multitude of the Panathenaic frieze, that line of youths on horses, with their level glances, their proud, patient lips, their chastened reins, their whole bodies in exquisite service. This colorless, unclassified purity of life, with its blending and interpenetration of intellectual, spiritual, and physical elements, still folded together, pregnant with the possibilities of a whole world closed within it, is the highest expression of that indifference which is beyond all that is relative or partial.

Here we have another style of rhapsody than Swinburne's—rhapsody uttered, as we may fancy, in a whisper, in some half-waking intervals of an opium-trance—rhapsody which clearly reveals no mean power of writing, and in which each word seems deliberately chosen and placed, and yet which means—well (is it an exaggeration to say?), absolutely nothing. We gain from it an impression of pleasant sound—if we do not look too closely, we can fancy that its author is a very clever fellow; but if we once dare to break the spell, and try to attach a definite meaning to the words, we grow momentarily more bewildered, and at last give it up in despair. What is a chastened rein? What is a body in "exquisite service"? What colorless, unclassified purity? What is—all the rest of it? We can't say. Can any of our readers? Can Mr. Pater himself?

We have been a long time coming to the consideration of Mr. Comyns Carr's essays, but we have prepared the way for our readers to thoroughly understand his work, whence it had its origin, and its position in the school to which we are referring. Mr. Carr may be said to be the utmost and worst development of the school to which he belongs. In him the victory of sound over sense is far more triumphant, because more habitual, than even in Swinburne and Pater; nor is even his sound of the same quality as theirs, but rings faint and hollow, as if it were some telephonic echo of those writers. In him, too, is the doctrine sensuous carried to a pitch which

transcends all former efforts. To use his own words, spoken approvingly of Keats, "Men and women perfect in the flesh, with their feet on perfect flowers, move across his fancy as in twilight." The first essay in the book is on "The Artistic Spirit in Modern English Poetry," and the gist of it may be found in Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," the essay being an expansion, possibly an unconscious one, of two sentences therein. "Not so ideal, but for that very reason closer in his grasp of nature than Shelley, in love of loveliness for its own sake, in the sense of its rightful and preëminent power, and in the singleness of the worship which he gave to beauty, Keats is especially the artist." Such, shortly put, is the essence of Mr. Carr's long essay—an old idea enough, strung out to thirty and odd pages. Full of admiration for the "solid, sensuous character" of Keats's verse, Mr. Carr writes as if the limited vision of that poet was worthy of greater praise than any wider sight, and talks about the "fleeting things" admitted by Byron and Shelley, but excluded by Keats "from the sacred realm of ideal truth."

It would be useless to weary our readers with quotations from Mr. Carr's essays in support of our assertion as to the character of the doctrine he teaches; it is, as we have said above, identical in all essential respects with that of Swinburne and Pater; but we will give one or two further examples of the difficulty with which he manages to surround his simplest criticisms, owing to the habit of considering the form and sound of the sentence rather than its sense. Thus, talking of Leonardo da Vinci's portrait-painting, Mr. Carr says: "We can not, perhaps, define the means by which he infused a certain harmony into monstrous features, nor can we tell how it is that the smile upon the lips of his women should avail to bring all the features into perfect agreement of expression, and how the system of finely balanced shadows should give even to his portraits the significance of character." Or, again, of Michael Angelo. The stillness pervading the work of Michael Angelo implies of itself a foregone season of passionate preparation, wherein all the recesses of human passion have been sounded—"the brooding stillness of Michael Angelo's faces, with all the later passions held in still suspense." It may be that in such sentences a meaning lies hidden beyond the reach of us ordinary mortals; it may be that it is true that art has no mission save that of apotheotizing sensuousness, and enveloping us in languid dreams; it may be, perhaps, even true that expression becomes more perfect as its obscurity deepens and its meaning grows less—in a word, it may be that in the time to come these apostles of the higher criticism, these priests of a fleshly

ideal, may be hailed as the true regenerators of humanity. But if it be not so, if this be but a phase through which we must pass, ere reaching a clearer and a healthier atmosphere, if, as we believe, the time will soon come when this wordy Babel will fall to the earth, and its builders be

scattered abroad, to rail-splitting and other honest and useful if uncongenial employments, in such a case we may perhaps be pardoned for having lent a hand to the destruction of the vast edifice of humbug which we have here styled "the Higher Criticism."

London Spectator.

MR. GLADSTONE ON HEROES.

I.

MR. GLADSTONE in his lecture on Dr. Hook gave an admirable definition of true moral heroism; only, unfortunately, the heroes whom human beings take up and fondle in their rather capricious and sometimes very idolatrous fancies, are but seldom moral heroes, and hardly ever heroes to us only because they are moral heroes, and so it happens that very few of the favorite heroes of mankind would be covered by his definition. He says with as much depth as truth, if he were speaking solely as a moralist, "A hero is a man who must have ends beyond himself," ends which "cast him, as it were, out of himself," and "must pursue these ends by means which are honorable, the lawful means, otherwise he may degenerate into a wild enthusiast. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there are cases of men who are heroes in great part, but who are so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own, that they lose all the proportion of their nature. There are some ecclesiastical heroes who, by giving undue prominence to one idea, lost the just proportion of things, and became simply men of one idea. A man; to be a hero, must pursue ends beyond himself by legitimate means. He must pursue them as a man, not as a dreamer; he must not give to some one idea a disproportionate weight which it does not deserve, and forget everything else which belongs to the perfection and excellence of human nature. If he does all this he is a hero, even if he has not very great powers; and if he has great powers, then he is a consummate hero. Such a man, he contended, was Dr. Hook, and he certainly deserved the best title which he (Mr. Gladstone) had given him." Now, no doubt it is a part of the truest moral heroism to devote yourself to causes higher than yourself, and yet not merge wholly the large nature of man in these causes; to have zeal without being a zealot. To work for ends above

you, and yet keep yourself above them, in the sense of recognizing that there are moral and spiritual laws which may not be transgressed by men even in the service of the highest ends, is a task of moral difficulty which may well be dignified with the name of moral heroism. And yet, in the popular sense of the word, it will hardly do so to define heroes as to exclude almost all the favorite heroes of human fancy. In point of fact, men make heroes to themselves much less by any large and balanced moral judgment, than by the fascination which particular types of character have for other types of character often very different. To an ordinary boy, the only thing needful to make a hero is a great capacity for enterprise, and coolness and daring in the critical moment. Nelson, Dundonald, and Napoleon are the sort of figures to catch their minds and hearts, whether they had the true heroism of devoting themselves to the highest ends, and yet limiting their zeal by keeping their largest human sympathies, or not. We doubt, indeed, whether a figure like the late Dean of Chichester would ever recommend itself as that of a perfect hero to any mind, young or old. There was too little of the extraordinary in his career, too much of steady industry and unflagging simplicity, to set fire to any one's imagination. In the popular sense of the term, at least, it is the first requisite of a "hero" to fire the imagination. Of course, the imagination may be fired in a hundred different ways—by that "zigzag lightning in the brain" which makes an Alexander and a Napoleon, or even by that mere singularity of gifts or of destiny which makes a great beauty, or a great singer, or a great actor. There are plenty of young people whose heads have been turned by the narrative of the triumphs of mere beauty. There are many more whose heads have been turned by the fascination of that power which concentrates at once thousands of eyes in a fixed gaze of admiration. What is essential to the popular hero is some power to thrill. Without that, however noble

his life, however high his purposes, however great his capacity to excite true love, there is nothing of what is ordinarily meant by a hero. You may thrill, of course, by moral means, though not so easily as by physical or intellectual means. But without some means by which you can stir the blood—without something that makes many hearts beat a little quicker when a name is mentioned—that name will never really gain the heroic level. There must be some glitter in the qualities which make a hero. A wonderful dancer is a true heroine to many—the Yankees used to turn out in crowds to drag Fanny Ellsler's carriage for her, if we remember rightly; and, no doubt, to many an English lout, Weston, the pedestrian, is a great hero now; but neither to Yankees nor to English louts would the late Dr. Hook have seemed worthy of an ovation. Fidelity and nobility and power of character tend far less to make a hero than strenuous muscles, with finely coördinated nerves. You may become a hero by a single wonderful jump more easily than by a lifetime of noble effort; by being able to sing an octave higher or lower than the best singers of your time, more easily than by training a whole generation of good musicians. Hence we think the condition by which Mr. Gladstone rightly limits true moral heroism—the condition that a man must not merge himself in the ends for which he lives—is almost inconsistent with heroism in its popular sense, or, at least, excludes a great deal that is in the highest sense heroism to the popular understanding. Napoleon, whom Mr. Gladstone will not allow to be a true hero, is a hero to the popular imagination almost precisely because he broke through this condition, and broke through it quite recklessly. The “demonic element,” as Goethe used to call it, is almost essential to the popular hero. But then it is just the demonic element in a man which makes light of moral limits. Why are Byron and Shelley, especially the former, so great to the popular mind, except because their lives were tinged with the romance always associated with genius when it tramples moral laws under foot? It is the wild element in genius which does most to make a hero of the man of genius, not the tame. Rajah Brooke would never have been the hero he was but for his dash into wild life, even though his purpose in making that dash was to subdue it, and bring it into something like order. In the popular hero, there must be nothing like humdrum; and yet without a very large element of humdrum, there is no true moral life, and very little true moral heroism. It is the brilliant dash at great ends without much consideration for the means, which has given half the fascination to most popular heroes' lives. Without that, the lives

would not be so dramatic as to magnetize men, for it is dramatic, not moral, life which catches the imagination. Would Mr. Carlyle have made a hero even of Dr. Johnson merely for his charitableness and his tenderness to his poor dependents, and to his cat, or for anything but for his unexampled power of stamping intellectually on feebler beings? Would he have made heroes both of Cromwell and of Frederick the Great—totally different as they were in mind, and life, and genius—but for the stormy force that was in both of them alike? Even to Mr. Carlyle, it is the whirlwind in a man which makes a hero of him, not the self-regulating power. Even in actions strictly and perfectly moral, it is not their morality which catches the imagination and makes them heroic, so much as their dramatic vividness. David's acts in accepting the challenge of the Philistine giant, and in pouring on the ground the water which had been procured at the cost of so much peril to his followers, were far more heroic in the popular sense than his devotion of himself to soothe the melancholy of Saul; but neither of them in all probability involved half the patient self-sacrifice. Heroism in its common and popular sense is, after all, only the gilding on great careers, not the essential gold. Lord Beaconsfield will, for generations to come, be a far greater hero to the popular mind of England than either the late Sir Robert Peel or the late Lord Russell—in all probability, a greater figure than either Mr. Canning or Mr. Fox; perhaps he may even be spoken of as more extraordinary than Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt. Yet this will not be for any essential greatness in his career, but because such qualities as he had were dramatic, not to say melodramatic, the qualities which catch the fancy, and set on fire the most inflammable materials, which are almost always among the poorest materials, about the human character and heart.

London Spectator.

II.

IN discoursing the other day in the school-room at Hawarden on Dean Hook's life, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to describe him as “a hero,” and was thus led to define his idea of what constitutes heroism. He began by remarking, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that a man need not be any the less a hero because he is a Christian or a clergyman. It seems that in Dr. Latham's Dictionary a hero is defined to be “a man eminent for bravery”; but Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally thought this definition too narrow, seeing that bravery may be a merely animal quality, while on the other hand there are cer-

tainly many other kinds of excellence. On turning to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary he found a second description added to bravery, "a man of the highest class in any respect." And we may add that much the same alternative definitions are given by Richardson and Webster. But if the first definition is too narrow, Mr. Gladstone thought the second too vague, for there are surely some kinds of greatness, or what is commonly so called, which are far removed from heroism. And we are still inclined to agree with him. He instances Napoleon, who is one of Mr. Carlyle's "heroes," and who was indeed "one of the most extraordinary men ever born," and had a concentration of brain-power almost or quite unrivaled, but whose life was throughout predominantly tainted with selfishness, and could not therefore be considered truly heroic. And there can be no doubt whatever that, if Napoleon's genius was gigantic, the supreme and absolute selfishness which shaped and dominated his entire career, and which no principle, no affection, and no obligation, however sacred, was ever suffered to thwart even for a moment, was at least equally gigantic. Casabianca calmly awaiting "on the burning deck" the death which he preferred to even a possibility of disobedience to the command of his dead father, was more really "a creature of heroic blood," absurd though his conduct was, than the cruel and unscrupulous despot who made Europe tremble at his nod. There are others of Mr. Carlyle's heroes whose claim is open to challenge on similar grounds, such as Mohammed, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Cromwell. All of these were unquestionably in their way great men, but a great man is not necessarily a hero. A hero must, as Mr. Gladstone put it, have "ends beyond himself," and must pursue them by honorable and legitimate means. In other words, he must be high-principled and unselfish. We are not equally clear as to the lecturer's further condition that a hero must not be a man of one idea, in the sense of giving to certain cherished objects so disproportionate a weight and prominence as to forget other and equally excellent objects. A man who does this is no doubt wanting in ideal harmony and perfection, and his very earnestness may be—though it does not at all follow that it would be—productive of more harm than good. But if his mistakes are not moral but intellectual only, and spring from no root of selfishness, still more if they are rather the faults of the age than of the man, they need not detract from his claim to the praise of a hero. Let us take, for instance, two very different types of religious heroism in different ages, St. Anselm and Luther. Many will think the ideals both of the mediæval saint and of the Reformer very one-sided, and nobody could consistently sympathize with both alike.

Yet Anselm has been canonized by the public opinion of posterity no less than by the formal sentence of his Church, and few dispassionate readers of Dean Church's excellent biography of him would care to dispute the verdict. Luther is one of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, and many have been willing to accept this estimate of him who nevertheless think he gave a very "undue prominence to his own idea" of the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ*, and thereby very completely "lost the just proportion of things" in matters ecclesiastical. Or, again, take two heroes of the late Dr. Mozley's, Strafford and Laud. Both of them were men of one idea, and both—especially Strafford—pursued their aims by some means which, to our notions at all events, appear more than questionable. Yet they were men of remarkable capacity and energy, who devoted their lives, even to death, to the unwearied pursuit of what they firmly believed to be the highest public good. It would surely be too narrow a conception of heroism which excluded such examples from its range.

But the question still remains, in what heroism properly consists. Is it synonymous with bravery? or with sanctity? or is it something different from either? There is some dispute as to the derivation of the Greek word from which our own is taken, but the definition which stands first apparently in all our English dictionaries of "a man eminent for bravery" has thus much to say for itself, that bravery is the distinctive characteristic of the earliest recorded types of heroism, like the Homeric heroes who "mowed down rows of men." Yet the name is also applied in the Odyssey to the minstrel Demodocus and the herald Muliüs, as well as to the peaceful Phœnicians, so that bravery was not the sole standard of heroism even in "the heroic age." But it remains true, as a modern writer has observed, that "war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has always been the great school of heroism," inasmuch as it familiarizes the mind with the performance of noble actions from pure and unselfish motives, and elicits strength of character and self-control while it teaches men how to die cheerfully "for an idea," that is for something outside themselves. Hence perhaps the same word in Latin serves for courage and for the highest moral excellence, for courage was the highest, almost the sole, measure of virtue (*virtus*) to the she-wolf's warrior brood. On the other hand a utilitarian code of morals is eminently unfavorable to heroism or self-sacrifice. But if heroism is not synonymous with bravery, is it to be identified with saintliness? Not exactly that either. But here again there is an historical explanation of the confusion. The heroes of classical antiquity had been great warriors and

patriots; the mediæval heroes were the saints. In the technical language of the schools "heroic" virtue was an indispensable requisite for canonization. Now the same man may, like St. Louis, be a mighty leader in court and camp and a saint, or, again, there may be a great patriot statesman and ruler of lofty religious aims like Charlemagne, who narrowly missed canonization, but whose private life was tainted with faults which would have made his appearance in the calendar rather strange. The fact is, that there is an antithesis between what may roughly be called the natural or pagan and the Christian standard of excellence; not that the two are irreconcilable, or are not sometimes reconciled in the same character, but that they are distinct in theory and not unfrequently separated in fact. Christianity introduced new types of virtue into the world, though it did not therefore supersede the old. It added what theologians would call the supernatural to the natural order of merit. Now the heroic ideal of classical antiquity springs mainly from a sense of the dignity of human nature; the Christian ideal of sanctity grows out of a sense of sin. And hence, as has sometimes been remarked, the latter conduces most directly to theological and ecclesiastical activity, the former to political. The one develops the distinguishing qualities of a patriot, the other of a saint. Yet the two kinds of energy may be combined in the same character, as in the nobler spirits among the Crusaders, while the concurrence of both is required for the general welfare of society. There is an unselfish grandeur, which is truly heroic, in the character and career of Hildebrand, whatever we may think of the abstract justice of his cause or of some of the methods he adopted for promoting it. His dying exclamation sounds almost like an echo of the story of Regulus.

But if there is a heroism which is not synonymous with sanctity, there are forms of saintliness, well deserving of reverence and love, which can hardly, without some strain of language, be termed heroic. To take two examples of our own day: Mr. Matthew Arnold has paid a graceful tribute to the exquisite piety and religious refinement, so to speak, of Eugénie de Guérin, nor

would it be easy to find a more touching record of "a beautiful soul." Another English writer has described, under the title of "A Dominican Artist," in a work reviewed some years ago in our columns, the career of Père Besson, a young French painter who afterward became a priest and a missionary. Both lives appeal with irresistible force to the Christian instinct of sympathy for whatever things are pure and lovely, yet neither can exactly be called heroic, in the ordinary sense of the word. The Greeks designated moral and physical beauty by a common term, and there are various manifestations both of saintly and heroic virtue which at once command as by spontaneous attraction the love and admiration of mankind. But still there is one beauty of the hero and another of the saint, even if they are sometimes united in the same person. In the highest type of perfection the two characteristics would perhaps be found to coalesce with one another, but as a matter of fact and experience there have been many genuine heroes whom it would be extravagant to qualify as saints, and many genuine saints, whether canonized or not, whose temperament or outward circumstances did not lead them to the achievement of any heroic work. Even the vulgarized use of the word hero, as when we speak of the hero of a novel—who may be a Dick Turpin or a Tito—bears witness to external energy of some kind being essential to the heroic idea. But no such necessity is recognized in the "De Imitatione Christi," which the common instinct of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, has accepted as an almost inspired manual of the saintly life, or indeed for that matter in Law's "Serious Call" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." It would not be a complete statement of the case, but it would perhaps be as nearly a correct indication of the contrast as can be compressed into a few words, to say that heroism is understood to consist in noble action and saintliness in patient endurance. And just as a man may be eminent both as a statesman and a writer though politics and literature are distinct pursuits, so he may unite in himself the characteristic claims of a hero and a saint.

London Saturday Review.

PRINCE BISMARCK ON SWELLS, SNOBS, AND COCKNEYS.

AT Versailles, on the evening of the 8th of December, 1870, Prince Bismarck consoled his impatience at the delay in the bombardment of Paris with a repast consisting, among other delicacies, of pancakes with mushrooms and pheasant with *Sauerkraut*, cooked, as the man of blood and iron loves it, in champagne. After uttering the sound observation that of Forster and Deidesheimer (wines, it is needless to say, of the Palatinate) the preference is to be given to the former, and the more questionable doctrine that *Sauerkraut*, when corrected by a little neat brandy, is far from being unwholesome, and discussing the case of a young diplomatist at Vienna who collected and bound in two elegant volumes all the bills of fare of the ambassador under whom he served—among which, we are told, are some deeply interesting combinations—the Chancellor proceeded, by transitions not recorded in the valuable work* of Herr Busch, to analyze the ideas (*Begriffe*) of Swell, Snob, and Cockney. Prince Bismarck knows England, if he does not love it, and the judgment of his acute and powerful mind upon us can not fail to be interesting, even if it be at times not greatly flattering to our vanity.

A few words suffice for the swell. The Prince began by characterizing a brother diplomatist as such. It is to be regretted that the name of the diplomatist in question is not recorded, since in such matters an example is of more value than a definition. "It is a capital word," said Prince Bismarck, "for which we have no equivalent in German." Then, correcting himself, he quoted the word *Stutzer*, or dandy, adding that the English word contains, over and above what is connoted by *Stutzer*, the notion of a prominent chest and of an air of lordly self-importance. Here, on the whole, Prince Bismarck must be admitted to have hit the mark. But the characteristics of a swell are obvious and external; those of the snob, which the Chancellor went on to discuss, are much more recon-dite, manifold, and subtle. And here his analysis is less successful. "The snob," he says, "is something quite different from the swell; and, as in the case of the swell, there is no word which gives the idea in German. The word denotes various facts and qualities, but more especially

one-sidedness, narrowness, the inability to escape from local or class prejudices, Philistinism. A snob is a kind of *Pfahlbürger*. But this is not exactly it. You must add the inability to rise out of the interests of one's family, a narrow horizon in judging of political matters, the being imprisoned in inbred ways and fancies. There are snobs of the feminine sex and of high social position. You may also speak of party snobs, of men who in great public affairs can not escape from the trammels of private right—advanced Liberal snobs." Now it may be admitted that there are female snobs and advanced Liberal snobs, though politeness forbids one to give instances of the former, and discretion of the latter; but Prince Bismarck's description is not that of a snob at all, but it is an excellent description of the Philistine. For "snob" read "Philistine" in the foregoing account, and it is all right. It is the more curious that Prince Bismarck should have failed to seize the characteristics of the snob, because the animal, though not confined to England, flourishes here in a rank abundance which can hardly have escaped his notice. Both the outward and inward marks of the type—the pushing vulgarity, the pretentious loudness, the underbred familiarity which belong to one sort of snob, as well as the qualities which characterize snobs of better birth—the social unscrupulousness, the coarseness of spirit that measures others by their worldly place, the want of inner dignity and self-respect that drives people to cling to those a peg or two above them on the ladder of society—must have been noticed by Prince Bismarck, as they are noticed constantly by other foreigners. The snob, indeed, is a natural growth in a society passing from an aristocratic into a democratic stage.

"A Cockney," then pursued the Prince, "is again something different. It is applied to Londoners in particular. There are people in London who have never come out from among their walls and lanes, their brick and mortar, who have never seen anything green, who know no other life than that of these lanes, and have always lived within hearing of Bow Bells. There are people at Berlin, too, who have never been outside of it. But Berlin is a little place by the side of London or even of Paris, where there are cockneys, too, but called by another name. In these great cities ways of looking at things are formed, which grow and spread and become fixed as

* "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," by Dr. Moritz Busch.

prejudices in the minds of the inhabitants. In such great centers of population, where people have no experience, and therefore no just conception, or no conception at all, of what lies outside, arise this narrowness and simplicity (*Einfältigkeit*). Simplicity without conceit can be put up with. But for a man to be a simpleton, unpractical, and conceited into the bargain, is more than can be borne." This may be allowed to pass. But a little later on the Chancellor comes back again to the snob. "There are snobs," he says, "in the country. Take, for instance"—turning to Prince Putbus—"a good sportsman who is satisfied that he is the first man in the world, that sport is the only thing in the world of any consequence, and that people who don't understand sporting matters amount to nothing." It is quite plain from these examples that Prince Bismarck does not know what a snob is, or, if he does, that he knows him by the wrong name.

It is very seldom that the Chancellor has a good word to say about the English. When he has, it is to point out some Teutonic virtue which they possess to a less degree than the Germans. In drawing the hackneyed contrast—containing less than half a truth—between the superficial politeness of the French and the genuine politeness of heart which he claims for his own people, he finds occasion to throw in a little diluted commendation of the English character. Perhaps his experiences on landing one Sunday at Hull gave him a twist the wrong way. "The keeping of the Sunday," said the Prince, who is himself, for a German, a strict observer of the day, to his company—"what a horrible tyranny! I remember the first time I came to England landing at Hull and whistling in the street. An Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made on board, said to me, 'Pray, sir, don't whistle.' 'Why not?' said I; 'is it against the law?' 'No, sir,' said he; 'but it is the Sabbath.' This vexed me so that I went at once and took a ticket for another steamer which was going to Edinburgh, as it did not suit me to be hindered from whistling when I pleased. But before this happened we had been in an inn, and there I got hold for the first time of something good—toasted cheese—Welsh rabbit." One can almost hear the smack of the lips with which these words were accompanied. Elsewhere, after speaking in high terms of Lord Odo Russell, he went on to say: "One thing only made me at first doubtful about him. I have always heard and found by my own experience that all Englishmen who talk French well are dubious sort of people (*bedenklich*), and he speaks French admirably. Still he can express himself well enough in German too." The Prince says little about English politics, home or foreign, but

the little that he does say is characteristic. When the Russian Government declared its intention to disregard the part of the treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, public opinion in England, as all remember, was greatly excited. A statement of Lord Granville's in the House of Lords that England could not for fear of future complications tolerate any one-sided solution of the question being telegraphed to the German Chancellor, he smiled, and said: "*Future* complications! Parliamentary orators! Don't believe a word of it! The accent is laid on the word '*future*.' That's the way people talk when they don't mean to do anything." "The Russians," said the Prince another time, in speaking of the same matter, "ought not to have put forward their claim so modestly; they should have asked for more; and then they would have carried their point about the Black Sea without any trouble."

The toasted cheese deserved a better recompense than all this. It was an argument addressed to that part of the Chancellor's nature where his conversation shows him to be peculiarly sensitive. Nowhere, out of the "*Almanach des Gourmets*," is so much to be read about eating and drinking as in these volumes of Herr Busch. The Prince's wit, audacity, piety, and cunning sink into insignificance when compared with the range and voracity of his truly princely appetite. On the day when he delivered himself of the above utterance on the Black Sea question, he was recovering from an attack of indisposition, and his meals would presumably be lighter than usual. But beer, champagne, turtle-soup, boar's-head, and a mess of mustard and raspberry-jelly ("which was very good," says Herr Busch) formed only a part, on that day, of his repast. He could at one time dispose of eleven hard-boiled eggs at a sitting. He is fond of middle-sized trout, weighing not over half a pound, but can eat *Maräne* all day long. Carp and sand-eel, on the contrary, are not grateful to his palate. Besides his favorite drink of porter mixed with champagne, he strongly recommends another compound, said to be the invention of Field-Marshal Moltke, consisting of hot tea, sherry, and champagne. He enjoys good mutton, but is less addicted to fillets of beef or to roast beef in general. He even suggests playfully that a plump child or a fresh young girl would be anything but bad eating; and once when an unpleasant onion-like smell greeted his olfactories as he was driving near the smoking village of Bazeilles, he pronounced it to be the odor of burned Frenchmen. His bill of fare of Friday, the 23d of December, 1870, has fortunately been rescued from oblivion. We are told that it is only a sample of the rest. First came onion-soup with port wine; then a

saddle of wild-boar together with beer; upon this, Irish stew, turkey, and chestnuts, all washed down with champagne and red wine at discretion; finally dessert, in which the quality of the pears is especially noted. "The German people," says the Prince, "are resolved to have a fat Chancellor." Hampers from Berlin conspired with the native produce of France to bring about this happy

result. But though a great eater, the Chancellor can not be called a delicate or a scientific diner. In this respect he is evidently surpassed by the young diplomatist mentioned above, whose arrival on our shores with his two precious volumes will mark an epoch in the development of gastronomy in this country.

Saturday Review.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

THE right of property in literary productions has been a vexed and vexatious question almost ever since the art of printing became at all widely employed in the duplication of books. After a hundred and seventy years of confused discussion, counting from the passage of the first English law of copyright, we have at last a treatise on the subject that really seems to clear up the fogs that have enveloped it, and to place on definite grounds the law, the logic, and the equity of literary property—this noteworthy task having been performed by Mr. Eaton S. Drone, of this city. Mr. Drone entitles his work "A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States." It is only necessary to say here that Mr. Drone's treatise is exhaustive, searching, dispassionate, and we firmly believe final. We doubt whether anything more remains to be said calculated to throw further light upon this hitherto perplexing theme.

Strangely enough, the distinct deductions to be drawn from Mr. Drone's ample statements and arguments are that copyright laws are wholly unnecessary, that the simplest and best thing to do is to abolish all the statutes "made and provided" thereto, and remand literary property to the dominion and protection of the common law. Previous to 1710 literary property was held solely as proprietary right, but justice was loosely administered, and piracy was not infrequent; Parliament, therefore, in the eighth year of Queen Anne passed an "Act for the Encouragement of Learning," which declared that an author should have the sole right of publishing his books, and prescribed penalties against piracy. The history of copyright shows that it would have been far wiser to have depended on the common law, and secured in equity such decisions from the courts as would have extended full protection over literary

property. "For half a century after the act of Anne was passed," says Mr. Drone, "the chancery courts in administering the law did not doubt that by the common law, and independently of legislation, there was property of unlimited duration in printed books." But in 1774 the House of Lords declared that the common-law right had been taken away by the statute of Anne, and that authors had no control over their published works except under that act. This has since been the law of England, and the English statute was copied by the American Congress in 1790. Thus an "Act for the Encouragement of Learning" has prescribed limitations to the enjoyment by the author of the rewards of that learning, and in withdrawing literary property from the protection of the common to that of statute law has inflicted a lasting wrong and injury upon the entire class of literary producers.

It will be news to many readers, no doubt, that literary property was ever held by the common law of property, and they will be surprised possibly to learn that it is susceptible of being so held. On this point Mr. Drone is clear and convincing, and he shows that this position has been held by some of the most eminent jurists England has produced. It is the complete validity of the argument here that leads us to say that laws of copyright are distinctly unnecessary. "Literary property is subject," says Mr. Drone, "to all the fundamental rules governing the acquisition, possession, and transmission of property. It is acquired by labor, succession, gift, purchase; transmitted by sale, donation, bequest; lost by abandonment. It may be injured, stolen, borrowed and lent, mortgaged and pawned. It may be the subject of contract, bargain, trade, fraud." The only feature in which it differs from other property is that it is not corporeal, and this fact is at the root of all the confusion and special legislation that have arisen in regard to it. It was and is asserted that nothing

can be subject of ownership which is not corporeal, on the assumption that materiality is necessary to identification, that only which is capable of identity being subject to exclusive ownership. To exclude intellectual productions from ownership on this ground is really too absurd for argument. There is absolutely nothing in the world more susceptible of identity. In many material things there may be resemblances too close for identification, whereas in literature the writings of every man are distinctly recognizable to the most casual observation. It has also been affirmed that under the common law the purchaser of a book has absolute control over his purchase, to use as he may list. But it is evident by the terms of purchase what it is that he has secured by the transaction, it being evident on the face that the price of one or two dollars for a book can not give the purchaser any proprietorship in the right of multiplying copies, which may be worth many thousand times the sum paid for the volume. It is a long-established principle of law that property can be acquired only by valid consideration, and hence in case of any dispute as to what the purchaser of a book has acquired, the price given clearly settles the fact. It is really clear that the common law is wholly competent to deal with intellectual property, to extend to it every protection vouchsafed to other kinds of property, and hence our cumbersome statutes may as well be swept from the books altogether.

If this can not be done, let the law be so amended as to give literary property the full and ample protection which it extends to all other possessions. As the statute stands now, exclusive ownership is guaranteed for twenty-eight years upon compliance with certain conditions, and upon renewal of registry fourteen years longer to the author or his family, other possessors being debarred from this renewal. Forty-two years may seem a long time—accepting the full term—for the enjoyment of copyright, and with many books this period is ample; but there are instances where it is wholly insufficient, and is the cause of great wrong and injury to the owner of the property, whoever he may be. It often happens that a publication does not attain its fullness of fame until long after its first issue, and this result is often reached only after watchful nursing and a large expenditure of money. This is peculiarly apt to be the case with text-books. We may imagine some book on science which has taken a score of years to work its slow way into recognition, and which, just as it reaches its height of appreciation, becomes, by the limitations established by the law, open property for everybody. Washington Irving's books still yield a revenue to the heirs of that illustrious author, but

this is only because of the forbearance or courtesy of publishers, many of those famous books having lapsed the time prescribed by law, and being at this moment free for any one to reproduce. But this forbearance is not always exercised, and the history of a copyright case that occurs to us bears citing as a practical example of how the law as it stands works. An eminent author some thirty years ago was impelled to sell the copyright of all his books, but, as the first limitation of twenty-eight years was with some books nearly at an end, it was difficult to find a purchaser. This was accomplished at last, but on condition, it is so asserted, that the renewal of fourteen years should be made by the author or his family in behoof of the purchasers. Large sums were then invested by the publishers in new plates, engravings, etc.; a handsome and costly edition was issued, and heavy expenditures were made in advertising in order to extend and strengthen the popularity of the books. But changes occurred in the publishing firm; a separation between the partners ensued; and some years later the widow of the leading partner found herself in possession of this copyright property as the sole remnant of a large investment made in the business. Had the capital that had gone into this property been invested in lands or houses or stocks, the ownership and the benefits arising therefrom would have been perpetual, but being literary property its tenure was limited and its future wholly uncertain. True enough, as soon as the copyright expired another edition was sprung upon the market, and as a consequence a legitimate income from what was a costly and legitimate investment is nearly destroyed. The law, which professes to protect every citizen in his property, extends no protection in this case against a most wrongful invasion of natural rights. The value of the copyright in this case had been greatly enhanced by the labor and expenditure of the owner, but other persons are permitted to step in and reap the benefit thereof. Could anything be more grossly unjust? What would be thought of a statute that excluded the heirs of a man from the benefits of a forest he had planted? What would be said of a law which declared that our sons and daughters may not gather the fruit from an orchard that we had planted or purchased, and that at a given period its products might become the property of any one who chose to enter and take possession? This is identically what the law of copyright does in regard to literary property.

Many arguments are uttered to show that literary productions are essentially different from other property. They are necessarily fallacious, and all of them are effectually disposed of by Mr. Drone. The

elementary principle of property is that it should be the product of labor, and this distinguishing feature literature possesses completely, as much so as any other kind of property in the world. But literature contains ideas, and ideas, we are told, should be as free as air. "Ideas," says one writer, "when given to the world, are as light, free to all"; another deplores a law which would give an interminable monopoly of ideas to holders of copyrights. This is all wide of the mark. Ideas never are and never can be copyrighted, or protected either by statute or common law. Literary property consists always solely in the *form* in which those ideas are expressed—in the arrangement of words and sentences by which they are uttered. Buckle's idea of averages, Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution, Darwin's speculation upon the origin of species, each became the property of the world as soon as it was uttered. Any one may take Poe's idea of a raven sitting on a bust and uttering doleful refrains, and make a poem thereon without infringement of copyright; he would be guilty simply of plagiarism, which is an offense unknown to the law. It is not, therefore, ideas that copyright or common law is called upon to protect, thereby limiting their use and full enjoyment, but solely the literature in which they are embodied, the distinct and definite form in which they are expounded; and that this protection should be as full, as extended, and as complete as that which other property enjoys is so obvious on the face of it, that it remains a wonder how any other theory or practice ever came into vogue.

REPUBLICS AND ARISTOCRACIES.

It is but a few months since Mr. Francis Parkman uttered his trenchant indictment against universal suffrage, and already evidence has greatly multiplied tending to show how mistaken is the judgment which denounces our republican system as a failure. The most significant item of this evidence within ourselves is the resumption of specie payments. It has been a favorite theory with those persons who distrust representative government that it would be impossible to return to a sound financial policy, because an ultimate power is lodged in the people which is competent to prevent it, and this power would be exerted without fail in favor of those measures that tend to inflation and a temporary speculative prosperity. It was believed, moreover, that popular clamor would not only insist upon "cheap money" in abundance, but that the people

would refuse to tax themselves for the payment of the public debt. It is true there were many persons who advocated repudiation, and promulgated wild theories in regard to money, and some of these people are not yet silenced; but we are entitled to point to the ultimate action of the state as the sure sign of the power and permanent tendencies of our Government. The cry for repudiation in times of distress is no new thing in history, and is far from being the invention of a democratic proletariat. During the great agricultural distress in England in 1821 and the following year, land-owners and tenant-farmers, according to Spencer Walpole in his recent history, "stung into action by distress, suddenly assumed the character of political agitators," the most violent of them declaring that "if taxation could be reduced in no other way faith must be broken with the public creditors, and the national debt repudiated." These agitators were not without their leaders. In Parliament Sir Francis Burdett boldly demanded a readjustment of the public burdens. "The public creditor," he argued, "might be entitled to his due, but he could not be entitled to more than his due. The man who had lent his money when bank-paper was a legal tender had no right to expect that he should be paid in gold." Burdett's proposal involved the partial repudiation of the debt. Other members were in favor of the same thing, but for the sake of decency desired "to cover the policy of repudiation with a thin veil which hardly concealed its nakedness from any one," this being a plan for depreciating the currency. When the debt was contracted corn sold for eighty shillings a quarter; it was urged that the currency should be depreciated till the price rose again to eighty shillings; "and corn and not gold should be made the standard of value." Obviously our money agitators were not even original in their madness, and it seems that they did not borrow their notions from revolutionary France or from democratic demagogues anywhere, but from English agriculturists, a class who are noted the world over for their conservative habits of thought. But this is only one instance of how those persons who in charging every agitation of the hour upon the weakness of republican institutions fail to heed similar disorders in other countries. There is but one right method of considering the action of any given form or theory of government, and that is by comparing it carefully with other forms of government when under the pressure of similar conditions. To declaim against the evils of universal suffrage, and all the time to shut the eyes to kindred evils elsewhere, is to evince the passions of a partisan and the prejudices of a bigot.

People who become despondent about our future should be prescribed liberal doses of history. If they distrust the intelligence and justice of the masses, let them investigate what sort of intelligence and justice has been evinced by aristocratic rulers in the past. If they admire the order and probity that mark affairs in England of to-day, let them go back a few pages in history and see how every reform that has advanced the English nation to its present high place originated with the people, and was the direct result of pressure from below. The evidence of this assertion is patent in the history of the Reform Bill, of the Irish Establishment, of the Penal Laws, of the rotten-borough system. There are persons who believe that government should be exclusively in the hands of the upper classes; they demand an administration of affairs by the "culture and conservative traditions of the community." And yet a glance at Taine's "*Ancien Régime*" will show them that this class often perpetrated more wrong and worked more mischief in a single day than popular suffrage has been guilty of in the entire length of its career.

If we disdain the example and the evidence of the past, there remain abundant facts in the contemporary condition of despotic and aristocratic governments to justify hope and confidence in republics. Mr. Parkman's fierce assault upon universal suffrage appeared last summer; the mid-winter number of the magazine ("*The North American Review*") which contained his paper printed an article entitled "*The Empire of the Discontented*," by a Russian Nihilist, in which the disorders and dangers that pertain to despotic Russia are set forth with startling force. It affirms that the present state of Russia is most deplorable; it quotes from a Russian newspaper the assertion that "the moral standard of society has sunk so low that the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong or honor from baseness is utterly lost"; and that in almost every official "one is led to suspect a rascal and a thief"; and further that the Czardom alone is the true cause of all the misery Russia has endured for centuries and is now enduring. The writer enters into a detailed account of the condition of things there, but, discouraging as the picture is which he draws, he does not think it hopeless. "It would be so," he says, "if the corruption and demoralization of the upper classes and of the Government pervaded the whole body of the nation, and did not arouse any indignation nor any active opposition on the part of the honest element of the people." He goes on to declare "the downfall of autocracy the necessary condition of all further progress of the Russian people." This is all in

fine contrast to Mr. Parkman's trumpet-blast. It is true that he is a Nihilist and speaks perhaps with a prejudiced tongue, but is this not also true of Mr. Parkman? What we see is a Russian declaring that the elevation of the people to power is the only salvation for his country, and an American affirming that power in the hands of the people is a perpetual threat and danger.

Nearly at the moment when this Russian utterance was made, a writer in the London "*Spectator*" was confirming the general tenor of the argument in an article entitled "*The Unrest of the World*," which appeared in the latter part of December last. "The note of the civilized world at this Christmas-time," it began by saying, "is unmistakably unrest. But two great countries may be pronounced fairly happy, and they are both republics." The United States and France are the nations to which the writer here alludes. After indicating the favorable and hopeful condition of affairs in those countries, it declares that "it is the orderly, conservative monarchies that are discontented." It affirms that "the great German nation, at the top of the world, with its irresistible strength so recently demonstrated, is not happy at all," a degree of unrest being perceptible "which is unlike the German character, and which suggests that a great majority of the people is longing for some change"; in Russia all is unrest also, "the Government alarmed, and striking wild blows at classes like the students"; of England we are told "it was never perhaps less restful or less happy." In Italy "the monarchy can scarcely keep the middle classes and the people from flying at each other's throats"; in Constantinople "revolution follows revolution and ministry ministry, until we seem to be reading chronicles eight hundred years old," while in what was European Turkey "there is either an order enforced by foreign soldiery or utter anarchy and confusion. Outside the Austrian camps no life is safe in Bosnia, Thessaly, Epirus, or Macedonia, while in Bulgaria and Thrace order is preserved mainly by the presence of the Russian army." In short, we are assured that "Europe outside France is tossing in a feverish doze."

One more witness remains to be cited. The February number of "*The Nineteenth Century*" has the conclusion of an article bearing the title of "*Liberty in Germany*." It is a history of the struggle for liberty in that great country, of the processes by which the chains of despotism have been forged and riveted upon the people, and gives a survey of those existing elements that must eventually come to a distinctive outbreak. "The history of liberty in Germany," says the writer in the closing paragraph,

"so far as we have followed it, has been a very checkered one—chiefly a chronicle of failures," but, he goes on to say, "let no one think that the future of the story, distant, though it may be, is not most surely forthcoming. What Borne wrote forty years ago has not yet been fulfilled, but it remains a world truth—'the French Revolution will presently be translated into every country in Europe.'"

With people in turbulent discontent and governments in alarm, with debts increasing, wars impending, and a far-extending commercial and industrial distress, with the certainty that revolution is imminent, and a knowledge that socialistic and communistic doctrines are undermining society and threatening the downfall of all established institutions—with these innumerable evidences of the wisdom with which Europe is governed by the trained and educated upper classes, it is wholly gratuitous for us to take alarm at the few wild theories and minor ebullitions that have marked our period of monetary distress. If any dangers did at one time beset us, they are past now; and, as we emerge into a new era of prosperity, we bear witness to the fact that a republic may not only survive a terrible intestine war, but undergo a tremendous financial convulsion with a steadiness not excelled by any other people in like circumstances. Perhaps, in view of these facts, certain Americans will eventually come to understand the real nature of the institutions of America, and learn to study them with wisdom and judgment, if not with patriotism.

IMPRESSIONISM IN ART.

THE young artists from Munich who are playing such fantastic tricks with the brush are as confident of the validity of their notions as a suitor who has just won his case in the court of last appeal is of the justice of his claim. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, they have really not yet won a decision in their favor from any recognized tribunal, their theories not yet having been subjected to clear or definite analysis, or their performances brought to the test of philosophical criticism. They are supported so far by nothing but their own somewhat arrogant assertions and the impulsive sympathies of a class always ready to welcome every strange idol that may be set up before them—the very class that thirty years ago fell prostrate before the false god known as pre-Raphaelitism. It is time now to inquire what it is that these new enthusiasts assert, and the true nature of this "impressionism," which is now amazing and perplexing so many worthy people. It is as well

perhaps to explain, for the benefit of some of our readers, what is meant by an "impression" picture. It is an attempt to fix upon the canvas the instantaneous impression of a scene—to catch a changing mood of feeling, a fleeting touch of color, a vanishing light, a sudden insight or grasp; in other words, to take a landscape, as it were, on the wing. The pictures that result from this attempt are vague and undefined, with sometimes not more than hints of form, and bear little resemblance to any actual scene or place. They may have charm of color and sometimes do, but this is the sole reason for their being that can ordinarily be discovered.

A picture produced in this way must obviously be wholly incomprehensible to every one not in possession of the key to its meaning and motive. But is such a picture really comprehensible even to those who have the key? Is the philosophy of this new theory sound, and its foundations upon the rock of reason and truth? These are questions that should now be asked, and we venture here to set down a point or two that will go, we think, toward making up an answer. Let us say in passing that impressionist painting is by no means the only theory identified with the Munich students, but it is the only one we can now consider. When the pre-Raphaelites were on the full tide of favor nearly three decades ago, it was shown that their theory of "all things in nature being equal" was false in its application to art, because to him who looks upon a scene all things are not equal. The pre-Raphaelites painted with minute fidelity every detail of each object: a rose-bud in a woman's hair competed for attention with the woman's face; a leaf upon a vine was treated as fully and as intrusively as the most important fact in the picture. These painters committed the mistake of excluding all thought of the spectator and his limitations; they forgot that we do not see nature as it is, but always as it stands related to us, and that in this relation there is not equality but prominence in some things and subordination in others. The impressionists at the other extreme of art are now committing a similar error. They forget that it is impossible to fix transitory impressions, because the instant they are fixed they cease to be transitory, and as things fixed they fail to produce upon the minds of others the sensations which they awakened in the breast of the painter. There is nothing in the picture thus painted that to the spectator is or can be vanishing, fleeting, instantaneous—nothing that suggests a momentary vision, that communicates a feeling of vague beauty—there is before one a struggle with conditions, for a picture that produces nothing in his mind but a

struggle to understand it. Art has its absolute limitations, and we venture to believe that the operations of the mind render it impossible to transfer a fleeting impression received by one mentality to another mentality without an entire transformation of the character of that impression. In every instance of an impression picture, the spectator has to take the word of the artist for the fidelity of the transcript, for he has no means at hand by which he can verify or test it, by which he can ascertain its significance, or through which he can come to enjoy it.

But this is not all. We venture further to doubt whether it is possible for any mind to get of objects impressions such as are depicted—if that word can be used—by these new-comers into art. These artists, we greatly suspect, coax themselves to believe that they see nature under the strange guises in which they report it to us. We distrust the accuracy of their reports because certain phenomena of the mind seem to us to prove, or at least to indicate, that they can not be accurate. In the complex action of the mind, it is impossible, even in an instantaneous impression of an object, to obliterate the host of associations and the sum of experiences which have been gathered there. We know, for instance, the human features so well that the most rapid glance at a face that one can conceive of is sure to bring before us all the parts—the eyes, the cheeks, the nose, the mouth, all are sure to distinctly appear, if not in actual vision at least by associations that are inseparable from the vision. The flash of lightning that reveals to us a figure reveals it to our mental impressions complete. Each of us knows a tree so well, carries in his mind its color, its construction, its play of light and shade, that the eye, sweeping over a forest in the swiftest manner conceivable, will inevitably have just as instantaneously an impression of the forms of the trees, their spread of bough, their recesses of shadow, their leaves gleaming and quivering in the light, as it has of the fact that there are trees there at all. To think of a tree is to think of something defined, of something possessing known characteristics; and under no circumstances, we really believe, would it be possible for the human vision to catch a glimpse of trees so swiftly as to make them seem anything less, or anything different, or anything more, than just what they are. It may be said that we do not, in fact, see the complete tree under such circumstances, but only think that we do. But this makes no difference, for it is with what

seems that art has solely to do. It is not dealing with the science of optics, but with appearances; and the theory of impressionism in dealing with impressions is concerned not with facts but with the things that appear to be facts. The impressionist can indeed be true to his philosophy solely by reproducing impressions, and, as we have shown, the impression of things which we receive under such circumstances can by no chance be such as these painters ask us to believe to be veritable.

At the exhibition of "The Society of American Artists," which opened in this city early in March, and where can be seen many exemplifications of the latest notions in art, there is a landscape by Mr. Inness, called "A Cloudy Day," which, without being strictly an impressional picture, is allied to that class, or is at least a landscape seen under abnormal circumstances of light, a transcript of a scene as it appeared to the artist, as he affirms. Now, Mr. Inness has an acknowledged place in the front rank of our landscape-painters. He is eminently capable, and he enjoys the reputation of high intelligence. But it is nevertheless impossible not to believe that Mr. Inness was here under an illusion—that he persuaded himself that he saw the picture as he has painted it. Trees assuredly do not become transformed, under any conceivable glamour of light, or possible swiftness of vision, into round masses of wool-like substance, without contour of spreading branches, or articulation of limb, or broken lights and shadows. The painting in this particular is unthinkable. The sweeping mass of cloud is masterly, the burst of light that illuminates sundry objects is truth itself, but the groups of trees are incomprehensible. The picture here exemplifies a theory that can never permanently stand; for, even supposing it possible that artists have a gift of seeing nature under exceptional and strange aspects, an art that relates experience and reports impressions which the rest of the world have never known or seen, would be as meaningless to that world as color is to the blind. Under such a rule art would consist of a series of phantasies representing all the grotesque and wild vagaries of diseased imaginations, all the affectation, posturing, and extravagant antics of self-conscious and conscienceless pretenders, such as sane people could not comprehend and rightfully would not tolerate, instead of a trustworthy but supreme and exalted reflection of the life that we know and the things that we see.

Books of the Day.

IT is decidedly to the disadvantage of Dr. Smiles's "Life of Robert Dick" * that his previous work, the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," is still so fresh and so vivid in the remembrance of the public. Thomas Edward, the naturalist, and Robert Dick, geologist and botanist, were singularly alike, not only in respect of personal character but in the main features of their careers. Both were self-made men in the best sense of the term; both devoted themselves to the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge with the ardor, the persistence, and the singleness of purpose with which other men seek riches, or fame, or social position; and both, while fettered by the cruel necessities of the most grinding daily toil, rendered very real and genuine services to science. Viewed merely from the personal side, Dick is perhaps the more interesting figure of the two. His studies and investigations took a much wider range, and the breadth and variety of his culture were not less remarkable than the tireless energy with which he pursued his chosen branches of scientific inquiry. But neither rocks, nor the curious fossil organisms which they contain, nor even plants and flowers, can compete in popular interest with what Goldsmith calls "the world of Animated Nature"; the employments, adventures, and discoveries of the naturalist will always arouse a more sympathetic curiosity than those of the geologist or botanist; and the "Life of Robert Dick" lacks that romantic picturesqueness which lent such an indescribable piquancy and charm to the similar life of Thomas Edward.

Yet the life of "the learned baker of Thurso" is profoundly interesting in itself, and is narrated with all Dr. Smiles's customary skill and vivacity. In great part it is composed of letters written by himself, and it thus possesses not only many of the attractions of autobiography, but constitutes the only authentic self-expression on the part of a man who was too modest, or too indifferent to fame, to make any record even of his discoveries, much less of his thoughts, theories, and speculations. But for the few and fragmentary letters here collected and preserved, the present generation would have known nothing of one of the most remarkable men composing it, save from the brief and casual references of the few whom accident or kindred pursuits brought into contact with him. Sir Roderick Murchison on more than one occasion paid a cordial tribute to his character and services; but it is strange and not a little discreditable that in the "Life of Hugh Miller"—the man who profited far more than Dick himself, or than all other persons combined, by Dick's

geological researches—there is not the slightest mention of Dick's name.

Robert Dick was born in 1811 at the village of Tullibody in Clackmannanshire, Scotland. His father was an officer of excise, and appears to have been in at least comfortable circumstances; but he had the misfortune to lose his mother in early youth, and a harsh step-mother embittered his childhood to a degree that affected his whole future life. Long afterward he said to a friend in reference to these early struggles: "All my naturally buoyant, youthful spirits were broken. To this day I feel the effects. I can not shake them off. It is this that still makes me shrink from the world." At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody. Previously he had received such education as the parish school could afford, and had learned reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin. He was an extremely apt scholar, and exhibited in particular a great talent for languages; but when his home became intolerable under his step-mother's stern rule, he took to wandering among the hills and up the mountain-sides, and there imbibed that love of nature which was the one passion and solace of his after-life. He collected specimens of the various stones to be found in the neighborhood, wondered at their differences, and tried to find out the reason of them. He also made a small collection of plants, and, having contrived to borrow some volumes of the old "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," managed to acquire from them an elementary knowledge of botany, which henceforth never lost its charm for him. His apprenticeship to the baker lasted for three years and a half, during which he got no wages—only his meals and his bed—while his regular hours of work were from three o'clock in the morning until seven and eight and sometimes nine o'clock at night. When his apprenticeship was over he followed the employment of journeyman baker for three years, wandering from Tullibody to Leith, Glasgow, and Greenock, but without making much progress toward independence or even comfort. At length, when he was twenty years old, his father, who had been assigned to duty there, wrote, "Come to Thurso, and set up a baker's shop here." Acting upon this suggestion, Robert arrived at Thurso in the summer of 1830 and took a shop in Wilson's Lane, where until his death, thirty-six years afterward, he pursued his avocation as baker, never marrying, employing no apprentice or assistant, doing his work to the last with his own hands, and never but on a single occasion during that long period allowing his devotion to science to interfere with the steady, regular, and careful performance of his business duties. His studies, his reading, his scientific researches, were all carried on solely in his scanty leisure hours, and mostly at night; for his trade, exacting as it was,

* Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso. Geologist and Botanist. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 436.

never more than yielded him a bare support—never enabled him to indulge himself in any way, save in the one item of the purchase of books, of which he accumulated what was under the circumstances a surprisingly large and most creditable collection.

Thurso is within sight of Orkney, the Ultima Thule of the Romans. It is the northernmost town of Great Britain. John o' Groats—the Land's End of Scotland—lies just to the east. It is situated on Thurso Bay at the mouth of Thurso River, and on either side, fronting the sea, are magnificent cliffs, upon which, in stormy weather, the long Atlantic waves break with a noise like thunder. The county of Caithness, of which Thurso is one of the chief towns, and which was the scene of Dick's labors, is the bleakest and most desolate in the Three Kingdoms. "During the equinoctial gales," says Dr. Smiles, "the wind sweeps across the country with great fury. It is scarcely possible to hold one's feet. Cattle are blown down and trees are blown away. The thatched roofs of the cottages are held down by strong straw ropes with heavy stones hanging at their ends; otherwise the roofs would be blown away, as well as the cottages themselves. It is scarcely possible to grow a tree in the northern part of the county. Hedges are almost unknown. Instead of hedges, the fields are separated from each other by Caithness flags set on end. To one accustomed to the beautiful woods and hedgerows of the south, the cheerlessness of Caithness scenery may well be imagined. Robert Chambers said of the county, 'The appearance of Caithness is frightful, and productive of melancholy feelings.' 'It is only a great morass,' says another writer; 'the climate is unfavorable; the stormy winds are always blowing across it; mists suddenly come on, and the air is always damp.'"

Prior to Robert Dick's researches, Caithness was supposed to be as barren from a scientific as from a commercial or agricultural point of view; yet within the limits of this bleak, desolate, storm-swept region Dick made a botanical collection, which Sir Roderick Murchison declared to be one of the best and completest in Great Britain, discovered plants which had hitherto been excluded from the lists of the British flora, and disinterred from their ancient rock-beds such a quantity and variety of fossil organisms as caused a revision or reversal of nearly every one of the then current theories regarding the geological formation of northern Scotland. To Hugh Miller in particular he furnished a large part of the data upon which that brilliant writer based the later editions of his "Old Red Sandstone" and his "Footprints of the Creator," and many of the most striking fossils figured in the former work were furnished by Dick from the vast deposits of Old Red Sandstone which are found in the neighborhood of Thurso. Dick also collected and classified the conchology and entomology of the district, and long before his death he was more familiar with every detail of the geology, geography, flora and fauna, and physical phenomena of the entire county of Caithness than most men are with their front-door steps. A striking proof of the scope and precision of his in-

formation was afforded to Sir Roderick Murchison when the latter called upon him to make some inquiries regarding defects in the existing maps of Caithness. Dick, who was at work when the baronet was introduced, spread some flour on his board and made a map in relief of the county, showing not only every peculiarity of its surface, but the area and relative position of its geological formations, the dip of its strata, the dislocations and fractures, the water-sheds and drainage, and the position of the various fossiliferous beds which, as he once said, make the land "a vast graveyard."

All this knowledge, it must be borne in mind, was acquired not from books or from journeys in a "gig"—Dick had a great contempt for scientists who travel around and survey the country from a gig—but from actual scrutiny and inspection made during long walks of thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty miles, taken mostly at night. Even when over fifty years of age Dick thought nothing of a walk of twenty miles and back merely to see whether a pet fern was thriving; and he would spend night after night on the bleak cliffs and desolate moors simply to verify some fact which he had seen stated, or about which some question had been asked him by Hugh Miller or some other of his correspondents. Passages like the following are so numerous in his letters that at length they cease to excite surprise: "In this, my last grand boulder-clay expedition of the year, I have accomplished a feat in pursuit of rotten shells which perhaps not many men would willingly have undertaken. *I have walked more than fifty miles without once sitting down.* Then next morning at five o'clock I rose to my daily work as if nothing unusual had happened." On another expedition to the top of Morven he walked sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours, "with little halt," as he says. For what? Why, to see what the hill was like and to gather plants! No labor or fatigue was too great if it promised in the faintest degree to aid in the solution of any problem or the verification of any fact which had presented itself to his attention. During the last year of his life, when disease had unfitted him for such arduous enterprises, almost the only privation which really fretted him was his inability to visit his beloved but too distant haunts.

With all his knowledge, Dick never made a parade of what he knew. On the contrary, he was the most modest and retiring of men. He shrank from publicity of any kind, and could never be induced either to claim or to record the discoveries and researches which would easily have made him famous. Of no man could it be said more truly than of him that he sought knowledge for its own sake and not for any return which it could make him in the shape of wealth, or reputation, or power. His life was one of almost complete isolation and solitude. His fellow townsmen regarded him first as "dour," then as "daft," and finally as "a wee thocht wrang." Later, when his name began to be uttered with respect by the great luminaries of science, the more appreciative sought him out; but he would never suffer the slightest approach to lionizing, and to the

end, save for a very few chosen friends, of whom Hugh Miller and Charles Peach, A. L. S., were the chief, pursued his laborious, self-abnegating career. Nor did all the late recognition of his worth prevent his last days from being embittered by the most grinding and humiliating poverty. While he was on his death-bed, preparations were made for applying to the Queen for a pension in recognition of his services to science. "But it was too late. Before the Queen's mercy could be appealed to, a pension was no longer needed. Dick's spirit had left its frail tenement of clay."

Robert Dick was reduced in his last days to a condition but slightly removed from pauperism; yet when it was announced that his illness would prove fatal, the very people who had been willing to let him starve suddenly awoke to the fact that a great though comparatively unknown man was about to pass away, and at his death "there was an almost universal sob throughout the town." The mayor, with the cordial approval of the citizens, organized a public funeral; and he who during life had blushed at the whisper of his name from afar was conducted to the cemetery with drums and trumpets, with a parade of the military and trade societies, and all the pomp of a civic procession. Nor was this all. A costly and conspicuous monument was erected over his grave; and Thurso may be fairly said to have done everything in its power to indicate its recognition of the fact that a great man had lived and died in its midst.

No doubt all this is as it should be. Even so late a recognition is better (not for Dick, but for the world which he served) than none at all. But, after all, the most appropriate and durable memorial of Robert Dick is Dr. Smiles's simple but touching record of his laborious, stainless, unselfish, and noble life.

To say that the author of "The English Reformation"* is the same as the author of "The Life and Words of Christ" will be sufficient of itself to commend the work to a very large and cultivated circle of readers. Few recent contributions to religious literature have met with a more cordial acceptance than the last-mentioned work; and "The English Reformation" exhibits the same qualities of comprehensive research, sound judgment, picturesque treatment, and vigorous style. The story of the Reformation has been frequently told by both ecclesiastical and political historians as an independent event or episode, and in connection with the other great events in the annals of mankind. But the subject is one of perennial interest, and recent investigations and the publication of State Papers from the Rolls Office have furnished the historian with new points of view and much fresh illustrative material. Of all this new material, and of considerations to which modern German research has given

a special importance, Dr. Geikie has availed himself to the full; and his account of the Reformation in England is at once the freshest, fullest, and most readable that has yet appeared. No important point has escaped his attention; but he has avoided making his narrative a mere chronicle or aggregation of facts, and, without losing sight of principles, directs attention largely to the human instruments and agencies by which the march of events was guided and controlled. Particularly good are his portraits of the great leaders on either side in the struggle which culminated in the Reformation—of Wycliffe and Erasmus, of Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII., Bloody Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Gardiner, Bonner, Latimer, and the rest. In all these cases the living men are brought before us, with their virtues and frailties, their passions and prejudices, their animosities, bigotries, superstitions, and ruthlessness. Now and then, too, a highly significant and picturesque fact is brought to light and emphasized; as, for instance, that at a time when the entire population of England and Wales was only four millions, when the wealth which commerce brings was nearly unknown, and when nearly half the property of the kingdom was in the hands of the Church, and consequently exempt from taxation of any kind, Wolsey's income from his religious and secular offices, from fees, bribes, perquisites, etc., amounted annually to more than twelve million dollars of our money (the purchasing power of money being now, as he states, only a twelfth of what it was in the time of Henry VIII.).

Full as it is, however, as a narrative of events, the object of the work is quite as much controversial as historical, and is intended to draw from the past weapons with which to fight the battles of the present. Dr. Geikie's principal aims in writing it were evidently—first, to discredit utterly Romanism and the Papist pretensions; and, secondly, to arrest, and if possible defeat, those Romanizing tendencies in the Church of England which he sees in the so-called "Ritualism" of the day. "Unfortunately," he says in the preface to the American edition, "it is not Rome alone from which Protestantism, as the embodiment of liberty, has to guard. The Episcopal Communion, smitten for the time by an epidemic of priestism, has latterly seen numbers of its clergy betraying its principles and seeking the favor of that Church against whose errors their own is a standing protest. This melancholy spectacle has been witnessed both in England and America, and demands the vigorous watchfulness of all to whom spiritual liberty is sacred. There may be no fear of 'Ritualism,' as this phenomenon is called, assailing political liberty as Romanism does, but it is as deadly as its prototype in its relations to individual freedom and intelligence. Its fundamental principle is the intrusion of the priest between the soul and God, and the insistence on his official acts as necessary to salvation. But, wherever an order is permitted to assume supernatural claims, it prostrates at its feet all who accept them. We dare not oppose one who can open or shut the gates of heaven—can bind or loose

* The English Reformation: How it came about, and why we should uphold it. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 512.

the load of our sins. Such a conception of religion is the very antithesis of Protestantism. The one has no priests but Christ; the other sees his authority delegated to a caste of Brahmins; the one trusts for salvation to faith in its Lord, proved by a holy life; the other proclaims that salvation is secured by the sacraments duly ministered by a rightly consecrated priest. . . . All priestly castes have in every age claimed a divine descent, and Ritualism follows the example." In another place he says, "At this day the most dangerous perversion of our religion is that known as sacerdotalism, or the grafting of priestly pretensions on the simple spiritual teaching of the New Testament."

In fact, but for his hostility to this new form of priestcraft, as he considers it, it is probable that Dr. Geikie's history of the English Reformation would not have been written; yet this has not impaired his impartiality as an historian, nor tempted him to wrench facts into an agreement with the fancied necessities of his argument. The only bias that is perceptible in his book is one that is shared by most other Protestant writers in treating of events and persons connected in any way with the Reformation—that, namely, of regarding the corruption of the Church and the ecclesiastical orders not as an effect or concomitant of the general corruption of the times, but as the efficient and active *cause* of it. In Dr. Geikie's eyes, the world was perverted and led astray by Romanism, and he can not bring himself to admit that the degraded type of Christianity then prevalent was but a peculiarly conspicuous sign of that wellnigh universal degradation which characterized the Dark Ages.

If the rapidity with which the successive volumes of "English Men of Letters" follow each other be taken as an index of the popular favor which is being extended to them, then the series must be very successful indeed. Only last month we were called upon to notice Mr. Symonds's "Shelley," and now two additional volumes claim our attention. Of these Professor Huxley's "Hume"* is the more remarkable if not the more interesting. In it the biographical element, which was expected to form the leading feature of the series, is so frankly and decidedly subordinated that the book may be fairly described as an exposition of Hume's philosophy prefaced by the briefest possible outline of his life. The two short chapters devoted to the biographical section give a fairly accurate idea of the personality and character of the man, and the second and much longer division of the work contains a wonderfully lucid, luminous, and effective summary of Hume's philosophical doctrines; but to our mind the treatise as a whole is gravely defective in that it gives no adequate notion of the variety and relative importance of Hume's work in the several departments of literature, and indeed fails to show why he should have a place

among English men of letters at all. No doubt Hume's philosophical work was the most valuable which he did, and constitutes his best title to remembrance, but it is a well-known fact that he did most of it while still a very young man, and deliberately turned from it to work which seemed better calculated to gratify that desire for literary fame which, as he himself said, was the ruling passion of his life. Of the purely literary work which constitutes Hume's sole title to a place in a series devoted to men of letters, Professor Huxley makes only the barest mention, and, though evidently quite competent to the task of weighing and measuring it, says nothing as to its quality, nature, or characteristics. It must be confessed that in a book which *ex hypothesi* is designed to meet the requirements of readers whose leisure is too scanty to enable them to consult the ampler biographies, and who must largely depend upon it for their ideas of Hume's life and work, this is a very serious defect.

The truth seems to be that Professor Huxley has thought out for himself a system of psychology which agrees in the main with Hume's, and which could be conveniently expounded by using Hume as a text, and this is the true *raison d'être* of his work, and not any intention of supplying the wants of those who wish to know something of Hume the man as an introduction or supplement to a knowledge of his writings. Even in the chapters professedly devoted to Hume's philosophy he does not by any means confine himself to an exposition, analysis, summary, or explanation of it; but amends, modifies, expands, interprets, and illustrates, until it is greatly to be feared that Hume himself would hardly recognize his own doctrines in their present shape. Speaking accurately, indeed, the book is less an exposition of Hume than a statement, partly in Hume's language and partly in Professor Huxley's, of what the latter regards as the elementary principles of a sound psychology. And as such it possesses an interest and value which otherwise it could hardly have. Hume's influence upon the progress of thought has been great, and his skill as a metaphysician is unquestioned; but the limitations and defects of his theories are now clearly perceived, and, if Professor Huxley has succeeded in revivifying them, it has only been by such elisions and additions as amount practically to a reconstruction. And most readers will go to the book rather to find out what is Professor Huxley's version of the science of psychology than to learn what is Hume's.

Aside from its importance as a contribution to science, the book possesses a peculiar interest as in a sense the joint production of two writers whose keenness of insight and subtlety of reasoning are only equaled by their mastery of style. Hume's measured and fluent and graceful periods have been too long admired to stand in need of further praise, and custom can not stale the pleasure with which one reads Professor Huxley's clear, simple, forcible, and flexible language. In no previous work has his power and felicity of style been exhibited to greater advantage than in this monograph on Hume, nor can

* Hume. By Professor Huxley. (English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 206.

the reader find a better example of that trenchant force of logic which seems to work with the precision, the facility, and the remorselessness of perfected machinery. The reasoning is not of the kind which can be easily followed by those who must read as they run, and this is another reason why the book is out of place in the series in which it appears; but the lucidity and luminousness of the argument constitutes an attraction which is quite independent of one's acquiescence or otherwise in the conclusions to which the argument leads.

THE other addition to "English Men of Letters" to which we referred at the beginning of the previous notice, is "Goldsmith,"* by William Black. This, though, of course, inferior in value to Professor Huxley's little treatise, fulfills much more nearly the avowed objects of the series, and is, on the whole, a very satisfactory outline and summary of Goldsmith's life and writings. It is fairly complete as a record of the successive stages and incidents of Goldsmith's career; it gathers together and relates with a certain freshness of phrase the most characteristic and amusing of the anecdotes which the industry of previous biographers had brought to light; and it is written in that graceful, easy, animated, and picturesque style for which Mr. Black is distinguished. Almost the only fault that can be found with it is that Mr. Black has been throughout too keenly conscious of what Mr. Forster had previously written; and, as he does not always agree with Mr. Forster, this has given his work a controversial air which, besides detracting from the straightforwardness of the narrative, has the additional disadvantage of presupposing on the part of the reader a knowledge of Mr. Forster's biography, which in many cases probably the reader will not possess.

A very good motto for Mr. Black's work would be, *audiat et altera pars*—let us hear the other side. He dissents very strongly from the assumption, which may be said to form the key-note of Mr. Forster's narrative, that Goldsmith was so ill treated by the world that the record of his life and sufferings is necessarily an arraignment and condemnation of the existing constitution of society. In his introductory chapter he invites attention to the fact that, though Goldsmith was perpetually harassed by pecuniary difficulties, and died owing two thousand pounds, he had been, on the whole, liberally paid for his work, even judged by the standards of to-day; and that during the last seven years of his life, according to Macaulay's calculation, he had been earning an annual income equivalent to eight hundred pounds of English currency. And, recurring to the subject at a later stage of the narrative, Mr. Black sums up the whole question in the following paragraph:

When Goldsmith was writing [the Chinese letters] in the "Public Ledger"—with "pleasure and

instruction for others," Mr. Forster says, "though at the cost of suffering to himself"—he was receiving for them alone what would be equivalent in our day to two hundred pounds a year. No man can affirm that two hundred pounds a year is not amply sufficient for all the material wants of life. Of course, there are fine things in the world that that amount of annual wage can not purchase. It is a fine thing to sit on the deck of a yacht on a summer's day and watch the far islands shining over the blue; it is a fine thing to drive four-in-hand to Ascot—if you can do it; it is a fine thing to cower breathless behind a rock and find a splendid stag coming slowly within sure range. But these things are not necessary to human happiness: it is possible to do without them and yet not "suffer." Even if Goldsmith had given half of his substance away to the poor, there was enough left to cover all the necessary wants of a human being; and if he chose so to order his affairs as to incur the suffering of debt, why that was his own business, about which nothing further need be said. It is to be suspected, indeed, that he did not care to practice those excellent maxims of prudence and frugality which he frequently preached; but the world is not much concerned about that now. If Goldsmith had received ten times as much money as the booksellers gave him, he would still have died in debt. And it is just possible that we may exaggerate Goldsmith's sensitiveness on this score. He had a lifelong familiarity with duns and borrowing; and seemed very contented when the exigency of the hour was tided over. An angry landlady is unpleasant, and an arrest is awkward; but in comes an opportune guinea, and the bottle of madeira is opened forthwith.—(p. 55.)

This is a thoroughly sensible and rational view, and the clearness and emphasis with which Mr. Black points it out constitutes his contribution to the data upon which the world must form its final estimate of Goldsmith. De Quincey had previously discredited the idea of any special or peculiar hardship in the lot of the authors of the Johnson-Goldsmith period; but Mr. Black is the first to apply the tests of fact and cool common sense to the long-accepted version of the world's ingratitude to Goldsmith in particular, and to demonstrate that "if ever any man was author of his own misfortunes, Goldsmith may fairly have the charge brought against him." Nor does this imply any lack on Mr. Black's part of sympathy with or zeal for his subject. Not even Irving has drawn a kindlier or more appreciative portrait of "the writer whom the whole world loves," and Mr. Black exemplifies anew the oft-demonstrated truth that a perception of defects only spurs the just man to a more cordial recognition of merits. His feeling toward Goldsmith is that of Dr. Johnson, who said of him shortly after his death: "He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."

A MORE charming superstructure of story was probably never erected on a slenderer basis than that adopted by Mr. Howells in "The Lady of the Aroostook."* An unsophisticated young lady from

* Goldsmith. By William Black. (English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 152.

* The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 326.

a remote and secluded Massachusetts hamlet is consigned to the care of a ship-captain at Boston for transmission to a relative in Venice, who has determined to give her a chance to see something of the world and to cultivate a "divine voice," of which she happens to be possessed. It turns out that she is the only woman on board, the other passengers being three young gentlemen, two of whom are going abroad for pleasure, while the third is sent by his friends in the hope of repressing for a time his *mania a potu*. The voyage occupies six weeks, and is of the ordinary kind, the only picturesque episode being the fall of one of the young gentlemen overboard and his courageous rescue by the one upon whom the interest of the reader becomes gradually concentrated. To develop a story within these narrow limits would appear to resemble the feat of dancing in a bushel-basket, as the proverb has it, but the reader is never conscious of any inadequacy of material or insufficiency of room. The ship, indeed, proves in the case of the Aroostook to be literally and truly what it has often been figuratively called—a miniature world; and seldom has the fact been more effectively illustrated that the real drama of human life is to be sought, not in external events or the lapse of time, but in the inter-play and counter-play of the feelings.

The story is an altogether pleasing one—piquant in its beginning, satisfactory in its ending, and delightful all the way through. One feature of it in particular deserves to be cordially recognized on behalf of the novel-reading public, and that is that Mr. Howells has revived in it the tradition of a beautiful and charming heroine, part of whose charm lies confessedly and avowedly (though, of course, unconsciously to herself) in her beauty. Since "Jane Eyre" the aim of novelists has been rather to make their heroines "interesting" than to endow them with physical attractions, and indeed somewhat to discredit and belittle the latter; but Mr. Howells has had the sense and courage to utilize the constantly demonstrated fact that personal attractions do and must play a large part in all relations between the sexes. Seldom has the sentiment and perception of womanly beauty been more keenly aroused by mere description—and that a very meager and indirect description—of it than in the case of "The Lady of the Aroostook." Before the voyage is over the reader is as entirely in love with her as the worthy Staniford himself, and the misadventure at the end, with its threatened consequences, will be apt to tug at his heart as though his own happiness were at stake. Yet, to avoid misconception, we must hasten to add that the charm of the heroine is not due merely and solely to her beauty; as should always be the case, it is her character and mental qualities that deepen into affection the admiration which her beauty has first aroused.

One other feature of the story that should not be overlooked is the testimony which it bears to the changed attitude of American literature toward Europeans and their standards of life and conduct. Hitherto, Americans have been as it were summoned

to the bar of European opinion and judged out of hand, the verdict usually being one of somewhat scornful and jeering condemnation. Mr. James's subtle irony and Mr. Howells's more direct and poignant satire are unmistakable indications that the social assize will now be held on this side of the Atlantic, and that the American point of view will be efficiently presented.

THOUGH it was one of the first written among the more elaborate works in its special field, Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times"* still ranks among the standard and authoritative treatises upon the primitive condition of mankind. By means of repeated revision it has been kept abreast of our rapidly expanding knowledge of the subject of which it treats, and for this reason the new (fourth) edition differs very markedly from the first. The size of the volume has been increased to the extent of about one hundred pages, great numbers of new facts have been added, and several of the chapters have been entirely rewritten. The results of quite recent investigations and inquiries have been incorporated with the text; and there is no better compend or summary of what is known about man's character and circumstances prior to his advent upon the stage of written history. One reason for the steady and growing popularity of the work, aside from its comprehensiveness and thoroughness, is that, while written with scientific exactitude and caution, its style is simple, lucid, and free from superfluous technical terms.

. . . . The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop's "Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1869 to 1879"† is the third of a series of similar volumes of which the first appeared in 1852 and the second in 1867. Taken together they constitute a remarkable record of intellectual activity, and it is surprising, in view of the variety and diversity of topics discussed, that so high a level of quality and interest is maintained. Among the contents of the present volume are "Massachusetts and its Early History," "George Peabody," "The Peabody Education Fund," "A Glance at the Changes of Twenty-five Years," "The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims," "A Centennial Oration," "The Great Boston Fire," and about a hundred others, including memorial addresses on John P. Kennedy, Daniel Webster, Motley, Thiers, and Bryant. In character these range from impromptu post-prandial speeches to carefully elaborated orations; but all, as we have said, exhibit a surprising uniformity of merit. They possess few of the conscious graces or embellishments of rhet-

* Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By Sir John Lubbock, M. P., D. C. L. Fourth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 655.

† Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1869 to 1879. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo, pp. 584.

ric, but they are apposite, discriminating, pleasing in expression, and show that the speaker really had something to say about the subjects and people that he undertook to discuss.

.... A book which traverses a portion of the field covered by Dr. Geikie's "English Reformation," reviewed on a preceding page, is "A History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century," by G. G. Perry, M. A.* Mr. Perry touches scarcely at all upon the political aspect of the events which first created the Church of England and then gradually modified its character; but all events which have an ecclesiastical or religious significance he treats with much minuteness of detail, reproducing in the "Notes and Illustrations" appended to each chapter many valuable and curious historical documents. The specialty of the work in comparison with previous histories with a similar purpose is that it includes the Stuart times, "when the Church was so sorely tried by evil influences from various quarters." Appended to the history of the Church of England proper is a tolerably full sketch, by J. A. Spencer, S. T. D., of the history of the Church of England in America, and its successor, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

.... A handy little volume, which ought to prove highly useful to many persons at the present time, is "Bibelots and Curios: A Manual for Collectors, with a Glossary of Technical Terms."† It treats of pottery, porcelain, glassware, stained glass, enamels, metal-work, arms, clocks, watches, musical instruments, fans, lacquer-work, and furniture; and its object, as defined by the author, is to give information not found or sufficiently explained in any previous publication. The author's knowledge, as he further declares, has not been acquired from the study of works already published, but from an intimate and practical knowledge of the various crafts of which he treats; and the information which he gives, though couched in the briefest possible phrase, is specific, practical, and to the point. The Glossary of Technical Terms includes both the French and English names, and would of itself render Mr. Vors's little manual a valuable addition to the handbooks of a collector.

* A History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. Perry, M. A. With an Appendix containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by J. A. Spencer, S. T. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 690.

† Bibelots and Curios: A Manual for Collectors, with a Glossary of Technical Terms. By Frédéric Vors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 116.

.... In the second volume of his "Young Folks' Heroes of History"* Mr. Towle has selected a subject which fully equals in romantic interest his account of the voyages and adventures of Vasco da Gama, but which has the disadvantage of being much more hackneyed. In all the annals of history there is probably no more picturesque episode than that of the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards; and, more conspicuously even than in the case of Cortes in Mexico, Pizarro was the leading and master spirit of that conquest. The story has been often told, however, and by two at least of the most fascinating writers that have written in the English language, so that Mr. Towle in giving another version of it has ventured upon much more difficult ground than in his previous volume. In view of this fact, it will be admitted that he has acquitted himself well. His narrative is animated and picturesque, his treatment of the moral questions involved is sensible and straightforward, his portrait of Pizarro is lifelike, and his book will be certain to instruct and delight the young folks for whom it is designed. The volume contains several woodcuts, which possibly adorn but can hardly be said to illustrate it.

.... The extent to which the professional teachers of religion are being awakened to the graver issues which modern science has imported into speculative questions is exemplified by the Rev. Charles Shakspeare's "St. Paul at Athens,"† which consists of nine sermons treating of spiritual Christianity in relation to some aspects of modern thought. The sermons were delivered to a highly cultivated audience, and are addressed to that constantly widening circle of educated people "who have by no means thrown off their reverence for religion, but who are harassed by the schism between their intellectual attitude and their devotional feelings." What Canon Farrar in his preface calls "the prevalent tendency of Agnosticism" is the point chiefly discussed, and Mr. Shakspeare's fundamental thesis is that "the very existence of the spiritual faculty in man, so persistent and so vigorous, is ground of faith in a supersensuous reality corresponding to this faculty and creating it." The sermons are eloquent without being rhetorical, and aim to accomplish their object by thoughtful argument, and not, and as is too often the case with such sermons, by angry denunciations.

* Young Folks' Heroes of History. Pizarro: His Adventures and Conquests. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 327.

† St. Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons. By Charles Shakspeare, B. A. With a Preface by Rev. Canon Farrar, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 167.

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A SEAT IN THE CHAIR OF DESTINY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," relates a curious incident which happened at the taking of Edinburgh Castle during the days of Bruce. The English had possession of the stronghold, which was so inaccessibly placed upon its lofty crag as to be almost impregnable. A certain Scottish chieftain resolved to seize it by stratagem. One dark night, attended by only thirty picked men, he undertook to reach its vulnerable point by climbing up its southern and most precipitous side. The party crept slowly and noiselessly up and along a secret pass known only to one of them, but paused in fright when arriving close under the wall, upon hearing a troop of the guard approaching. Here the parapet was near the ground, and the lookout of the garrison careless, as no one thought it possible for any mortal foot to come from that direction. Just at this moment of mental and bodily suspense, while they were hugging the cliff to avoid being seen, hardly daring to draw a breath, one of the guards suddenly exclaimed, "Aha! I see you well!" at the same instant laying hold of a fragment of rock and plunging it down into the darkness toward them. Fortunately, it flew over their heads and went crashing harmlessly into the black gulf beneath. They were brave, cool men, and did not stir nor utter a sound. To their inexpressible relief this was all. The patrol passed on. It turned out that the man had not even a suspicion of their presence, but had gone through the fierce performance, as he said, to startle his comrades. A student of mental phenomena would hardly dismiss the matter there. The man was evidently seized with a sudden perception of the truth, but mistook it for a casual thought. It was a kind of second-sight; an impingement upon his mind without the intervention of his senses, a magnetic impression. The very intensity of the gaze fixed upon his dim figure, possibly lagging behind the

others, by thirty pairs of gleaming eyes charged with deadly determination and anxiety together, the concentrated excitement of so many men close to him whose lives hung on a hair between heaven and earth, must have shot into him a premonition of the coming fact, and sent a throng of spectral combatants leaping upon the battlements. He actually *did* see them, therefore, but not with the bodily vision, and hurled the rock into the abyss with words as apt to the reality as to its imaginary errand, speaking more wisely than he knew, "Aha! I see you well!"

The canny Scots took the castle, and in the course of about four hundred years awoke to the discovery that they were no longer on the debatable land—neither English nor Scotch—but on *British* ground, and yet the armed tartan was still in possession.

This paper sets out to give the strange and eventful history of another rocky fragment of Scotland, which—broken from one of its aboriginal crags, in an era of such extreme antiquity that its tradition emerges from an impenetrable darkness—was precipitated by an unknown hand into the unfathomable abyss of Time, under a vague impulse of divination, at unseen and unsuspected assailants, and was coupled with an utterance as mystically to the point as the other, while, as a missile, quite as wide of the mark.

In the history of Scotland a shadowy train of events crept silently and surely from age to age, under cover of that darkness which often conceals the tendencies of things, from a quarter aside from the track of war, up the mountain ramparts of the nation's impregnable pride and independence, entering just where the nation was least prepared and most secure, and surprised the canny Scots out of their stronghold before they were aware. After the short, sharp struggle against "Union" was over, they discovered the fullness of what had happened: not only a king

of Scottish royal blood on the English throne, but Saxon and Celt gone back into territorial "Britain" again, rivals no longer except in a common prosperity and the pursuit of a common endeavor.

So the two assaults, though from the opposite sides, were typical one of the other, and exchanged their meanings when they were both merged into the same result. But the stone of the little incident at Edinburgh prophesied itself out in a moment of time, and, like a meteor, fell into the oblivion of that dark night. The other, as befitted its more phantom errand and prolonged flight of centuries, remains like an *aérolite*, just where it fell, an object of curious interest and speculation, still smoking with the odor of the prophecy in which it spent its force.

How came it to fall in Westminster Abbey? Whence did it come? What did it mean?

This rough-hewed fragment, so widely known as the Stone of Scone, and occupying no less a distinguished place than the Coronation Chair of the British Empire, would, if seen anywhere else, attract no more attention than an ordinary block of building-stone which had lain long neglected or rejected. To such a block it bears some resemblance on account of its general proportions—its measurements being twenty-six inches in length, sixteen and one third inches in breadth, and ten and one half inches in depth. And yet its appearance, otherwise, is so irregular, battered, and weather-beaten that, if found well insulated, say in the fields, it might easily be taken for a common boulder or a broken portion of one. But neglected or rejected, battered or weather-beaten, it certainly has not been for many a long day. Had it been the Black Stone of Mecca itself, it could not have been more carefully guarded or sacredly canopied than it has been, from a period whereto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The elements have had no recent chance, at any rate, of shaping it, and it requires a close examination to detect any evidences of man having tried to modify the form in which it was originally found. Only some tender touches of a steel instrument on its sides indicate its having been slightly adapted to its present receptacle, or to a previous one.

There are, however, other and very significant indications of human handling in the iron rings at either end, as if it had been equipped for transportation whenever necessary; conveying the impression that it actually *had*, according to its story, undergone many and long pilgrimages. This feature, in something intended to serve as a seat, and as such inserted, as it seems to have been, in a stone throne of coronation, which would naturally be fixed in one locality, makes it look, at the first glance, as if it had really been

taken up, when taken at all, not so much by human beings as by the Genii of the ages, and translated hither and thither during long evolutions of time and in the rare emergencies of change in a dynastic situation. Putting together this character as a permanent seat (it was only removed twice during the thousand years in which we can with some distinctness trace it), and the fact of these iron rings, as betokening flight or migration, we have, besides a suggestive correspondence to the legendary account of its wanderings, a strong implication of that hallowed, fatal character also which made it, like the regalia of a kingdom or the sacred Pix itself, an object of reverent solicitude, to be protected as much by a quick removal in a moment of danger as by the stationary "privilege of sanctuary" in an abbey or church.

Be this as it may, such a curious interest has invested it that not only have all the hoary records of Scotch antiquity been searched in order to find traces of it, but even grave geologists have been summoned to lend their aid in dissolving the mystery of its original locality, from the evidences which might be furnished by the stony chronicles of nature. The very dust of its aged mortality has been examined under a magnifying-glass in the hope of detecting something which might point directly to its parent rock. The result is conjectural after all, though pretty certain. It is of calcareous sandstone, dull-reddish or purplish in color, with a few small quartz and other imbedded pebbles. From extreme age it is slightly crumbling on the surface. Now, it can not, they say, in allusion to the earliest tradition concerning it, have belonged to the rocks of Bethel in mid-Palestine, because they are formed of strata of limestone. Neither could it have been found in Egypt, for it does not bear any relation to the prevailing nummulitic limestone—of which the Great Pyramid is built—and there is nothing similar to its red sandstone in the crystalline rocks of Egypt. The rocks of the hill of Tara in Ireland, upon which it was said to have stood so many ages, are of Carboniferous age, and are without its reddish hue. Iona can not be its native soil, for the rocks there are a flaggy micaceous grit or gneiss. The Old Red Sandstone around Scone is not altogether alien to it, for here and there may be found the peculiar tint of its complexion. Still, above all other known places which might appear to have been its primeval seat, the western coast of Scotland, near Oban, is the most likely, as the reddish, purplish, conglomerate sandstone of that region closely resembles it, especially the rocks in the neighborhood of Dunstaffnage Castle. The stones in the old doorway of the castle are like modern members of the same old family, and are hued

by the self-same peroxide blood. Indeed, there is a cavity in one of the vaults which is pointed out as the place where it was once temporarily deposited.

This region—the present territory of Argyll—is that southwest corner of ancient Pictland which was known as “The Land of the Scots,” because upon its rocky, deeply indented shores, and amid its lakes and mountains, a clan of Scots from Ireland once settled, having come to stay and to conquer. It was here, then, most probably, that, having been hewed from some mountain quarry, or having fallen from some tall cliff, this, the chief component part, indeed the one mystical constituent of the present throne of the British Empire, was found, in an age utterly gone into oblivion.

The reader is now somewhat prepared for the marvelous and nebulous atmosphere of the paragraphs which follow. He is to enter upon that archæological tract which extends back even into the beginnings of time, and upon whose shadowy footing he must tread with equal reverence and faith, for he will be drawing near to the primeval source and occasion of that pride and independence which has made Scotland foremost among the nations, and which the world has never otherwise been able to account for in the Scottish character!

It would appear that this was the very identical Stone upon which the patriarch Jacob laid his weary head on that lonely night in Bethel, when, having left his father's house, he was proceeding eastward into the mysteries of his appointed life. From it, when he was wrapped in slumber, his poor, tangled, anxious brain had straightened upward into a dream-ladder, reaching even to heaven, whence the Divine announcement was made to him that the land on which he lay, formed, of course, of that very rock, should be the heritage of himself and his descendants, who were to become “as the dust of the earth” for multitude. On the morrow he set up the Stone for a memorial and covenant pillar, anointing it with oil as a Stone of Destiny—which most surely it was, though it did not fall in with the genius of that period or of his native tongue to call it precisely by that name. When he and his children went down into Egypt they took it with them—by no means an improbable thing. Here it remained until the time of Moses, indeed until after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. Now this is the way in which so sacred and wonderful a relic slipped out of the hands of the chosen people and came into the possession of the Scotch. Some might be unscrupulous enough to state that it happened through an accident of affinity which misled the Stone in following its true owner; that when the

Israelites were leaving Egypt the mingled “Calvinism” and worldly prudence of the Scottish character had so won upon the Stone that it forsook the fortunes of Jacob, also noted for a similar combination, and united itself with the other emigrating nation.

However valuable such a statement would be in accounting for the ultimate wreck which overtook Israel, and the survival, as of the fittest, to the present hour of such an ancient people as the “Scots,” it were nevertheless a pure fabrication. The facts are these: Somehow or other Pharaoh had obtained possession of the relic—a performance very characteristic of that notorious person. When he was drowned, his daughter Scotsa, who had married Gathelus, a Prince of Greece, at once left the country in great alarm, taking the Stone with her. They went to Spain. Here it became permanently linked with the destinies of the Scottish royal line, and when Brec, the favorite son of Milo, King of the Scots in Spain, in an age somewhat later, was about to establish himself in Ireland, his father committed it to his charge, with the injunction that he should make it the conquering sign of his new royal house. During a furious storm on the Irish coast it was thrown out as an anchor, whence very likely arose that improbable and perhaps malicious story of its having been fished up *by* an anchor from the bottom of the sea. However, it is just as well that I should give due prominence to this early rumor in order that the reader may have the choice of two unfathomable origins—Time and the Ocean—things equally noted for their capacity to keep a secret and to baffle human curiosity. In Ireland it was taken to the royal hill of Tara, where it was known as “Lia Fail” (which is Irish-Celtic for “the Stone of Destiny”). Upon it the kings were crowned. There, in the interest of dynastic purity and good government, it developed a certain measure of political discrimination, groaning loudly when a pretender sat upon it. In the course of time, say the fortieth or fiftieth generation after this, when Fergus, son of Erc, in imitation of his forefather Brec, determined to found a new kingdom, over the strait, in Pictland, and actually did settle “The Land of the Scots” above spoken of, he took the Stone with him as something auspicious wherewith to start a destiny on that virgin soil for his proposed new royal line.

Now we are getting to a period where, if things still look misty to the present near-sighted generation, yet they are somewhat more palpable. Fergus is an historical character, and flourished as King of Scots A. D. 550. About this time the Island of Iona, or Icolmkill, just off the coast, was inhabited by a colony of monks from the Church of Ireland under the abbacy of the fa-

mous and sainted Columba, the "great apostle of Pictland." Here was the abbey, then wattle-built, the ruins of whose later buildings of stone are now such romantic and pathetic objects of interest. It is here that the first Kings of the Scots were crowned. It is here where Columba himself inaugurated Aidan in 574. It is here also where the Kings of Scotland were brought for burial, and where their tombs are still pointed out, a long swath of recumbent gravestones stretching partly across the cemetery, inclosed by a rude railing of iron. When Columba lay dying his head was pillowed upon this Stone, and visions of angels appeared also to him just before he received the promise of the other world and took up the staff of his eternal pilgrimage. When he died it was reverently placed as a memorial beside his grave. If it had no other association than this, it were hallowed enough to that generation. Everything pertaining to St. Columba became of the most sacred interest, an interest which grew from age to age. Some hundreds of years after his death many of his relics were removed to Ireland, but a few, as we shall see, were retained in Scotland.

About the year 840, Kenneth MacAlpine, King of Scots, fell heir (strange foretoking of an after and similar event), through a marital alliance with the royal line of the Picts, to the united kingdoms of Pictland and Scotland. The interminable wars then ceased and the absorption of one people by the other began. As the founder of the new royal house of Scotland he removed his residence to Scone, where he built the celebrated Abbey. Thither he brought certain relics of St. Columba: the Stone which had been the dying pillow of the Saint, a crosier, and a square iron bell dipped in bronze. The Abbey of Scone now and henceforth became preëminent in fame for sanctity. Around this sacred center the government itself gathered. Scone was made the capital city of the kingdom, and here, to the last, all its Kings were crowned—seated by the Thanes of Fife upon the Stone of Fate.

There is enough that is authentic in the foregoing account, legendary as it is throughout, to give a certain form and pressure to what we may feel that we actually know. The mythical shadow which is thrown all along upon the story has a prevailing element of truth. Like the specter of the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains, it assumes a human shape and an historic reality through its affinity and correspondence with a sentiment profoundly characteristic of man and universal to his nature in all ages and climes. The symbolic employment of such a fragment of rock, especially in a land which is rock-built like Scotland, sprang from a natural instinct, not the less true because it could not always define itself.

What we now know to be a scientific fact, that the rocky framework of a country is the bone-work of its life and character, upon which all its beauty grows and around which the vital currents of its being flow, was then as deeply *felt*, if not perceived. A rock was the noblest possible representative of nature: the soil in an eternal form and unchangeable substance; the exponent therefore of territory, and hence, by an easy mental transition, a monument of nationality. Hence also the sentiment came uppermost everywhere and sank deeply into the humblest imagination, which associated it with an unspeakable significance touching almost everything that was fundamental in the social fabric. It was wrought into altars as well as temples, into Druid cromlechs and other symbolic centers of resort that grew into seats of enchantment and divination. The same sentiment which led the Hebrew patriarch to consecrate the Stone upon which he had dreamed his dream of destiny, connecting him with the very land he was about to leave, a sentiment which had received the sanction of the Divine Being who ordered his goings, runs through all the Scriptures in similar forms. Kings were crowned beside such natural pillars, territory was bounded by such landmarks, morally as immovable as mountain ranges. The ancient Celtic and Gothic races, far back in the dimmest antiquity, cherished this feeling, and had this practice—probably derived from the East, whence they came, if we may judge from the "*bætulia*," or sacred stones, so often mentioned—to such an extent, that vestiges of it linger to this day near Upsala, at Zollfell, at Lahnstein on the banks of the Rhine, at Derry and Monaghan in Ireland, upon the Thames at Kingston, even in Westminster Hall in the very name of the "King's Bench"—evidences of a sentiment which was shared in common with the sons of Israel. It is in this way that the legend which connects the Stone of Scone with Jacob's Pillow becomes no longer fabulous. It is a fact. The "sacrament" is there, whatever the "accident" may be.

And when we see such a thing accompanying the primitive simplicity of kingship, the virtue of sovereignty entering a chosen man through his ceremonial enthronement among his comrades upon the lowly natural seat, we see a type of what the original idea of sovereignty was among these rude tribes of men. We catch a glimpse in concrete form of the law of Tanistry, the principle which reserved to the people the right to indicate the one preferred of an hereditary family of kings. Such a one came from the people, he belonged to the soil, and by whatever other form of right or might ascending into power, in this he admitted and in this they proclaimed

that he was there by their election or consent. Such a barbaric chair would very likely grow in magical sanctity from that natural beginning, as the fact of sovereignty itself was sure to grow into something sacred and divine, but it never outgrew this primitive hold upon the common earth. The rude rock was there in all its rough-hewed contour to testify both of the past behind and of the fact beneath. Indeed, its accretions of sentiment in the progress of time only imbedded it more firmly in the popular heart. When hallowed traditions gathered round it and ages had rolled over it, with the reminiscence ready to revive of a long series of sovereigns receiving their consecration by its dumb permission, as was the case in Scotland, it was not strange that it became invested with a character which identified it not only with the prosperity but the very existence of the nation, with all the nation's power to grow at home and to extend abroad, and that the kings themselves developed into something like incarnations of the national spirit, whom to lose would be to lose the national destiny itself.

No one can now tell when that astonishing prophecy arose and enveloped the Stone of Scone which has always been associated with it, and to which it owes so much of its interest. The prophecy has reached us through the chroniclers, but was said to have been originally inscribed upon it. There is now an empty groove on its lower side which might have contained an inserted plate. It is sufficiently remarkable to know the unquestionable historical fact that there was such a secular prediction current more than four hundred years ago—how long before we can not tell—uttered no one knows by whom, apparently under the inspiration of a cumulative tradition which took the form of an accurate though indefinite intuition. We have it now in this leonine verse :

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem ;"

and also in the Irish-Celtic dialect, claiming to convey the Druidical rune as it was delivered twenty-four hundred and fifty years ago. The translation is by Sir Walter Scott :

"Cioniodh Scuit saor an fine,
Man ha breag an Fais dine,
Mar a oh fuighid an LIA FAIL,
Dlighid flaitheas do grabhail."

"Unless the Fates are faithless grown,
And Prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this Sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

For two hundred years after the reign of Kenneth MacAlpine we see the history of Scot-

land as through a Highland mist—huge dim outlines, like its own mountains, of a kingdom gradually consolidating and coming into view under the outward pressure of wars with the sea-kings, Norsemen and Saxons ; and the forms of the fifteen kings who succeeded him are hardly more than "sceptered shades" in the cloud-land of all that period. But when the epoch arrives, when the crisis is at hand, which shall issue in the fulfillment of the prediction, there is a sudden breaking away of the obscurity, and we find ourselves in the age of "the gracious Duncan," under the lurid sky of Shakespeare's drama of "Macbeth." Now the characters take a flesh-and-blood reality. The Tragedy, which has been called "the most solemn and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld," was written during the reign of James I., and would seem to have been the reflection in its author's imagination of the extraordinary impression, amounting almost to awe, which had been made upon the public imagination by the confluence of the royal line of Scotland with that of England, and the appearance of a lineal descendant of Duncan, and of a real, not mythical, son of Banquo upon the English throne. Never, of all the tributes of an astonished people that James received, was any so memorable, is any now so remarkable, as that offered him in this the greatest effort of its author's genius. It is a monument even now of that almost weird feeling with which his accession was looked upon, coming as that accession did in the accomplishment of a prediction which had been vaguely known to the English people for at least two centuries. The drama was a gathering up of supernatural and fateful elements—around a well-known chronicler's story—as if the writer had dipped his pen in the very fountains of that awful necessitation which was supposed to guard the issues of a royal lineage.

And yet, as we are all now aware, Macbeth, collateral in descent with his cousin Duncan, had quite as good a claim as he to the throne, under the Scottish law, and in the struggle for it slew him, not by treachery, but in fair battle, reigning in his stead for fifteen years wisely and equitably, till Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, with the assistance of Siward, the Danish Duke of Northumberland, succeeded in wresting back his father's seat, and became the undisturbed ancestor of the line from which finally emerged the single king of both the kingdoms. As to Banquo, we know that he never existed—a dynastic shade. Macbeth himself was duly enthroned upon the Stone of Scone, as was Malcolm Canmore afterward ; and for two hundred years more we have the repeated records of these coronations under the shadow of its abbey, through all the furious wars with England, until Edward

I., in the determination to obliterate every vestige of the royalty of Scotland and its national independence, seized upon the Stone, and removed it, with the state records, the regalia, and the Holy Rood, to England, placing them in the Abbey of Westminster, as an offering to the memory of his namesake, Edward the Confessor. After this he brushed away the twelve competitors for the throne like flies. He thrust aside both Baliol and Bruce, as of no account without the vital Stone, in which all the virtue of Scottish royalty lay. He even left behind the marble chair in which it had been enshrined, as if that also was now but an empty shell. When he took it away, the act was like tearing the heart out of the kingdom. The universal anguish of the Scots proclaimed how momentous was the deed. His own triumphant feeling was shown by what he did to plant anew in English ground this which he considered the tap-root of their nationality. At first he would have it built into a new coronation chair of bronze, but finally, as if more befitting its natural simplicity, he caused it to be placed in the plain oaken throne which contains it to-day.

Again and again was its return besought of his successors. The Kings even held conferences over the question. Treaties were made which attempted to include it; and when, finally, under Edward III., its restoration was agreed upon, the populace of London mobbed the Abbey, and nothing could induce them to permit its departure. The regalia might go, even the Holy Rood, the wood of the True Cross might be taken back, but never the Stone of Destiny.

The Chair in which it was deposited—resting on four lions *sejant*, half roused and braced, as if "expectant"—henceforth became a memorable figure in the realm. Its likeness was stamped on the coinage of the period. King Richard II. desired to be painted with crown and scepter as seated in it, a picture which hung for several hundred years in the Abbey, and is now in the Jerusalem Chamber. Every sovereign of England, since Edward I., has been enthroned upon it. It is brought forth at every coronation-day into the chancel of the Abbey, placed high and centrally upon the crimson platform, covered with cloth of gold, like a shrine of sovereign power, and the ceremony of placing the English monarch upon the Scottish Stone shares with that of placing the crown upon his head the whole meaning and efficacy of the inaugurating act. When he is seated there, the people shout—he sits upon the Stone of Destiny!

On no other occasion does it stir from the place it has occupied for six hundred years, in the Chapel of the Kings.* As an object of

interest, it transcends all others in the Abbey, brooding in the death-gloom of the Chapel, with Edward the Confessor's shrine before it, and his bones almost beneath it, with the stately tomb and grim effigy of Edward "the Hammer of the Scots" close by on its left, and in the midst of that throng of sepulchres which contain nearly all the monarchs who reigned since his time until the "Union" was consummated. Like the Abbey itself—

"It gave them crowns, and does their ashes keep."

The long story of the events which gradually but surely fulfilled the prediction associated with its imbedded stone—an historic evolution reaching from A. D. 1057 to 1707, exactly six hundred and fifty years—if resolved into the simple elements which composed this fatality by excluding the mass of those details which are only referable to the will of man, and were therefore irrelevant as they ran, and by exhibiting only those which reveal outwardly and inwardly the operation of the will of God in unfolding his providential purpose—will curdle into the dense and rapid movement of a drama as weird and powerful, and in many parts as incorporeal, as that of "Macbeth" itself. Indeed, so prophetic was Shakespeare, unconsciously to himself through the depth of his communion with all that is fundamental and mystical in human nature, that his wonderful Tragedy seems to include by a sort of vaticinating anticipation all the essential characteristics of the actual history which swept out from the age in which he found it. Just as he took the incidents of the story of Duncan in Holingshed's chronicle, and wrought them into the supernatural situation which introduced the simultaneous working and interworking of fate and prophecy with human action and passion, so does this whole historical development, in which Scotland and England are seen to be allied in one destiny, recast itself into the order of a Tragedy conveying precisely the same impression. The coincidence also of identical material assists the mind in keeping up the illusion that one belongs to the other. "Macbeth" was woven out of the threads which entered into the substance of the critical period whose issues, far in the future, were drawn taut in the loom of Providence; and, therefore, turn into the past as the roller might, fly from one side to the other as the shuttle would, the original pattern only continued to be produced, with the same controlling design, in the self-same texture, the warp of destiny stretching through the woof of passion, one interblending with the other as the loom of action clanged upward and

Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall across the way.

* Only once was it removed from the Abbey—when

downward till the end was accomplished. It is not only possible, therefore, but necessary, also, to read "Macbeth" into the story if we would catch the full force of the fateful evolution; and strange it is to see, especially if we keep the Stone in the base of the loom, the facts actually falling into the essential form and taking the very soul of the immortal play.

And even if it were not so, the order and picture of such a play, with its "unities" and concentrating "scenes," would be the only form I could adopt which would enable me to give the most vivid possible presentment of these determining transactions, in a space proportionate to the scheme of this paper. It will be the portrayal over again of ambition and usurpation, of blind dependence upon monitions misinterpreted, of temporary prosperity in wrong-doing, of the terrible Nemesis of retribution sleepless and pursuing, and a desperate, unscrupulous struggle with circumstances uncontrollable, concluding with the triumph of the right and the best in that gracious *finale* of happiness and peace.

Like the Duchess of Gloucester in "Henry VI.,"

"Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that Chair where kings and queens are
crowned."

Is it not a befitting seat, this mass of native rock, to bear its country into my memory again? Is it not an enchanter's chair—this throne of two convergent nations and now united sovereignties, in which a double dynasty reigns—to summon back the vista of nearly a thousand historic years?

Scotland is before me again in a moment of time, like a picture painted on the curtain hanging before that drama of history to which "Macbeth" is but a prologue. How well I remember, how distinctly I see that bare and rugged territory, its rock-bound coasts, its northern diadem of rocky isles, with the ocean beating but never wearing the stupendous walls of the ancient fortress of the Celt! I see its half-naked mountains, their shoulders empurpled by the heather as with a tartan plaid, their summits bonneted by eternal mists, and plumed by the gray ptarmigan. I see its deep-bosomed lochs haunted by legend, its ruined castles and abbeys scattered over the length and breadth of the land like huge skeleton bones of an extinct history.

As I look, memory revives a former sweeping round-tour, which now forms itself, as it were, into a pillared arch about the present subject of my thought. I see the lone and desolate Iona,

the "Blessed Isle," on its western coast, with its gray abbey buildings in pathetic wreck, its forsaken "Reilig Orain" under St. Oran's shadow, where lie the crumbling bones of Scottish chieftains, and the long stretch of ancient kings under their stony coverlids; where Duncan lies—

"carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones"—

where Macbeth was the last interred, as if Scotland had buried also her former epoch and opened another, when she had laid the dethroned usurper in the oblivion of his grave.

Far away to the north, on the silver bow of the Caledonian lakes and the Moray Frith, I see the hill of Inverness, where Macbeth's castle stood:

"Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentler senses."

Again I see, as my eye hurries southward, "the blasted heath," the wide, interminable plain, through which a swift train once bore me with a caldron at its head more potent than any spells incanted here. I see again the low-creeping, tangled herbage, malignant with its refusal to bear a flower or fruit, tropical with its luxuriant waste of forbidding growths, tinged with livid colors, as if blood had rained and dried there, or as if it still mirrored a once lurid sky.

Still farther southward the train speeds on, and I dash amid the larch-forests of the Duke of Athole—trees to be counted by millions, and spreading like a vast plaid of evergreen over mountain and hill for many miles—when suddenly I emerge under the hill of Birnam, rising stripped and bare behind Dunkeld, with only tufts of foliage dotting it here and there, as if Siward's army had just departed with their "leavy screens" for Dunsinane.

Am I not ready now for the Drama of Destiny? Sitting here upon the magical Stone—in the proscenium-box—in the "Chapel of the Kings"—as it were on the very stage itself, and with some of the actors themselves so near—I can yet only give the dimmest outline of what I see, now that the curtain rises and the lights are thrown into the far recess upon a phantom history.

ACT I.—*Scene I.* I seem to see a vision, as if my eyes were filled with the prescient spirit beneath my chair. On an island, rocky and barren in one part, green and flowery in the other part, three shadowy prophetic figures, like weird sisters, are moving in a circle, hand in hand, crooning a chant:

First Fate. One land Britain is to be
For 'tis girdled by the sea.

Second Fate. Girdled also by one crown
Britain is to rule or drown.

Third Fate. One land only and one king
Will one nation surely bring.

First Fate. Scotland, rude and savage yet,
Sitteth on a Stone.

Second Fate. England, given to more art,
'Bideth on a throne.

Third Fate. Should England's throne have not that
Stone

Its Fate were incomplete.

All. Then Scotland's Stone in England's
throne

Shall surely have its seat.

[*They vanish.*]

Scene II. Another prelude of Fate—I see, as in the vista of Shakespeare's imagination, the Court of Duncan in Scotland, and the Court of Edward the Confessor in England. Macbeth usurps the Scottish throne. Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, flees to the protection of Edward. He returns, and, with an army of English and Scots, regains his father's seat.

Scene III. It is weird again. I see the phantom outlines of three hundred and fourteen pitched battles in a war of five hundred years. I see the phantom forms of more than a million of armed men strewed dead upon the ground which drinks up their blood. Those myriad specters melt into in the earth, and behold, it is "the blasted heath"! the field and problem of Destiny. Two phantom figures now emerge from the gloom, riding leisurely like the cousins Macbeth and Banquo, when fresh from the wars of Duncan. They are England and Scotland under that symbolic guise.

The weird sisters salute them :

All hail England ! hail to thee !
The hills of Scotland thou shalt own,
And thou shalt have the Stone of Scone !
Thou shalt be king hereafter.

I see in the face of England that it hears the echo of its thought :

All hail Scotland ! hail to thee !
Thou shalt sit on England's throne,
There by virtue of that Stone !
Lesser than England and greater.

I see in the heart of Scotland that it does not understand.

Scene IV., A. D. 1057-1165. History now begins in earnest. Malcolm Canmore has ascended the throne of his ancestors. The spirit of Kenneth MacAlpine, first monarch of united Pictavia and Scotia, resumes its fateful march.

Eleven years pass. Now the epoch of Destiny opens : William the Conqueror invades England. The usurper has come.

Edgar Atheling, heir to the English throne, flees to Scotland with his sister Margaret. They are welcomed by Malcolm. Saxon nobles also throng thither. Shortly come disaffected Norman barons also.

Malcolm marries Margaret, a descendant of Alfred, and next heir to the English throne. Now the blood of the Saxon royal line is to flow into the veins of the Celtic kings.

The exiled nobles receive titles and estates in Scotland. Its rude court puts on the hue of Continental civilization in new forms and customs of pomp and state. Malcolm himself becomes almost Saxon in heart through his devotion to his beautiful queen.

Already, in the under-world, Fate has turned her mystic wheel.

Now furious wars ensue between Malcolm and William, which are continued by their immediate successors. At the first William drives Malcolm.

Then the tide turns. The dominions of Scotland after a while extend down over the northern portions of England, but, as the shuttle of alternate victory and defeat flies backward and forward from one land to the other, the fateful wheel below spins fast the threads, and slowly but surely a subtle web is thrown over the northern kingdom. The Kings of Scotland do homage to the Kings of England—not for Scotland, but for these border regions which had belonged to England. The film of the feudal system is floating unseen over the thistle and the heather.

Scene V. The scene, meantime, changes to England. Henry I., son of the Conqueror, seeks the hand of Maude, the Celtic-Saxon daughter of Malcolm and Margaret. She is crowned by his side, here in the Abbey, amid the universal rejoicing of the English people. (Here she lies in her grave close to the Chair.) A daughter of Alfred has become Queen of England ! Now, also, the distinction of Norman and Saxon is soon to depart, and the conquerors are to be absorbed into the conquered.

But the hand of Destiny is not yet fully open. Celtic blood is hereafter in its turn to flow into the English royal line. The northern and the southern kings are to be even more united in the cousinhood of Duncan, Banquo, and Macbeth. The Plantagenet oak is also to be planted, which is to contain the Stone of Scone.

As it turns out, it is in the near association brought about by this cousinhood that the usurping spirit is to find its incitement and occasion, even as it did in "Macbeth."

Scene VI. For yonder comes David I. of

Scotland to take the part of Henry II., grandson of Maude, against Stephen. In the divided, distracted state of England his invasion becomes almost a conquest. Destiny seems to pause on the issue, till in the battle of the Standard the will of the under-world is known. But it is not the "Standard of St. Peter" that wins the victory over Scotland. Another and unexpected ensign of deeper significance has suddenly sprung to the front and turned the scale. The mock head of David displayed upon a pole draws the valor of the Scots away, and they flee in uncontrollable panic. They read in the bloody face an intimation of fate, and in this they reveal the instinct which controls them. Their King is their country. The inspiration that as a last expedient thrust out that head, came from the source that knew the vital feeling under which their monarch is their life.

And when the true result is known, and the King is found alive, Destiny resumes her wheel and thickens the web. So much power yet remains to Scotland that she retains even a larger proportion of English territory than before, and for this her kings do homage, but, with the fact, the Macbethian thought begins to form itself in England against her very existence. What is yielded on one side to suzerainty for a part, is fast opening into a claim on the other of sovereignty over the whole. It matters not that terrible wars of resistance are waged from this time henceforth. It matters not that intrigues are discovered by Scotland in the intervals of peace. The insensible meshes are gathering which, while they shall finally ensnare "Macbeth," shall also wind round Scotland till she is helpless at the feet of the usurper. And with this intimation the curtain falls.

ACT II., A. D. 1165-1285.—In this I have only space for "Scenes" where events concentrate the whole of a movement into such.

Scene I. The curtain rises upon William the Lion of Scotland and Henry II. of England. The feudal taste has now so developed in the Celtic heart that it comes to the front with emblazoned shields; the "Lion Rampant" of the North is ravaging the fields of the "Lion Salient" in the South—the wars raging over the question of their tenure and ownership.

But William falls a prisoner into Henry's hands, who quickly makes the personal possession a real one. He will not yield the captive until he shall have done homage for Scotland itself, and, though a sovereign, becomes a liege-man to the King of England.

" . . . The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. . . . He that's coming
Must be provided for.

"*Macbeth.* . . . I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—"

The sensitive instinct in the Scotch, which before had made them so quick to the touch of fate, is now laid bare again. Their Parliament accedes to the demand. They sacrifice the independence of their country to regain possession of their King. Something still tells them that, after all, in their sovereign lies the vital essence of their nationality. In repossessing him they potentially reconquer all. In losing him they virtually lose all. This may not be a conscious principle, but it is the practical one; it is the one which is floating in the mysterious tide beneath.

Scene II. Now ensues a long hesitation. "Macbeth" is at pause: Fate also seems in suspense:

"We will proceed no further in this business."

Richard the Lion-hearted would go to the crusades, and, in the diversion of the thought, he "buys golden opinions" by being bought. Ten thousand Scottish marks drop into the treasury of the Holy War, and he renounces the obligation which his father had exacted. So William the Lion is entirely free: Scotland where she was before.

Scene III. The scene changes to England. I see the first Abbey of Westminster taken down, and the present one rising at the bidding of Henry III. The arches above my head are springing into their place and inclosing the funereal gloom in which the Confessor's Shrine, now rich with the splendors of gilding and color, shall ever guard his bones.

Henry's devotion to him, even to the naming of "Edward," his son, is to have an hereditary influence which shall soon bring a significant offering to this shrine.

But, meantime, more than peace reigns between himself and Alexander II. of Scotland. Such affection and confidence besides that, when he is absent in France, he commits his northern dominions to the care of that son of Duncan, who "bears his faculties so meek," and is "so clear in his great office," that "his virtues will plead like angels against the deep damnation of his taking off." Soon the bond of cousinship becomes even stronger between the two; for Alexander marries the sister of Henry, and this time the Norman-Saxon blood flows into the Celtic line, and Alexander III., his son, appears on the stage, to more than match the uncle in prudence and forbearance.

For now, Henry, drawn in so far by the smell of dynastic blood, and feeling all the nearer, through this alliance, to the seat of power, has the impulse of Macbeth mounting in him. He intrigues, but without result. He can not "screw his courage to the sticking-place," and when young Alexander comes down to England to sue for his own fair daughter, the Scotsman's firmness turns his will aside, and they treat as equals.

Scene IV. One would say that now, when more of Plantagenet blood is to take possession of the Scottish line, amity must grow and union come in the course of nature. But no—the spring-head is most suddenly and strangely dried up by a catastrophe: the time is evidently not ripe. The children of Alexander die before their father, and no one is left to succeed him but the daughter of his daughter, the Maid of Norway; and she, a feeble child, dies just as she lands at Orkney. What fatality is here! Alexander has just perished in his prime by a fall from the cliffs of Fife! and now Scotland herself stands on the verge of a precipice, and utterly in the dark. Will she fall? But the curtain drops.

ACT III., A. D. 1274-1307-1424.—*Scene I.* It rises upon Edward I., King of England, seated upon his throne. What a magnificent figure now fills the eye! The first truly English king, since the era before the Conquest, in name, in nature, and in the scope of his ambition. Alfred, look upon him! Margaret of Scotland, observe thy distant son! His Celtic-Saxon blood, of which thou wert the fountain-head, is now to come out in such a devoted love for thine adopted country as even to bring about an unscrupulous usurpation of its throne; for "Macbeth" hesitates no longer now:

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The actual Macbeth made a great king: so does Edward in conception, in administration, and in war. No foreign distraction does he allow that will draw him from the long concentrating, now fully concentrated purpose of his house. With the highest instinct of statesmanship he feels the necessity that the whole island should contain but one nation and be ruled by one king. So strong is the necessity that he foresees its certainty. With Edward shall come the England that is to be. With him, therefore, he resolves, shall come the Scotland that ought to be.

He founds the Parliament, establishes the judicature, builds the social structure which the English nation shall afterward confirm.

He puts his heavy hand on Wales, and she no longer draws a separate life. He takes the

coronet of her Llewellyn and hangs it before the Confessor's shrine.

And now for Scotland: When the Maid of Norway sails for Orkney, he seeks an alliance with her through his son, for he would be legal and just in this next project, unless utterly thwarted:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;

"What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

But Margaret—auspicious name!—dies. A dozen claimants seek the empty throne, foremost of whom are Baliol and Bruce. This is Edward's opportunity.

"*Scene II., Banquo—Destiny of Scotland*—(to Fleance his son). Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven.
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep.

Who's there?

"*Macbeth.* A friend.

"*Banquo.* All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

"*Macbeth.* I think not of them;

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

"*Banquo.* At your kindest leisure.

"*Macbeth.* If you shall cleave to my consent—
when 'tis,

It shall make honor for you.

"*Banquo.* So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.

"*Macbeth.* Good repose, the while."

That is the way he manages it. When the Genius of Scotland meets him, without its sword, in that dark night, he is meditating how he can remove it out of his way.

Scotland makes him her umpire; and in what magnificent state he presents himself on the hither side of the Tweed to claim the right of Lord Paramount, before he will decide who shall be King! the King to be his creature, a vassal at the foot of his throne! And again, Scotland, true to her fateful instinct, admits his claim to the country, in order to secure a King! But it does not work. Under his oppression, even Baliol rebels, and now all hesitation is thrown aside:

no Scottish King shall reign. He will be King himself.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee :

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going.

I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before."

"Drugged with possets," nobles and clergy sleep on guard. Edward plunges into a bloody, annihilating war which does not cease till the native sovereignty of Scotland seems extinct: not the sovereignty alone, but all hope of any except his own. He plants not only a dagger in her bosom, but sends out also his murdering armies to destroy the Banquo of her destiny. Every form of independency is crushed, and at last the "Hammer of the Scots" descends on the Stone of Scone; but there its force is spent. "Banquo" dies not under the blow, for "Fleance is 'scaped." Edward has "lost the best half of his affair." The oracle has come true, the Stone has gone to its own place in England's chair; England rules, but the Destiny is to depart with Edward—"no son of his succeeding."

"For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !

It will have blood ; they say blood will have blood ;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?"

A great golden-haired being, stalwart as Edward himself, is even now in the Highlands, who waits in the people's name, like Macduff, the Thane of Fife, to place his sovereign on Scotland's throne again, and who will not bend the knee to England. Wallace, man of the people, rouses the people to a knowledge of their power. The Cæsarean surgery of the time has been the cause of this untimely birth, and it is a birth which shall mature into a terrible minister of vengeance upon him who shall usurp undelegated power. Edward is too wise not to know it well, though he affects to deride it.

I see Wallace brought yonder to Westminster Hall, crowned in mockery with a garland of

leaves as a king of outlaws and robbers. But, though his head falls, it is "an armed head" that shall appear again.

Scene III. Edward, dying, does not give up his inexorable resolve :

"I will unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak.

I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
Which must be acted, e'er they may be scanned."

He calls his son and exacts a promise that his own solemn vow of vengeance upon the rebellion shall be carried out, that the war shall go remorselessly on till Scotland is utterly subdued. He orders his body to be boiled in a caldron till the flesh falls from his bleached skeleton, then to be borne before his army as a terror to the Scots, the weird, spectral warning of their certain overthrow.

Now I see the sisters of Fate again, and around that caldron of conquest, from which Edward would so invoke the force of Destiny. How they circle it in their glee ! What hideous ingredients they throw into it ! Its cavernous mouth yawns wide—almost two hundred and fifty years across—even from the victory of Bannockburn to the defeat of Pinkie. What battles, what murders, what intestinal troubles, what conspiracies and feuds, are poured into that hell-broth !

"Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woful time"—

as the Fates, now like Furies, dance about it ! Out of its deadly fumes emerge the prophetic shapes which foretell in ambiguous speech the issues of his usurpation. Prophecy that is forced will not speak except to tempt. Monitions that echo the thought are juggling fiends—

"That patter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

Thus I see England questioning Fate.

First apparition—an armed head.

"Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
Beware the Thane of Fife !"

Beware that enthroning power
Which can dethrone !*

* I must be pardoned if the exigencies of such a scheme oblige me to interpolate slightly here and there in

"*Macbeth*. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
Thou hast harped my fear aright.

Second apparition—a bloody child.

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth."

Not till Wallace claim his own
And sits on Scotland's Stone in England's throne,
Shall England fall.

"*Macbeth*. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear
of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live."

Wallace ! thou livest not ; how canst thou live again ?

Third apparition—a child crowned.

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

Not till a woman's hand
From Edinbro's High Street shall hurl a stool
And strike the crown and head from England's King
In Rufus' Hall, shall England fall.

"*Macbeth*. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ?"

What mortal hand can throw
A bolt so high from 'neath yon Highland keep,
That, hurtling through the sund'ring space, shall
sweep
So far as England's seat ?

"Sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise."

Or till the Scot can such
A missile send,

"Shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?"

*The caldron sinks. Eight kings appear, the last with
a glass in his hand.*

"*Macbeth*. What ! will the line stretch out to the
crack of doom ?

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more."

Another eight appear, the last again with a glass.*

parallel verse—dimmiest reflection of Shakespeare's radiant bow in the cloud though it be—the points where history itself would appear to thrust up its own substance in the tenor and analogy of the story.

* Shakespeare arranges, though by some accommodation of facts, his procession of eight kings so as to introduce the figure of James I. holding the prophetic glass,

Yet more and more,

This one without his head ! another still,
Not e'en a bonnet on, much less a crown ;
No Scotsman he—yet, Wallace, art thou there ?
A third ; a fourth gold-bound above the plaid ;
'Tis now a king and queen go hand in hand ;
Again a queen, wearing a tartan zone
And double round and top of sovereignty ;
Once more, an eighth ! holding a glass again,
Shows me that still they come !

ACT IV., A. D. 1424-1625.—*Scene I.* The house of Plantagenet has passed away—the three Edwards and Richard II. The houses of Lancaster, York, and Tudor successively reign in England. The house of Stuart in Scotland has already had two of the kings which Macbeth saw, and now the third, James I., robed in the romance of eighteen years' captivity in England, his poetry, and his love-match with the English princess, steps on the stage with his beautiful queen. She is the great-granddaughter of Edward III., and in her the stern blood of his grandfather becomes tributary to the Scottish line.

Scene II. Two reigns pass on, the fury of human passion raging all the while, when a pacific lull sets in on the accession of Henry VII. ; auspicious of the end, the beginning of which is laid in what now occurs.

James IV. receives in marriage Margaret, the fair daughter of Henry, and here we are only one generation away from Mary Queen of Scots ! So close as this has the royal river of the North approached the royal river of the South, and before they commingle who can tell which is most the Saxon, most the Celt ?

Scene III. But now it is the two peoples' turn to mingle also ; and therefore, just before the confluence of the sovereign lines takes place, Destiny plies her wheel and pulls straight her threads through the tangled mass of the multitude, who have been unconsciously awaiting all this time the completion of the red royal cord. But aboveground, among the two nations themselves, the scene is like the whirl and commotion of Macbeth's caldron. The popular heart is stirred to its profoundest depths by an interest

in which are supposed to be mirrored the shadowy forms of those who should fill the future from him. It is curious that the number eight exactly includes his successors until the next epoch was ushered in which should permanently establish his royal line : *First*, Charles I. ; *second*, Cromwell (who represents the uprising of national sovereignty, the thrusting in upon the throne of the popular will) ; *third*, Charles II. ; *fourth*, James II. ; *fifth* and *sixth*, William and Mary (one by election, the other by descent, reigning) ; *seventh*, Anne ; and *eighth*, George I., who may be said to have held the glass in which his successors were shadowed forth down to Victoria. And up to this last the blood of the Scottish James holds its own, like a determination of fate.

reaching to the very bottom of human character, and in the great ebullition which ensues national distinctions are no longer uppermost and are destined to disappear.

I see the burly figure of Henry VIII. stirring the caldron with the cross. The arm is a profane one, but the instrument is a holy one; and while every fiendish element is brought to the surface by the vigorous action of the former, the turbid mass is slowly precipitated and dissolved through the sacred influence of the latter. The zeal of the Reformation, dividing the peoples upon a new interest and gathering them around new centers, seems to change the border-line of separation which has run east and west to something running as it were north and south. Parties form in each country allied to parties in the other and opposed to one another. The confusion spreads over succeeding reigns, becoming worse confounded with every one. Romanism, Episcopacy, and Puritanism wash back and forth over both countries, obliterating old landmarks.

No one as yet suspects what is working. A covert movement is going on, the purpose of which is not apparent. The subtle power of its advance is yet masked. But it is no less than Siward's allied army of Scots and English taking up the branches of Birnam wood, "shadowing the number of its host, and making discovery err in report of it."

Scene IV. Meanwhile Destiny keeps busily on with the issues of the sovereign order. Elizabeth, in whom the Tudor line has arrived at its terminus, jealous of that main trunk line which she sees sweeping down from Scotland, yet bound up by some fatality in her own will, refuses to take the step which might avert the catastrophe that threatens to turn her own dynastic house into naught but a switch-track beside the right of way.

Angry with the French for proclaiming Mary as more legitimately the English queen than herself, vengeful toward Mary whom she tries to encompass with toils that would make her also "a barren stock," yet she sits crooning in the gate, bewailing the extremity but keeping the door open.

The Queen of Scots, like the beautiful witch she is, winds up the yarn on her Highland wheel, and another crimson thread of English royal blood is spun into her life through her marriage with Henry Stuart, the handsome Lord Darnley.

The fury then flies upon the enchanting sorceress, who seems so in league with the spirits below; she shuts her up, she transports her from one castle to another, but she can not break the spell. At last she brings her fair head to the block and lets out the double-distilled tide which

had brought the mischief. Yet in this she is only working with the under purposes of Fate.

In the outflowing blood of the "daughter of Debate," Romanism flows out and leaves the Protestant movement among the people to gather up its power as it makes its inevitable advance; and soon—as if he were a type, a symbol, a prophecy in himself—James, the son of Mary, ascends the empty throne. No previous sovereign ever reached it amid such universal acclamation. No other, by birth, is so near it; no other can demand it as events have now shaped themselves.

A vague intuition of coming unity seizes the whole population of the island. The three religious parties assemble around him in a common expectation. Of what, no one of them can tell.

Never before did the upper and the under world move in such visible concert to an appointed end. This vacant chair of Edward, waiting in the dusky air of the Chapel of the Kings, looks as if it stood in the mouth of the witches' cavern, and the dark Stone under its seat would appear to have come from the quarries of the shades. When James places himself upon it, Shakespeare muses, and the people wonder. Fate would seem to have reached the goal at last, and all is virtually done.

Scene V. But the weird sisters know better, and continue to croon their chant and turn their wheel below. The Usurper's throne has not even now been taken, though James is the Dunce-inane that makes it so appear. "Siward's" united army of English and Scots still marches invisibly on. It is not yet time to "throw down their leavy screens and show like those they are."

James, whose head is turned, reverts to the spirit of his English ancestors, and misreads his Scottish destiny; the blood of Edward is yet too strong, and England steps back with him into the era of the Plantagenets and Tudors. When the once hampered and harried King of Scots mounts the diadem of the Divine Right, he is Macbeth in disguise. This Jacobus's* dream on the patriarchal Stone, of a heavenly ladder and an earthly inheritance together, proves too unsubstantial to last. There is only one true dream possible to it: to bear also the people's King, elect as well as consecrate. Now, therefore, as if at a new beginning, "Banquo" and "Macbeth" march in again, and again the witches vanish, half uttered as at the first:

"*Banquo.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

* Jacobus, Latin for James as well as Jacob; whence "Jacobite."

"*Macbeth.*

'Would they had staid !

"*Banquo.* Were such things here as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?"

The misgiving of Destiny is true: James not only in himself, but even until he is rounded and complete in a concluding James, is captive to the insane root. He seems in his own person to be a final ingredient in the witches' caldron :

"Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good."

Meantime "Fleance" is at large, "Siward" is on his march, "Macduff" is coming home.

ACT V., A. D. 1625-1707-'14.—*Scene I.*
Charles I. sits in Edward's chair.

"Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury ; but for certain,
He can not buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule."

He defies the approach of the invisible army, and never suspects its strength. In Edward's spirit he resolves that Union shall come by force. Scotland's Church shall be uniform and one with that of England ; silken vestments shall displace its black serge gowns ; the Liturgy shall roll her stately wheels through all its sanctuaries, whether they are grooved for such or not.

Now Jenny Geddes catches up her humble stool and flings it at the Dean's head in St. Giles's Cathedral, as he announces the Collect for the day : "The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief ! dost thou say the mass at my lug ?" And the colic accordingly comes.*

* "Helen of Troy," says Carlyle, in his "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell," "for practical importance in Human History, is but a small heroine to Jenny." He thus relates the incident alluded to in the text : "At Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effect and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and his Scotch Pretended Bishop ready, brought them fairly out to action, and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. 'Let us read the Collect for the Day,' said the Pretended Bishop from amid his tippets. 'Deil colic the wame of thee !' screamed Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. 'Thou foul thief ! wilt thou say mass at my lug ?' 'A Pape ! a Pape !' cried others. 'Stane him !' In fact, the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 23d July, 1637. . . . On small signal the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose in unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's, and his Grace of Canterbury and King Charles himself and many others lost their heads before they could be at peace again."

It was the Dean of Edinburgh at whom Jenny flung

The Long Parliament, in their steeple-crowned hats, sit till they hold an inquest over the dead monarchy. What a wild scene is that which stretches between St. James and St. Giles ! The spirit of Wallace ceases to haunt the iron spikes of London Bridge ; the people unwittingly bring the severed quarters of the "traitor" together, and lo ! Cromwell confronts the spirit of Edward. War between the King and his people ; war, with Englishmen and Scotchmen fighting side by side, "a fierce democracie." An army of Scots deliver up the King ! His head falls at Whitehall. The lowly bench of Jenny Geddes has reached, has struck, has overturned the throne. The power of the people, untimely born two centuries ago—the "Thane of Fife" who seats the true King on his throne—springs forth in the fullness of his strength from behind the branches of advancing Birnam wood.

Scene II.—"Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outer walls ;

The cry is still, 'They come' : our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie—

Were they not forced with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful."

'Tis a siege—a gradual but sure approach of an entrenched position—for "Macbeth"—the greed of power—is an irrepressible, persistent, resistant fiend when it secures a seat in a stronghold of such. "The Lord Protector"—Wallace has lost his heart this time, not his head—if he can not be crowned in Westminster Abbey, will be enthroned on the Stone of Scone in Westminster Hall. The Stone does not lift its old Irish lament, but the people do.

Now again the royal line comes before the scenes : Charles II.—Banquo to the people's hope, Macbeth in his own heart—but he is

"A poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Again the tragedy of Fate keeps on in heroic comedy. James II. will not only have the Collect said ; he will also tell his beads.

"Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.

"*Malcolm.* Now, near enough ; your leavy screens
throw down—

"a little folding-stool whereon she sat," Burns, in his Highland Tour, named his mare "Jenny Geddes."

Worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

"*Siward.* This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently
rendered :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

"*Malcolm.* We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

"*Siward.* Enter, sir, the castle."

Scene III. Banquo's hour has fully come. Now the Stone of Scone trembles in the chair, just as it used to do when it was first laid on some firm rock to give a sure seat to a Scottish king ; for the heart of the common people is around it once more, and the ancient law which drew an elected sovereign from the royal group is about to return to its simple operation again. The bagpipes sound and the pibroch is heard, for there is virtue still, as well as fate, in the Scottish line. Poor James I. has stolen away under cover of the death-night and taken refuge, unknown to a living soul outside, in yonder vault of his great-great-grandfather, Henry VII, where he lies snug beside him as if claiming dynastic protection from the founder of the Tudor line.* It is a canny recourse to Fate, in order to make his house secure. Two of his great-grandchildren survive—amid the terrible mortality which has overtaken his descendants, and is destined still to overtake them, till the Abbey royal vaults are to be crowded thick with them—and William and Mary sit, side by side, in sister chairs. The pregnant words Rebellion, Restoration, Revolution, tell the whole story of that undergrowing Liberty, of that underworking Destiny, of that underlying Loyalty which have brought them there :

"By these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought."

But these monarchs also pass away in the deep ferment of the new era setting in, and leave no issue for Fate to take in charge.

Scene IV. Then Anne comes with her portly figure to stop the gap, wearing, in time, the double diadem of the "Union" on her brow ; yet of all her eighteen children none survives. The group that history gathered round Charles I.

are now all gone, either by death or default. The tree of James, partly riven away by the lightning of religious faith and the popular will, and with a mortal doom apparently at its heart, to make its remaining branches thus wither on the trunk, yet carries destiny at its root and in its sap. The prophecy remains to be fulfilled, and the consummation is at hand.

Scene V. Again I hear the signal borne on the Highland winds—

One limb of the shattered tree of Fate hangs green and blossoming across the Channel, bearing fruit on German soil. Elizabeth, sister of Charles and daughter of James, is this abiding bough of hope to which the people of the united nation look.

And now I see the end : her grandson, George of Hanover—predestined son of Duncan, King of Scotland, predestined son of Margaret, daughter of Alfred, predestined son of the Conqueror who conquered not, unlineal son of Edward who came but remained not—elect of two nations in one kingdom, the long predicted and long appointed of Time, by no right in his own nature, by no power but his people's will, by no virtue but the decree of Destiny, and the hidden promise in his blood—is called to sit in "England's Chair," to reign beneath a constitutional crown upon the Stone of Scone.

"*Macduff.* Hail, King ! for so thou art :
... the time is free."

But this was only the crest on the wave, a salient sign, the uppermost result of the profounder issues which Fate had all along in hand. Another right royal dynasty had been working all this time through the common heart, preparing the People also for the throne, and their part in its restoration is recognized at last.

"*Malcolm.* We shall not spend a large expense of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you.

What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time—

This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us CROWNED AT SCONE."

* The burial-place of James I. in Westminster Abbey was utterly unsuspected until 1868, when, after long search, he was found under the magnificent monument of Henry VII., and close beside him. There was every evidence, in the precautionary closure of the vault, that this curious dynastic interment was intended to remain unknown.

So the family of the house of Brunswick hold the scepter because Kenneth MacAlpine sits upon the throne.

The "Lia Fail" still speaks beneath the Chair :

"Where'er is found this Sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

Now the symbol enlarges into the actual proportions of the fact. The Chair resolves itself into the ideal structure of the sovereignty which invests and sustains the monarchs of England; the Stone dissolves itself into the historic presence of those potential elements which proceeded out of Scotland and dictated the form of that sovereignty. Fit type the strangely compounded fabric turns out to be of that which, as with an upper and a lower seat, supports both him who rules and the weight of that mysterious influence by which the order and measure of his authority has been defined.

Edward builded better than he knew when he built this throne around the Stone; for he built a symbol as true to the event as the mystic fragment has proved itself to be, whose prediction he hoped to foil but only aided to fulfill. Britain has realized his dream of Union. He thought he could obtain it through his caldron and his sword, but he unwittingly wrought its true omen in the composition and the burden of the coronation-chair.

As I look back through the vista now opened underneath this ideal and historic throne, I see in a deep antiquity both nations in one sea-girt isle, compelled by the ocean to a joint and adjacent occupancy, and under territorial necessity, therefore, sooner or later to become one. I see also a series of closely investing circumstances and events, as compulsory as the ocean, which as they operate from age to age, and especially during these later generations, introduce new conditions under which Union is necessary to the ulterior interests of both.

I see the southern nation, while in the end apparently absorbing the northern into its political system, yet actually receiving from the northern the inspiration which made that system possible: England furnishing the body, Scotland the soul; England presenting the opportunity, but Scotland contributing the energy, without which the opportunity would have been lost.

All through these centuries England is engaged in processes, semi-consciously, which are to result in a united empire; Scotland is engaged in processes, altogether unconsciously, of a character so involuntary, so occult, so inevitable and powerful in their consequences upon England, as to look like the working of necessitation in that direction. If it is in the nature of England's occupation to build an empire, it is in the nature of Scotland's position—in her geographical situation, in the vigor, earnestness, and probity of her people, in their ability to inspire and their capability to perform—to provide the chief corner-

stone. For, without the incorporation of Scotland at home, there would be no release of the power of empire abroad; and without the cordial amalgamation of both nations into a common kingdom, each imparting the strength of its own peculiarity, there could be no realization of that perfect constitutional sovereignty which alone could hold its world-wide own in the progress of mankind. So, as we shall find, was it written.

I see, therefore, in the area of all these centuries that, before the consummation is reached, the whole preliminary working of events is to intensify the character indigenous to each country, in order to produce two individualities so autonomic and pronounced that each should develop an inestimable value to the other when the final issue has become due. When that final issue is approaching its epoch I see Scotland exasperated by repeated invasions and interferences into an inordinate pride and jealousy of independence, and this to such a degree that the popular spirit is ready to burst out, and the people to declare themselves free, on sufficient occasion, of even their own ancient institutions. I see England, on the other hand, wearied into conservatism, settling down to its own heavy methods of dealing with the crisis of the time, and arranging the molds for a cast-iron system in church and state. The one is as poor and bare as her own hills, as violent as her own torrents; the other as rich as her own meadows, deliberate as her own sluggish streams.

Now the storm breaks. The Continental Reformation finds a congenial field in the country of the North, and the whirlwind of religious zeal descends from the mountain people into the country of the South, stirring into a like enthusiasm the people of the plain. England, before only half awake, is inspired by the excitement with ideas and impulses which assimilate her to Scotland. This is Scotland's first contribution to Union.

I see, meantime—through the successive alliances by marriage, which had been taking place from the beginning, between the royal representatives of each nation—Scotland gathering more and more the royal blood of England into her veins, which, operating through both the human and the national constitution, brings after a while a sovereign of Scotland on the throne of England with a moral prestige as well as a legal right to keep him in his place. This is Scotland's second contribution to Union.

I see, further on, another outbreak of the popular spirit over the North country in a democratic feeling so intense and so radical that again it overflows the national boundaries and spreads over England, rousing the population to the contemplation of possibilities never before entertained.

This is Scotland's third contribution to union. She has not only furnished the King on the throne, but both before and after that event she has been the means of charging the people with the spirit which demands the utmost of the people's share in the composition of the throne.

Now, all along has England's opportunity been growing. I see her, when the great perturbation has subsided and all is mature, quietly proceeding with the building of the system which shall constitute that throne. I see her, also, preferring and insisting upon that King of Scottish blood most fit to occupy that throne. I see her, soon, patiently and adroitly drawing the fateful Scotland into an integral but subordinate place within the rising structure of that throne.

But that subordinate material place proves not less to be the fundamental one; for, in assuming the territorial mass, and proceeding to rear the fabric of her power upon it, England has given all the greater voice to the destiny which thence entered into her history and influenced the form of her government. Each post of her throne may stand, like those of the Chair of Destiny, on a lion *sejant*, in one of the four quarters of the globe; its deep arms may embrace an ambition to rule the world; its broad back, resting in a Gothic age and braced by Magna Charta, may rise to the pinnacle of constitutional perfection: yet her monarchs will come into it one by one and pass away, but Scotland will remain in memory as in dynasty, in character as in destiny, unchanged on her own especial seat beneath, a perpetual and treasured presence—at first essential to the existence, now essential to the efficiency of that in which she so silently dwells—bearing in her bosom the intimation of still vaster issues which shall enter into the progress and development of the world through the spread of the British Empire and the prevalence of the English tongue:

"Where'er is found this sacred Stone
The Scottish Race shall reign."

I see her blooming under the arch of England's chair, with such a capacity of brain and blood released as no one ever dreamed lay latent upon her bare and rugged hills. I see herdsmen and cattle upon her mountain-sides, and thriving farms in vales where once the clans gathered and the slogan sounded. I see her the brilliant seat of letters, of science, of philosophy, of statesmanship, commerce, and finance. I see a modern Athens under the shadow of an Acropolis upon which the thunder of war is heard no more. I see the little fishing-village on the Clyde wrought into the great and populous city whose iron plowshares, furrowing the surface of every

sea, were forged on the self-same beautiful shores—whose "long, narrow sea-lochs run far away among the Argyshire hills," the rocky birthplace of the "Lia Fail"—where the conjurer was born who uttered over the mist of a boiling pot that mighty incantation which has filled the British realm with the industrial power of five hundred million men, and worked throughout the civilized world, as in a single day, the change of a thousand years.

I see Scotland bearing also her fateful fruit under that sovereign seat abroad as well as at home. I see revived the ancient spirit of the race from whose loins she sprung; the self-same spirit which poured the Celtic hordes into Europe from the East, in an age unknown, bearing the "bætulia" of Destiny fresh from the traditions of Jacob's dream, now sending back its long pent-up volume from the "Land of the mountain and the flood," into the remotest regions of the globe. "In every corner of the world you will find a Scot." Wherever the ensign of Britain floats, the tartan is on guard. "Malcolm" stands beside "Siward," shoulder to shoulder, at the gate of a common conquest; the blood of Scottish "thanes" and English "earls," of Celtic clans and Saxon tribes, beating with double action in a single heart: the Auspice and Destiny of UNION accompanying the progress of the Empire, to give sanction, because direction, to the ambition of possession; putting the mystic circle round all for a further good; on the one hand, gathering whole peoples into the freedom of a common realm, opening to all races a higher sphere; on the other, drawing the wealth of their barbaric strength into an advancing civilization, and incorporating the truth of every religion into a sovereign Faith.

Banquo's daughter sits high in her predestined seat, with the rich insignia of her power flowing over the hidden symbol underneath! Celt and Saxon standing at her feet, Destiny, Duty, and Opportunity gazing up expectantly at her face:

"I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds!"

O Stone of Scone! was this the secret whispered to thee when locked in the red bosom of Argyll? Was this the burden of the Highland winds when they sang above thee in the wild ages past? Hecate found thee under "the vaporous drop profound which hung from the silver corner of the moon"; the Fates danced round thee "in thunder, lightning, or in rain"; but when Columba's dying head was laid on thee, the witches vanished; when Colmes-kill took thee

in its shrine, the caldron sank. 'Twas no blind-eyed Destiny that wrought behind thee: it was the Providence of God; no dark wizard's hand

that sent thee here: but Faith and Hope were the ancient seers who bade thee wait to witness this!*

TREADWELL WALDEN.

THE GOLDEN MESH.

I.

"THE French invented the word *ennui* because they were ignorant of the sensation, so it has been said. I wish they were all here to test their invention."

"Yes, I would like any Frenchman to resist the harbor of Jacmel, island of Hayti."

"It is a dismal hole enough. But let me ask you, Percival Rosstrevor, image of the 'curled and perfumed Assyrian bull' of Tennyson's 'Maud,' what has brought you to the West Indies—the home of *ennui*, of disappointed hopes, of wrecked fortunes? Why are you not in London, or shooting in Scotland, or visiting at that proverbial English country-house which we Americans hear about, study up in the pages of 'Ouida,' and occasionally read of in the descriptions of lordly weddings, and admire in Nash's 'British Mansions'?"

Percival Rosstrevor turned upon his interlocutor a handsome, blond English face, and smiled a good-humored, broad, appreciative smile, showing a set of handsome teeth; he also drew himself up to his full height, which was a great one—six feet three in his stockings.

* Since this paper was written, the writer has fallen in with a book, entitled "Lost Israel Found," which has made more serious use of the Runic Stone. The book already numbers its readers by the hundred thousand in the British Isles, and has made a proportionate impression upon a certain class. It announces that the English people, having originally emigrated from Media, whither the Ten Tribes of Israel were deported and were "lost," are themselves these "Lost Tribes"; and Scriptural proofs are brought in great number to prove that the prophecies which had a reference to "Israel," as distinguished from "Judah," or the "Jews," have had an historical fulfillment in the career of the English people. The story of the Stone is given in detail. It seems that it was preserved in the Temple with the other relics, the Two Tables of Stone, the Rod of Aaron, the Pot of Manna, etc.; that, on the destruction of the Temple, these were brought away by the Prophet Jeremiah; that he and Baruch in the year 580 B. C., accompanied by Tephah, a beautiful Princess, a lineal descendant of King David, landed on the coast of Ireland at the moment of a dynastic change in the Celtic house; that Tephah was duly espoused to Eochaid II., on condition of his adopting the true faith, and the Stone was used to enthron-

"An appetite," said he. "We Rosstrevors have need of food, as you see. We are born to appreciation of good dinners, and we have not the wherewithal to pay for them."

"Yes, you have good teeth, too, to eat them with," replied his companion, Copley Ward. "So you have come out to look for a business, have you? Rosstrevor, let me tell you that you have come to about the last place where you will find one. England has neglected and ruined Jamaica; revolution and bad government have ruined Hayti; emancipation and Denmark have ruined Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, and Spain has ruined Cuba. Never was such a history of man's utter folly as in the history of these noble reservoirs of Nature's bounty. We have here before us, behind this ruined town, the most luxurious, fertile island, a place where all the world could go and make money, and which is now simply ruin and confusion, because no man or set of men is capable of reaching the right way to make its resources pay. The Dutch seem to be the only colonists who can induce their islands to yield up their treasures."

"I happen to inherit a tumble-down property in Santa Cruz," said Percival Rosstrevor; "I am

them, and hence descended to Erc, who went over to the Land of the Scots, and thence, as we have seen, it became the Stone of Destiny to the Scottish line, and duly arrived at its place in Westminster Abbey. This grand relic, therefore, is a visible evidence that Queen Victoria, through her Celtic descent, *via* Tara and Scone, is a lineal daughter of David. Tephah, it seems, died in the early bloom of her beauty, and was interred under the great artificial mound still to be seen at Tara, where also the other relics of the Temple are deposited. The book consequently makes a loud call for the examination of the mound, and promises the exhumation of the relics. As to the point of Destiny, it reverts to the virtue of Jacob's Dream. The words "Lia Phail" and "Scuit" are found to be of Hebrew origin, and the distich is made to read, "Wherever this Stone Wonderful is found, the Wanderer's race shall reign." The Scot must therefore abdicate the Throne of Fate, and give place to the older Hebrew.

One thing is certain, in the light of recent events: the English people, with their protectorate of Asiatic Turkey and possession of Cyprus, close under the eaves of the Holy Land, if not Hebrews, are unquestionably Disraelites!

going to see it. It is called 'Trevor's Hope,' but I should judge, from a letter of my mother's written twenty years ago, that even then it was very forlorn. What it can be now, I do not dare to imagine. Shall I read you the description?"

"Yes; I always like to hear women's letters. They think they are talking, therefore they write well, because unconsciously."

"My mother came out for her health in 1851, and wrote home some pleasant letters. That was just after the emancipation, you know. Von Scholten, the Danish governor, announced from the deck of a sailing-vessel that the slaves were free; and was himself, fortunately, out at sea when the news broke upon the astonished planters. Of course, the islanders immediately became poor, for they lost their slave-labor, but have been growing poorer ever since. Let me read you, however, what she says:

"SANTA CRUZ, January 6, 1851.

"DEAR JAMES: The thermometer at 88°, flowers on my table, myself in an India muslin, with a little negro fanning me! The "old-year night" we spent at Judge Feddersen's—an immense party of all the respectable Santa Cruzians, and a number of robust young Danish officers from a man-of-war, who danced with tremendous force. The old judge has been here forty-five years, and has given this sort of party every year. His wife lives in Denmark; he goes to see her once in fourteen years! His refreshments were roast ham, cheese, crackers, and Petter-herring brandy, and, I dare say, caviare and dried fish. I asked for an ice, but to be laughed at. However, his handsome mulatto housekeeper brought me a *soursof* with a spoon to eat it with. It is a fruit like a boiled sour custard, and I ate it, trying to think it was poor dessert at home. The next evening I went to the Danish governor's. Here were European luxuries. The governor and his wife are accomplished people of the world—she handsome, he musical. I asked how they enjoyed their life here, at which they smiled and shrugged their shoulders. "Philosophy!" said he. We had, however, delightful music—all the Danes are musical.

"On Friday I drove up to see Randolph, and we planned an expedition to your property, "Trevor's Hope." We started the next day on pacing Spanish jennets—the most comfortable saddle-horses I have ever seen—and rode up a mountain twelve hundred feet high. Oh, what charming glimpses of the sea; and of the island, which is cultivated to the last inch! The view reaches to St. Thomas and Porto Rico—very dim of the latter, but dreamy and delicious. The plantations, each with negro houses around them, look like little towns; the hills are of a

curiously undulating shape, seemingly built to catch the rain; and the long, smooth, white roads, planted with palm-trees, have a very pretty effect. The palm-trees, though, from this elevation look like rows of umbrellas.

"Having achieved the mountain, we descended to the house. Your old Spanish uncle, or cousin—or what relation is he to you?—Morella, insisted on our staying to dinner, although it looked as if *dinner* would be an impossibility in such a ruin. Madame Morella seems very sad and old, and told me pitiful stories of the effects of the sudden emancipation. The negroes got drunk and broke into the house, smashed the splendid mirrors (I saw the empty frames boarded up), cut the furniture to pieces, knocked in the heads of the puncheons of old rum, broke the bottles of priceless Madeira, and carried off her silver and some fine old diamonds. Morella is so embittered that he will never furnish his house anew, he says. I thought of the Duke of Wellington's windows at Apsley House. They gave us a dinner of soup red-hot with pepper; a fish, which was delicious; a pair of "guinea fowl," very tough; and a queer but nice tart, called "guava-berry"; and any quantity of splendid fruits, and wines which would have graced an English dinner-table—one of these (new to me) was called "Tinto," or south-side Madeira, very nice. The table bore evidences of a past luxury, which was, however, but fragmentary; the candles were sheltered from the draught by high glass shades—all was queer, lonely, sad, hopeless, with a spectral look. A little lizard had poised himself on the porous water-jug, making a perfect piece of Palissy; and when I praised the fish, Mr. Morella incautiously told me that it was the *barracuda*, sometimes poisonous, producing an erysipelas which is incurable, and which swells the face and hands, leaving a perpetual burning. After dinner, Madame Morella killed a centiped with her pretty little satin slipper, saying that if it had bitten her foot it would have given her great pain, perhaps have killed her—which was not so agreeable a suggestion, after the *barracuda*, was it, Jamie? The Morellas have several children, and seem to be very anxious about their education and future. I do not wonder, for their income must be very much diminished. I wish that I could do something for them, particularly as this home of theirs, poor as it is, will be the property of our boy Percival when he becomes twenty-five— isn't it so, by your aunt's queer will? I can not think that it will be of much value to him, poor, dear Percy!

"We rode home by the tropical moonlight—the *superb* moonlight, so soft and so clear—Randolph insisting on holding a parasol over my head, for he said the moonlight would give me a swelled

face. They believe here that the moon is particularly dangerous, not alone to one's brain, but to one's personal beauty. Dear Jamie, what with centipeds, *barracudas*, and moons, shall I ever get home to you and my children alive? However, I am much better; I breathe easily, and my cough is nearly gone. I am quite well in this soft, equable, dry air. I shall come home cured. Your loving wife,

"CAROLINE ROSSTREVOR."

"My poor mother!" said the tall young man "she escaped the perils of the tropics, and came home to be killed by an English fog. She died when I was a mere child. I know her chiefly through her letters, and I have brought them with me to live over again her visit to the tropics, as I go to see, perhaps to take possession, of my forlorn hope—my 'Trevor's Hope.'"

"Have you heard what has become of the Morellas?" said the other.

"Oh, yes; Madame Morella died a few years after my mother's visit, having given birth to twin daughters, who survived her. I believe that all the other children died. I know that some of my relatives in England took one of the daughters; the other lives with her father."

"And do you intend to dispossess them?"

"No, indeed, that I do not. And now, Captain Copley Ward, allow me to ask you for what you are coming to the 'land of *ennui*'? Let me put you in the witness-box for a few minutes. America is the land for Americans; no absence of the *material* there; you can all see your way to a good dinner in the 'States.' Is it not so?"

"Percival, my good boy, there are other wants than those of a good dinner. I have come to these islands to find a face, a woman's face—one of those absurd quests which show that we are still as much children as when we cried for the moon from our nurses' arms. Don't ask me any more just now; let me rather tell you that I have had a scramble to get over here from Port-au-Prince, eight days on horseback. I have been 'viewing,' or 'interviewing,' this fair island, and I had no idea that I should have the luck to reach this steamer; still less that I should have the good fortune to meet an old companion with whom I can make the rest of my journey. Now tell me, where have you been since we hunted buffalo on the Plains together—let me see—five years ago, was it not?"

And the two friends, Captain Copley Ward and Percival Rosstrevor, Esq., coming from the very opposite points of the compass socially, politically, and geographically, met on the deck of the good steamer *Mersey*, and traveled eastward from Jacmel to St. Thomas.

They had greeted each other with fervor, for

they liked each other much. They had been talking together from the early morning hour when Captain Ward, and his friend Wilhelm Gottlieb, a German botanist, had come on board the *Mersey*. Many subjects had been discussed between them before they reached the personal questions which they were intimate enough to address to each other—those questions which men seldom ask, even of their nearest friends.

II.

THE harbor of St. Thomas, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian towns, looked brilliantly to the travelers as they steamed in on a certain Monday morning.

"I shall not find my flora here, or my dear butterflies and birds," said Gottlieb, looking up at the conical sugar-loaf rock which makes St. Thomas.

"This is but the key to the other islands," said Copley Ward, looking with something of an American interest in commerce and movement at the busy town of Charlotte Amalie, and throwing out a coin to one of the boatmen who brought up his small investment of fresh fruits to the incoming steamer; "you found flowers and butterflies enough during our ride from Port-au-Prince, my dear Gottlieb."

"There was one white flower of surpassing beauty, with a yellow center, a crowd of stamens in a golden mesh, which I did not classify," said Gottlieb, solemnly. "I wonder if these neighboring islands hold a specimen?" And the German enthusiast cast a wistful glance even down toward Barbadoes.

For the German was one of the happy men who are seized, captivated, and held spellbound by Science—that mistress who is always fascinating, never tiresome; that siren who does not deceive or prove inconstant.

"You will go over with me to Santa Cruz, won't you?" said Rosstrevor to Gottlieb. "We shall find your white flower there, perhaps. Captain Ward has promised to come, and to renew some recollections of his when he was chasing the Alabama in these waters. In fact, I expect you, Ward, to introduce me to my property, for you have been here before."

"I was only a middy in those days, Percival, and have passed through so much since that I can be but a poor guide, I fear. However, here is our boat; let us go ashore. I want to deliver my letters to old Arenberg."

Percival Rosstrevor, Esq., an Englishman of good lineage, with a property to look after, had not come without letters; so, before the young men had finished their first dinner at the hotel, they received the card of Mr. Arenberg, a banker, who had relations with every body who came

to Charlotte Amalie, particularly to those who brought letters of credit.

The banker was a little yellow man with polished manners, the sort of man one finds in these remote spots, which are, like the moon, half in sunshine, half in shadow; spots which are lovely by the order of nature, populous and gay at times by the will of man. Mr. Arenberg's news from Europe had been always a fortnight old, at least, and part of his life was passed in solitude, a part in the busy and important transactions of receiving, entertaining, and dismissing the newly arrived people who brought him their credentials.

Mr. Arenberg took a great interest in people for two days, then he lost it entirely; but he recorded them during his temporary fervor in great yellow books, the exact shade of his complexion, and to which he constantly referred.

Thus he knew, on hearing Copley Ward's name, exactly where to look for his grandfather, who had been out in 1820; and, on receiving Percival Rosstrevor's card, he recalled Lady Caroline's visit as a thing of yesterday, looking for his record of that as we should turn over the newspapers for something which occurred last Sunday.

Times and seasons have no existence for these people who live in the perpetual summer of the tropics. They have no "last spring," no "last fall," as we have; they have no winter, on which a heavy fall of snow, or the persistent want of it, has recorded the season as a sort of picture on our palimpsest memories. To them it is always "sacred, high, eternal noon," always summer. Therefore the banker's yellow books were to him necessary notched sticks; in them were a thousand hidden romances, those truths so much stranger than fiction; his own handwriting, neat, methodical, correct, hid stories which he himself could not read—romances of which his prosaic temperament took no note. Like the footprints of extinct birds, their significance was for others, not for the immediate creature who made them.

Captain Ward, Rosstrevor, and Gottlieb did not expect, however, on responding to the banker's invitation to dinner, to find the elegant little *salon*, French cookery, and model service which awaited them. Once Mr. Arenberg had deserted his island, and had traveled in France and England. In these two lands he had learned how to give a dinner, and on his high, barren rock—for his house was up above the town, and commanded the extensive view and sea-breeze so coveted in these islands—Mr. Arenberg reproduced the dinners of the highest civilization.

Not that the art of giving a dinner is at all a rare gift among the inhabitants of St. Thomas or Santa Cruz. People who live in quiet, remote places are apt to think of dinner, to make it the event of the day, to attend to it; but Mr. Aren-

berg had a French cook, a plenty of money, a sense of gastronomy; his dinners were known from China to Peru, and would have commanded a sigh of approval even at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, or at the United Service Club in London.

The conversation was as cosmopolitan as the cookery, and Mr. Arenberg referred to the visit of Lady Caroline Rosstrevor in 1851 as perhaps his nearest approach to modern gossip.

"Mr. Morella lives, as you know, at Trevor's Hope, with his daughter Mercedes. Now, pray, do you know them?" asked Percival.

The madeira was on the table; perhaps the twinkle in Mr. Arenberg's eye was from that, or reflected from the polished silver or the still more polished mahogany, but there was a twinkle.

"Yes," said he—"yes, I know Mr. Morella, and his daughter Mercedes is the most beautiful girl in the Antilles."

After dinner Copley Ward wandered into the library with his host, while the other two men took up their position on the veranda to smoke, and to look at the tropical night.

The sea lay all around them; a sky, dark-steel blue, was far above them; while in mid-air hung the planets, and the moon—a crescent, a bark of pearl sailing in ether.

"You can put your hand on the stars here," said Percival to the German botanist.

"They are delightfully near in this atmosphere. What a good dinner we have eaten, and what cigars we are smoking!" Thus Gottlieb.

This son of Science, the lover of flowers, was German enough to appreciate these things, particularly the wines and cigars.

Meantime Mr. Arenberg and Ward were looking into the yellow books.

"Your grandfather was a capitalist," said Mr. Arenberg, with respect. "He did much business with these islands, particularly, as you know, with the great house of Morella. Your uncle—or your father—was named Manuel Morella Ward, I remember, and was consul at Havana—was he not? I think he was. At any rate, he is the member of your family who so deeply wounded the pride or the purse—which was it?—of Roderigo Morella."

"Yes, my uncle," said Copley Ward. "They were young men together in Havana, and I believe loved the same lady. What sort of a man is Roderigo Morella?"

"A strange, sad, jealous, unforgiving, poor Spanish gentleman, who lives at Trevor's Hope, brooding over the misfortunes of a lifetime. No trace in him of his English mother, a relative, as you know, of Rosstrevor's."

"Yes, I know; and—and his daughter—it must be a sad life for her!"

"Sad enough. She was educated in New York and Paris. What a life she has come to here after those gay cities! And yet she is very cheerful; she has the temperament of a humming-bird, and is a most brilliant, witty, useful woman. She absolutely is making the crops pay at Trevor's Hope—a thing they have not done before since emancipation!"

"What will they do if my friend Percival turns them out?"

"Do what they should have done long ago—go back to Cuba, where Morella has a small estate. He hates it, however—he hates, Spaniard though he is—he hates the Spanish rule. That much of his English blood is in him! And on lonely Santa Cruz, at his forlorn place, he can be as free to grumble as he chooses. His daughter is Spanish to the backbone—even dresses like a daughter of Seville. Ah, the Señorita Mercedes is worth seeing, Captain Ward!"

The two gentlemen discontinued their talk, and rejoined the others, lighting their fragrant cigars as they did so. After a few minutes' general conversation, they discovered that Mr. Arenberg was fast asleep, and, respecting his dreams, they stole away in the moonlight, giving their good night to the venerable, white-haired negro butler to keep for Mr. Arenberg's waking.

"A stately fellow, Copley Ward," said Percival, as Ward left them at the entrance to the hotel and walked off toward the Fort. "But what has he done with his cheerfulness? He was the gayest man I ever knew five years ago; now he is the most saddened and depressed."

"A sorrow here, I think," said the German, tapping his fat chest. "The best comrade, the most noble good fellow to ride across the mountains with. But he takes no interest in butterflies; even the *Antiope*, superb in Hayti, did not reach him, and the orchids did not amuse or instruct him. A man must be lost indeed who does not care for the flora of Hayti. Good night."

A day or two afterward Percival began to think it was time for him to start for Santa Cruz. He had exhausted St. Thomas. Its long, commercial street began to bore him; but before he left this island he must again walk down it, to make some purchases.

He and the German botanist (for Copley Ward was often missing, and seemed to find attractions at Mr. Arenberg's, and at the Fort, which they could not discover) started to execute their commissions, and were well supplied with small packages, when they suddenly met at the door of one of the retail shops Mr. Arenberg, who emerged smiling.

"Look across the street, Mr. Rosstrevor," he whispered, "and see the cousin you have come to dispossess."

Rosstrevor obeyed him, and saw a tall, slender young woman in black, with a Spanish mantilla of black lace over her head, and behind her a respectable-looking old negro woman, with a turban of white muslin, who carried a large umbrella in her hand. The young lady had no color about her dress save one yellow rose, which fastened the lace of her mantilla on one side of a high comb.

The beauty of this woman was so great that it silenced rather than provoked comment. A dark, clear skin; two lips as red as the pomegranate; glossy black hair, which was brushed away from the lowest of broad brows; two great black eyes, with sweeping lashes; a nose rather long and straight—these were but feeble inventories. The glow, the expression, the *regard*, as the French say, was that of the beauties who, under the name of Helen, Cleopatra, Lucretia Borgia, Mary Queen of Scots, and a thousand others, have ruled, have swept, have conquered the world. Even her walk was superb, so much so that Rosstrevor thought he had never seen a woman walk before. This high-stepping creature was tapping the pavement with little feet, which recalled Sir John Suckling's image—

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice ran in and out.

And yet there was a proud, defiant, and almost imperial movement as she advanced. Rosstrevor thought of a fine horse pawing the ground, but dismissed the image as irreverent.

Mr. Arenberg advanced to meet the high-stepping beauty with an old-fashioned, not unbecoming air of gallantry. He bowed his snuff-colored wig to the ground, he pressed his hand on the spot where tradition had once placed what served him for a heart, and he finally raised his little twinkling eyes to her face.

"Your servant, Miss Mercedes—your most obedient servant."

"How de do, Mr. Arenberg?" said the beauty, frankly, smiling and showing teeth which dazzled the gazer—"how de do? We were going up to see you after we had done our shopping, but—"

"Allow me to present your English cousin, Mr. Percival Rosstrevor," said the banker, hastily interrupting her.

"And Mr. Wilhelm Gottlieb," said Percival Rosstrevor, overcome with English shyness, and not knowing what to say.

The beauty courtesied low, a Spanish courtesy, and then extended her hand with American frankness.

"You are expected, and very welcome," said she, sweeping him up with another grand smile.

"You will come and lunch with me, of course?" asked Mr. Arenberg.

"Of course we will—in an hour," said the Señorita; "you must let me sell my plantains, and buy my spices.—Here, Rebecca, give me my test," and she disappeared in the dark shadow of the shop-door.

"Go up for Captain Ward, and we will make a little party for the Señorita," said Mr. Arenberg. "Be at my house in an hour."

But, when they appeared at Mr. Arenberg's house there was no Captain Ward; he had again taken himself off.

However, the lunch went gayly on. Two or three Danish officers, evidently cultivating or suffering from a fatal passion for Mercedes, and some pale Danish beauties who had been hastily brought in to do honor to Mr. Arenberg's lunch, were of the company—all of which gave Percival Rosstrevor time to recover himself.

This was the woman whom he was to displace. He was to appear to her first and foremost in the disagreeable light of proprietor, the owner of her home.

Not that he had at all determined, even if Santa Cruz appeared to him to be a pleasant place of residence—the proper sphere for his energies to exercise themselves upon—to turn out Mr. Morella. If, on seeing him, Mr. Morella decided to go, then he might, perhaps—

His mind, his plans, were all chaotic. He had been suddenly brought face to face with the necessity of making his own way in the world by the death of his father. When his elder brother became Lord Rosstrevor, and married, then it was that poor Percy concluded to start off, and to look at this unpromising property in Santa Cruz.

His cousin Mercedes watched him furtively during the lunch, and, it is to be feared, enjoyed his confusion. Certainly she did not share it, for her laugh, low and musical, her rich contralto tones, her gay wit, her sparkling eyes, were those of a happy rather than of an anxious woman.

"You and your party must come with my servants and myself on the Vigilant to-night, when I return to Santa Cruz," said she, leaning over to Percival, during the lunch.

"I shall be only too happy," said he. "My friends are, however, not exactly of my party; we are but fellow travelers."

"Papa expects you," said the Señorita Morella; "and I, as his lieutenant, extend the invitation to—to—Mr. Gottlieb, and—who is the other?"

"Captain Copley Ward, an American gentleman, and my very dear friend."

"Captain Copley Ward, an American gentle-

man, and your very dear friend, is then invited," said she, gayly.

"I think," said Mr. Arenberg, slowly, "that even were Captain Copley Ward inclined to accept this gracious invitation, I had better see him first."

"How mysterious!" said Mercedes, showing a glimpse of her white teeth. "Do you think we mean him any harm?"

"It is dangerous ground, that which the Señorita Morella commands," said Mr. Arenberg.

But Captain Copley Ward saved them all trouble. He was only to be traced through a letter, which he had left for Percival, saying that business called him suddenly to Porto Rico; that he would join him at Bassin (the principal town of Santa Cruz) the latter end of the week.

Wilhelm Gottlieb declared his intention of waiting for him.

III.

TWO or three old negroes, and the respectable Rebecca of the white turban, accompanied Mercedes and Percival during the seven hours' trip from St. Thomas to Santa Cruz.

He could not but notice the calm habit of command, the business-like coolness and sagacity of this beautiful young girl, who, dropping one festoon of her mantilla over her face, so that her black eyes shone through the heavily embroidered lace like stars from behind clouds, moved about attending to the shipment of certain barrels and boxes, evidently containing stores for her household. Seeing Percival's look of surprise, she explained to him, after they were fairly at sea, that her father's health was poor, and that she alone could manage the affairs of the plantation satisfactorily; that the negroes would not work for the superintendent, but would work for her, and so on.

"I have been two years at it, since I left school," said she, laughing, "and you will find my accounts in excellent order. But, indeed, Mr. Rosstrevor, I am very glad the *real owner* has come to claim his own," said she, suddenly turning her bright eyes full upon him, "for it is a heavy care and a great responsibility for a young girl and a sorrowful old man to take charge of Trevor's Hope."

"Miss Morella," said poor Percival, coloring up to the roots of his hair, "it will be a long day before I shall turn you out. There are many formalities; there are many long talks with your father; there is time yet. I beg of you not to look upon me as the—as the—"

"As the rightful owner of Trevor's Hope? I have been brought up to do that, Mr. Rosstrevor, and I shall not be sorry to surrender. New York or Havana would either of them offer happier

homes for me. What it will do to my sad old father to move him I know not, but we must face the inevitable. We are but leaves before the wind anyway. Now, tell me—you are from England—do you know my sister, my twin-sister Lenore?"

"No," said Percival; "I have never seen her, although she has lived with my old aunt at the Grange. When I have been in England, she has been in Paris. We have never met."

"Then I will show you her picture," said Mercedes, detaching a miniature from her watch-chain.

"Singularly like, yet singularly unlike," said Percival, looking at the picture. "Features, hair, and eyes the same, but the expression totally different."

"Yes, they say that she is Penseroso, while I am L'Allegro."

"They say?" said Percival. "Do you not know? Have you not met lately?"

"Yes; we were together for a year at school in Paris, and then we separated—to what different fates!" and Percival thought he saw a tear in the bright eye of L'Allegro.

The schooner was nearing the wharf at Santa Cruz as she finished speaking.

"Papa, this is Mr. Percival Rosstrevor," said Mercedes, as a small, elderly, black-eyed gentleman of meager figure and face approached them. But so stately were Mr. Morella's Spanish manners, that, tall fellow as he was, Percival felt small before him. Years of solitude and of misfortune had not taken from him that grace, that dignity, which seems built into the Spaniard.

They all mounted into a sort of *char à banc* and drove off. It was an hour before they reached Trevor's Hope. Percival spoke casually of his mother's letter.

"You will find us quite unchanged since then," said Mr. Morella, "except that this good girl has brightened up a few rooms."

And there it was—the fine, large stone house, with ample verandas from which hung passion-flowers in heavy, drooping vines, and whose external appearance was stately and grand, but within were the same ruin, the same broken furniture, the same boarded-up mirrors, which Lady Caroline had seen in 1851.

They dined off a black, old mahogany table, a dinner which was almost a *replica* of that which his mother had described, except that, instead of the faded and sad Madame Morella, there sat at the head of the table a Venus of the tropics, a woman whose young beauty lighted up the room.

"These are your apartments," said she, as after the cigars a movement was made toward bedroom candlesticks, and she threw open a door which he had not noticed.

Pretty white and pink lounges, and curtains, comforts simple but tasteful, a few pieces of modern furniture, met his eye.

"I have done my best to make Mr. Rosstrevor comfortable in his own house," said Mercedes, with a deep courtesy.

The young man felt like stooping and kissing the hem of her garment, but she was gone, and he was alone—alone to think of the astonishing position in which he found himself.

It was a week before he thought of Bassin and Captain Ward. His days had been spent in going with Mercedes over the plantation, in looking at her accounts and into the sugar-houses, in riding on a pretty Spanish jennet by her side as she went from one field to another, encouraging the negroes to work, visiting the hospital, or trying to help her amuse her father, whose melancholy hung like a pall over them both.

She would read to him, sing with her guitar accompaniment; she would bring him his coffee with a step like an Ellsler, and occasionally, as if the spirit of Terpsichore possessed her, dance for him up and down the stone piazza like a nymph; sometimes he would smile and call her sunbeam, and kiss her as she bent over him, then relapse into gloom and gravity, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Where did you learn to be so useful?" said Percival, as he saw her counting the jars in her store-closet.

"Necessity and love taught me," said she, passing a white hand over the labels.

"To-day I must go to Bassin and inquire for Captain Ward," said Percival; "my conscience smites me. Will you go with me? Let us take the two white jennets."

"No, you shall go alone. To-day I am busy. If you find Captain Ward, bring him back to dinner."

But Percival found only Gottlieb, who was wandering aimlessly around the dismal little town, and who had heard nothing of Ward, nor had he found his white flower with yellow center, with stamens in a golden mesh. Gottlieb was, however, much interested in Percival's own history.

"And what of your prospects?" said Gottlieb. "You are in love with the Señorita; you will make her your wife; that will settle the affair amicably: you need not turn out the Morellas."

"Gottlieb, you are right as to one half—I think that I *am* in love with Mercedes. I have never seen such beauty, goodness, cleverness; but she has no more feeling for me than if I were one of these lizards, and something tells me that she never will have."

"Ah, that is too hasty. Despair after one week? No! Go back and try—go back to your plantation; make love to her! Threaten to kill

yourself; try turning her father out of doors. Do not be a sheep! I tell you, girls' hearts are like my white flower: they are hard to find, but, when you find them, ah—! That is a golden mesh, indeed. But, good-by. I go after my flower."

On returning to Trevor's Hope, Percival found that Mr. Morella had shaken off his gloom sufficiently to call him into the grand *salon*, and there formally to tender his abdication and resignation.

"It is a matter of business," said the Spaniard, gravely; "I have known the position for twenty-six years. My daughter and myself can retire to our estate in Cuba."

"Mr. Morella, I can not accept. I do not know how to manage this property. I entreat of you, *wait!* until I can speak to—to my friend Arenberg, to Captain Copley Ward. Stay, I beg of you, for a year."

"As you please, Mr. Rosstrevor," said Mr. Morella, relapsing into his gloom again.

"An invitation to dinner!" said Mercedes, breaking in, like Aurora, holding in her hand a folded letter. "Randolph expects us at 'The Amethyst'; a grand dinner of twenty-four. Will you go, papa?"

"I must decline," said Mr. Morella.

"Then there will be only twenty-three, papa. Reconsider."

"No, my love, decline for me," persisted Mr. Morella.

"I wonder," said Mercedes, tapping her rosy lips—"I wonder if your friend the German botanist would come? I will write to Randolph to invite him; and you—you will go with me, of course?"

Of course Percival would gladly go with her anywhere.

She took a great deal of pains about the German botanist, that he should be at this dinner—a fact which surprised Percival, for she had not shown a genuine West Indian fervor of hospitality in inviting him to Trevor's Hope, after Percival's description of his forlorn loneliness and despair over his as yet undiscovered flower.

Bassin is one of those towns which, like many others in the West Indies, is rather apt to depress the stranger, and incline him to accept invitations to leave it with great gratitude.

However, it was very nice of her, Percival thought, to procure Gottlieb an invitation to the dinner; and when they arrived at "The Amethyst," who should make his appearance but Captain Copley Ward!

Percival presented the mysterious absentee to his beautiful cousin Mercedes with considerable misgiving, for Copley Ward was one of those men whose smile and eyes may be fatal to women. He was glad that they received each other with nonchalance—a fact which he attributed to the

circumstance that Copley Ward's heart was elsewhere, and (could he hope it?) that Mercedes had begun to fancy her cousin Percival.

The dinner was an elaborate one, and "The Amethyst" was evidently an estate which had suffered less than many of the others. Randolph was an Englishman, and kept up the habits of his own country, so far as the twelve courses, and the drinking after dinner, belong to British institutions.

Captain Copley Ward sat next to Mercedes, who blazed out amid the pale Danish beauties, like the pomegranate amid snow-drops. She wore her favorite color, yellow, a deep rich golden silk, and, with a reckless use of color which would have vulgarized a less beautiful woman, had put the scarlet flowers of the *Hibiscus* in her hair and bosom.

"She *is* the tropics!" said Gottlieb, in a low whisper to Percival.

She was capricious this evening, and, forsaking her usual gayety, she talked only in low tones to her two next neighbors.

To do Captain Ward justice, he made up for lost time, and, before the dessert, had contrived to engross her.

Indeed, he followed the ladies' departure from the table early, and as Percival looked down one of the trellised garden-walks through an open window of the dining-room, he could have sworn that he saw the Captain's slender figure with a golden-clad *hourri* hanging on his arm.

How intensely Lieutenant Arrstrop, a sort of vulgar Hamlet, contrived to bore him! How Randolph, his host, held him by the button! How even Gottlieb pummeled him with butterflies, and disgusted him with *Diptera*! What did he care for insects with two wings, or insects with four? He was in love, poor Percival, and he wanted to fly after the golden butterfly.

And when they came to the drive home, how disgusted he was to be asked to take a seat with the Misses Stridiron, who were to be driven to the south side, while he saw Captain Copley Ward and Mercedes, and the botanist, driven off without him!

He was sulkily driving home alone, after having deposited the Misses Stridiron, when he observed, in the brilliant moonlight, Gottlieb, on foot, waving a branch in the air to attract his attention.

"I have found it!" shrieked the botanist; "my dear white flower, with yellow center, and stamens in a golden mesh—I have found it! I left the tiresome carriage to walk through a thicket where I was sure it would grow; and here I am with hands much scratched in the *chaparral*, and with my treasure."

Percival thought that the floral treasure looked

very much like an orange-blossom, and was comparatively unmoved. What he did think of, and not unmoved, was that Mercedes and Captain Ward must have had a drive of six miles alone.

"And you left my cousin Mercedes with Captain Copley Ward, a man she has but just met, to drive off alone?" said Percival. "A very strange proceeding!"

"Ah, she is an independent," said the German. "She had her old family coachman, and she and the Captain were talking Spanish, a language I do not understand; so, when I asked them to let me walk—to expel the fumes of wine and brandy from my brain (for they drink like the old heroes of the Nibelungenlied here)—I thought they were nothing loath to part with me, and so I sought for my flower, and I have found it. See what a divine fragrance she has!"

Percival raised the flower to his face, and as he did so a strange, violent pain shot through his eyes; his head began to swim; he threw it away from him. "It is poison!" said he.

"No, not in the least," said Gottlieb. "Get out of the carriage and walk; you, too, have taken too much wine."

But, as Percival attempted to walk, he found his limbs shake under him; his hands began to burn; his face seemed to be on fire; strange and terrible sensations took possession of his brain. He stretched out a hand for Gottlieb.

"Take care of me," said he. "I can no longer see you."

When they reached the door of Trevor's Hope, Percival was raving with sudden delirium. The colored coachman, and the servant who answered the door-bell, took him in their arms and carried him into the hall. As the latter flashed a candle in his face, he exclaimed:

"Massa been poisoned by the *barracuda*!" for he saw, in the discolored, swelled face and the closed eyes of the unhappy young man, that he had indeed eaten of that dangerous fish which, although innocuous in a majority of cases, is sometimes one of the deadliest, the most lasting of poisons.

IV.

MR. ARENBERG was giving one of his famous dinners, a week after this event, to the newly arrived passengers of the steamer Trent. It would be unfair to this gentleman's record to say that he ever forgot the Señorita Mercedes, but the young men who had been his guests of the month before were not so clearly outlined on his memory. Particularly had he forgotten all about Gottlieb, who, as a German botanist, without antecedents, and with a very small bank account, was not a man for the banker to record.

Percival Rosstrevor and Captain Copley

Ward he had particular reasons for remembering. They were without doubt men whom to forget would have been quite impossible to a man who held in his old yellow books the map of their interlaced destinies. Rosstrevors, and Wards, and Morellas, had been woven in and out of the warp and woof of Mr. Arenberg's business life for forty years; but now Gottlieb was to take his place in the yellow books, as playing an important part in the history, at least, of Rosstrevor.

The dinner included, besides the newly arrived guests from Europe, two gentlemen of Santa Cruz, Dr. Launitz and Mr. Randolph, the gentleman who had the painful distinction of having offered a poisonous fish to his guests.

"Tell us about poor Rosstrevor. How is he getting on?" said Mr. Arenberg.

"He will recover, I think," said Dr. Launitz; "and if he does, and escapes the bad consequences of the poison, I shall give all the credit to a German botanist who was with him at the time of his seizure."

"How was that?" said one of the guests.

"He was taken ill while smelling a flower which this man Gottlieb had just plucked in the *chaparral*."

"And which, I think, poisoned him," said Mr. Randolph; "for, of all the other guests at my dinner, no other one felt any inconvenience from the fish."

"That has happened frequently, you know," said Dr. Launitz. "What is one man's meat is another man's *poisson*, according to the old joke. To be poisoned, the system must be necessarily in a peculiar state. Gottlieb is learned in poisons and antidotes. He talks of the frequency of the antidotal plant near the haunts of poisonous reptiles—as the plantain which cures the rattlesnake-bite, the aloe which relieves the sting of the tarantula, the cactus-leaf for the centiped; and, in the immediate effect of the fragrance of the white flower in bringing the virus to the surface, he discerned something of that property which makes the serpent-stone valuable. He proved his belief by immediately gathering large quantities of the plant, making decoctions, and poultices, and lotions, and had the heroism to drink of the liquid himself before administering it to his patient. The effect has been magical. The lotion relieves the outside inflammation, the drink calms the delirium and fever. It is now, of course, a question of time, and Rosstrevor is still a very sick man, but I have every hope of his recovery, and that we have added a valuable remedy to the pharmacopœia."

And then they talked of the voyage of the Trent, and of a certain interesting passenger whom she had brought out; of the news in Eu-

rope; of the state of the crops, and the infrequency of rain; and then, rising and shaking hands all about, pronounced the Danish word *Velbekomer*, and adjourned to the veranda.

Dr. Launitz drew Mr. Arenberg aside. "I am very much afraid of the effect of this illness of young Rosstrevor on Mr. Morella. His morbid melancholy has taken flight. He thinks his English relatives will believe that he has caused Rosstrevor to be poisoned. In fact, I attend to the host more than to the guest, and give him the quieting doses I had intended for Rosstrevor. He declares that he will set sail for Cuba immediately, and nothing but my assurance that such a proceeding would give every one a reason for thinking him guilty, should poor Rosstrevor die, keeps him from going."

"That would spoil everything," said Mr. Arenberg. "Keep him quiet, if you can. And how does Mercedes bear up under all this?"

"I think her father's condition gives her great anxiety, but she rises to the situation. Her care of Percival Rosstrevor, and her unselfish, active usefulness, would make a plain woman beautiful: what it does *not* do to the most beautiful of women, I leave you to imagine."

Several weeks followed in dreary and suffering succession before Percival again took his walk on the veranda, leaning on the arm of Gottlieb. The disease had affected the eye and ear, besides its effect on the flesh, so that even now his sight was dim and his hearing affected.

He had been conscious, much of the time, of the kindness of Mercedes. He had heard her soft, musical voice, and her consultations with Gottlieb. He knew that she was, like a *châtelaine* of the middle ages, ministering to the necessities of the wounded knight whom destiny had thrown into her hands.

But something had been borne in upon his brain which took form and substance as he lay and dreamed, soothed by that spirit of healing which lay hidden behind the "white flower with the yellow center and the stamens in a golden mesh." It was this: Captain Copley Ward had come to the West Indies to find a face; that face had been the one which now and then, when the veil lifted from his poor eyes, he saw bending over him—the brilliant, beautiful face of the woman he loved.

He thought of all Captain Ward's mysterious disappearances, and of the curiously sudden acquaintance at the dinner—what did it all mean? What was Gottlieb here for? And, as if a curtain suddenly lifted, he saw, or he thought he saw, it all. Copley Ward and Mercedes were old acquaintances, probably lovers, kept apart perhaps by Mr. Morella's prejudice or queerness, and were

having clandestine meetings, with Gottlieb as a friend.

It was a painful accompaniment to convalescence, particularly as Mercedes was now more with him; and, as he grew to watch for her, to listen to the sound of her footfall, it seemed to him that she had grown each day more lovely and more gentle. She was silent, less occupied with her household duties, more womanly. Was it the exquisite instinct with which a woman suits herself to the sensitive nerves of a convalescent? Or was it, alas! an absorption in the hidden lover, that friend who had not been near him?—for Captain Copley Ward had shown an entire indifference to his illness.

One day as she sat near him, her mantilla thrown back, and the shadows of the passion-flower vine falling in picturesque patches on her white dress as she played rather than wrought at her embroidery—

"Mercedes, dear Mercedes," said he, "is it that I do not see well, or are you changed? Has my long illness fatigued you?—you seem not quite yourself."

"Ah," said she, with her pretty and reassuring laugh, "you sick people all get tired of your nurses. Perhaps I am—well, a shade yellow, or my eyes are heavy. Let me go and put a scarlet flower in my hair, light myself up, make myself presentable—"

"No, dear Mercedes, I want to talk to you. Sit here, nearer me; let me take your hand—that hand which has been bathing my brow and drawing me back from the grave; let me kiss it and renounce it; let me tell you how I love it and crave it—but also that I have had a revelation. Mercedes, I know all: I know now that you love Copley Ward—that he has come here to see you, and that you are thinking of him, and not of me. I must relapse into my place as cousin; but you shall know—I shall have the pleasure of telling you—that I love you!"

"Cousin Percival," began Mercedes, pleadingly.

"No, Mercedes, do not stop me. For the last few days you have grown dearer to me; there is a something about you which fits my present mood. You are gentler than you were; and I, knowing that you love another, must still have you near me. Your atmosphere is necessary to me. I can bear it that you love another; only do not desert me because I have found out your secret. Sit by me; let me look at you; talk to me, sing to me; and, when you will, you shall tell me all about Copley Ward—a good fellow, but he has not treated me well."

"Percival," said Mercedes, "do not misjudge Ward yet; you may hereafter know that which will justify him."

"Ah, Mercedes, do not plead his cause; *that* I can not bear yet. Be merciful; we will not speak his name quite yet. Let us return to our old life. How are the jennets?"

"They are well, and pawing the earth with impatience."

"When may I take a ride, Gottlieb?" said Percival, as the German botanist stepped up on the platform with his hands full of flowers.

"Not until your eyes are better," said Gottlieb, authoritatively; "you have still a danger about the optic nerve; you must not be exposed to the light. Ah, your eyes! they look very badly yet.—Señorita, lend me your handkerchief; his eyes must be bandaged, while you shall read to us."

And, as if to fill the cup of Percival's love and woe, he blinded him with the delicate handkerchief which had lain in Mercedes's lap.

"It has an English scent," said poor Percival. Violets! I see my own cool land again."

"Señorita Mercedes uses violet scents, I notice—always," said Gottlieb; "an American taste, I imagine.—Now read us 'In a Gondola,' please, Señorita, for my patient is feverish."

At this moment Rebecca, the colored housekeeper, appeared for orders.

"You may attend to it all, Rebecca," said Mercedes; "I must read to Mr. Rosstrevor."

"Ah, Mercedes," said Percival, in a gratified tone, "I am rather glad to see you growing a less careful housekeeper. I used to think you were cumbered with much serving."

Gottlieb was very careful of Percival's eyes after this, bandaging them, having green shades made for them, and even bringing out a pair of green goggles. Mercedes, also, seemed to be getting careful of her complexion, for she threw her heavy veil over her face often as she walked with Percival through the shaded garden walks.

"Mercedes," said he one day, as a long silence came to an end, "where is your father? I have not seen him, it seems to me, for a very long time."

"Ah, Percival, he has gone to Cuba. We have hoped that you would not notice his absence; but he has had an agreeable piece of news: a heavy mortgage on his property there has been paid off by some unknown hand, and certain formalities have required his presence in the island. He had a morbid feeling about your illness; and we were not sorry when, for the first time in his life—poor man!—a misfortune was turned into a joy. I do not understand it quite, but Mr. Arenberg does."

Another week saw the cousins riding together; and here Percival had no reason to fear that her anxiety for him had damped the courage of Mercedes. In fact, she had more courage on horse-

back than formerly—was for leaping hedges and for running races, quite inappropriate equine amusements for the atmosphere of the tropics.

Perhaps with the innate coquetry of a beautiful woman, perhaps from her rather independent position, perhaps from her Spanish blood or her American training, Mercedes did not show that disinclination for Percival's society which a rigorous constancy would have marked out. There were moments when he began to hope that she had forgotten Captain Copley Ward, when he felt sure that those black eyes gave a gleam of encouragement to the love for her which burned in his heart. Their position was a very dangerous one for the absent lover. No duenna save old Rebecca to preside over their morning readings or their afternoon drives; no observant public but Gottlieb, who seemed now to be relaxing his business of oculist, and was disposed to let Percival see all that he could see with a very handsome pair of blue eyes. After all, was there any reason that he should not win her from Copley Ward if he could? If she were willing, was he under any promise or bond not to erase the love which certainly had been carried on clandestinely against the will of her father, while his would be open, honorable, and most desirable?

Would not her happiness as well as his own be very much assured by offering to her the hand of the owner of Trevor's Hope, that estate which she had done so much to improve?

One great reason for encouragement Percival found in the change in her own character. Her incessant activity, her love of business, had all left Mercedes. One day he asked her to go to see the sugar-factory, but she declined.

"I do not feel energetic to-day," said she.

"Well, let us go and see the negroes at work on the south side."

"No," said she. "I would rather ride through this orange-grove, or go up to Balasminda and look out at the sea."

"Mercedes, how you are changed!" said he. "What is it? Are you well?"

"Yes—a woman's caprice," said she.

As health and vigor came pouring back through his long limbs and energetic English frame, Percival began to wish to go over to St. Thomas, to fish and hunt and exercise.

When he proposed to Mercedes an expedition to St. Thomas, she looked up at him and said:

"Percival, I would rather stay here with you."

The color mounted to his brow; he hoped too much. Then on "that hint he spake":

"Mercedes, tell me, do you love Captain Copley Ward?" And the answer was, calmly—

"No, I do not."

"And will you, could you, can you, love me?"

"Percival, I do!"

"And I have been deceiving myself all this time—and you never loved Copley Ward?"

"Never! You see, you took it all for granted; you never asked me, or made me answer that question."

"O Mercedes!"

Then she turned upon him, this mysterious girl, and asked him a singular question.

"Percival," said she, "are you sure that you love me—*me*, this individual unit, this West Indian cousin, whom you have known only a few short months? Do you know me well enough to be sure that I shall make you happy? Tell me, when did you first fall in love with me?"

"When I first saw you, Mercedes, I thought you the most lovely woman I had ever seen, and I thought I was in love with you almost immediately. But—may I confess?—there was one occasional wish in my heart, then, that you were *not* so clever, so active, so superior to me! It was after I had really schooled my heart to believe that you loved somebody else that I found that I really loved you. In fact, a new love seemed to come to my heart after my first days of convalescence, when your altered mood (for I shall always insist that you have changed) suited so well my quelled spirits. But how do we know, how can we estimate, the birth, growth, and development of the divine passion? One thing I *do* know, Mercedes—that I love you now, and shall love you for ever!"

The next few days were of that quality of bliss which comes but once in a lifetime—not always even once—and Percival would have been glad to have them go on for ever; but letters, letters, letters! those messengers from the outside world—those Mercuries who always reach us, and do not stay, as we wish they would sometimes, on their "heaven-kissing hill." Like John of Bologna's Mercury, they came from England to disturb Percival's peace, and to call him to St. Thomas.

He had got through with his interview with Mr. Arenberg, he had finished all his business, and was on the point of walking down to the Vigilant, the little schooner whose time of sailing had nearly approached, when he casually looked at the hotel-register and read the announcement—

Captain Copley Ward, Room 21.

To see Copley Ward and to tell him that he had displaced him in the affections of Mercedes, or to shun him, and to go back to her!

Copley Ward had treated him strangely. He tried to argue with himself that the coldness and neglect of his treatment of the last few months

had obviated any duty which he owed to him in the matter of stealing away his love.

But Copley Ward had been his comrade on the Plains; had served him in many ways. He felt in his heart that Ward, in his place, would *not* have striven to win away the woman of his heart, and the braver and better counsel of confession prevailed. He darted up three steps at a time to No. 21.

The door was ajar. He knocked, looked in—no one there. He paused a moment, then determined to leave his card and a few penciled words on the table.

He stepped into the room, and saw lying on the white sofa a black object. What was it?

A Spanish mantilla with a yellow rose!

For a moment his heart stood still. Mercedes had deceived him! She had come, he then remembered—she must have come an hour after he left her by a second schooner which left Santa Cruz for St. Thomas. She had joined Copley Ward; they were gone out together, and she had probably disguised herself, leaving in his room the mantilla which she always wore!

He wondered afterward that he had not died in that choking moment of agony; and yet as a second set of nerves come in and work for us when the first set is stunned, so did he, looking vacantly out of the window, see the Vigilant spreading her sails, and determine, in a sort of maze, to catch her before she sailed and to return to Trevor's Hope.

As he was running down the steep hill to the wharf, he saw Ward coming from the Fort. That, then, had always been the trysting-place! He remembered Ward's early visits there, when this false girl had carried on, as he now believed, her early as her later clandestine meetings with him.

And as he sailed back, through seven miserable hours, he reflected on the changeable, inconsistent, and variable character of this girl, her seductive beauty, her almost masculine strength at first, and her gentle and affectionate attentions of the last few weeks. A coquette ingrain, merely making a dupe of him to gratify her vanity!

And yet it seemed impossible! Might not some other woman wear a black mantilla and a yellow rose? He did not, however, remember that he had ever seen another Spanish mantilla worn in St. Thomas or Santa Cruz.

Still that proved nothing; it might be a mistake. And so he argued with his tortured soul.

He determined to go back to Trevor's Hope, write a letter to Mercedes, another to her father, to see Gottlieb, and to take a schooner for some other island, and then return by the first steamer to England. To see Mercedes again, that he could not do.

And yet, as he neared the island filled for him

with such memories, such sad and such sweet experiences, he was overwhelmed with a desire to see her once more, and to reproach, to scorn, to blame, yet to love her with all a lover's unreason.

He drove with drooping head to Trevor's Hope; and there, sitting on the veranda, with her Spanish mantilla and yellow rose, sat Mercedes.

She looked at him as he stepped on the marble slabs; he was as white as they.

"Percival, dear Percival!" said she, "what is the matter? You are worse—you are ill again."

"Yes, very ill," said he. "I know not by what enchantment you have reached here before me, or when you left Captain Copley Ward, but I know *you* now. False, beautiful sorceress, Mercedes, was it necessary to your vanity to deceive, to wound, to kill me? This mantilla, or its fellow, I have just left in Copley Ward's room. Does he keep a magazine of them, that you may masquerade at will, when you go over to see him?"

Mercedes turned as white as he had done.

"Percival! Percival!" said she, "it is my turn to speak, to confess. Do not blame me if I have deceived you. I have—I have won your heart under false pretenses. I am *not* Mercedes—I am Lenore!"

V.

GOTTLIEB wrote down in his great book, called "Wonderful Poisons, and their Effects, Antidotes, and Cures," this paragraph:

"If a great shock is given to the nerves of a recently recovered patient, he is apt to have a slight relapse, and lose temporarily his reason; but the after-effects are not bad: they may make care necessary for a time, but they do not cause death."

Percival did not die. The next day, when the real Mercedes arrived with her husband, Captain Copley Ward, he was sufficiently recovered to hear their history.

But first he had heard, as he sat with Lenore's slender hand pressed to his lips, the long story of her masquerade.

"I came out to help Mercedes, dearest Percy," said she, "for my father had forbidden her marriage to Copley Ward; although it had been an attachment of two years' standing, there was no argument against him except an old quarrel with his uncle of forty years ago. Still, with men of my father's nature, feuds of forty years' standing grow and strengthen. Mercedes felt that the time had come for her to take the step which she was convinced that she had a right to take, particularly as Copley Ward has, through some real or pretended debt which he has found as possibly owing from his uncle to my father, paid

off certain mortgages on the Cuban estate, so that the property becomes very valuable. You know what a daughter Mercedes has been to him always. She is no less a blessing to him in the son-in-law she brings to him. The question of leaving you so ill was the next embarrassment. She, however, soon found that you bore and liked my ministrations as well as hers. You did not see or hear well; we are so alike, that a similarity of dress, and a few artifices of the toilet, have always enabled us to mystify people. You had been intimately acquainted with me for a month before you made the remark on the veranda which caused Gottlieb to bandage your eyes. Then, forgive me, dear Percy, if I continued the fraud, and tried to win you for myself. I have known you always, for dear Aunt Ross, of The Grange, was always talking of you. It was strange that we never met. I now think that it was providential. Heaven meant that we should meet and love each other at Trevor's Hope—our future home, perhaps!"

"When were Copley Ward and Mercedes married?" asked Percival.

"The day after my father sailed for Cuba. Gottlieb and Mr. Arenberg took Mercedes and myself to the church, and Captain Ward met us there, where the two were made one."

"Does Ward know you apart?" said Percival, quizzically.

"Oh, yes! He had the *real* article—I am only the imitation."

However, when Mrs. Copley Ward arrived, splendid as she really was, Percival did not regret the change.

"She is Penseroso and I am L'Allegro—as I told you," said the more energetic of the twins.

And yet, when Lenore, gay with excitement, danced up and down the veranda, she seemed to be Mercedes; and as Mercedes, quiet with her new, full happiness, sat with her chin in her hand looking at her, she seemed to be Lenore.

"Captain Copley Ward," said Percival, after dinner, "do you remember what you said to me as we looked at the lively town of Jacmel? You called the West Indies the '*home of ennui*,' of disappointed hopes, of wrecked fortunes." Now it strikes me that you have had very lively times down here, very few disappointed hopes, and no wrecked fortunes."

"No," said Copley Ward; "as things have turned out, I have not suffered from any of those things. But, you see, I missed my letter from Mercedes at Jacmel, and was naturally as blue as the native indigo. Then, a man who is desperately in love with a lady, and the lady's father forbids him the house, is naturally a little disposed to curse the sky, the land, the sea, and all that in them is."

"Will Mr. Morella forgive you, and will Mr. Morella forgive me?" asked Percival.

"That is a question which to-morrow's mail must answer for us," said Mercedes. "Your time of probation is yet to come. To-morrow Mr. Arenberg comes over to dine, and then we shall hear what papa thinks of runaways."

Mr. Arenberg was a trifle more yellow than his wont, and looked at Captain Ward disparagingly, yet he had been with Gottlieb the obedient go-between—Cupid's messenger, Captain Ward's ally. How far into his old heart the eyes of Mercedes had penetrated no one ever knew. He must have been a little in love, to have served her as he did.

Mr. Morella had written a grave letter of reproof to his daughter for her disobedience; but, as Mr. Arenberg, or somebody, had told him that he owed the payment of the mortgages to Captain Copley Ward, he was not so severe as he might have been. Perhaps he bowed to the inevitable; perhaps he had begun to believe before he left the island that Lenore might keep the plantation of Trevor's Hope in the family; perhaps prosperity had softened his heart. At any rate, he forgave.

Mr. Arenberg had a favor to ask of Percival as they walked down the orange avenue with their cigars.

"Sell me Trevor's Hope," said he; "I want to make it a wedding present to Mercedes."

"Sell Trevor's Hope—the spot where I have found Lenore? Never!" said Percival.

But a soft hand pressed his arm.

"Yes, Percival," said Lenore, "sell it to Mr. Arenberg, if he desires. You and I have been brought up in England; we should be more at home there. Mercedes is a daughter of the tropics by education as well as by birth, and she will be more useful, more at home, here. You came

very near ascertaining my secret by my uselessness, you remember. Let us go back to England. Aunt Ross, of The Grange, has made me her heir, and we can find our place there, I am quite sure."

Mr. Morella came back to the second wedding, and gave his Lenore away. There were dinners, at which the *barracuda* was shunned; there were torchlight processions, which astonished the fireflies; music and dancing enough for all the dames in the two islands.

Mr. Arenberg paid a handsome price for Trevor's Hope, and asked but one condition:

"In giving this place to my young friend Mrs. Ward," said the old man, "I wish to give it a new name."

"What shall it be? what shall it be?" shouted three or four enthusiastic Danish officers, preparing a libation for the christening.

"I wish to call it The Twins," said Mr. Arenberg.

"A happy thought," said Mr. Morella; "for with a new name may come better fortunes. Trevor's Hope has seen sorrowful days. But now I must have a name for my Cuban estate, and I propose, as we owe so much to our German friend Gottlieb, even the life of my dear son Percival Rosstrevor, that he shall name the large coffee-plantation, to which I invite you all, and particularly himself."

Gottlieb was not a man of speeches, but he felt that he must nerve himself to the occasion.

"In reference to the long and patient service of my friend Ward for his bride," said Gottlieb; "in reference, too, to one striking peculiarity of my beloved flower—my flower which has saved a life; in reference to all the tangled threads of this history, let us call it *The Golden Mesh*."

M. E. W. S.

THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

AFTER the Spartan women, we should naturally discuss the position and influence of women among the Athenians. But a singular phenomenon chronologically anterior arrests our attention. The Spartan Constitution remained nearly in the same condition from the ninth century to the fourth. Our knowledge of the life of the Athenian women relates mainly to the fifth and later centuries. In the seventh and sixth occurred the movement among women to

which I allude. Unfortunately, many features of it are obscure. The ancients did not feel much interest in it, and the records in which its history was contained have nearly all perished. The center of the movement was the poetess Sappho. She of herself would deserve a passing notice in any account of ancient women, for she attained a position altogether unique. She was the only woman in all antiquity whose productions by universal consent placed her on the same level as

the greatest poets of the other sex. Solon, on hearing one of her songs sung at a banquet, got the singer to teach it to him immediately, saying that he wished to learn it and die. Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, refer to her in terms of profound respect. Plato called her the tenth Muse; and Strabo seems to express the opinion of antiquity when he says that she was something quite wonderful; "for we do not know," he says, "in the whole period of time of which there is any record, the appearance of a single woman that could rival her, even in a slight degree, in respect of poetry."

This woman determined to do her utmost to elevate her sex. The one method of culture open to women at that time was poetry. There was no other form of literature, and accordingly she systematically trained her pupils to be poets, and to weave into verse the noblest maxims of the intellect and the deepest emotions of the heart. Young people with richly endowed minds flocked to her from all quarters, and formed a kind of woman's college.

There can be no doubt that these young women were impelled to seek the society of Sappho from disgust with the low drudgery and monotonous routine to which women's lives were sacrificed, and they were anxious to rise to something nobler and better. We learn this from Sappho herself. It is thus that she addresses an uneducated woman:

Dying thou shalt lie in the tomb, and there shall be no remembrance of thee afterward, for thou partakest not of the roses of Pieria; yea, undistinguished shalt thou walk in the halls of Hades, fluttering about with the pithless dead.

And one of her most distinguished pupils, Erinna, who died at the early age of nineteen, sang in her poem, "The Distaff," the sorrows of a girl whom her mother compelled to work at the loom and the distaff while she herself longed to cultivate the worship of the Muses.

Did she attempt any other innovation in regard to the position of women? What did she think were the relations which ought to subsist between the one sex and the other? These are questions that we should fain wish we could answer; but history remains silent, and we can only form conjectures from isolated facts and statements. A late Greek writer, Maximus Tyrius, compares her association with young women to the association which existed between Socrates and young men. It has to be remembered that even in Sparta the men were thrown into very close and continual intimacy; and that this was still more the case in other states where the women were kept in strict confinement. Even in Sparta the men dined together alone; they were

often away on military expeditions for whole months together, and men were the instructors of the youths. In this way passionate intimacies arose between old and young, the old man striving to instruct his favorite youth in all manly and virtuous exercises, and the young man serving and protecting his old friend to the best of his power. These attachments were like the loves of Jonathan and David, surpassing the love of women. It is likely that Sappho did not see why these intimacies, fraught as they were with so many advantages, should be confined to the male sex; and she strove, or at least Maximus Tyrius thought she strove, to establish much closer connections, such strong ties of love between members of her own sex as would unite them for ever in firm friendship, soothe them in the time of sorrow, and make the hours of life pass joyfully on. And her poetry expresses an extraordinary strength and warmth of affection. Just as Socrates almost swoons at the sight of the exquisite beauty of an Athenian youth, so Sappho trembles all over when she gazes on her lovely girls. And she weaves all the beauties of nature into the expression of the depth of her emotion. She seems to have had a rarely intense love of nature. The bright sun, the moon and the stars, the music of birds, the cool river, the shady grove, Hesperus, and the golden-sandaled Dawn, all are to her ministers of love—of this intense love for her poetical pupils, for one of whom she says she would not take the whole of Lydia. But though this association may have been one great object, it can not be affirmed that she formed any idea of making the love of women a substitute for the love of men. Some of her girls unquestionably married, and Sappho composed their hymeneal songs. She entered into their future destinies, and sympathized with them throughout their career, following them to the grave with the sad lament which they only can utter who have felt intensely the joys of life, and see in death the entrance to a cold, shadowy, and pithless existence.

It is possible that she may have ventured on new opinions as to the nature of marriage. When we come to treat of Athens, we shall see that the restrictions on marriage in the ancient world were of the sternest and most narrow character. Her Lesbian countrywomen enjoyed considerable liberty, and Heraclides Ponticus says that they were daring and bold. But they were surrounded by Ionians among whom the position of women was almost servile. Sappho may have opened her home to the girls who were tired of such close restriction, and may have counseled marriage from choice. Probably this circumstance would account for the treatment which the character of Sappho received in subsequent

times, for all women who have dared to help forward the progress of their sex, and all men who have boldly aided them, have almost uniformly been slandered and reviled in all ages.* All the notices which we have of her from contemporary or nearly contemporary sources speak of her in high terms of praise. Alcæus, her fellow townsman, sings of her as "the violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho," and approaches her in verses which imply a belief in her purity. Herodotus tells how she bitterly rebuked a brother who squandered all his money on a beautiful courtesan. Her fellow citizens honored her by stamping her figure upon their coins—"honored her," says Aristotle, "though she was a woman." And the fragments of her own poems bear testimony to the same fact. They show, indeed, the warm blood of a southern girl who has no concealments. If she loves, she tells it in verses that vibrate with emotion, that tremble with passion. And she was no prude. Like the rest of her sex of that day, she thought that it was woman's destiny to love, and that the woman who tried to resist the impulse of the god tried an impossible feat. But there is not one line to show that she fell in love with any man. She may have done so; she probably did so, but there is no clear proof. There is only one reference to a man, and it is most likely that she is celebrating not her own passion, but the love of one of her girls. And if she wrote many a hymn to the golden-throned Aphrodite, she wrote also hymns to the chaste Artemis, and prayed to the chaste Graces.

But when we pass from her contemporaries to the Athenian comic writers, all is changed. No less than six comedies, written by six different poets, bore her name and exhibited her loves, and four other plays probably treated the same subject. In these she was represented as loving a poet who died before she was born, and two poets who were born after she died. But especially she fell into an infatuated love at the age of fifty for a kind of mythological young man who was gifted by Aphrodite with the power of driving any woman he liked into desperation for him. Old Sappho became desperate, according to these poets, and plunged into the sea to cool this mad passion; but whether she ever reached the bottom, no comic poet or subsequent historian has vouchsafed to tell us. All these villainous stories, which gathered vileness till, as Philarrète Chasles remarks, they reached a climax in Pope, seem to me indicative that she ventured on some bold innovations in regard to her own sex which shocked the Athenian mind. And perhaps confirmation is added to this by a reliable

inscription that she was banished and fled to Sicily. She may, indeed, have taken part in some of the numerous political movements which agitated her native island, but it seems more likely that she would give offense by trying to strike off some of the restrictions which in her opinion harassed or degraded her sex.*

We come now to the Athenians. The phenomenon that presents itself here is as peculiar and striking as anything we have yet examined. In Athens we find two classes of women who were not slaves. There was one class who could scarcely move a step from their own rooms, and who were watched and restricted in every possible way. There was another class on whom no restrictions whatever were laid, who could move about and do whatever seemed good in their own eyes. And the unrestricted would in all probability have exchanged places with the restricted, and many of the restricted envied the freedom of the other members of their sex. We proceed to the explanation of this phenomenon.

First of all, the ancient idea of a state has to be firmly kept in mind. The ancient Greeks did not dream, as we have said, of any political constitution more extensive than a city. Athens was the largest of these city-states in Greece, and yet it probably never numbered more than thirty thousand citizens. These citizens, according to the Greek idea, were all connected by ties of blood more or less distant; they all had the same divine ancestor; they all worshiped the same gods in the same temples, and they possessed many rights, properties, and privileges in common. It was therefore of supreme importance that in the continuation of the state only true citizens should be admitted, and accordingly the general principle was laid down that none could become citizens but those whose fathers and mothers had been the children of citizens. From this it followed that the utmost care should be taken that no spurious offspring should be palmed upon the state. The women could not be trusted in this matter to their own sense of propriety. It was natural for a woman to love. Even men were powerless before irresistible love, and much less self-control could be expected from weak women. Means must therefore be devised to prevent the possibility of anything going wrong, and accordingly the citizen-women had special apartments assigned to them, generally in the upper story, that they might have to come down stairs, and

* "To attack a woman's reputation is the ready resort of the blockhead who is jealous of her talents."—*Miss Cornwallis*.

* The controversy about Sappho's character between Welcker and Colonel Mure is well known. Welcker's "*Kleine Schriften*" contain several essays on her, in addition to his famous "Defense." There is a very good essay on her and her times in Koehly's "*Akademische Vorträge*."

men might see them if they ventured out. Then they were forbidden to be present at any banquet. The men preferred to dine by themselves, rather than expose their wives to their neighbor's gaze. And, in order to defy all possibility of temptation, the women must wrap up every part of their bodies. In addition to these external arrangements, laws were passed such as might deter the most venturesome. A citizen-woman could have almost* no other association with a citizen than marriage. The most transient forcible connection imposed the duty of marriage, or was followed by severe penalties. And she could not marry any but a citizen. Association with a stranger never could become a marriage. And after she was married infidelity was punished with the most terrible disgrace. Her husband was compelled to send her away. No man could marry her again; for, if any one ventured on such a course, he was thereby disfranchised. She was practically expelled from society, and excommunicated. If she appeared in a temple, any one could tear her dress off, and maltreat her to any extent with impunity, provided he stopped short of killing her. Her accomplice also might be put to death if the husband caught him. Restrictions of the most stringent nature and punishments the most terrible were employed to keep the citizenship pure. To help further to realize the position of the Athenian wife, we have to add that she was generally married about the age of fifteen or sixteen. Up to this time she had seen and heard as little as possible, and had inquired about nothing. Her acquaintance with the outside world had been made almost exclusively in religious processions. "When I was seven years of age," say the chorus of women in the *"Lysistrata,"* "I carried the mystic box in procession; then, when I was ten, I ground the cakes for our patron goddess, and then, clad in a saffron-colored robe, I was the bear at the Brauronian festival; and I carried the sacred basket when I became a beautiful girl." Such were the great external events in the life of a high-born Athenian maid. When she married, her life was not much more varied. Her duties lay entirely within the house. They were summed up in the words, "to remain inside and to be obedient to her husband." She superintended the female slaves who carded the wool; she made, or assisted in making, the garments of her husband and children; she had charge of the provisions; and she was expected to devote some time to the infants. If she went out at all, it was to some

religious procession or to a funeral; and, if old, she might occasionally visit a female friend and take breakfast with her, or help her in some hour of need. For the discharge of the duties which fell to an Athenian woman no great intellectual power was needed, and accordingly the education of girls was confined to the merest elements.

Such was the treatment of Athenian women: what were the results? One can easily perceive that there was very little of love-making before marriage. A girl of thirteen or fourteen preparing for a life of sewing, spinning, provision-getting, and child-nursing is not generally an object of much attraction to grown-up men. The romantic element is decidedly deficient. And then even if there had been some romantic element, the young men had no opportunities of free intercourse. Accordingly matches were managed to a large extent by old women, who were allowed to go from house to house, and who explained to the young woman the qualities of the young man, and to the young man the qualities of the young woman. A marriage concluded in such a way might or might not be happy, but there could be little ideal love about it. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Athenians were very fond of their wives. They liked them if they managed their houses economically, and had healthy children, especially sons. But they were absent from them the most part of the day, they did not discuss with them subjects of the highest moment, they did not share with them their thoughts and aspirations. The domestic sentiment was feeble: this comes out in various ways. One instance will suffice. Sophocles presents one of his characters as regretting the loss of a brother or sister much more than that of a wife. If the wife dies, you can get another; but if a brother or sister dies and the mother is dead, you can never get another brother or sister. The one loss is easily reparable, the other is irreparable. This state of matters had a powerful effect on the wives. Many of them consoled themselves in their loneliness with copious draughts of unmixed wine. They often made assignations through their slaves, and were fond of stealing out of the house whenever they could find an opportunity. And faithlessness, though the punishment was so terrible, was not uncommon. In fact, their human nature could not bear the strain laid upon it. No doubt there were many among them who were good and faithful wives, and we must not always judge southern girls by our northern constitutions of body and soul. I have known a Greek girl who attained to peerless beauty before she was fourteen. Every feature was perfect; her dark eyes twinkled at one time with the wildest merriment, at another gazed with a strange and weird-like melancholy as if into infinite darkness. She could

* It seems to have been possible for an Athenian to take a free Athenian woman as a concubine; but the rights of such concubines and children, and indeed the whole subject, are involved in difficulties. See Van den Es, "*De Jure Familiarum apud Athenienses.*"

speak fluently four languages, and she had read largely in the literatures of each. And when I came upon her in her sad, melancholy moods, she would tell me that she was puzzled with the mystery of life, and was wondering what it all meant. I have no doubt there were many such girls in old Athens, and many an Athenian wife could discuss the highest subjects with her husband. In fact, it is scarcely possible to conceive that such a marvelous crop of remarkable men, renowned in literature and art, could have arisen, if all the Athenian mothers were ordinary housewives. But circumstances certainly were exceedingly unfavorable to them; and though there never was in the history of the world such a numerous race of great thinkers, poets, sculptors, painters, and architects, in one city at one time as in Athens, not one Athenian woman ever attained to the slightest distinction in any one department of literature, art, or science. "Great," says Pericles, in the famous funeral oration which Thucydides puts into his mouth, "is the glory of that woman who is least talked of among the men, either in the way of praise or blame." And this glory the Athenian women attained to perfection.

We pass from the citizen-women of Athens to the other class of free women—the strangers. A stranger had no rights or privileges in any of the ancient states. Any justice that he might obtain could be gained only by the friendly services of some citizen. If this was true of the man-stranger, it was also true of the woman-stranger. She was not entitled to the protection of the city-state. No laws were made for her benefit. She had to look after her own interests herself or get some man to do it for her by her own arts of persuasion. The one object that the state kept before it in regard to these stranger-women was to see to it that they did not in any way corrupt the purity of the citizen blood. The statesmen thought that great dangers might arise from their presence in a community. Political peril might threaten the very existence of the state if strangers, with strange traditions and foreign interests, were to take even the slightest part in the management of public affairs. And the gods might be fearfully insulted and inflict dreadful vengeance if any one of these stranger-women were to find her way into the secret recesses of ancestral worship and perform some of the sacred functions which only the citizen-women could perform. The Spartans accordingly did not permit any strangers, male or female, to reside in their city. These strangers might come to certain festivals for a few days, but the period of their stay was strictly limited. Athens pursued a different policy. She was a commercial city. She was at the head, and ultimately ruler, of a large con-

federacy of Greek states which sent their taxes to her. Besides, the city itself was full of attractions for the stranger, with its innumerable works of art, its brilliant dramatic exhibitions, its splendid religious processions, its gay festivals, its schools of philosophy, and its keen political life. Athens could not exclude strangers. It had therefore to take the most stringent precautions that this concourse of strangers should not corrupt the pure citizen blood. Accordingly laws were enacted which prohibited any citizen-man from marrying a stranger-woman, or any stranger-man from marrying a citizen-woman. If the stranger man or woman ventured on such a heinous offense any one could inform against him or her. The culprit was seized, all his or her property was confiscated, and he or she was sold into slavery. The citizen man or woman involved in such an offense had to suffer very severe penalties. The stranger-woman therefore could not marry. Marriage was the only sin that they could commit politically in the eye of an Athenian statesman. They might do anything else that they liked. Now it is not conceivable that in such circumstances a numerous class of women would betake themselves to perpetual virginity. If any one had propounded such a sentiment, the Greek mind would have recoiled from it as unnatural, and plainly contrary to the will of the gods. And accordingly these women might form any other connections with men, temporary or permanent, except marriage, and the Greek saw nothing in this but the ordinary outcome of human nature under the peculiar circumstances of the case. Besides, in Athens a special sphere lay open for them to fill. The citizen-women were confined to their houses, and did not dine in company with the men. But the men refused to limit their associations with women to the house. They wished to have women with them in their walks, in their banquets, in their military expeditions. The wives could not be with them then, but there was no constraint on the stranger-women. The Greek men did not care whether the offspring of stranger-women was pure or not. It mattered not either to the state or to religion. There was no reason for confining them. And accordingly they selected these stranger-women as their companions, and "Hetaira," or companion, was the name by which the whole class was designated. Thus arose a most unnatural division of functions among the women of those days. The citizen-women had to be mothers and housewives—nothing more; the stranger-women had to discharge duties of companions, but remain outside the pale of the privileged and marriageable class. These stranger-women applied their minds to their function, with various ideas of it, and various methods. Many adopted the lowest

possible means of gaining the good will of men ; but many set about making themselves fit companions for the most intellectual and most elevated among men.

They were the only educated women in Athens. They studied all the arts, became acquainted with all new philosophical speculations, and interested themselves in politics. Women who thus cultivated their minds were sure to gain the esteem of the best men in Greece. Many of them also were women of high moral character, temperate, thoughtful, and earnest, and were either unattached or attached to one man, and to all intents and purposes married. Even if they had two or three attachments, but behaved in other respects with temperance and sobriety, such was the Greek feeling in regard to their peculiar position, that they did not bring down upon themselves any censure from even the sternest of Greek moralists. One of these women came to Athens when Socrates was living, and he had no scruple in conversing with her on her art, and discussing how she could best procure true friends. And, in fact, these were almost the only Greek women who exhibited what was best and noblest in woman's nature. One of these, Diotima of Mantinea,* must have been a woman of splendid mind, for Socrates speaks of her as his teacher in love, when he gives utterance, in the "Symposium," to the grandest thoughts in regard to the true nature and essence of divine and eternal beauty. Almost every one of the great men of Athens had such a companion, and these women seem to have sympathized with them in their high imaginations and profound meditations. Many of them were also courageously true to their lovers. When the versatile Alcibiades had to flee for his life, it was a "companion" that went with him, and, being present at his end, performed the funeral rites over him. But of all these women there is one that stands prominently forward as the most remarkable woman of antiquity, Aspasia of Miletus. We do not know what circumstance induced her to leave her native city Miletus. Plutarch suggests that she was inflamed by the desire to imitate the conduct of Thargelia, another Milesian, who gained a position of high political importance by using her persuasive arts on the Greeks whom she knew, to win them over to the cause of the King of Persia. This may have been the case, but a good deal that is said about Aspasia must be received with considerable skepticism. Like

Sappho, she became the subject of comedies, but, unlike Sappho, she was bitterly attacked by the comic poets and others during her lifetime. The later Greek writers were in the habit of setting down the jests of the comic writers as veritable history, and modern commentators and historians have not been entirely free from this practice. Whatever brought her to Athens, certain it is that she found her way there, and became acquainted with the great statesman Pericles. She made a complete conquest of him. He was at the time married, but there was incompatibility of temper between him and his wife. Pericles therefore made an agreement with his wife to have a divorce and get her married to another, and so they separated, to the satisfaction of both. He then took Aspasia as his companion, and there is no good reason for supposing that they were not entirely faithful to each other, and lived as husband and wife till death separated them. Of course, husband and wife they could not be according to Athenian law, but Pericles treated her with all the respect and affection which were due to a wife. Plutarch tells us, as an extraordinary trait in the habits of a statesman who was remarkable for imperturbability and self-control, that he regularly kissed Aspasia when he went out and came in. Her house became the resort of all the great men of Athens. Socrates was often there. Phidias and Anaxagoras were intimate acquaintances ; and probably Sophocles and Euripides were in constant attendance. Indeed, never had any woman such a *salon* in the whole history of man. The greatest sculptor that ever lived, the grandest man of all antiquity, philosophers and poets, sculptors and painters, statesmen and historians, met each other and discussed congenial subjects in her rooms. And probably hence has arisen the tradition that she was the teacher of Socrates in philosophy and politics, and of Pericles in rhetoric.* Her influence was such as to stimulate men to do their best, and they attributed to her all that was best in themselves. Aspasia seems especially to have thought earnestly on the duties and destiny of women. The cultivated men who thronged her assemblies had no hesitation in breaking through the conventionalities of Athenian society, and brought their wives to the parties of Aspasia, and she discussed with them the duties of wives. She thought that they should strive to be something more than mere mothers and housewives. She urged them to cultivate their minds, and be in all respects fit companions for their husbands. Unfortunately, we know very little more. Did

* Some have affirmed Diotima to be a fiction of Plato (Mähly, "Die Frauen des Griechischen Alterthums," p. 14), but this supposition has been amply refuted : Stallbaum on the "Symposium," p. 120 D. Otto Jahn collects all the references to Diotima by ancient writers in his edition of the "Symposium."

* The latest biographer of Pericles believes these statements, and attributes the making of Pericles and Socrates to Aspasia : "Das Perikleische Zeitalter," von Adolf Schmidt.

she come to any definite conclusion as to the functions of woman? It is difficult to say. The hints are very obscure. But in all probability the conclusion to which she came was that neither man nor woman can adequately perform their mission in life separately; that a man can never do his best without the inspiration and support of a congenial woman, and that woman should seek her work in vigorous and sympathetic coöperation with some congenial man. Probably Plato has put into the mouth of Aristophanes the sentiments which the philosopher had heard often in the Socratic circles, which regarded Aspasia as their instructress in those matters. Referring to the myth that man was split in two, and that his two halves go in search of each other, he says: "For my part, I now affirm, in reference to all human beings, both men and women, that our race would become happy if we were able to carry out our love perfectly, and each one were to obtain his own special beloved, thus returning to his original nature. And, if this is best, the best in present circumstances is to come as near as possible to this, and this occurs when we obtain the beloved that is by nature meet for us." There is no reason to suppose that Aspasia had any romantic notions in regard to love or the destiny of woman. She was, on the whole, practical, and thought that woman should find her satisfaction in work, not in dreams. She did not imagine that one could have only one love, and that, if she did not get that, or lost it, she should repine and turn from life. She was in the world to be an active being, and accordingly, when Pericles died, she formed a connection with Lycicles, a sheep-seller, believing him to be the best subject she could obtain, and made him, though not a bright man, the foremost politician in Athens for a time.*

The entire activity of Aspasia, her speculations, her intercourse with men whose opinions were novel and daring, and who were believed, like Anaxagoras and Socrates, to be unsparing innovators; her own hold over the noblest married women in Athens, and her introduction of greater social liberty among them, were all calculated to outrage the conventional spirit. Almost all the prominent members of her coterie were assailed. The greatest sculptor of all ages was meanly and falsely accused of theft, and died in a prison. The outspoken Anaxagoras was charged

with impiety, and had to flee. And at length Aspasia was brought to trial on the same accusation. It was easy to get up such an accusation against her. She might have visited some temple, and taken part in some religious ceremony, impelled by truly pious motives; but such an act on the part of a stranger, whatever her motives might be, would have been deemed a great impiety by orthodox Athenians; or she may have induced some Athenian citizen-ladies to go with her and engage in some foreign worship. The Athenians permitted foreigners to observe their own religious rites in their city, without let or hindrance, but they had strong objections to genuine Athenian women becoming converts to any foreign worship. The Athenian ladies did not look on religious matters with the same eyes as the men. They yearned to have the benefit of the more enthusiastic worships which came from Asia Minor; and accordingly, if Aspasia had been inclined to lead them that way, she would, no doubt, have had many eager followers. Or, finally, and most probably, she may have been supposed to share the opinions of the philosophers with whom she was on such intimate terms, and to have aided and abetted their opposition to the national creed. What were the grounds of the charge we do not know. All we know is, that she was acquitted, but that she owed her acquittal to the earnest pleading of Pericles, who on this one occasion accompanied his entreaties with tears.

There can be no doubt that Aspasia exercised a powerful political influence during her residence in Athens. This fact is assured to us by the abuse which she received from the comic poets. They called her Hera, queen of the gods, wife of Olympian Zeus, as they named Pericles. They also called her Dejanira, wife of Hercules, and the new Omphale, whom Hercules slavishly served—all pointing at the power which she had over Pericles. Aristophanes, in his "*Acharnians*," asserts that Pericles brought about the Peloponnesian war to take vengeance for an insult offered to Aspasia, and others affirmed that the Samian war was undertaken entirely to gratify her. These are absurd statements on the face of them, and were probably never meant to be anything else than jokes; but they render unquestionable the profound influence of Aspasia. It is probable that this influence was exercised in an effort to break down the barriers that kept the Greek city-states from each other, to create a strong Hellenic feeling, to make a compact Hellenic confederacy.* But, whatever were the aims of her politics, it may be safely asserted that no woman

* Chronological difficulties have been suggested in the way of this statement being true (see especially a beautiful monograph on Aspasia, "*Aspasie de Milet*," par L. Becq de Fouquières, p. 342), but I do not think that the difficulties are insuperable. Müller-Strübing ("*Aristophanes*," p. 585) has found an allusion to this connection with Lycicles in Aristophanes with greater ingenuity than success.

* See especially Miss Cornwallis's able defense of Aspasia, "*Letters*," p. 181.

ever exercised influence by more legitimate means. It was her goodness, her noble aims, her clear insight, that gave her the power. There was probably no adventitious circumstance to aid her. It is not likely that she was beautiful. I think Sappho was beautiful. The comic poets said that she was little, and had a dark complexion. Littleness was incompatible with beauty in the eye of a Greek, and a dark complexion would also be against her. But all that we can gather about Sappho's form leads to the conclusion that the comic poets traduced her in this as in other matters. Plato calls her "beautiful," an expression which most have taken to refer to her poetic genius, but this interpretation is at least doubtful. A vase of the fifth century B. C., found in Girgenti, gives us representations of Alcæus and Sappho, and on these Sappho is taller than Alcæus, and exceedingly beautiful. We have also a portrait of Sappho on the coins of the Mitylenæans; and here again the face is exquisite in feature, and suggests a tall woman. If it has any defect, it is that it is rather masculine. At first one might hesitate to believe that it is the face of a woman, but there can be no doubt as to its beauty. On the other hand, no ancient writer speaks of Aspasia as beautiful. She is called the good, the wise, the eloquent, but never the beautiful. We have one bust bearing her name certainly not beautiful. It represents a comfortable, meditative woman, but I doubt very much whether it is genuine. And I am far more inclined to believe that we have a true portrait of Aspasia in a marble bust of which there are two copies, one in the Louvre and one in Berlin. The bust evidently belongs to the best times of Greek sculpture, and, as a recent writer in the "Archäologische Zeitung" argues, can well be that of no other than Aspasia. The face is not altogether beautiful according to Greek ideas. It has an expression of earnest and deep thought; but what strikes one most of all is the perplexed and baffled look which the whole face presents—as of some lifelong anguish, resulting from some contest which no mortal could wage successfully—not without a touch of exquisite sweetness, tenderness, and charity. Could it be the fight in behalf of her own sex?

If ever there was a case which might have suggested to the Athenians the propriety of extending the sphere of marriageability, surely it was this case of Aspasia. But we can not affirm that any one thought of this. The Athenian women, even the citizens, had no political standing. They were always minors, subject to their fathers, or to their husbands, or to some male. Aristotle always classes women and children together. But such was the force of character of these companions, or such their hold on powerful

men, that not unfrequently their sons were recognized as citizens, and attained to the full rights of citizenship. This could take place in three ways. There might exist between Athens and another Greek or foreign state a right of intermarriage (*ἐπιγαμία*), established by treaty. Strange to say, there is no clear instance of such a treaty in the history of the Athenians. There was no such treaty between Athens and Sparta, or Argos, or Corinth, or any other of the famous towns of Greece. The privilege was indeed conferred on the Platæans, but it was when they became citizens of Athens, and were likely in a generation or two to become undistinguishable among the rest of the Athenian citizens. A passage in Lysias seems to intimate that the right of intermarriage was ceded to the Eubœans, but there can not be a doubt that the passage is corrupt. The text in that part has other marks of corruption, and the entire history of the relations between Athens and Eubœa speaks strongly against the possibility of the establishment of such a treaty. Mention is also made of the proposal of such a treaty between Athenians and Thebans in the speech of Demosthenes on the crown, but the decree is unquestionably spurious, as Grote has most conclusively shown. In that same speech a decree is quoted in which the Byzantines bestow on the Athenians the right of intermarriage, and it is likely that other states would confer the same privilege on the Athenians, but there is no proof that they ever returned the favor. A second method of rendering the son of a foreign woman legitimate was by decree of the Athenian Assembly; and it was probably in this way that Pericles, the son of Aspasia, became an Athenian citizen with full rights. There was a third way, not acknowledged by law, by which many such children must have found their way into the ranks of citizens. The ordinary process by which a legitimate child came to the possession of his full rights was by his being presented by his father to the *phratría* and acknowledged by the *φράτρες* as a genuine member of their class or brotherhood. The father had to swear that the child was his legitimate child. In many cases fathers had no difficulty in swearing that children born to them of a beloved stranger were legitimate, and the *φράτρες* doubtless winked at the deception. This was specially the practice with the aristocratic party. In earlier times there had been no such strict law as afterward prevailed in the democratic period. Indeed, the theory seems to have been held that the blood of a mother could not affect the purity of the birth of a child, because there was really nothing of the mother in the child. She had nothing to do with the production of the child. She was merely its recipient and nurse. Æschylus has very strongly expressed

this idea in the "Eumenides," and we have good reason for thinking that the opinion was held by large numbers of the aristocratic party to the end. It was Pericles who established the law that the child to be legitimate must be the son or daughter of an Athenian male citizen with full rights and an Athenian female citizen with full rights, legally betrothed to each other. It is when a distribution of corn takes place, or similar advantages are reaped, that the law is strenuously applied by the democratic party, and all the children of strangers disfranchised. But always when investigation is made many are found enjoying the privileges of citizens unchallenged, whose mothers were not genuine Athenian citizens. Themistocles was the son of a Thracian stranger, and so was the general Timotheus, according to one account. It was probably through the *φρατρία* that Sophocles got his favorite grandson, through Theoris the Sicynian, recognized as an Athenian citizen.* But though the women may have gained recognition for their children, no interest was taken in their own case, and mankind had to pay dearly for this exclusiveness.

Probably the condition of women in Athens had much to do with the decay of that city. The effort which Aspasia made to rouse the Athenian wives to higher mental efforts must have lost much of its effect after her death. The names of these wives are not to be found in history. But the influence of the companions came more and more into play. Almost every famous man, after this date, has one companion with whom he discusses the pursuits and soothes the evils of his life. Plato had Archeanassa, Aristotle Herpyllis, Epicurus Leontium, Isocrates Metaneira, Menander Glycera, and others in like manner. And some of them attained the highest positions. Princes can do as they like. In the earlier days of Athens, when tyrants ruled, princes frequently married foreigners. And now again princes married their companions, and several of them thus sat on thrones. The beauty of some, especially of Phryne, the most beautiful woman that ever lived, attracted the eyes of all Greece; and Apelles painted her, and Praxiteles made her the model for the Cnidian Aphrodite, the most lovely representation of woman that ever came from sculptor's chisel. And some were renowned for their musical ability, and a few could paint. They cultivated all the graces of life; they dressed

with exquisite taste; they took their food, as a comic poet remarks, with refinement, and not like the citizen-women, who crammed their cheeks, and tore away at the meat. And they were witty. They also occupied the attention of historians. One writer described one hundred and thirty-three of them. Their witty sayings were chronicled and turned into verse. Their exploits were celebrated, and their beauty and attractiveness were the theme of many an epigram. But it must not be forgotten that hundreds and thousands of these unprotected women were employed as tools of the basest passions; that, finding all true love but a prelude to bitter disappointment, they became rapacious, vindictive, hypocritical ministrants of love, seeking only, under the form of affection, to ruin men, and send them in misery to an early grave. Nothing could be more fearful than the pictures which the comic poets give of some of these women. But what else could have been expected in the circumstances? There was no reason in the nature of the women themselves why they should not have been virtuous, unselfish, noble beings; but destiny was hard toward them; they had to fight a battle with dreadful odds against them. They succumbed; but which of us could have resisted?

I said a little ago that no one claimed political rights for either the citizen-women or the strangers. I must make a slight exception, and I am not sure but the exception may be owing to the influence of Aspasia. We have seen that she was said to be the teacher of Socrates. Indeed, Socrates calls her his teacher in the "Memorabilia." She was one of the great characters in the Socratic dialogues. She appeared several times in those of Æschines; and in the Menexenus, a Socratic dialogue, if not a Platonic, she prepares a model funeral oration. Is it not likely, then, that she influenced the opinions of Plato? And in the "Republic" of Plato we have the strongest assertion of the equality of woman with man. Plato, and many others with him who lived after the ruin of Athens at Ægospotami, had become discontented with the Athenian form of government, and probably with the treatment of the women. Accordingly, in his ideal state, which, however, still remained a city-state, he took for his groundwork the Spartan system of education. The state was to be all in all. He went so far as to remove the monogamy which formed the barrier in the Spartan system to communistic principles, and he recommended the same mode of gymnastic exercises for both sexes. But he went further. He affirmed that there was no essential difference between man and woman.

"And so," he says, "in the administration of a state neither a woman as a woman nor a man as a

* Some have doubted the existence of this grandson Sophocles, because an inscription was found in 1849, "Sophocles the son of Iophon" (Rangabe, "Antiq. Hell.," ii., p. 997); but there is nothing to prevent the supposition that Sophocles had two grandsons named Sophocles. If Iophon had a son, he would naturally be called Sophocles; and if the son of Theoris had a son, Sophocles also would be the name that would certainly be given to him.

man has any special function, but the gifts of nature are equally diffused in both sexes; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, and in all of them woman is only a lesser man." "Very true." "Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?" "That will never do." "One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is a musician and another is not." "Very true." "And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, while another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics." "Beyond question." "And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophers; one has spirit and another is without spirit." "That is also true."

From these premises he draws the conclusion that the women endowed with the higher gifts should have the same education as the gifted men, and that they should have the same duties, even to fighting in defense of their country, only that in the distribution of labor the lightest labors should be assigned to the women, as being naturally weaker in body. Some think that Plato's community of wives was ridiculed the same year that it was propounded, by Aristophanes, in his comedy of the "Ecclesiazusæ, or Parliament of Women," but it is more probable that the comedy was exhibited before Plato's "Republic" was written. In fact, there is a likelihood that woman's position was a subject much agitated. Xenophon certainly puts into the mouth of Socrates a decided assertion of woman's equality with man. "Woman's nature," he says, "happens to be in no respect inferior to man's, but she needs insight and strength." And it is likely that many others held the same opinion, and proposed methods for elevating the position of women. It was some communistic theory of the day that Aristophanes attacked, but he was not

bitter in his ridicule. It has always to be remembered that it was the business of the Dionysiac priests, as we may call the comic poets, to show the laughable side of even the most solemn things, and often little harm was meant by these merry outbursts. Aristophanes, moreover, had changed greatly from what he was in the time when in the "Acharnians" he had bitterly attacked Aspasia. He had become gentle to strangers. He did not dislike the Spartans and their ways. Though he said many harsh things against women, he also said many good things for them. It was through them that in the "Lysistrata" he urged on the Athenians the duty of reconciliation and peace. And now in the "Ecclesiazusæ" he gives a kindly picture of what the women would do if they had the reins of power in their hands. This was the only form of government that the Athenians had not tried, and, as all the rest had notoriously failed, there could be no great harm in intrusting the women with the administration of affairs. The gentle spirit of women might prevail. And surely under such a government men would be happy. The women would see to it that there would be no poor in the city, theft and slander would cease, and all would be content. Plato's speculations and Aristophanes's fun, however, were of no use. The city-state was too small an organization for the progress of man. It was destined to give way before a more humanizing government. And so the petty states had to yield to the empire of Alexander, and with the change began a great change in the position of women. But this change had to be carried out under another and greater rule. The Romans swept over Greece and established a firmer and more comprehensive empire than that of Alexander.

JAMES DONALDSON, in *The Contemporary Review*.

A COMEDY OF SUPERSTITION.

WHENEVER a great history of religion comes to be written, a very prominent place in it will surely be held by Spain, the chief home during three centuries of that unquestioning faith—held by so many to be the "one thing necessary"—in a creed of which the characteristic is extreme subjection to its high priest. France, holding the same creed, held it much more lightly, and became, at least a century ago, a country of practical atheism. Scotland, believing as firmly, was fortunately bound to a more independent form of belief.

It has no doubt been noticed before that, where religion, especially of this blinder form, is a real guiding power, men are, so to speak, on familiar terms with it, and do not mind taking little liberties which would shock those whose daily life was not so thoroughly penetrated by it. Thus, in the time of the old English mysteries, before the Reformation was dreamed of, the most sacred stories were mixed with a gross buffoonery which no modern materialist could bring himself to use in his keenest satire on superstitious absurdities. The "Vice," or Devil, with his

wooden sword, made what fun he could of saints and holy personages, and went much further in his familiarities than even Mephistopheles, in the prologue to "Faust." Something in the same way, though, of course, in a lesser degree, all our Scriptural jokes now come to us from a nation into whose every-day life religion enters to an extent almost unknown among us—the United States; I scarcely think that any English newspaper or magazine would have ventured to publish Mark Twain's "History of Joseph," and we do not find in any of our tales for children so odd a mixture of Bible and burlesque as that in the little book which has of late been so unaccountably successful—"Helen's Babies."

In Spain this fact naturally receives its fullest illustration, as the following anecdote will testify. In the later part of what Spaniards call their golden age (which covered rather more than a century and a half, say from 1530 to 1690), one of the chief amusements of the court was the performance of improvised comedies, in which the King himself (Philip IV.) and his favorite, the great poet Calderon, often took part. One day the subject of their drama was "The Creation of the World"—*pur et simple*. The King, as a matter of course, took the part of the Creator; Calderon was Adam. The poet had to describe the Garden of Eden, and, carried away by his subject, had quite forgotten himself in an eloquent rhapsody, when, turning round, he caught the King in the middle of a tremendous yawn. Calderon stopped in confusion. "Good myself!" (that is to say, "Good God!") said his Majesty, by way of a comic apology, "I had no idea I had created such a talkative Adam!" Whereon the poet laughed, and then the play proceeded quite seriously. The whole affair was in no sense a burlesque, an intentional irreverence; and Philip would honestly have felt it his duty to burn any one who did not believe that the universe had been brought into being in six days, just as he had shown on his amateur stage.

But the whole relation of the theatre to the church was curiously different in Spain from what it has been here for many centuries. Here we not only have no religious drama whatever, but the least attempt to introduce religion upon the stage is jealously guarded against; it is even doubtful whether such a prayer as the King's in "Hamlet" could nowadays be introduced in any new play. In our acted drama, I imagine that the "Virgin Martyr" of Massinger stands almost, if not quite, alone; and even in this, as in the whole range of British dramatic art, it is distinctly the human interest which is the mainspring of the story.

Compare for a moment the greatest names of the English and Spanish theatres—Shakespeare

and Calderon. Of the former we are not able even to guess at the religious views; there is no drama of his in which religion plays a part of the slightest importance; he has not, I think, one really prominent character of a priest in his works—Friar Lawrence is actually the foremost, for the militant bishops in his histories are no exceptions, and even Wolsey he has treated entirely as statesman, not as churchman. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"—this was his creed; and "to thine own self be true" was his chief commandment. Even the especial vices and virtues attendant on religion are the ones least insisted upon in his exposition, otherwise so complete, of the human heart. He has not painted for us superstition, as did Scott in his portrait of Louis XI.; nor hypocrisy, as Molière in "Tartuffe"; Macbeth is punished more, it would seem, for having dealings with real witches than for believing in imaginary ones; Angelo's is an assumption of morality rather than of devoutness. And when he adapted an old play on the subject of King John, wholly directed against the Roman Catholics, Shakespeare cut out the polemical scenes and speeches almost entirely—and yet not so entirely as to allow one to believe that he was Catholic, or even anti-Protestant, himself.

But Calderon, partially his contemporary (being born in the year which probably produced "Twelfth Night"—1600), looked at this side of life from a completely different point of view. He was not only a devoted Catholic; in his fifty-second year he became a priest, and remained one until his death in 1681—thus, it is curious to notice, doubly imitating Lope de Vega, who also like him began life, though well born, as a common soldier. Of the three hundred and twenty works ascribed to Calderon, one hundred are *autos*, allegorical pieces performed at the great religious festivals; for thirty-seven years he had the exclusive privilege of furnishing with these works all the chief cities of Spain—Madrid, Toledo, Seville, Granada—and, though they have not procured him his foreign fame, of all his writings they were the most esteemed at home; for his own part, he would seem to have ranked them far above his secular works. Schlegel says, in his chapter on Spanish dramatic literature, that

The mind of Calderon is most distinctly expressed in his pieces on religious subjects. Love he paints merely in its most general features; he but speaks her technical poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love, the heart of his heart. For religion alone he excites the most overpowering emotions, which penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul. He did not wish, it would seem, to do the same for mere worldly events. However turbid they may be in themselves, to him, such is the religious medium

through which he views them, they are all cleared up and perfectly bright. Blessed man! he had escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the stronghold of belief." *

What makes this fact so noticeable is that Calderon's was the very reverse of a narrow nature, both intellectually and morally. In range of subject I do not think he has been surpassed by any dramatist of any age. Read his "A secreto Agravio segreta Venganza" ("Hidden Revenge for a Hidden Dishonor"), a romantic tragedy, which may well be compared to "Othello"; his "Alcalde de Zalamea," which one might call a "domestic drama," of a school—unknown in England till long after Shakespeare—of which Colman's "John Bull" is an early and a good example; his "La Vida es Sueno" (Life is a Dream), a strange story of enchantment, serious in the main, nearer perhaps in incident to the "Arabian Nights" than to anything familiar to English playgoers; his picturesque and humorous "Alcalde de sí mismo" ("His own Jailor"), which has something of the nature and of the charm of that other forest-story, "As You Like It"; his strangely weird "Amor despues de la Muerte" ("Love after Death"), a tragedy of the Moorish war; his "Magico Prodigioso," a predecessor of Goethe's "Faust"; his "history," "The Schism in England," remarkable for a very powerful portrait of Anne Boleyn; and his innumerable comedies "of cape and sword"—for example, the "Casa con dos Puertas mala es de guardar" ("A House with Two Doors is difficult to guard") and the "Dicha y Desdicha del Nombre" ("Luck and Ill-luck in a Name")—which contain always the same general characters of lovers, ladies, fathers, and valets, the same complicated intrigues of mistake, duel, and hide-and-seek, the same genuine fun of the *graciosos* or clowns. From love to war, from homely rural life to history, from whimsical bickerings to deliberate murder, from the grossest buffoonery to profound philosophy, he carries us at will; he was a brilliant scholar, apparently a good soldier, the king of his country's poets, a favorite at court, a popular and successful churchman; and superstition in him is a thing much more noteworthy and instructive than when we find it in a narrow fanatic, or a hermit ignorant of the world without his cell.

And, what strikes one as so strange in a man of his clear and healthy intellect is, that he took that extreme view which regards religion as a thing dissociated from morality, which judges a man by his creed and not by his life. This ex-

traordinary theory—which may, I think, be not unfairly said to characterize superstition as distinguished from genuine religious feeling—is to be met with among many classes and at many epochs; but seldom, surely, among men of the life and character of Calderon. Some of the lesser, loose-living dramatists of the Elizabethan era spoke with the uttermost horror of one of their number who died an atheist; and it is well known that Louis XIV., whose mistresses, I believe, no one has yet succeeded in counting, in his whole life missed mass only twice, and then because he was with the army; but the union of vulgar profligacy with ignorant superstition has in it nothing remarkable.

Far stranger is it that, of all examples of this curious theoretical piety, Calderon certainly gives the strongest. In his play called "La Devocion á la Cruz" ("Devotion to the Cross") he straightforwardly brings before you a man doing everything wicked he can think of—murdering, ravishing, robbing, even violating convents—and dying at the end, one may really say, in the odor of sanctity, because he was born under a cross and has always paid the greatest reverence to that holy symbol. Miracles happen freely throughout the play, though the scene of it is laid as late as the thirteenth century, and the manners and ideas are those of the poet's own time. In a word, superstition reaches its utmost height in this "comedy"—as, following its author, I have called it, though its story is almost entirely tragic; the word seems to have been used by Spanish dramatists simply to denote a secular piece, as distinguished from the *auto*, or Scriptural or allegorical play.

To appreciate such a work as this, we must entirely change our point of view from that which is now natural to us; we must forget all scientific opinions, all Protestant prejudices, and assume for the time opinions and prejudices directly opposed to them. M. Damas Hinard, the translator of a good many of Calderon's best plays, says—following the line of M. Philarète Chasles's thoughtful introduction to this same piece—

If we have not the power, before beginning to read it, to abstract ourselves from the ideas under whose influence we live, such a work can hardly interest us, may even excite our contempt. But, if you can succeed in forgetting for a moment your opinions, your education, your studies, Montaigne and Voltaire; if you can for a moment free yourself from your critical spirit, from your skepticism; if in thought you can make yourself a Spaniard, a Spaniard of the sixteenth (seventeenth?) century, a Spaniard under Philip II. that is to say, a zealous and ardent Catholic; if, abjuring the free use of your reason, you submit yourself blindly, a humble slave, to belief; if you regard the Inquisition as an institu-

* For the splendid continuation of this piece of truly poetical criticism the reader must go to Schlegel himself ("Dramatic Literature," Lecture XXIX.).

tion worthy of all respect, salutary and a shelter ; if in your heart you approve of the expulsion of the Moors and the war of Alpujara ; if you rejoice at the aid lent to the League, and at the departure of the Armada, which was to destroy heretic England, and at the implacable fanaticism which inspired the conquerors of America ; if, in a word, to judge this drama, you place yourself at the poet's point of view, read then the "*Devocion á la Cruz*," and I do not fear to predict that you will recognize in it the work of a powerful genius, a great and skillful master.

The whole story and the whole background of this play are so extraordinary, so unlike what we in England are used to, yet so powerful and in many respects so truly dramatic, that I think a fairly full transcription of them can hardly fail to interest. The somber strength of the first act, the wonderful daring and barbarous power of the situation which ends the second, and the movement and animation of the last, must have carried an audience of impressionable Spaniards along in a whirl of almost breathless excitement. Indeed, looking at it merely from a dramatic point of view, one may doubt whether Calderon ever wrote anything finer than the best scenes of this terrible "comedy"—there are few things in all literature more impressive than the position of Julia and Eusebio over the body of Lisardo, more touching than the woman's long, despairing speech.

The first scene of the play is laid in "a desert place in the midst of mountains : far in the distance one can see a cross." With this before us, and remembering the title of the play and the character of its author, we are a little astonished to find that the action begins with the entrance of two peasants, Gil and Menga, who bewail with comic pathos the obstinacy of their she-ass, who, like her descendant in our nursery rhyme, "will not go." However, after a little talk in the usual manner of the Spanish *villano gracioso*, Gil is left by Menga, and, seeing two men who may possibly be brigands approach, he conceals himself ; then enter two of the principal characters, and the drama takes its proper tone.

Lisardo bids Eusebio draw his sword, now that they have reached a solitary place, far from the highway. His cause of quarrel he shows in throwing upon the ground a packet of letters which Eusebio had addressed to his sister. Then, in one of those long explanatory speeches in which Calderon delighted, he tells their family history, and every line breathes that intense Castilian pride which the poet was almost too true a Spaniard to blame. His father, Lisardo Curcio, ruined the family by his prodigality, but that does not "free nobility from its obligations." Julia, his sister, has been won to listen to Eusebio's vows ; but Lisardo would sooner see her dead by his

own hand than married to one of unknown birth. She shall enter a convent, and there spend all her years ; and Eusebio, her lover—treacherous in that he was her brother's friend—shall die.

To this strange exhibition of pride of birth, Eusebio answers with the story of his life, told with another pride to us still stranger. He was found, an infant, at the foot of a cross, by shepherds who for three days had heard his cries, but had not ventured to approach for fear of prowling beasts, which dared not touch the sacred child. A rich man named Eusebio adopted him, and brought him up, calling him Eusebio of the Cross. Of the miraculous events of his childhood and youth he tells in this one speech no less than six stories, in each of which he is saved by something in the shape of a cross from imminent danger ; and he bears on his breast a birthmark, a holy cross. Yet he tells us his nature has always been wild and ferocious. With his teeth not yet grown he tore his nurse's breast ; nothing shall now prevent him from slaying Lisardo ; and, if he can not win Julia for his wife, he will force her to become his mistress.

After this weird prologue of haughty superstition they fight. Lisardo falls, mortally wounded ; but, as he implores "by the cross on which Christ perished" that he may not be allowed to die without confession, Eusebio carries him on his shoulders to a neighboring hermitage. Gil, reappearing, tells all that he has seen to Menga and other peasants who arrive, and they inquisitively follow the dying man and his slayer.

The savage suddenness of this opening is perhaps heightened by the reality of this admixture of peasant buffoonery ; and the memory of the duel, and of the brother's death, serves as a dark background to the quiet scene between Julia and her waiting-maid, which follows. We are carried to a chamber in the house of Curcio, and there find these two in conversation :

Julia. Nay, let me weep my liberty that's lost,
Or give me consolation, telling me
That my life's end shall end my sorrows soon.
Have you not seen a tranquil stream, that ran
With gentle motion unopposed awhile,
But then, its smooth way barred, did dash itself
Angry and swift along, tossing aside
The sweet flowers met to welcome it ? *

Even such
My cares and sorrows are : long time contained
Within my heart, at last have they worked forth
A passage, and in floods of eager tears

* Compare "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II., Scene 7 :

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enameled stones, etc.

Pour from mine eyes. Oh, let me weep, Arminda,
My father's sternness!

Arminda. But bethink you, madam—

Julia. Is there a fate more happy than to die
Of grief? A sorrow that tears life from us
Gives glory—common miseries can not kill.

And she tells her latest woe—her brother has
found her letters from Eusebio, and has told their
father of the discovery. They have gone together
toward the convent; “but,” she says—

Their hope is vain

If thus they'd force me to forget Eusebio,
Sooner than languish in their nunnery
I'll give myself to death!

And here her lover enters, unperceived—

Eusebio [apart]. Never man sought

So daringly, nor with such wild despair,
Asylum in the house himself had wronged!
Ere Julia shall know her brother's death
I'd speak with her; will it not be some solace,
Even in my misery, if, thus ignorant,
She's won by my fierce love to follow me?
When afterward she learns Lisardo's fate,
Held in my power, will she it or no,
She must submit to that necessity
Unalterable.—Julia, thou fairest!

Julia. What is this? *Thou*—and here?

Eusebio. My misery,

And my love, hither drew me, in despite
Of every danger.

Julia. How hast enterèd

This house? how dared this reckless enterprise?

Eusebio. Do I fear death?

Julia. What wouldst thou here?

Eusebio. Ah, Julia,

I'd render thee such service, that thy gratitude
Should to my love accord new life, should give
New glory to my hopes. Thy father's pride
Resents my passion: he has learned our love,
And would confine thee where my happiness
With all my hope should wither. If indeed
The love that thou hast vowed to me be true,
Unfeigned thy protestations, and thy heart
Mine own, come, fly—or irresistibly
Thy father's will shall triumph. Leave this house,
Nor dread the consequence: so I have won thee
They are helpless, they must yield, must pardon me.
Come! I have castles that shall shield thee, guards
Will give their lives for thee—wealth to surround,
A soul to worship thee! If I may trust
Thy love—if dear to thee's my life—ah, fly,
Or at thy feet woe slays me!

Julia. Hear, Eusebio—

Arminda. Madam, your father comes!

Eusebio hides hastily; Curcio, the father, enters,
and announces his intention of sending Julia
at once to a convent. She demurs to this, on
which he says that her obstinacy confirms him in
his old belief, that her mother had played him

false—that Julia was not his child at all. He is
relating the circumstances of her birth, when the
dreadful news interrupts him that Lisardo is be-
ing borne thither, dead, by four peasants; who
indeed at once bring in a litter, stretched upon
which the sister and the father see the yet bleed-
ing corpse. Julia demands, in agony:

What power inhuman

Hath wracked its rage on him? What merciless hand,
Bathed in his blood, has dared to thus destroy
Such virtues as were his? Ah, woe's my life!

Blas. Stay—[CURCIO is approaching the litter; the
peasants try to keep him back.]

Curcio. Give me leave, friends. 'Tis my
heart's one solace.

Let me but gaze upon this icy corpse,
Where cruel destiny in bleeding letters
Hath writ my woes. Let me but watch the face
O'er whose fair sorrow do I love to stoop
My white hairs, till they wrap him like a shroud.
—Say, friends, who killed this boy, whose life and
mine
Were one?

Menga. 'Tis Gil knows; while the deed was done,
Hid by a tree he watched.

Curcio. Friend, tell me, tell me
Who stole my life thus?

Gil. All I know is this,
That in the quarrel, ere they fought, he called
Himself Eusebio.

Curcio. Ha! Then this one man
At once of life and honor robs me!

[To JULIA.] Now
Find thou excuses, if thou canst! Tell all
How holy were thy aims, tell all how pure
Thy love, whose infamous voluptuousness
Is written in my blood!

Julia. Father!

Curcio. Answer me not,
As is thy wont! Make ready now to enter
The convent, or to follow to the grave
Thy brother. My grief buries both to-day,
Him who is dead to the world, yet in my memory
Shall live: thee, living to the world, but dead
To me! And, while your funerals are prepared,
Rest here with him: learn from the dead to die.
Fly not, the doors are barred!

[All go, leaving JULIA alone with the body. EUSEBIO
comes forward. She addresses him:]

Julia. It is in vain
That I would speak to thee: my heart stands still,
Breath and words fail me. I know not—

I know not
What I should say, what think: for all at once
Reproachful pity, pitying reproach
Possess me. I would shut mine eyes before
This innocent blood that cries aloud for vengeance,
And I would shut mine eyes before thy tears:
Neither can lie, nor those tears, nor this blood.
At once, at once, driven on by vengeance, drawn
Backward by love, my spirit, that thirsts to punish,

Yearns to defend thee. In this wild abyss
Of eddying thought am I whirled to and fro.
Is't thus that thou wouldst woo me, and are those
Thy cruel deeds, offered as homages,
Eusebio? I was resolved, I waited
The day of marriage, and thou givest me here
A woful funeral! I disobeyed
My father but for thee, and when I looked
For joyful robes, these vestments of the tomb
Thou bear'st me! When for thee, and for thy
love,

I put my life at hazard, why, oh why,
For the dear nuptial bed hast thou laid out
A hearse for me? When heedlessly aside
I cast all ceremony and all care
For the world's tongues, and offered thee my hand—
Why dost thou stretch out to me that of thine
Red with my own blood? What joy shall I gain
In thine arms if, to give our love its life,
I needs must push by death? Alas!

Ev'n could I

Banish this sorrow from my memory,
At thy face, at thy look, would start up fresh
That recollection—! So, I loving thee,
I cry for vengeance, and, thus crying, hope
I may not win it. This my curse is hard,
Is't not? Now last, in memory of old love,
I pardon thee; but never hope again
To see, to speak with me. . . .

Now fly, now go,

Eusebio. Think that from to-day I am lost
To thee, for thou hast willed it so. Yea.

Go!

Be happy, knowing only joys unmixed
With any bitterness. Go! As for me,
A convent-cell will be my prison soon,
My grave, perhaps—it is my father's will.
There shall I weep the woes of so sad fate,
A star so cruel, such unhappy chance,
A love so joyless, a so pitiful passion,
And of a hand so stern, that tears away
Life from me, giving me not even death,
That I at once alive and dead may suffer
Amid all miseries!

Eusebio. If thou canst be
As cruel in thy deeds as in thy words,
Thou seest me in thy power, at thy feet.
Avenge thyself! A prisoner, my crime
Yields me to thee; my prison is thy love;
Thine eye's my judge, from whom, alas!

I hope

No sentence but of death. Yet, know thou this,
Fame by his heralds evermore shall say,
"He died, because he loved"; for all my crime
Lay in my love. I will plead no excuse,
My crime admits none; only this I ask—
Avenge thyself and kill me. Take this dagger
And, since my woe is to have injured thee,
Stab deep this heart which loves thee, tear out from
My breast the soul that worships thee, pour forth
The blood that's thine. If thou'lt not give me death,
I'll call thy father to avenge himself:
I'll tell him I am here!

Julia.

Eusebio, stay!

If thou dost love me, listen to my prayer,
And do as I shall ask thee!

Eusebio.

I will do it.

What is't?

Julia. Seek straightway some sure place where
thou

May'st shield thy life, and call together there
Those who will guard thee!

Eusebio.

Better death at once,

For while I live I love thee; and be sure,
Though thou be cloistered in a nunnery,
Thou shalt not hide thyself from my pursuit!

Julia. Beware! I shall find means to shield my-
self.

Eusebio. Thou wilt permit me to return?

Julia.

I will not.

Eusebio. There's no way?

Julia.

Never hope it.

Eusebio.

Then—thou hatest me?

Julia.

Is't not my duty?

Eusebio.

Thou'lt forget me?

Julia.

Ay—

I know not.

Eusebio. Shall I never see thee more?

Julia.

Never.

Eusebio. What, is our past love nothing?

Julia.

Is the blood,

That flows between us, nothing?

—Hark, they come!

Go, go, Eusebio!

Eusebio.

I obey thee—but

To come to thee again.

Julia.

Never and never!

So ends this powerful scene, and with it the
act, into which the strange religious element has
hardly entered—except in Eusebio's history of
his youth, and now and then incidentally else-
where—and in which is found the purest human
tragedy of the piece. To all appearance, the last
scene is of that nobler horror which Shakespeare
and the Greeks almost always painted; the ter-
rible secret hinted at in the second act and fully
revealed in the third is not yet known to the au-
dience, only retrospectively casts its unnatural
gloom over this earlier portion of the play. It is
in the second act, in that dreary mountain scene
which we already know as the place of death, that
Curcio, who is leading a band of his retainers in
pursuit of Eusebio, completes, in a long solilo-
quy, the story before interrupted. He tells how,
at the foot of the very mountain-cross by which
he now stands, he accused his wife of infidelity;
how she, protesting her innocence, clung to the
cross and implored its shelter. Then Spanish
superstition held him back for a moment, but
Spanish pride and savagery were stronger, and
he plunged his sword time after time at her breast
—not into it, for by a miracle he pierced only the
empty air. Struck with horror, he rushed home,
leaving her—as he could not but believe—dead.

A second prodigy! When he reached the house he met her, lovely and unharmed, bearing in her arms a little child—Julia, even then of superhuman beauty. She had been born at the foot of the cross, and a holy cross of fire was imprinted on her breast. The mother was tranquil and happy, except for a strange belief which troubled her—that she had been delivered of another child at the same time, which had been left, perhaps to perish, in the mountains.

Who it is, then, that is pursuing Eusebio we may guess; and we are no longer surprised at this latter's strangely compounded nature, of superstition and fierceness, nor at his proud declaration that, since a bitter fate has made him take refuge in a life of brigandage, his crimes shall equal the injustice he has undergone. He is being savagely hunted down, as though he had treacherously murdered Lisardo, and it is only by slaying that he can defend himself from slaughter; his wealth, his castles, have been seized, he is left to beggary—but he prefers robbery, and all travelers in the mountains have reason to regret his wrongs. From rich men he takes wealth and life, then buries them beneath a cross, and offers up a prayer for their souls; from poor maids he takes their sole possession, and sends them home, with sometimes a present from his spoils. Even as the act opens, a shot from the arquebuse of one of his followers has struck the breast of a venerable priest, traveling alone through this desert place; the old man falls, but to the astonishment of the brigands they find that he has only fainted—he has been preserved from death by a book he carried in his breast, against which the leaden bullet has miraculously flattened as though it were of wax. Need it be said that this book is a treatise on the "Miracles of the Cross," or that Eusebio lets its author go free, and asks his prayers? In gratitude the old priest tells him that, if he will but call for him—he is named Alberto—when death is near, as God's minister he will hasten to his side, whenever and wherever it may be, and, receiving the brigand's confession, will save his soul.

It is strange to notice that this fear of dying unconfessed is the only one Eusebio feels. When he hears that Julia is shut up in a nunnery, he resolves upon what must have been to him the most hideous of crimes: to win her he will scale the convent walls—

No chastisement affrights me. My desire
Is solely to be master of her beauty.
Love forces me to force: to brave the cloister,
To violate that sacred shelter. Nay,
Such my despair is, that if Love himself
Impelled me not, yet would I do this deed—
But to commit so many crimes in one!

And in the night he goes there. Two of his fol-

lowers place the ladder against the wall; he begins to ascend it; he sees a strange flame flicker before him; at this, the fatal moment, he trembles, filled with "fantastic terrors, never felt before"; but he dashes through the blinding mystic light—"all the fires of hell shall not stop him"—and enters the holy convent.

Hardly can the solemn horror of the murderous night in "Macbeth" make us feel what the ensuing scene was to a Spanish audience of the old time. The robber, laden with unutterable guilt, traverses noiselessly all the convent; we see him come through the darkness, only the changeful moonlight gleaming on his face as he looks in at the narrow door, half opened, of every cell. He can not find her whom he seeks. "O destiny, what wouldst thou of me?" he mutters. "Whither would ye lead me, uncertain hopes? . . . What silence! what shadows! what horror! . . ." He sees in the last cell a light; he draws back a curtain, and discovers Julia asleep. Her very beauty, clad in the poor raiment of a nun, makes him pause. Love and respect struggle in him—he murmurs her name, half involuntarily—"Julia!"

She awakes from a dream in which his face had been before her. I will not follow his fierce and passionate pleadings, her eager resistance. In almost the same words as those of the hero of Sardou's horrible "La Haine," he argues that he has a prior claim to heaven's—"before you belonged to God, you belonged to me." She struggles against his love and her own; but, hearing footsteps which approach, she hides him in a cell next to hers, which is empty.

Then we see them standing on the convent wall. He has won her to yield to him, but he is flying not with but from her. As he had pressed her in his arms he saw, for the first time, the cross, the holy birthmark on her breast. The sight froze him with terror; he is rushing away, and dares not heed her imploring cry that he will stay, or take with him the woman who has been, if but in thought, unfaithful for an instant to her divine spouse. He staggers and falls from the wall, but rises unhurt, and flees in utter fear from the sacred vengeance. "Seest thou not," he cries—

"The air all filled with flaming thunderbolts?
Seest not the sky all blood, that seems to press
Upon me? If my sins have angered Heaven,
How shall I fly its fury?—Cross divine,
Celestial cross, I solemnly do vow,
Where'er I see thee, to devoutly kneel,
And at thy foot repeat an Ave Mary!"

Julia is left alone, on the high convent wall, in the darkness of night: helpless, faithless to her vows, deserted by him who had made her faithless. Here is a situation to test the power

of any poet; and Calderon has not at all events failed through lack of boldness. His heroine shows herself a worthy companion for his hero—*ce terrible Eusèbe de la Croix*, as M. Philarète Chasles calls him. With fate against her—the outcast of heaven, scorned of man—she, after natural womanly fears and repentings, after half-hearted prayers and struggles with shame, makes a last fierce resolve. She goes out boldly into the dark night, leaving the nunnery and her peaceful life, “a destroying angel, fallen from the sky. . . . Since thou, O God, hast abandoned me,” she cries, “since thou dost cast me off, I accept my fate proudly; and thou shalt see my woman’s despair fill the world with wonder, shake sin itself with horror, and hell with fear!”

After three days—during which the wild herbs of the mountains have been her only food—she meets Eusebio, and, having disguised herself as a man, challenges him to a duel. He does not fight her, however; and she, discovering herself, tells him the extraordinary story of her flight. When, quitting the convent, she had gained the mountains, a shepherd told her the way. Fearing he might betray her, she snatched the knife he carried in his belt and killed him. On the morrow a horseman, who had carried her for some way on his crupper, insisted on passing through a village where she feared recognition, and she killed him. A poor couple sheltered her for the night in their hut; she was grateful, but, lest they should say that they had seen her, she stabbed to the heart the husband—who had accompanied her for some distance on her journey—and then, returning to the cottage, killed the wife. Lastly, that she might disguise herself, she took the dress and arms of a hunter whom she found asleep, and killed him.

Even Eusebio of the Cross trembles before this terrible woman; but Calderon has shirked the great scene between them that we might expect, interrupting it with the news that Curcio and his troop, strengthened by the population of all the neighboring villages—old men, women, and children—have reached the stronghold of the brigands, and are preparing to attack it. The battle begins; both Eusebio and Julia fight like demons; but they are separated, and we see Eusebio engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Curcio. It would almost seem that these two had never actually met before; for, when they find themselves alone, they cease to fight. A feeling of reverence for the older man’s gray hairs steals upon Eusebio, toward whom the heart of Curcio is drawn with a strange yearning. Indeed, when some of the soldiers break in upon him, Curcio strives to dissuade them from attacking his foe; and afterward, finding him lying mortally wounded beneath the cross, he kneels by his

side to do what may be done to heal him. Then he sees upon the bleeding breast the sign of the cross; he recognizes it as a twin-mark to that borne by Julia; he questions eagerly the dying man, and finds him to be, beyond all doubt, his son! Beneath that cross which has played so important a part in this story, father and son embrace; but, as may be guessed, there is not at such a moment much place in Eusebio’s heart for mere earthly feelings. He cries, again and again, imploringly and despairingly, for “Alberto!” He has not forgotten the old priest’s promise to confess him before his death, and now the time has come; but the man comes not, and in agony, with the reiterated cry “Alberto! Alberto!” our hero falls back dead.

Then comes the strangest scene in all this strange drama. Some peasants bury Eusebio in a rude grave—for such a man could never obtain sepulture in consecrated ground—and, as night is falling, they go, leaving one of their number to guard the place. This one is Gil, the clown whom we have already seen; * and that he should be left to play his pranks of comic terror throughout the ensuing scene is the oddest possible proof of the utter absence from Calderon’s mind of any fear of ridicule. He has hardly been alone a moment, when the old priest, Alberto, comes, having lost his way in the darkness as he was journeying from Rome. Even as he enters, Eusebio’s voice is heard calling on his name—from the grave! Thrice the call is repeated, and then—while the clown capers over the stage in affright—the corpse rises from its resting-place, and, explaining that though death has come the soul yet lingers in the body, it goes out with the priest, to confess to him and receive his absolution. Soon Alberto returns, and, meeting Curcio, his troops, and the disguised Julia (who has been taken prisoner), tells all of the miracle by which Heaven has saved the soul of the pious brigand. Then Julia, horror-stricken to find that her lover was also her brother, in her grief reveals herself, and Curcio raises his sword to slay the unfaithful nun. But she clings to the cross, vowing to return to her convent and to live a life of penitence; and, by a final miracle, she vanishes as her father’s sword is lifted above her head. “And,” to quote the stereotyped conclusion of Spanish plays, “with this strange *dénoûment* the author ends ‘Devotion to the Cross.’”

Such a work needs no comments, nor in its native land would it, till quite lately, have needed

* I can not help noting that in an earlier scene this comic peasant, hearing of the one holy sign which Eusebio respects, has appeared in a dress all over crosses, and with an enormous cross upon the breast. The faith which could perpetrate such a joke must have been strong indeed!

any apology. That, however, there is at length a change even in unchanged Spain, I can happily conclude by showing. In an article written by a Spaniard of unquestionable piety, and published in a Catholic magazine (the "*Mois Littéraire*," an attempt to provide reactionary France with an artistic and scientific review), we find it fully admitted that, hand in hand with the religious decadence which the author deplures, there has come, at Madrid especially, a great awakening of intelligence in literature and science. The writer, Manuel Aznarez y Navarro, tells us of the new and astonishing vitality of Spain, of the spread

there of the philosophic theories of Germany, England, and France, of the publication of scientific dictionaries, encyclopædias, and manuals innumerable, and of the growing popularity of the views of Darwin, Lange, and Haeckel. The younger men particularly, and the newer journals—"La Revista Contemporanea" and "*El Porvenir*" ("The Future")—work, write, and struggle for liberty and culture; and we may safely hope that they have already rendered impossible, even in the home of bigotry, such tragic "comedies" of superstition as Calderon's "*Devotion to the Cross*."

Temple Bar.

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.*

IT is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press; to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless promiscuous vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amid the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing, to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritu-

ally sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which can not nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, while a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless

* A Lecture given at the London Institution.

without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small, cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we can not see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." I can not agree with him. I think a habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature, literature I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honorable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible that we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "As good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the

wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books

of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books can not be more than the men who write them; and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world: the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything, vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our

products bring with them new perils and troubles, which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, while so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair, where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practicing his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers:

Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that, in our little remnant of reading-time, it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind. Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, i. e., the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, while those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the cor-

ner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I can not but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought; as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued, lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it, universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg among the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be re-

peated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold, that the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; that it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilization and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general, may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across in the wilderness of books is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to

touch to-night. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premises from which we start—before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves—men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop—should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focused in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I can not say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education—from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters—to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart: the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few poets the

life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, while they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ballroom is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least every schoolboy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully psha-ing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer, would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaida." The noises

and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is for ever gossiping in a sort of perpetual "drum," loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race—Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's "History of England," but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the Euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden Shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erechtheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollypops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read "The Antiquary," or "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "Old Mortality," at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man; and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilization. What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see, in this prose Iliad of modern history, the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defense of ancient strongholds, the long-impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle

against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swineherd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman, all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defense of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our prehistoric fathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible-martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who, we may say, has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest, and truest, and widest of romancers, we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac, and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name, or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art, for intemperate praise, or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste of this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the mark of rational criticism, as well as of healthy thought, to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognize great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weakness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages.

And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilized world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Molière, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know that in the style of to-day I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to rouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtilty, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who can not see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott, to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen—to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree but somewhat lower of those great ancients who are the most accessible to us in English—Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealize the great types of public life and of the phases of human history.

Let us all beware lest worship of the idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who, in a different world and with different aims, have presented the development of civilization in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtilty of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrararch, and of Tasso; nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealizations of awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own: all those primeval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history—the old idyls and myths of the Hebrew race; the tales of Greece, of the middle ages, of the East; the fables of the old and the new world; the songs of the Nibelungs; the romances of early feudalism; the *Morte d'Arthur*; the Arabian Nights; the ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school, I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate, after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture, unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arnolpho the son of Lapo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi (all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank); and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe; Blake, Herrick, or Keats; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey; Heine or Omar Kayam. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature.

Now, when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and among them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual, reading. A man can hardly be said to know the "Twelfth Mass" or the "Ninth Symphony," by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country walk once last autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, Molière, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amid the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and reread, till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their Maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The "Divine Comedy," in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so, too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques till "Fidelio" inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and the most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men the "Paradise Lost," with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first child-parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task—not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments: it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to-night to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say nothing of that side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation, and reverential thought. I need speak not to-night of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the Confessions of St. Augustine and the City of God; the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and De Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in "The Excursion" or in "Faust," in "Cain" or in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of many ages and many races—be the mysticism that of David or of John, of Mohammed or of Buddha, of Fénelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh or weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so

often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago—read them, and judged them, and put them away for ever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour—just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, while he will not see the Angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three—Cervantes, Molière, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit, "Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" in one; "sober, steadfast, and demure," and yet with "Laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness,

spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know "Don Quixote," that is to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragi-comedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is "Don Quixote" little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature"? And yet how often do we forget in "Tom Jones" the beauty of unselfishness, the well-spring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, "Robinson Crusoe" contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read "Robinson Crusoe" as the article has it, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners." The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they the daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And while the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, while years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are for ever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia"; to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men,

who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But when one meets beves of hyperæsthetic young maidens, in lackadaisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read), one wonders if they all know "Lear" or ever heard of "Alceste." Since to nine out of ten of the "general readers" the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons, far from learned, have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, "I came across a very curious book, mentioned in a parenthesis in the 'Religio Medici': only one other copy exists in this country." I will not mention the work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. "I am bringing out," says another quite simply, "the lives of the washerwomen of the Queens of England." And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing-books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's "Funeralls" is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavory carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave; for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honor and glory of the Russian professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labor of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Molière and Alfieri than Molière's housekeeper or Alfieri's

valet; and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful; and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books; and their rarity usually consists in this, that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books is a sign for the most part—not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature, but—that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men of the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose, the doings of a great book-collector, who once lived in La Mancha. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetich or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it can not be of the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books; and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilization in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men, and a code of ideas, for the express purpose one may say of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and gives the place of honor to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now, I suppose, at the bottom of all this lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial Maelstrom wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine Club stripping, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip, in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think—such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic educa-

tion. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes:

For the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new invention ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we can not take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Molière, or Scott. It feels like donning knee-breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and overwrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, while we have rarely a spare hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose; education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words on this head of the great Bishop Butler: "The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humor, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading." But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinions I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which, I think, is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward "with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use." He declares that "both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading." It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and

most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form, in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections: Poetry, Science, History, Religion.

The principles on which it is framed are these: First, it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education shall be wholly wanting. Next, it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next, it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history; or else it measures them by their power of idealizing man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilization of Europe.

Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent

to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this, we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning—*non multa sed multum*—we shall see how with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is, we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries—

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta :
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.

We need to be reminded every day how many are the books of inimitable glory which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing-press, while a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

FRÉDÉRIC HARRISON, *in Fortnightly Review.*

POSTSCRIPT.—I shall take the earliest opportunity of presenting, with some explanation or introduction, the library of Auguste Comte, which forms the basis of the whole of my lecture above. The catalogue is to be found in many of his publications, as the "Catechism," Trübner & Co. (translated, London, 1858); and also in the fourth volume of the "Positive Polity" (translated, London, 1877), pp. 352, 483, where its use and meaning are explained. Those who may take an erroneous idea of its purpose, and may think that such a catalogue would serve in the way of an ordinary circulating library, may need to be reminded that it is designed as the basis of a scheme of education, for one particular system of philosophy, and as the manual of an organized form of religion. It is, in fact, the literary *résumé* of Positivist teaching, and as such alone can it be used. It is, moreover, designed to be of common use to all Western Europe, and to be ultimately extended to all classes. It is essentially a people's library for popular in-

struction; it is of permanent use only; and it is intended to serve as a type. Taken in connection with the "Calendar," which contains the names of nearly two hundred and fifty authors, it may serve as a guide of the books "that the world would not willingly let die." But it must be remembered that it has no special relation to current views of education, to English literature, much less to the literature of the day. It was drawn up nearly thirty years ago by a French philosopher, who passed his life in Paris, and who had read no new books for twenty years. And it was designedly limited by him to such a compass that hard-worked men might hope to master it, in order to give them an *aperçu* of what the ancient and the modern world had left of most great in each language and in each department of thought. To attempt to use it, or to judge it, from any point of view but this, would be entirely to mistake its character and object.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHONY HAMBLIN.

IT is the afternoon of a day in early January, a day which recalls what foolish people mean by a good old winter. It is a day, that is, which has been easily endured and even enjoyed by polar bears, seals, Arctic foxes, people who skate, people who are warmly clad, people who are well fed, and all creatures whose circulation is brisk. To the great majority of mankind and animals the day has been one of torture. Men out of work and low from insufficiency of food, women with babes crying from cold and hunger, children imperfectly dressed, wish it were not so cold. To the warm classes the day is a glorious winding up of that Yule-tide which they have striven to make glad. There is ice that will bear, there are branches bending beneath their weight of snow, roads crisp and hard, and, hanging over the eaves, icicles as long as a regulation sword. The cold and hungry regard these things with different feelings. To them the ideal day all the year round is warm, sunshiny, and favorable for rest, talk, and the promotion of thirst. Their pulses do not quicken even when King Christmas, who reigns only over the children of the rich, comes with frost in both his hands, bursts the pipes, stops out-door work, and puts an end to wages, beer, and food.

The broad face of Clapham Common is covered with a thin sheet of frozen snow, through which the bents and coarse grasses push up their dry stalks, and assert for the first time a distinct personality as seen against the pure white light of the snow, even although it is already four o'clock, and in the far-off southwest a lurid disk is sinking behind a fringe of deepest red. All day long the ponds of the Common have been covered with skaters; a bright sun without warmth has been shining; the glass has been six degrees below freezing-point in the shade, and there has been no wind. As we look around us a change falls upon the scene, the light has died out in the east and is fading in the west, but it seems to linger over the snow and becomes unearthly. The straggling furze, "fledged with icy feathers," looks, in the strange glimmer which renders any wild supposition possible, like some outlying portion of a great Canadian forest in

winter garb; the frequent ditches and the fissures which everywhere cover the Common, planted there by the beneficent hand of Nature for boys to jump over, become wild ravines and deep cañons of the Rocky Mountains, whose steep cliffs and rugged sides are crowned with snow. On the Mount Pond a few young fellows are still left, loath to tear themselves away from a sport far more delightful than waltzing, and much more rare. But the day is done; the man who has been driving a roaring trade with his hot-coffee can is packing up his cart; the men who have filled their pockets with coppers in reward for screwing on skates are marching off with their chairs; the two rival tradesmen, who deal in roasted chestnuts, have put out their charcoal fires and are comparing notes; and the man who has chanted all day, not without profit, the warming qualities of his ginger toffee, has covered up his basket, and is thinking of what the day's returns will run to in the shape of supper. Soon the last lingering skater will feel a sudden chill of loneliness, and leave the pond with a feeling, as he strides away across the crisp and frozen snow, as if the ghosts of many departed citizens, who in generations past skated round this little wooded islet on the mimic lake, will come, the moment he is out of sight, to flourish goblin legs, perform spectral figures of eight, and rush, with silent mockery of mirth, after each other's ghostly forms. When the Common is quite deserted, when not a single loiterer is left to clash his skates together as he hastens homeward, like Cowper's postman—

Whistling as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful—

then the snow begins again with its soft and noiseless falling. Presently the wind rises gently, and drives it about into drifts, and fills up the tiny ravines, and buries the furze.

All round the Common stand the stately houses of substantial city merchants—such houses as warm men loved to build early in the century—each standing in its own gardens, and these not skimmed and pinched of space; no narrow London slips of ground, but broad and spacious domains, generous in lawn, flower-bed, and kitchen-garden; stocked with good old fruit-trees, which produce apples not to be bought in Covent Garden, pears which would do honor to

a Corporation dinner, peaches and plums and apricots fit for a queen's table. They are large square houses, mostly built in two stories, with attic rooms for servants. They all have ample stabling; most of them stand too close to the road for modern ideas. That was because more was formerly thought of the view across the Common than of the lawn. It was before the days even of croquet or archery. Perhaps, too, that close proximity to the road was designed in kindness to the young ladies of the family; for in those old times, so near to us and yet so far away, the cribbed and cabined girls spent nearly all the tedious and proper days of pre-nuptial life in the house, and knew the world chiefly from seeing it through the window, or reading of it in a novel of sentiment, or observing it from a pew in church.

Come with me into one of these houses—that of Mr. Anthony Hamblin, senior partner in the house of “Anthony Hamblin,” of Great St. Simon Apostle, City, indigo merchants. It is the most stately house of all. Before it stand a noble pair of cedars, sighing for Lebanon in the cold breeze, and stretching out black branches which seem about to sweep away the snow from the thin turf below them. The carriage-way curves behind them to the great porch, with marble pillars set in the middle of the house-front. Cross the broad hall, with its bright fire, its old carved chairs and sideboard, its horns and antlers, and its old-fashioned curios, brought home many years ago in one of Hamblin & Company's East Indiamen. On the right is the dining-room; behind it is the study; on the left is the drawing-room; and at the back of it, where we are going, is Miss Hamblin's own room.

A heavy curtain hangs across the door, which stands half open. There are voices within.

Let us lift the curtain softly and look in.

A lady of a certain age is sitting near the fire, a reading-lamp beside her, a book upon her knees. She wears a widow's cap, but the lines of sorrow have long since left her face, which is comely, and lit up by a soft light of comfortable benevolence, as if, being well off herself, she would wish all the world, without exception, to be in similarly desirable circumstances. She is a woman who finds pleasure in pleasant things. I am not here speaking as a fool; because, though it is hard to realize the fact, there are many women—in fact, a large minority of women—who are incapable of receiving pleasure from things pleasant. Mrs. Cridland, or Aunt Flora, as Alison Hamblin called her, belonged distinctly to the happy majority who delight in things delightful; loving, as far as the length of her tether went—naturally not very far—good eating and drinking, society, music, art, the happiness of

young people. The shortness of woman's tether deserves a special essay. Imagine the other sex as catholic, as prodigal, as eager to seize, devour, and enjoy, as critical in its tastes, as my own. Mrs. Cridland was Anthony Hamblin's first cousin, and lived in his house as chaperon, guardian, and best available substitute for a mother to his daughter and only child.

Upon the hearthrug stand a pair—a man of middle age, and a girl of nineteen or twenty. She has got her two hands clasped upon his arm, and is looking up into his face with caressing affection.

“You skated to-day as well as any of the boys, as you call them. Why, you dear old man, there were not half a dozen of the boys fit to compare with you!”

“That is what you say, Alison,” he replied, with a laugh. “All the same, I persist in the statement that I am growing old and stiff.”

“You will never grow old, and you shall never grow stiff,” said Alison, patting his cheek with her dainty fingers.

“And you, my love, you are not tired?” asked her father. “Why, you began at ten this morning, and you skated till one; then you began again at two, and you skated till four. Alison, I insist upon your being tired.”

She laughed.

“Anyhow, dear, do not dance too much to-night. One thing, at this party we begin so early that they are all ready to go at twelve or one.”

“I will own to being a little tiny bit tired, if you will not talk about getting old and stiff, papa.”

She had thrown off her hat, which lay upon a chair, and one of her gloves. She still had on the sealskin jacket in which she had been skating all the day. She was above the stature of most women, a tall and shapely maiden. Her hair was a deep dark brown; so dark that, when the light was not upon it, you would have called it black; her eyes were a deep dark brown, like her hair—they were steadfast eyes; her complexion was dark; she was a pronounced brunette, of a type uncommon in this realm of England. If her look, her attitude, the way in which she curled her arm about her father's, betrayed a nature affectionate and confiding, the firm lines of her mouth, the shape of her chin, a little too square for perfect harmony with the rest of her face, and the straight line of her dark eyebrows, showed that she was a girl whose will was strong, and with whom purpose meant resolution.

Over the mantelshelf hung a portrait, in water-color, of a young girl, in all the glorious ripeness of youthful beauty, whom Alison strangely resembled. It was her grandmother, the Señora.

The first romance in the Hamblin family, un-

less the success of the original Anthony be considered a romance, was that of Donna Manuela's elopement with Anthony the fifth (the man on the hearthrug is her elder son, Anthony the sixth) from a convent near Cadiz. All for love she gave up country, home, and mother-tongue. For his dear sake she became a black heretic, the only thing which ever troubled her after-life. She is dead now, and her granddaughter Alison has inherited her face, her eyes, her hair, her strength of will, and her possibilities of passion.

"I believe, Alison," said Mr. Hamblin, "that you were sent into the world to spoil your father. Certainly, to grow old is unpleasant, and to grow stiff more unpleasant. Well, we shall have more skating yet. Perhaps the Serpentine will bear to-morrow. Thank you, child, I *will* take a cup of tea."

"Dinner at six to-night, auntie, remember," cried Alison. "Dancing to commence punctually at half past eight. That is the rule at the Hamblin dinner."

"As if I should forget, my dear," said Mrs. Cridland.

"The old-fashioned time for the old-fashioned party," said Mr. Hamblin. "It was my father's time, and my grandfather's; although in his day to dine at six was considered presumptuous in a plain London citizen. For fifty years in this house, and for a hundred and fifty altogether, the 3d of January, the birthday of the founder, has been kept. We shall have a good gathering to-night, Alison."

"About the same as usual," replied his daughter. "Cousin Augustus Hamblin and his party, William the Silent, the Colonel and his contingent, the Dean and his wife, Mr. Alderney Codd of course" (here they all three smiled), "and—and Mr. Gilbert Yorke is coming too. You asked him, you know, papa."

"It was in a weak moment," her father replied. "Of course I did not expect him to accept. What attractions *can* he find at this house?" (Alison blushed, and shook her head, as much as to say, "Alas, none!") "Like the impudence of the boy, to come to the Hamblin dinner without being one of the Hamblin kin."

Alison laughed. "And then there is Uncle Stephen," she added, with just the least possible change in her voice, which showed that Uncle Stephen was not so acceptable a guest as the young fellow she called Gilbert Yorke.

Mr. Hamblin put down his cup.

"Yes," he said dryly, "Stephen is coming."

And on his voice as he spoke, and on his eyes, there fell a strange change of expression, as if something of cheerfulness had suddenly been taken away. Not much, but something.

"Have you thought, auntie, about the taking-in?"

"Yes, dear, I have got it all drawn out. Here it is. Mr. Hamblin of course takes in the wife of the second partner. Augustus Hamblin takes you. The Dean takes me. Mr. Stephen takes the Colonel's wife." She went on making up the roll. Alison observed that, by the arrangement proposed, the young man named Gilbert Yorke would sit on her left; and she acquiesced with a smile.

As Mrs. Cridland finished reading her list, the curtain before the door was pulled back noisily, in a masterful fashion, and a boy appeared.

He was a small boy for his age, which was thirteen; but he was a remarkable boy, for he was an Albino. He possessed perfectly white hair, thick white eyebrows, long white eyelashes, and a pink complexion, having pink cheeks and pink hands. In fact, he was pink all over. His eyes were sharp and very bright; his head was well shaped, with plenty of forehead. He stood for a moment in the door, surveying the group with an expression of mingled mischief, cunning, and self-satisfaction. He looked as if he were either chuckling over one piece of mischief or meditating another.

Mrs. Cridland changed in a moment at the sight of her son. She sat up, and became at once the watchful and careful mother.

"My dear," she cried, "are you only now returned? Come and let me look at you."

She meant, "Let me see if your garments are torn to pieces."

The boy nodded to his parent, and lounged into the room with his hands in his pockets. But he did not obey the command to go and be looked at; obedience was not his strong point. Nor was respect to persons older and superior to himself.

"Well, Nicolas," said Mr. Hamblin, "I saw you on the ice this morning."

"Your uncle saw you, my dear," said his mother, as if the distinction was one to remember with gratitude.

"Cats look at kings," replied Nicolas the irreverent. "I saw you too, uncle; and I saw you come that awful cropper. Ho, ho! Picked yourself up, and thought nobody saw it."

"You see, Alison," said Mr. Hamblin, "I *am* getting clumsy. Go on, sweet imp."

"A man of your weight ought to be careful," the boy continued. "At *my* time of life, a fall now and again is no such mighty matter."

"Why did you not help your uncle up again, Nicolas?" asked Mrs. Cridland.

The boy glanced at his uncle, who was looking at Alison. He therefore thrust his tongue in his cheek, and winked at his mother. He really could be a very vulgar boy.

"I was sliding," he said, "with a few other men. Casual acquaintances, not friends. We had an accident. I was at the head of the line, and there were about twenty-five after me. I fell down, and they all capsized, turned turtle—heels up, nose down—every man Jack, one after the other, over each other's legs. Never saw such a mix. A common-keeper, one of the lot, got a heavy oner on the boko for his share."

"Boys," said Mr. Hamblin, "who use slang come to the gallows. Boko is—"

"Conk or boko," said Nicolas the vulgar. "It's all the same. Took it home in a bag made out of a pocket-handkerchief."

"I believe he fell down on purpose, so as to bring all the others down too," said Alison.

The reputation of the boy was such that this unkind suggestion was immediately adopted. Moreover, he was known to cherish animosity toward common-keepers.

"And how much of the half-crown that I gave you this morning is left?" asked his uncle.

"Nothing at all." He dived into the deepest recesses of his pockets, and pulled them inside out. They were quite empty. "I've eaten it all; and got good value for the money, too."

"My dear boy," his mother interposed, "a whole half-crown's worth of things to eat? You can't have eaten all that!"

"Every penny, mother—parliament, toffee, and gingersuck."

"Anything shared with friends?" asked Mr. Hamblin.

"Not a farthing," replied the boy. "I'm not like you, Uncle Anthony, born with a silver spoon in my mouth. A man who has his own way to make can't begin by going halves with friends. Of course his friends may go halves with him; that's quite another thing."

"A most selfish sentiment," said Alison.

"Pretty well," said her father, laughing.

"Nicolas, you ought to beg your uncle's pardon at once," cried the boy's mother.

He begged no one's pardon. His eyes twinkled and winked, and his lips half parted, as if to smile, but changed their mind and became grave again. "Let him give me his silver spoon, then," he said, while Uncle Anthony laughed, and Alison boxed his ears, but in gentle and maidenly fashion, so that the chastisement only imparted a pleasant tingling of the nerves, which acted as a stimulant.

Presently the ladies went away to dress.

"Uncle," said the boy, "do you know that I am fourteen next birthday?"

"A great age, Nicolas"—Mr. Hamblin had taken Mrs. Cridland's easy-chair, and was stretching himself comfortably before the fire—"a great age. I almost wish I was fourteen again."

"What I mean," said Nicolas, "is—don't you think, uncle, I may stay with the other men when the ladies go?"

Mr. Hamblin laughed. Nicolas was privileged to come in with the dessert, but was expected to retire with the ladies. This interval, while it gave him opportunity too brief for eating, afforded none for conversation. Besides, it was below the dignity of manhood to get up and go away with the inferior sex just when real conversation was about to begin.

"To-day is the family dinner," said Mr. Hamblin. "We will make an exception for to-day; but it is not to be a precedent, remember. If you had not already had your dinner, I would let you dine with us, provided Alison could find you a place."

The boy jumped to his feet with joy.

"Already had my dinner!" he cried. "Why, I've had just exactly what you had: two helps of minced veal and two of currant-duff. What I call a simple lunch. And you had wine too. I'll run and tell Alison I'm to dine."

Then Mr. Hamblin, left alone, sat musing pleasantly.

He is a man of fifty-three or so, who looks no more than forty. Around his clear and steady eyes there are no crow'sfeet, across his ample forehead there are no lines; his hair, of a rich dark color, is yet almost free from any silvering of time; his long full beard, of a lighter color than his hair, is, it is true, streaked with gray; his handsome face is that of a man who habitually cherishes kindly thoughts; nothing more distorts and ages a man than hard and revengeful thoughts; it belongs also to one who has lived a healthy, temperate, and active life. Needless to remind the intelligent reader that by the time a man is fifty his daily habits have made an indelible mark upon his face. Mr. Hamblin's was a face which inspired trust—a steady face. There was nothing shifty about his eyes nor selfish about his lips; a healthy, kindly, cheerful face, which seemed to all men to be what it really was—the index to his nature. It is by an instinct which never deceives that we take a man for what his face, not his word of mouth, proclaims him. The history of his life is written there in lines which no limner can reproduce; the level of his thoughts is indicated as clearly as the height of a barometer; his history is read at first sight, and, unless caught and remembered, perhaps never shows itself again.

Mr. Hamblin's musings were pleasant as he sat with his head in his hand, looking into the fire. I think they were of Alison. As for himself, life could bring him no new pleasures. He had enjoyed all, as a rich man can; he had feasted on the choicest. There is, it is true, no time

of life when new pleasures may not be found. Art, travel, study, these are ever fresh. Yet City men neither cultivate art, nor do they generally travel, nor do they study. To Anthony Hamblin of the City, the spring of youth came back when he sat and thought—for Alison. At twenty every rosy dawn is a goddess who comes laden with fresh and delightful gifts. At fifty the gifts of morning are given again to the unselfish, but they are given in trust for the children. That is the difference; and it is not one over which we need to groan and cry.

Presently carriage-wheels were heard. The earliest of the guests had arrived. Anthony Hamblin started, sprang to his feet, and ran up the stairs as lightly as a boy, to dress.

"O papa," cried Alison, coming from her room radiant in white, "you very, very bad man, what have you been about? I can only give you a quarter of an hour."

"I was dreaming by the fire, my dear." He kissed her as he passed. "I shall take only ten minutes."

CHAPTER II.

THE HAMBLIN DINNER.

THE Hamblin dinner was served with civic magnificence. No Company's banquet could have been more splendid, save that it was much shorter in duration. On this occasion the ancient silver-gilt plate, originally made for the first Anthony Hamblin, who founded the house, was displayed to gratify the pride, not to excite the envy, of the cousinhood. "It is an heirloom," said Alderney Codd, with pride, "in which we all have a part." After dinner Anthony Hamblin rose and invited his cousins to drink with him, in solemn silence, to the memory of their illustrious ancestor, Anthony, the first of the name, twice Lord Mayor of London. After this, Augustus, the second partner, proposed "success to the house." No one, it might have been observed, threw more heart into the toast—which was received, so to speak, prayerfully—than young Nick, unless, indeed, it were Alderney Codd. This was at a quarter to eight. The ladies withdrew after the toasts. At about half past eight the twang of a harp, the scraping of a violin, and the blast of a cornet proclaimed that the younger cousins had arrived, and that dancing was about to begin.

The younger men left the table. Young Nick, who had been eating continuously for two hours and more, remained, with a plate full of preserved fruit, for more conversation. He listened and watched. He was divided in his mind whether to grow up like Uncle Anthony, whose kindly

manner illustrated the desirability of wealth; or to imitate the severity of Mr. Augustus, which showed how wealth was to be guarded with diligence; or the taciturnity of Mr. William, commonly known as William the Silent, which was in its way awful, as it seemed to indicate power and knowledge in reserve. The example of Dean Hamblin, bland, courteous, and genial; that of the Colonel, brusque, short, and quick; that of Stephen, the "Black" Hamblin, gloomy and pre-occupied; and that of Alderney Codd, who assumed for this occasion only, and once a year, the manner and bearing of a wealthy man, were lost upon young Nick; he only thought of the partners.

When the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, young Nick brought up the rear with an expression of importance and pride twinkling in his bright eyes and shining in his white locks, which became immediately intolerable to the boys who, by virtue of their cousinhood, were assisting at the family gathering.

"Here's young Nick," they whispered, nudging each other. "Don't he look proud, having dinner with the gentlemen?—Nick, what did you have for dessert?"

"Conversation," replied the boy proudly, ignoring any reference to eating. "We talked politics. After dinner, when the ladies are gone, men always talk politics. I had a good deal to say, myself."

The weight of his superiority crushed the other boys, whose joy was dimmed not entirely by envy, but by the fact that young Nick—so called to distinguish him—held aloof from them all the evening, and joined the groups of men, with whom he stood as if he was taking part in the conversation, or at least critically listening. He danced once or twice, but only with grown-up young ladies, to whom his conversation was marked by a peculiar *hauteur* natural to a boy who had sat out the dinner, and "come in" with the gentlemen.

"No fun to be got out of young Nick to-night," whispered one boy to another.

"No: remember last year, when he tied the string across the stairs, so that the footman tumbled up with a tray of ices."

"Ah!" replied the other, with tears in his eyes; "and when he hitched the fish-hook into Mr. William's wig, and threw the line over the door, and then slammed it."

These reminiscences were gloomy. Supper alone was able to dispel the sadness of comparison.

The second partner, Mr. Augustus, was a man who would have been more impressive had his integrity been less strongly "accentuated," as they say now, upon his features. As some

men bear themselves bravely, some modestly, some braggartly, Mr. Augustus bore himself honestly. He was a merchant of a severe type. For very pride, if not from principle, he was incapable of meanness. It was he who conducted the most responsible part of the business of the firm, in which he had worked for forty out of his five-and-fifty years.

The third partner, Mr. William, whom we have already heard called William the Silent, was at the head of the finance. He certainly wore a wig, having had the misfortune to go bald very early in life. There was, however, no pretense about his peruke: it was impossible to mistake it for real hair. He, too, was a first cousin; he was remarkable for a great gift of silence. Augustus was married; sons and daughters were here to-night. William was a bachelor.

There was one guest who had sat out the dinner with a look of constraint, out of harmony with the pleasant faces of the rest, and who now stood before the fire looking infinitely bored. This was Stephen Hamblin—"Black" Hamblin, as the romantic among the younger cousins called him—younger and only brother of Anthony.

Although eight years younger, he appeared older. That was partly on account of his dark complexion, in which he resembled his mother, and partly by reason of his life, which had been, as the French say, stormy. Despite his complexion, he seemed at first sight strangely like his elder brother. Later on one saw so many points of difference that it became wonderful how two brothers could be so unlike; for in Stephen's face those lines were hard which in Anthony's were soft. His eyes were set too close together, their expression was not pleasant, they were imbedded in crowsfeet innumerable; the hair had fallen off the temples; he wore no beard, but a heavy mustache; his nose was long and rather aquiline. He had a gentle manner, which was perhaps assumed; he was a lamb who somehow gave one the impression that a wolf was beneath the skin. Reading his history in his face, one would say: "This man must have been in his youth singularly handsome; his life has not been one of noble aims; he has valued at their utmost the pleasures proffered by the well-known triad; he is able, but his ways are tortuous."

He comes to this house and meets the cousins once a year only, on the occasion of the Hamblin dinner; he greets them all with cordiality, which is distrusted by the elder members of the family; and for the rest of the year he goes his own way, seeing no one of them all, except his brother Anthony.

He calls upon him in the City, and they have a great secret which they keep entirely to them-

selves. It is none other than this, that Stephen has long since dissipated, squandered, and gambled away every farthing of the fortune which he inherited, and has been for some years living on his brother's generosity. This dependence, which would be galling to some thinkers, is quite comfortable for Stephen. Who, indeed, should maintain him but his brother? It is a sacred duty; Stephen would be the last to stand between any man and a sacred duty.

If you look closely, you will see that his eyes change their expression when they rest upon Alison. He does not like her.

Standing beside him is another cousin, Mr. Alderney Codd—a tall thin man about his own age. He is appareled in a dress-coat of great age, and he wears linen considerably frayed at the wristbands and collar. His face has one salient peculiarity—it is hopeful; he looks as if he was looking for something, as indeed he always is. What he is looking for is a fortune, of which he dreams and for which he schemes all day long and every day. Meantime his sole source of income is a lay fellowship at St. Alphege's, Cambridge, obtained three-and-twenty years ago, and conferred upon him in obedience to the will of a mediæval foundress, who hoped so to advance for ever the cause of learning. In this case she has provided an annual income for a man who, but for this provision, might have done something useful to the world. It is said that the moiety of the fellowship is retained by a certain firm of lawyers, and distributed annually among a small band of once confiding persons, who have with one accord removed their confidence from Mr. Alderney Codd. He is the only member of the family who retains a kindly regard for that dubious sheep of the flock, Stephen. Perhaps in some respects their tastes are similar; certainly the honest Alderney is happier at the bar or smoking-room of the Birch-tree Tavern than in a lady's drawing-room; and the time has gone by when female beauty, save when exhibited behind that bar, might have drawn him by a single hair.

The young people are waltzing; the young fellow called Gilbert Yorke—a well-set-up handsome lad of three-and-twenty—is dancing with Alison. They can both dance; that is to say, their waltzing is smooth, cadenced, and regular; they dance as if the music made them. Alison's eyes are sparkling with pleasure; Gilbert, it must be owned, wears upon his face the expression of solemnity thought becoming to the occasion by all Englishmen who dance, even by those who dance well.

"Time was, Stephen," said Alderney Codd, "when you and I liked these vanities."

"I suppose," grumbled Stephen, "that we

have been as great fools as these boys in our time."

"*Eheu, Postume!*" said Alderney. It was one of his peculiarities to lug in well-worn quotations from the Latin, in order to illustrate his connection with the university. "I wish that time would come again."

"You were ignorant of whisky in those days, Alderney," returned the other.

Alderney was silent, and presently, giving reins to his imagination, entered into a lively conversation with Mrs. Cridland on the responsibilities of wealth. In this atmosphere of solid and substantial prosperity he easily fancied himself to be also born in the purple, and assumed, in spite of his frayed wristbands, the burden and sadness belonging to great riches.

Then the waltz came to an end, and the dancers strolled about in couples. People who had eyes might have concluded, from many symptoms, that the young fellow they called Gilbert Yorke—everybody knew him, and everybody called him Gilbert—was already well through the first stage of a passion, and advanced in the second. The first stage begins with admiration, goes on to jealousy, and ends in despair. The second begins with resolution, and ends—everybody knows how. It is also evident that they would make a very pretty pair. Such a pair as Heaven intended when couples were first invented, a good many years ago. He says something in a low voice; she looks up with a little light in her eyes; he says something else, and she blushes. Once, when I was young, I used to watch these scenes with envy. What was it they said to each other? What amorous epigram, what sweet poetic thought, what flower of speech, was that which brought the blush to the maiden's cheek, and kindled a light in her eye? I knew none such; and it seemed to me, in those days of youthful ignorance, as if I, like Robinson Crusoe, was singled out for special misfortune, because from me these conceits of Cupid and vagaries of Venus were withheld. In truth, they say nothing! There is no epigram and no conceit; only a word here and there which betrays something of the heart, and so, being understood, makes both happy. Why is not one always young? Why, since one has to die—which is a great nuisance—can not sweet-and-twenty be prolonged for a hundred years, so that when Azrael stays at our window in his fatal flight, he may summon rosy youth from a whole century of pleasant sports, tired, but not satiate? I wish some one would write a novel about a world in which everything was always young. Fancy being always young, handsome, and rich; fancy an endless succession of young and distractingly beautiful maidens—there would be, it is true, the drawback of the

constant arrival of new fellows, as clever and as brave as ourselves. But the new-comers would naturally be attracted by the older—I mean the more experienced—of the ladies; while the advanced *juvenes*, those whose years were approaching ninety, would naturally fall victims to the fresh young maidens. What a world!

A happy New-Year's party; a collection of youth and joy in a house where luxury, comfort, and ease seem stable, firmly rooted, and indestructible. Look at the handsome owner of this fair mansion. Saw one ever a more encouraging example of human welfare? Why, in the very age of gold itself, not a single shepherd of them all at fifty could look more completely contented with his lot, more solidly satisfied with the prospect of many years' bliss and satisfaction, than Anthony Hamblin.

Yet Fortune is ever fickle. Call no man happy while he lives. Even now, while we look, we may hear outside the rumble of the wheels which bear to the house, in a four-wheel cab, a messenger of woe.

"Come," said Mr. Hamblin, "let us have a little music.—Some singing, Alison, for the New Year."

For one thing it is good to have grown older. In the old days, if a little singing was proposed, some ambitious weakling, possessed of a thin barytone, would confidently stand at the piano, and wrestle with "Ever of Thee," or "Good-by, Sweetheart"; or a young lady, who mistook hard breathing for a good voice, would delight us with an aria from "Trovatore," then in its first sprightly running. We could not treat them to the constumely with which certain critics treat hapless mortals who endeavor to depict this many-sided world in novels; that is to say, we could not tell them, as they tell these authors, the plain, unvarnished truth. We could not say: "Young lady, young sir, your singing grates upon the ear like the scratching of the finger-nail on a slate. Go in again, and stay there." No; we had to endure in silence; and when the performance was happily concluded we had to applaud, and grin, and say, "Thank you, thank you!"

Now, so rapid has been the progress of art, this weak young man has almost disappeared. Part-songs and choral societies have smashed him. He knows that he can not sing, and therefore he humbly takes his place as one among many, as he joins the audience.

When Mr. Hamblin asked for a little singing he said a few words to the professionals, who retired for supper, and Alison sat down at the piano. They asked for five minutes to recover after the dancing. Gilbert Yorke began to get out books and music, and those who were to form the audience clustered together about the

fireplace, and immediately became grave of aspect. Alderney Codd, who had as much ear for music as the mock-turtle, assumed for his own part a grave and critical air.

Then the singers ranged themselves about the piano—there were a dozen in all—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass; the oldest of them was not three-and-twenty; not one of the girls was so aged as that; and, as they held their music before them, and the light fell upon their fresh young faces, grave and earnest, they looked like a row of angels painted by Blake.

Then they began Barnby's glee, "Sleep, my Pretty One, sleep."

Mr. Hamblin was standing close to the piano facing the choir. While they were singing a card was brought him. Alison noticed that as he read the name his face became suddenly pallid, and he dropped the card.

"Show the lady into the study," he said.

When the glee was finished, Alison picked up the card lying at her feet. On it was the name of "Miss Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge."

Who was Rachel Nethersole? Where was Olivet Lodge? She put the card upon the piano, and with a little uneasiness began to talk about what they should sing next.

CHAPTER III.

MISS NETHERSOLE.

THE visitor was a tall, bony woman between fifty and sixty. She was dressed in black, with a thin shawl which seemed to defy the weather; she carried over her arm a black wrapper of some soft stuff. She wore black-cloth gloves, and had with her a small bag.

When the footman invited her to enter the study, she snorted at him uncomfortably, and looked round her with a sort of contempt or defiance.

The study lights had been lowered; the man turned them up. A bright wood fire, with three great logs, was burning on the hearth, and threw a ruddy light over the dark old furniture. On either side stood a long and deep easy-chair; the walls were lined with books; heavy curtains hung before the windows; there were portfolios of engravings or water-colors on stands, a large cigar-box stood on a table near the right-hand chair; magazines and papers lay about. It was the study of a man who, in a desultory and rather dilettant fashion, turned over many pages, taking interest in many subjects, making himself master of none, yet able to follow, in some way, progress in all.

The servant invited the strange visitor to take a chair.

"No, I shall not sit down," she replied, in a hoarse and ill-boding voice, "in this house. I shall stand until Mr. Hamblin has heard what I have to tell him. He may sit, take his ease in low chairs, and comfort his soul with extravagant wood fires at a shilling a log, if he can."

The man felt that it would be bad manners to attempt any reply to so extraordinary a statement. He therefore stepped softly out of the study, and communicated to the below-stairs department the strange fact that there was an ugly customer up stairs, and that a shindy—nature and cause of the row unknown—was presumably imminent.

Had Mr. Hamblin been a notorious evil-liver, as the Prayer-book hath it, or had he been a hard man or a harsh master, there would have been no surprise, but rather the rapturous joy with which one human soul generally regards the discomfiture of another. But, for such a man, such a visitor! It was wonderful.

"Dressed in rusty black," said Charles, describing the lady, "with a shawl over her arm, and a white collar on. As for her face, it's like a door-scraper."

Being reminded that the comparison was vague, conveyed no accurate idea of the lady, and verged on poetry, he tried to make himself clearer.

"Which I mean that she's got thin lips set close together, and eyes which would turn your creams sour, cook. As for her voice—well, I shouldn't wonder if the beer didn't suffer by it. We must taste it very careful to-night."

The description was not of the exact kind which unimaginative hearers require. Yet there was the merit of truth in it. Miss Nethersole was certainly gaunt, elderly, straight, and, as Charles the footman rightly stated, possessed of thin lips, which she clasped tightly together, as if afraid that words of benevolent weakness might inadvertently drop out. Her face was long, thin, and oval; her eyes were severe, an effect produced partly by the fact that her thoughts, at the moment, were full of bitterness, and partly by their steel-gray coldness.

When she was left alone she trembled and shook.

"Give me strength," she murmured, in mental prayer. "It seems cruel; and yet, for my dead sister's sake—I am but an Instrument. The arm of the Lord is stretched forth to punish the unrighteous. Slow are his judgments, but they are sure."

Five minutes passed away; then the door opened, and the man whom she sought stood before her; not with the easy, happy careless-

ness with which, at peace with all the world, and fearing nothing, he had been watching the dancers. Now he wore an anxious, even a frightened, look. He shut the door closely behind him, and advanced timidly, extending a hand.

"Miss Nethersole," he said, speaking in a sort of whisper, "what do you want with me, after these twenty years?"

She refused his hand with a gesture.

"Anthony Hamblin," she said, setting her lips hard and firm, "let me look at you well. Ay, the world has gone smoothly with you! No unhappiness, no care, no repentance. 'Their eyes swell out with fatness.'" This with an up-turned glance, as if she was acknowledging the handiwork of Providence. "You have sat at home among your garnered fruit and corn, amid your barns, saying unto your soul, 'Be merry.' With such as you it is often so permitted by heavenly wisdom. But only for a time—only for a brief space."

"Have you come out on this cold winter's night, Miss Nethersole, to quote Scripture to me? At least I see that the old fashion of speech survives." He spoke lightly, but he watched her face with an apprehensive look.

"I have not come out to waste the words of Holy Writ upon scoffers, of whom you, I perceive, are still one, as of old. Not at all." She opened and closed her thin lips with a snap. "I come here, Anthony Hamblin, as the Instrument of vengeance; long deferred, but sure."

"Vengeance, vengeance!" muttered the man impatiently. "What do you mean by vengeance?"

"Let me recall the past."

"Let, rather, the dead past be forgotten," he interrupted. "Do you think it pleases me to revive the memory of the—the—events connected with our acquaintance?"

"I presume not. Even the most hardened criminal must sometimes shudder when he looks back and reckons up, one by one, the many downward steps in his guilty career."

"Then," said Mr. Hamblin, sinking into his easy-chair, "as recalling the past is likely to be a long business, you may as well sit down and have it out in comfort. Pray take that chair opposite to me. It is late, and it is cold. Can I offer you anything?"

"I neither sit, nor break bread, in this house of sin," said Miss Nethersole solemnly. "I am here for a purpose. That dispatched, I go as I came."

Mr. Hamblin made no reply, but sat nursing his leg. Certainly he had little of the look of a sinner about him, except that touch of anxiety which wrinkled his ample forehead. The warm

light of the fire fell upon his healthy and ruddy features, seeming to soften them still more, and to heighten the expression which was certainly exactly the opposite of that which we generally attribute to the habitual criminal. The popular idea of this monster is, that he wears perpetually a grim look, made up of despair, determination, and gloom. The actual fact, generalized by myself from observation of a good many heads seen and studied about Short's buildings, Endell Street, is, that he has a retreating forehead, which means low intelligence; tremulous lips, which mean much bad drink; a twitching cheek, which means much bad tobacco; and a general expression of cretinism.

"Twenty years ago," she began—he sighed—"there came to a quiet little town, called Newbury, two brothers—"

"We know exactly what happened twenty years ago, you and I," he said. "Let us pass over the preamble—I will take it as read—and come to the present. Why are you here? what do you threaten? what do you want of me? and what does it all mean?"

"Two brothers," she went on relentlessly, as if unwilling to spare him one detail, "one of them, some eight years older than the other, was about thirty-two or -three. That one was you. The other, with whom I am not concerned—"

"The devil!" said Mr. Hamblin, sitting bolt upright and staring her in the face. It was noticeable that the look of apprehension changed at these words to bewilderment.

"Not concerned," she repeated, with an upward glance, as if she appreciated the interjection in all its sinfulness. "The younger brother, I say, named Stephen, a wretched boy who smoked tobacco and drank beer, was about four-and-twenty. They were out together for some sort of godless holiday."

"In the name of Heaven, Miss Nethersole, why godless? We were on a fishing tour."

"They staid in our town, they *said*, whatever was the truth, because there was fishing. Every day they pretended to go fishing, though I never heard that they caught any fish; and the sequel showed that they were fishers of souls, not of trout, and employed in the service of the devil, their master."

Mr. Hamblin uncrossed his legs, and lay back stroking his beard. He looked less anxious now, and rather amused, as if the narrative was not likely to concern him personally.

"They made the acquaintance while at Newbury"—she really was getting slower than ever—"of two maiden ladies, one of whom—"

"Was yourself, the elder of the two; the other was your sister, who was two-and-twenty years of age, pretty, attractive, and sweet. It is

not for me to interrupt you by drawing comparisons between her and her sister."

This was rude, but Mr. Hamblin was getting vexed. She only bowed, and went on:

"The younger was what the world—regardless only of the outward seeming—called pretty." Mr. Hamblin bowed and waved his hand, as if he had already made that sufficiently plain. "She was also, to outward seeming, a consistent Walker." Mr. Hamblin smiled. "She was, in reality, though her friends knew it not, singularly open to temptation, and easily led astray by the vanities, riches, and earthly loves of this sinful world—"

"Poor child!" sighed Anthony Hamblin; "she was, indeed."

Miss Nethersole looked at him in some astonishment, mingled with regret. Hardness of heart she could face—in fact, she expected it—with unrepentant scoffs; but a contrite spirit might disarm her and rob her of revenge. She went on doubtfully, holding herself more upright:

"These two brothers, in some way or other, made the acquaintance of the ladies, and were permitted to call. They came again; they came frequently: soon there was not a day when they did not come to the house. They were received as gentlemen, not as wild wolves, observe."

"They were," said Mr. Hamblin gently. His sympathetic face had grown sad, and his deep eyes gazed upon his visitor with a melancholy which had nothing of the scoffing spirit in it.

"In the end," said Miss Nethersole, "one of the brothers fell in love with the girl."

"Perhaps both, Miss Nethersole; perhaps both of the men loved that sweetest of tender and innocent country flowers."

"Both, if you please," said Miss Nethersole. "The elder sought an interview with me"—dropping into the first person—"and stated his case."

"Clumsily," said Anthony; "so that you believed I was making love to you. When you found out your mistake, you took your"—revenge, he was going to say, but he altered the word—"your own course."

"I replied," said Miss Nethersole, "that there could be no marriage of my sister with the worldly, and I requested that our acquaintance should cease. It did cease. The brothers called at the house no more. I do not disguise the fact that for several days there were tears, temper, and reproaches to put up with. I hope I bore these with a Christian spirit. In a short time they suddenly ceased, and I trusted that any light affection which might have been awakened had vanished already. I supposed, erroneously, that the young men had left the town. They were, however, still fishing—for souls. A week after my

interview with you, both you and your brother left the town on the same day; and on that day my sister, on the pretense of visiting an aunt at Hungerford, left my house. No one knows better than you at whose invitation she went away, and why she never came back."

"I certainly do know," said Mr. Hamblin gravely. "And since we both know the facts, why repeat them? We can not undo the past."

"She wrote to me," Miss Nethersole went on stolidly, "after her departure. She said that she was happy with her husband. She sent me her address, and begged my forgiveness. To all her letters I returned but one answer. I told her that she might draw upon me on the first of every January for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds; that, I said, was all that I would do for her. It was, in fact, all that I could afford to do. I never inquired if her husband was rich or poor. I never wished to hear about her affairs again. I promised her my prayers, and I let her go."

"You were then, as you are now, a cruel and unfeeling woman," said Mr. Hamblin sharply.

Miss Nethersole enjoyed the momentary triumph of having roused her victim to wrath.

"Then I heard no more from her. For eight years, however, I continued to receive the draft for a hundred and fifty pounds, and to honor it."

Mr. Hamblin started in his chair and sat bolt upright.

"For how long?" he cried.

"For eight years. Ah, you know now why I am here!"

"For eight years!" he repeated, as if incredulous.

"You pretend astonishment? That is because you have been found out. Surely I am but an Instrument. The judgments are slow, but they are very sure."

Mr. Hamblin sank back in his chair and grasped the arms as if he wanted physical as well as moral support. "Eight years!" he gasped.

"You know what it means. Come, Mr. Hamblin, have the courage to tell me what that means."

"It means," he said, with white lips—"it means—forgery."

"Forgery," she repeated, with manifest enjoyment. "That is exactly what it means. I kept all those drafts, never thinking what might happen. When the ninth first of January came and brought no draft, I knew that my sister was dead. I had the blinds down and went into mourning. But last week I made a discovery. I found out that my sister had been dead six years before the last of those drafts were sent me."

Mr. Hamblin was silent.

"I made more than one discovery," she continued. "I learned from a safe and trustworthy source that the man, her husband, behaved to her with brutal unkindness. It was his systematic neglect, his cruelty, which hurried her, poor and frail, unfit to die, into her grave. She left behind her a kind of journal, which my informant brought to me. I have a copy here for your own private reading. You will have so little time for reading that I advise you to read it at once—to-night."

She opened her bag and took from it a roll of paper tied round with black ribbon.

"This is a document," she said grimly, "which will revive many memories for you. It will perhaps serve," she added, "to inspire you with penitential thoughts while you are enduring your punishment."

"My punishment?" He looked up as he took the papers with a mild surprise.

"Your punishment," she repeated firmly. "The papers belong to the past, the punishment belongs to the future. All punishment does. The whole unending future to you, if you do not repent, and to the greater part of mankind, will most certainly be one long wail of despair as you suffer your punishment. But, having regard to the immediate future, I have prepared the facts with such care as my poor abilities have enabled me to bestow upon them. My lawyer—a most able and skillful lawyer, well acquainted with every point of the criminal law—has got the papers in his hands, and will next Monday—not tomorrow, because I wish you to have two clear days for repentance—apply for a warrant for your arrest on a charge of forgery. You will be charged with six distinct forgeries, each for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. The forged drafts will be presented in evidence; it will be proved that the signature in each is an imitation of my deceased sister's writing. It will be proved that her death took place two years after her marriage. Portions of the journal, the evidence of the dead wife against her husband, will be read, to show that the prisoner in the dock—the wretched prisoner in the shameful dock"—she repeated this very slowly, so as to bring out and enjoy the full flavor of the words—"was as cruel as he was unscrupulous."

She paused, while Mr. Hamblin regarded her with troubled bewilderment. "Before taking these steps," the woman went on, "I made inquiries about you. I learned who and what you are—a rich merchant, respected by your friends, successful in the world, living an outwardly respectable life, with ties and connections in your home. I gathered from my cautious inquiries that such a charge against such a man would

create the greatest astonishment. The higher the place, the greater the fall."

"This is like a horrible dream," said Mr. Hamblin, pulling himself together. "How am I to answer this woman?"

"You need not trouble about an answer to me," she replied. "I want no answer. The sight of you, after many years, is enough for me."

"A cruel and revengeful woman this," said Mr. Hamblin, for the second time.

"I see you—your sin found out and brought home to you—cowering in despair before me. Is not that answer enough? Think of the days, twenty years ago, when, in your insolent way, you laughed at the woman whom you had lured on to betray weakness—"

"Indeed I did not laugh at you. I was anxious, it is true, to let you understand clearly that I had never the least intention of making love to you."

She shook her head. "It is too late now," she said. "All is arranged. You have a little time before you in which you may pass over in mental review the things you have done, the things you have enjoyed, and the things you are going to endure. You have a few hours in which to say farewell to your life of ease and luxury, farewell to honor, farewell to friendship. Think of what you have before you: years in a convict prison; years in convict garb, on convict's fare, doing convict's work. And when you come out again, not a man in all the world to take you by the hand and call you friend! Do you tremble?"

He certainly did not. His face was pained, but not terrified. His look was troubled, but not with fear.

"Why should I tremble?" he asked, smiling. "You believe that your case has no flaw."

"Flaw!" she cried quickly. "What flaw can it have, when I tell you that I have spent weeks in following it up, step by step, writing it out, getting my documents in order? Why, man, to gain more time I have even abstained from the week-day services in the chapel!"

"Really!" he murmured, smiling. "Such devotion—"

"Miserable man!" She drew herself erect, and shook her finger with extended arm—an attitude worthy of Rachel. "Miserable man! You are trembling on the verge of dishonor and shame! A prison's doors are opening to you! And you dare to scoff and sneer! I will have no mercy on you, because of my sister, whom you wiled away from me; because of the cruelty which killed her; because of the forgery of these drafts—you and no other! O hypocrite!"

She did not finish the sentence begun so well. Her wrath overpowered her.

"Come," he said; "I am wrong to take that

tone with you. You are right to be angry; you are not right in one or two other points. There are things—shall I call them extenuating circumstances? No, they are facts of which you are ignorant, which make it most important that this matter should proceed no further.”

“Facts, indeed! What facts other than those I know? As if they were not sufficient!”

“They are sufficient in themselves; but there are other things. I will tell you what they are, if—”

“If what?”—because he hesitated.

“If you will destroy those—those forged drafts first. Miss Nethersole, I implore you to pause before you proceed in a case which on your side is and can be nothing else than pure revenge. Believe me, it is a revenge which will recoil on your own head—your own, mind—in a way of which you know and suspect nothing. Destroy those forgeries, and I will tell you all.”

She stared at him, taken altogether aback by an appeal which contained a threat. Was there anything she had overlooked? No, there could be nothing. It was a miserable subterfuge to deceive her and stay further proceedings. She set her lips firm, and answered nothing.

“It is for others’ sake, Miss Nethersole, that I plead. Destroy those papers. Do not confound human revenge with divine justice.”

“I am the Instrument,” she repeated, hard and stern. “I will pursue this matter to your ruin or your death. I am appointed to this work.”

“Will nothing move you?” he asked. “Will no assurances be believed? Miss Nethersole, I swear to you, by all that I hold most sacred, that if you take this case before a court of law you will repent, and go in mourning all the days of your life.”

“I have no choice,” she said coldly. “As the Instrument, I do not move—I am moved.”

“I give you till to-morrow morning to think about it,” said the man. “If I do not hear to-morrow morning that you have abandoned your purpose, I, too, must take my steps; and I ven-

ture to promise that you will never recover the surprise of those steps, and that you will rue the day so long as you live.”

“My purpose is decided,” she said. “The way before me is very clear. What may follow after, it is not for me, a blind mortal, to inquire. I follow up this forgery to your ruin or your death.”

“To my ruin or my death,” he repeated, rising from his chair. “So be it. You have, I believe, told me all you came to tell?”

“I have.”

“In that case, Miss Nethersole, our interview may be concluded.”

“When next I see you, Anthony Hamblin,” she said, drawing on her glove, and shutting up her black bag with a snap, “you will be in the dock as a prisoner. I shall be in the witness-box giving evidence.”

He shook his head, and laughed. Yes; the man actually laughed, to her unbounded indignation and astonishment.

“Your revengeful spirit,” he said, “will not have that satisfaction. Allow me to wish you good night.”

He opened the door. As she stood for a moment in the hall, adjusting her shawl, the voices of the young singers in the drawing-room broke out fresh and clear—

Ring out the false, ring in the true!”

“Some of those are your children, perhaps,” she said, with a malignant smile. “The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. My sister’s wrong shall be upon you and yours like a scourge of scorpions.”

She stepped out, and left him standing at the open doorway. The cold wind beat furiously upon his bare head, driving the frozen snow upon his face and great brown beard. He took no heed for a while. When he shut the door his eyes were swollen with an unwonted tear.

“Poor Alison!” he sighed. “Poor child! Must she; then, learn all?”

(To be continued.)

APPLES: A COMEDY.

It is spring-time in Rome, and one of the first hot days. In the veiled light of his studio CLAUD HUNTLEY is painting LADY ROEDALE'S picture. He likes to talk as he works.

Claud. Then why did you offer to sit to me?

Lady Roedale. Why? Why? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C. That's better. You always did what you wished. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

Lady R. "Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

C. You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

Lady R. I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! and, besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

C. Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

Lady R. I prefer liberty of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and—and this is far better—she need not do anything which bores her.

C. Ah, there you are wrong! Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way, they are red—

Lady R. Thank you. If I am looking frightful, I had better finish this sitting.

C. Your eyes are red; off runs Trippet with the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why? Why, of course, because the Marchese has left Rome—says Trippet.

Lady R. Does he? Trippet is odious, and so is the Marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed, who has been in love with himself for seventy years. You are all insufferable, all you men.

C. I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Oh, don't! If you were not so delightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that barked when I dozed. He was very good for me, but he died.

C. And when I die, I should recommend a parrot.

Lady R. A parrot! A very good idea. A parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you get him for me?

C. I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you know.

Lady R. No; I shouldn't like that. I like you best, after all.

C. That is very kind of you. I believe you do like me, when you remember my existence.

Lady R. You wouldn't have me think of you all day. A man always about is insufferable.

C. Everything is insufferable or odious to-day.

Lady R. Do you think so?

C. I mean that you think so.

Lady R. How can you know what I think? I am sure I don't know what I think. It is so hot. I ought not to have sat to-day, but after all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in Rome.

C. My room is better than my company.

Lady R. I hate jokes in hot weather. They remind me of "Laughter holding both his sides," and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of violent things.

C. It's no good. I can't get on. You look so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

Lady R. I am sorry that my appearance is repulsive.

C. I wish it were. But no matter. We were saying—what were we saying? Oh, I remember. You were saying that you could not bear to have a man always about the house.

Lady R. I have been married.

C. How can you bear to talk of that?

Lady R. I don't know. (*She yawns and stretches out her arms lazily.*) I am free now.

C. Are you so in love with freedom?

Lady R. In love! I don't like the expression. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C. And you think yourself free. Did not I tell you that you can't move hand or foot without being talked about; that you can't buy a bonnet without being married to some fool; that you can't pass a club window without setting flippant tongues wagging, nor stay at home without tea-drinking dowagers finding the reason? Didn't I tell you—

Lady R. Yes, you did.

C. I wish I had the right to stop their tongues.

Lady R. You are a very old friend.

C. That's not enough.

Lady R. How hot it is!

C. Very. Will you be so kind as to turn your head a little more to the left?

Lady R. Oh, dear, how cross you are, and you ought to be so happy! You are not like me. You have something to do. You can stand all day and smudge on color.

C. A nice occupation—smudging on color.

Lady R. One can't select one's words in hot weather. I wish I could smudge.

C. You can sit for pictures.

Lady R. A fine occupation—to be perched on a platform, with a stiff neck and a cross painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at home to-morrow, and send my gown.

C. Your gown will be less cruel. (*He puts down his painting tools.*) Why do you play with me like this?

Lady R. Play? I was not aware I was doing anything so amusing.

C. It must end some day.

Lady R. Everything ends—even the hot weather.

C. Clara!

Lady R. Now, please don't quarrel. We have always been good friends, you and I.

C. Friends! Yes.

Lady R. Do let well alone.

C. Very well. As you please. The head a little more up. Thanks. (*He takes up his painting tools.*) You don't look well.

Lady R. I am sorry that I look ugly.

C. You don't look ugly. How irritating you are!

Lady R. I am sorry that I am so disagreeable.

C. Oh, I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps it will be more like the original.

Lady R. Spoiled! O Claud! I do wish you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler. It's almost vulgar. Besides, I am not spoiled, not in the least. I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast enough to be a success. But to be fast in this heat! Oh, dear me! it's tiresome enough to be slow.

C. I am glad that you are no faster—not that it is any business of mine, as you were about to say. The chin a little more up. Thank you.

Lady R. How kind of you to talk for me! It saves me so much trouble. Go on: say what else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C. I am glad to do what I can for you. I will talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for you, live for you, die for you, and so—

Lady R. Mockery! Heine!

C. "Without the poetry"! As you please. Take it as mockery.

Lady R. All romance is mockery. Romance is as much out of date as good manners.

C. Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Only fashionably uncivil. It's quite the thing. The best men talk of women as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were donkeys.

Lady R. Oh dear me, how quick you are! I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my boy," or "Sportsman." How popular I should be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to the manner born. I am *bourgeoise*. Good heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C. I thought I was to do your talking for you. As if any woman could be silent for ten minutes!

Lady R. Do you think I wish to talk? I am not equal to the exertion. Time me, then. I won't speak a word for ten—no, for five minutes.

C. Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

Lady R. "How are you to-morrow?" I never could see the humor of that.

C. Just half a minute.

Lady R. Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I shall never be a success.

C. A success! What do you want—to be stared at by every booby at the opera, to have a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when your name is mentioned, to hear your sayings repeated, and lies told about you, and your gowns described, and your movements chronicled?

Lady R. It is my dream.

C. All women are alike—all women, except one, perhaps.

Lady R. "Except one?" Who? who? O Claud, do tell me!

C. That's better. Now you look awake. Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it again.

Lady R. You horrid man, tell me at once. Who is it? O Claud, do tell me, please!

C. It's nothing. I spoke without thinking.

Lady R. Then you meant what you said. I don't care for things which men say after thinking. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that we are!

C. Simple! There was never a simple woman since Eve. The best women manage us for our good—the worst for our ill. The ends are different, but the means the same.

Lady R. Was the one woman—the exceptional woman—the paragon—was she not simple?

C. On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent on success—success in society. Yes, she was simple.

Lady R. So is bread and butter.

C. And she was clever too. The innocence of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet,

wholesome humor—not a compound of sham epigram and rude repartee.

Lady R. I know, I know. A man's woman! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisking before her, and an adoring mastiff at her heels; childlike gayety in her step and frolic fun; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose a little reddened by cold water. Oh, how I should like to see her!

C. You are not likely to be gratified. She is buried, as you would say, in the country.

Lady R. Do the Tyrrels never leave Limeshire?

C. The Tyrrels! How do you know? Why should you think I was talking of them? Have they a daughter?

Lady R. Have they a daughter! When men try diplomacy, how they overdo it! Have they a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that you should not know that the Tyrrels have a daughter, when you spent a whole summer at the Tyrrels' place, from the very beginning of May to the very end of September, and the girl was at home during the whole of your visit!

C. How do you know that?

Lady R. Do you think that there is one of your numerous lady friends who does not know the history of all your love affairs?

C. Perhaps you will favor me with this history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

Lady R. I will try. But it is hard to remember in this hot weather. Now attend. The scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house in Limeshire. There dwell the living representatives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the house; and thither came in early spring a painter bent on sketching—a sort of Lord of Burleigh, a Heinrich Heine, a man not too young, a—who was the man who had seen many cities and things?

C. Odysseus. Ulysses.

Lady R. And who was the girl who played ball—the *ingénue*?

C. That Nausicaa should be called an *ingénue*!

Lady R. Ulysses, who had been in many societies and seen all sorts of people, was rather tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and cross. So he sketched because he had nothing better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the same reason; and so by degrees he found himself soothed and refreshed by the girl's artlessness, or apparent artlessness.

C. Apparent!

Lady R. She was such a contrast to the weary women of the world. She was so ingenuous, oh, so ingenuous! When he went to sketch, she went with him as a matter of course; and she showed him her favorite bits; and he made

a thousand pretty pictures of cows and pigs and dandelions, and, above all, of the old orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a passion for painting apple-trees in every stage, from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed very countrified, and the green refreshingly green, and the cows nice and milky, and the pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy and industrious and delightful. And so the jaded man was very much pleased by the novelty.

C. A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your expression is almost animated, and this picture is coming a little better.

Lady R. Then came the reaction.

C. That's not so lively. Don't change if you can help it.

Lady R. The novelty ceased to be a novelty. Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always thought the child might do better if she had a season in London. And then my Lord Ulysses got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the idyl ended. There, I have told you how the country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the world, and set it in vain.

C. She was utterly incapable of setting her cap at anybody.

Lady R. Who? Miss Lottie—Tottie—Nelly—Milly—What's-her-name?

C. Betty—Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. Then I have succeeded in recalling her to your mind? The Tyrrels *have* a daughter.

C. Go on, if it amuses you.

Lady R. It does amuse me a little. Now it is for you to take up the story. Why did you go away and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausicaa?

C. Because I was afraid of loving her. That is the truth, since you will know it. And now let us drop it. It is as much a thing of the past as the Pyramids. I want to talk of the present—of you, Clara, if I may.

Lady R. Things of the past are so seldom past. The Pyramids are about still. I must know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C. What is the use of talking about that?

Lady R. It's as bad as suppressing the third volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me I shall go away.

C. Why should I mind telling you? It's a tale of the dark ages long ago. Keep your head a little more to the left.

Lady R. But I want to look at you.

C. Deny yourself that pleasure if you can. Thanks.

Lady R. Well? Go on, do.

C. A nice fellow I was to win the love of a young girl.

Lady R. Why? You are not worse than most men.

C. Will you kindly keep your head turned to the left? Thanks. There was a girl with all the world about her sweet and bright and young, and a woman's life before her with promise of all good. There was I, a man who had outlived my illusions—who had found the world dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust in my mouth. I had tried most things, and failed in most things. My art was of less importance than my dinner. I could still dine, though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah! The apples turned to dust between my teeth. Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a June rose, to a dry stick?

Lady R. They train roses so sometimes.

C. Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's all over, all well over, long ago. Why you insist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't imagine. Yes, I can. It is to turn the conversation. You know quite well what I wish to say to you, what I have made up my mind to say to you. We have known each other for a long time, Clara: we have always been friends; we have both outlived some illusions: I think we should get on well together. Clara, consult your own happiness and mine. What do you think?

Lady R. May I look round now?

C. Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

Lady R. And you think that two dry sticks supporting each other is a more engaging spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C. Enough of tropes. I deserve a plain answer.

Lady R. Don't people strike sparks by rubbing two sticks together?

C. What are you talking about?

Lady R. How the sparks would fly! I suppose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer. A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit. What a pleasant household! "This is my husband, a gentleman who has outlived his illusions." "Permit me to present you to my wife, a lady who has everything but a heart." Will you have an apple? We import them ourselves fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C. I wonder you don't find the weather too hot for comedy.

Lady R. Do you call that comedy? It seems to me dreary enough.

C. The thought of joining your lot to mine?

Lady R. My lot! I never was dignified by such a possession. I go on by chance, and so do you. We have run along very pleasantly side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like that? If we were linked together, which of us would go in front?

C. You've the most provoking passion for metaphor.

Lady R. And you are sure that you have quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C. Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as much over as youth. I shall never see her again.

Lady R. You think not?

C. I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. What should you say if I told you that they were in Rome, let us say at the hotel opposite?

C. I should say that you were romancing. If I believed you I should leave Rome to-day.

Lady R. Then don't believe me. Couldn't you get me some ice?

C. I am afraid that my man is out.

Lady R. You said that you would fetch and carry for me.

C. Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well, I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

Lady R. Why should you? Don't be long.

C. You mean it? Oh, very well, I'll go.

Lady R. *Au revoir!*

(*Hereupon CLAUD goes out and leaves LADY ROEDALE alone.*)

Lady R. She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr. Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple-orchard. Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to take Mr. Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers? The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I dare say that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering: "O Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? O cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say Yes or No? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. O Claud! O cruel man! O sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(*So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of MISS BETTY TYRREL, who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.*)

Betty. I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you

don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I sha'n't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a courtesy, and say: "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—but probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio, and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say: "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that; and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage? yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is—it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he— He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! O blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and spear. That other one is not nice—not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple-pictures? No—no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Who's face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

Lady R. (waking). Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B. Oh, I beg your pardon.

Lady R. (drowsily). Are you real, or a dream?

B. I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream, and melt away.

Lady R. I was just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B. Of me? You don't know me. How do you know—? I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

Lady R. Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B. How can you know?

Lady R. I am a witch, for one thing; and, for another, I saw your picture.

B. Has he got a picture of me?

Lady R. Of course, my dear.

B. And did he show it to you?

Lady R. No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B. You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

Lady R. I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do?

B. A friend?

Lady R. A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B. Me? I—I am an old friend too.

Lady R. An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B. O Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

Lady R. It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B. O Lady Roedale, you know—you know that women are not like that.

Lady R. Yes, I know.

B. But I didn't think—I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

Lady R. It is better to live.

B. But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again—never, never.

Lady R. Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B. Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and—and that's why.

Lady R. That's why, is it?

B. You don't think that I am very bad?

Lady R. My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book-muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B. Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

Lady R. Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B. Yes.

(*LADY ROEDALE draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.*)

B. My picture!

Lady R. Yours.

B. Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me here! Oh, let me go, let me go!

Lady R. Too late. I hear him on the stairs.

B. What shall I do?

Lady R. Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still.

(*She draws the curtain carefully. CLAUD enters, bringing ice.*)

Claud. I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I—

Lady R. (studying the picture). Yes, it is pretty.

C. Where did you get that?

Lady R. Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C. As you please. It's of no value—now.

Lady R. It is much better than mine. Indeed, it has only one fault.

C. Indeed?

Lady R. It is awfully flattered.

C. How can you know, when you never saw the original?

Lady R. Ah, that is very true.

C. Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about—to go back to what we were saying, when—

Lady R. Shall I throw it down here?

C. Take care! What are you doing?

Lady R. I thought you said it was of no value?

C. It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

Lady R. Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C. What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

Lady R. No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C. I was afraid of spoiling it.

Lady R. Ah! that was when it was of some value; but now—

C. Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

Lady R. I shall finish it myself.

C. You!

Lady R. Any valueless old thing will do to practice my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C. But, Clara—

Lady R. Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely.

(*As she begins to arrange the colors on the palette he gets more and more anxious.*)

C. Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

Lady R. Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C. That's a very odd color you are getting.

Lady R. What can it matter to you?

C. Clara, what are you at? Stop!

(*He snatches the picture from the easel.*)

Lady R. And the picture is of no value!

C. I beg your pardon, Clara.

Lady R. Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C. Clara, you won't understand.

Lady R. Oh, yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C. Flattered! (*He holds the picture in his hands, perusing it.*) How can you know?

Lady R. It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C. What do you mean? Well, yes, I believe, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Miss Tyrrell.

C. You have never seen her.

Lady R. Indeed I have.

C. Indeed! Where?

Lady R. Here.

C. In Rome?

Lady R. Here.

C. Here! What do you mean?

Lady R. Here, in this room.

C. Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you—

Lady R. She was here.

C. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C. Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

Lady R. It is true.

C. Then I must go.

Lady R. Why?

C. Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

Lady R. It is true.

C. I must go, then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me—kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I staid and staid in their house until I thought that I should never go, until I feared that— Well, it came to this: Here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who—

Lady R. Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C. What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win the love of their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take me, even me, for a very fine fellow.

Lady R. You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C. I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

Lady R. But now?

C. Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

Lady R. Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C. Yes.

Lady R. You loved her?

C. I suppose so.

Lady R. I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C. I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

Lady R. And the girl? What of her?

C. By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them! She? Why, she—

Lady R. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put the picture back, and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C. Very well. I don't want to bore you.

(So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is BETTY TYRREL. Then there is silence in the room for a time.)

Betty. Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C. Miss Tyrrel—Betty—is it you?

B. Oh, forgive me! I did not mean to listen.

C. And it is you indeed?

B. But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen?

C. You!

Lady R. It was my fault.

C. What do you mean?

Lady R. Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B. Thank you—oh, thank you!—Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa, and mamma, and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

Lady R. Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian or a May-pole? O you men!

B. Won't you forgive me?

C. Forgive you! Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me some day, when— May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel?

Lady R. Is the man a fool?

B. You are not angry with me, then?

C. Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B. I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C. Were you sorry? Oh, take care—take care, child! Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B. We were all sorry, very sorry.

C. But you—you? You came here: would you stay here—with me? O child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B. Yes.

C. If I had known this!

Lady R. Any one but a man would have known it years ago. *(As she looks at CLAUD and BETTY, she begins to smile at her own thoughts.)* There were only two in paradise, in the first apple-orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a rôle for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. *(Exit.)*

(And so ends the COMEDY.)

JULIAN STURGIS, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A NIGHT WITH THE SARDINES.

"SARDINA, sardina—sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!"

"Sardines, sardines—fresh sardines!"

Such was the shrill cry that roused me at dawn on the first morning of my presence in Lequeitio.

Lequeitio is an ancient and not much frequented seaport on the coast of Vizcaya, almost impracticable to the stranger even in fine weather, owing to its numerous outlying rocks, just awash, and utterly unapproachable in half a gale. It is charmingly situated on the inner bend of a small gulf, and is protected from the full force of the Biscayan waves by an island, which stands in the center of the curve forming the miniature bay of golden sand. Legend tells us that in times gone by its mariners and galleys were renowned in the crusading fleets; and there are brasses in the crumbling, cathedral-like church of cross-legged knights, who, weary of smiting the Moor within their own realm of Spain, had sailed from the Vizcaino port to strike the Infidel on Syrian shores. From here, too, were furnished six caravels, with their sailors, bombardiers, and men-at-arms, for service with the Great Armada. More recently, vessels sailed regularly for the Greenland whale-fisheries, but this enterprise has long ceased to exist.

The Basque seamen retain their reputation as being the best in Spain, and I can vouch that the fishermen of Lequeitio are as fine and handy a set of fellows as a skipper need choose from. In their long, undecked, light-built galleys, manned by a patron and fourteen oarsmen, rowing double-banked, when not under sail, they put to sea, sometimes never to return. The bay of Biscay is not the safest cruising ground for fishing craft, and, despite the weather wisdom of old salts, a fleet will creep out in a dead calm, the men pulling sturdily at their long sweeps to make a good offing; at times striving madly, boat against boat, when a shoal of fish is sighted, for the first cast of the net is everything. I have often, from the rocky cliffs, watched the galleys darting from point to point until lost beyond the vapory horizon line; and then, perhaps later on, a narrow dark belt is seen in the northwest, faint and indistinct at first, but coming up, as seamen say, hand over hand. The oily swell that has lazily heaved in the sunlight loses its glassy glimmer, both sky and sea darken, and away, on the verge of sight, white crests are seen beneath the leaden cloud. They are the sea-horses racing madly in,

to dash themselves against the rocky shore, scattering foam to the very summit of the cliff.

My first visit to Lequeitio was in May, 1875, a period when the Carlist war was desolating the north of Spain. I had been following, as correspondent, the movements of the Legitimist forces, and, being weary and worn, had made for Lequeitio in search of renovating sea-breezes and a few days of peace and quiet. The shrill cry of the fishwomen reminded me that I was no longer in the trenches about Valmaseda and Orduna, and that to see the boats come in from their night's work would be worth the rising an hour or two earlier than usual. It may be as well to mention that the fishing, at the time I speak of, was mostly carried on between darkness and daylight, to avoid attracting the attention of the government cruisers, which were in the habit of prowling along the coast; and it frequently happened that they dropped, when least expected, on the unfortunate galleys, making a prize of boat, crew, and fish. As Lequeitio, besides other Vizcaino and Guipuzcaino ports, was in possession of the Carlists, such captures were considered perfectly legitimate, and it sometimes chanced that a galley, trying to escape, would be cut in two by a shot and all hands drowned. So under these circumstances the patrons and men preferred night-work, and generally managed to run in safely with their take at dawn. A very few minutes after hearing the awakening cry of "Sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!" I was standing on the end of the mole, amid a throng of women and girls, who waited for the boats that were pulling through the gut between the island and mainland.

The men in the leading galley had begun to unship oars, and in the bow, with one bare foot on thwart and the other lightly resting on gunwale, stood a linesman, about to give a cast to the two or three old salts ready to haul in and make fast. Whiz came the spinning coil, and in a second or so the boat was alongside the mole, the bowman still occupying his position, and scanning eagerly the crowd of women. He was a fine, handsome, clean-built fellow, his well-shaped athletic form being seen to advantage in his seaman's dress of red shirt, open at throat and chest, violet-colored waist scarf, white linen trousers rolled to above the knee, showing the bronzed muscular leg, and a blue *boina* or bonnet jauntily poised on side of head.

As luck would have it, the comandante de

armas, or town major, to whom I had delivered a strong letter of introduction on the previous evening, sauntered at this moment down the mole, followed by his orderly carrying a basket. The old gentleman was evidently intent on levying a contribution in kind, and when the patron of the galley caught sight of him he stepped ashore, shook hands with the veteran of previous Carlist struggles, and himself chose at least a couple of hundred of the choicest fish. The comandante then passed the compliments of the day with me, accepted a cigarette, and suggested that I should buy a dozen or two of sardines, and have them cooked for breakfast at the seamen's tavern close by. To this I assented, but on condition that something beyond sardines should form the fare, and that he and the patron of the galley should be my guests.

"Hola, Clementi Orué!" shouted the comandante; "here is a friend of mine, a señor Ingles, who asks us to breakfast with him. What say you? I am willing, and I should think that an appetite is not what you'll be wanting."

"Where, and at what hour?"

"At the tavern of the Widow Martinez at eight."

"I accept, and will send the fish."

I looked upon the advent of the comandante, just at the moment, as very fortunate. I was very desirous of making a night trip in one of the galleys, but hardly seeing how to work the project. Now matters appeared more promising, and I felt pretty certain to pull through before Clementi Orué and I parted.

The comandante then took me to a shed close at hand, to which the women and girls were bearing the catch made by Clementi Orué's and other boats. This was the store of a wholesale buyer, who that morning, thanks to the good supply, was purchasing sardines at the rate of ten reals the thousand, or twopence-halfpenny per hundred. Sometimes, owing to the presence of cruisers or an unusual scarcity of fish, the price would rise to thirty reals the thousand, or sevenpence-halfpenny per hundred; and if many boats went out, and met with a glut, four reals the thousand, or one penny per hundred, was considered a fair remuneration. Men and women were hard at work packing the sardines in baskets shaped something like a nautilus-shell, and holding each five thousand. The fish were placed in layers, separated by leaves and salt, and in this state were to be dispatched on mule-back over the mountains, to supply the interior of Navarra and Alava, and even through the government lines into Castile. Asking what they would be likely to realize in the inland towns, I was told tenpence per hundred at the very least. Thus the buyer who had his outlet was purchasing at

twopence-halfpenny, and even adding an additional twopence-halfpenny for packing expenses and transport, the profit would be fivepence on the hundred, or four shillings and twopence on the thousand; so that if, as I was informed, one hundred thousand would be sent off by this one dealer, he stood to clear twenty pounds, even allowing something for losses. Well, this gave me a tolerable notion of what the buyers were making in a fair season, but I felt more interested as to the gains of the men who risked their lives, and this is the information the comandante gave me: He said that if the patron made for himself, boat and net, two pounds the trip, the return would be considered good, and the crew would be well satisfied with twelve shillings each. Thus, supposing four voyages a week to be made during a good season, giving two days off for repairs of gear, and no serious accident met with, the patron might pocket something like ninety pounds in three months—it being impossible to count on a longer period, owing to weather and various obstacles—and the men possibly twenty-eight pounds. Of course there are the tunny, anchovy, mackerel and other seasons, but it is to be doubted, even with the best of luck, such as being able to put to sea nine months in the year, whether the patron ever gets beyond two hundred and fifty pounds, out of which he has to keep his boat, spars, sails, ropes, and above all his nets, in serviceable condition. Probably the men may realize in a good year eighty pounds. But, as the comandante observed, these calculations were made under the most favorable circumstances; and it was more than likely that, one year with another, neither patron nor crew ever reached these respective amounts.

We found Clementi Orué awaiting us at the tavern, and, if savory odor meant anything, but little appetite would be needed to relish the meal. It is true there was but one common, bare-walled, smoke-incrusted, rafted room, with seamen eating, drinking, and smoking—a hearty, frank set of fellows, who held their glasses toward us as we entered. A side table had been prepared for our party; and, certainly, not even in the best of *fondas* would be found a whiter cloth or napkins, brighter knives, forks, and spoons, or cleaner plates. As to the breakfast, the Widow Martinez had excelled herself, and contentment settled on the faces of the comandante and the patron as the last glass of *chacoli* (a local wine made from Vizcayan grapes) was emptied prior to coffee. Then over the steaming, aromatic beverage, flavored by some genuine Jamaica rum, and under cover of vapory clouds from the soothing cigarette, I made my proposition to Clementi Orué.

"Take you on a trip—well, I don't know what to say. There is no room in a galley for idlers,

and if it came on a breeze of wind, or the net got fouled, or a dozen other things, you would be in everybody's way. Besides, the men might not like it, and you might get sick; and, after all, there isn't much to see; and I know that, so far as I am concerned, if I was not forced to it, I would sooner be tucked up comfortable in bed than getting wet."

"Well, but look here, señor patron, this kind of thing is not altogether new to me, though I have never been after the sardine. The fact is, I was brought up in a fishing village, and could steer and row when only eight years old. In addition, I have knocked about at sea considerably, have crossed the Atlantic four times, have run through blockades on the American coast, and might perhaps be able to bear a hand if you were pushed."

"Hola, caballero," exclaimed the patron with beaming face—"hola, so you are a bit of a salt yourself; touch there," holding out his hand. "You shall make a trip, never fear, and it just happens that I am one short of my complement."

Having noticed half a dozen of the crew at the center-table, I suggested to Clementi Orué that he should call them over to drink the health of the new hand. This was done, and I saw the arrangement met with their entire approval, more especially that part in which was mentioned a keg of *aguardiente* and two or three bundles of cigars. Then it was agreed that the patron should take his evening meal with me in the same place, and that, wind and weather permitting, the galley would cast off at nightfall.

Well, at the time appointed, I found Clementi Orué awaiting me, and on a chair by his side rested a formidable-looking bundle.

"Here I am, señor, and here's your kit. There's just a steady capful from the north-west, which will be dead against us working out, but fair for running in. As it is more than probable we shall get a wetting, I have brought you a stout flannel guernsey and a pair of oilskin overalls, so leave your coat with the Widow Martinez. I see you wear the *boina*, like the rest of us, and *alpargatas* (canvas shoes with hemp soles), but slip off the socks—that's so—now then for the guernsey and overalls—bravo! and I'd like to see the fellow to you.—Hola, Widow Martinez; hola, chicas; come and look at the caballero Ingles; here's a *novio* (sweetheart) for the best among you."

Our supper was soon disposed of, and the patron slinging the keg of *aguardiente* over his shoulder, and tucking the cigars under his arm, we made down the mole for the galley. All hands were in readiness to start, and amid hearty wishes of good luck from a cluster of women and girls, we cast loose, and paddled toward the

mouth of the bay—it appeared that two other galleys were to put to sea that night, and had already worked out. As we reached the opening between island and mainland, the masts had been stepped, and at the word "hoist" from the patron, the two leg-of-mutton sails went up. There was a list to port, followed by a southing, rushing sound, three or four smacks against the bows, a succession of clouds of spray which soaked everything and everybody fore and aft, and then the men settling into their places to starboard, and a taunting pull being got at the sheets, away we went on a westerly course, running diagonally outward from the coast. Clementi Orué had suggested the coiled net on the stern-board as a good seat for me, and against this he leaned and worked the steering-oar. The night was rather dark, the sky being patched with clouds, and there would be no moon for an hour or more; still, as the patron said, if there were fish he'd manage to catch them without candles.

"By the way, it never occurred to me to ask the name of your boat—what is it?"

"La Santísima Trinidad." Here Clementi Orué crossed himself, as did most of the crew, so far as I could distinguish in the gloom. "Sí, señor, La Santísima Trinidad. She belonged to three of us—three brothers; two have been drowned, I am the last. You see, señor, we were caught four years ago come San Pedro, off Cape Machichaco—that light away yonder on the port bow—in a tearing hurricane. It struck us almost without warning, and before we could either get sail in, or head on to it, we were bottom up. I never saw my brothers from the moment the boat capsized, and with them were lost six others. It was a wonderful business altogether; a few minutes before the sea was like a looking-glass, and a quarter of an hour afterward there wasn't a ripple. The six saved, including myself, were taken off the keel by a Bermeo galley, and the Santísima Trinidad was towed in and righted. The oars, spars, sails, and nets were, however, missing. But she's a good stiff boat; and will carry on, going free or close hauled, with any other—won't she, lads?"

"Ay, ay, patron; there's no better out of Lequeitio, or for that matter out of any of the ports on the coast; see how she flies, and well up in the wind too."

She certainly was moving along, though heading considerably to windward, and on the course we were going made capital weather, and was remarkably steady.

"Well, patron, let us hope you have seen your last accident in the Santísima Trinidad; come, serve out a cigar and a glass of *aguardiente* all round, and we'll drink good fortune to the boat and long life to her owner."

This was done, the steering-oar, meantime, being confided to me, and then after about an hour and a half of the same course, to just abreast the Machichaco light, we went about, and made due north for an offing. Our speed was nearly doubled, and as the moon had risen, and now and again broke through the clouds, we caught an occasional glimpse of the two other boats, about a mile to windward. Suddenly Joaquin, one of the men, who was standing on a thwart and leaning against the foremast, sang out :

"Sardina, sardina, sardina — yonder away, dead in the wind !"

Yes ; there was the shoal, a luminous, phosphorescent streak, some hundreds of yards in length.

In an instant the galley's head was brought round, the canvas shook and flapped, and in another moment down went the sails. Then the oars were got out, and away we went, thudding through the seas which came stem on. Joaquin, in the bows, had a boom with block at end ready, and a coiled line, made fast to the outgoing extremity of the net, was passed forward, and this he rove through the block, and then rigged the boom firmly, so as to project from six to eight feet. All this had been done in the twinkling of an eye, the men, the while, bending to their oars with a will.

"Stand clear of the net, señor, and lend me a hand when the moment comes to pay out.—Give way, my lads, give way, or we shall have Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria down on the shoal before we get a cast ; the wind will blow them clean on to it. Pull, chicos, pull, for sardines at twenty reals the thousand. They'll be well worth every farthing of it to-morrow, and only three boats out. Pull, boys, pull ; Pedro and José have got a sight and are bound for the fish under full canvas. Give way—will you let a hundred reals each slip through your fingers ? Pull, by all the saints in heaven, pull ! Give way, chicos, give way, the sea's alive with them, and one cast will be a fortune for all of us !—"

"Pay out, pay out !" shouted Joaquin, as the galley seemed to cleave into a liquid phosphorescent fire, flakes of which, in the shape of sardines, flew sparkling from the oar-blades.

While I rapidly cleared coil after coil of the net, the patron cast it adrift, Joaquin, meanwhile, slacking out the messenger-line through the block at the end of the boom. As the last coil went over, the line with it was only allowed to run a dozen yards or so, and then made fast. The oars were now tossed inboard, and the men commenced lifting the false flooring which fitted to about two feet above the keel, and wooden scoops were placed handy.

"Haul in fore and aft !" cried the patron, and half a dozen men clapped on to each line, bringing the net inward, to bow and stern, in a semi-circle, the form of which could be traced by the myriads of glistening fish that sought to escape over the floating corks.

But it seemed, despite these signs, that we had been too hasty and had made a false cast, for it soon became apparent we were only on the edge of the shoal, which was making away to windward, and right on to the galleys of Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria.

"Now may the saints have you in their holy keeping, Señor Joaquin, for the good you have done us ! See, there go the fish, my lads, but haul in smartly, or the few we have will manage to get away. What say you, chicos, shall we make a present of this take to buy spectacles for Joaquin ?"

Joaquin muttered something, to the effect that he was not the only one in the boat wanting eyes, and that he had given the word at the right time, that the galley's head was allowed to pay off, and what further observations he made were lost in a grumble. When the whole of the net had been gathered in, the scoops barely succeeded in getting a couple of bushels.

In anything but a good humor the patron gave the word to hoist sails, and as we turned again seaward the moon rose from a bank of clouds, and in its light we could see the galleys of Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria laying over to the weight of fish they were taking. One thing was positive, that we had left them behind, and that whatever we fell in with now we should have to ourselves. Well, for hours we tacked and re-tacked, making for wherever there appeared indications, and at dawn, greatly discouraged, Clementi Orué suggested putting about and steering homeward. At this moment Joaquin, who had been perched moodily in his usual place, turned to the patron, and asked him to look in the direction to which he pointed—the northeast. There was a line of light on the water and a broadening streak of morning in the sky. Scores of sea-gulls were eddying in circles, now poising for an instant, and then swooping down to the surface.

"If that doesn't mean fish," said Joaquin, in rather a sulky manner, "may I never catch another sardine as long as I live !"

"Right, my lad," replied the patron cheerily ; "there are sardines there by millions, and as they are to leeward we can strike them where we choose.—Now, then, my lads, have everything in readiness, and stand by to down sail when I give the word."

In about a quarter of an hour we were right on to, and apparently near the center of, the shoal, which must have been a mile in length.

Every rising wave was literally alive with fish, and as we struck in they leaped from the water in every direction round the galley.

"Down sail!" shouted the patron, and with good way still on the boat the net was cast. Then came the hauling in, and by the dead weight there could be no doubt as to the take; indeed, as the net neared, the whole of the surface confined became solid with sardines. Half a dozen men with scoops leaped on to thwart and gunwale, and commenced ladling the fish in, while those hauling had to keep easing to give them time to work at the dense mass; and when at last the remnants were shaken out of the strands of the net, the patron said, turning to me:

"There, señor, you have brought us luck. I never saw a finer take, and, if there were millions more, we haven't room for another hundred."

And so it seemed, for we were pretty deep, and, as for the flooring, the boards were just cast loosely over the fish. Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, Clementi Orué served out a glass of *aguardiente* and a cigar all round. As he passed me the cup, he indicated with the hand holding the bottle the land.

"And now for Lequeitio with as many sardines on board as Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria have between them. There, abreast of us, lies Elanchove, and," turning slightly, "there is Cape Machichaco, where—"

His eyes and jaw became fixed, the fingers opened, and the bottle fell into the water. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw a steamer rounding the headland, and apparently pointing directly for us.

"Holy Mary! yonder is the government cruiser Ferrolano. Up sails, lads, and pray for the breeze to freshen, or we're likely to see Cuba or the Philippines on board a man-of-war."

We had a good ten miles to run, with the wind, which was increasing, on our beam. The steamer, to cut us off, would have to do the whole of fourteen, though when we sighted her she was not more than seven distant. We would both be going on diagonal lines, and ours was the shorter. It may readily be imagined that the chicos needed no recommendation to bestir themselves. The sails were hoisted in a jiffy, the galley trimmed to bear the strain, the course laid, and as the boat felt the "draw" she seemed to leap forward. Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria were already under the land, so they, at any rate, were safe. For some few minutes no one spoke, the whole attention being concentrated on the Ferrolano; and it soon became evident, from the increased volume of smoke, that she had caught sight of us and was firing up. We were well ballasted with fish, and stood the

spread of canvas admirably, though the list to port, now and again, brought the gunwale level with the seething water. The wind freshened considerably, and under other circumstances it might have been a question of taking in a reef, but we held on, banking sardines and men well over to starboard. I should think we must have been going eight or nine knots, but for all that the Ferrolano rose perceptibly every few minutes, and when we were within five miles of the entrance to Lequeitio I could distinctly see the group of officers on her bridge. At four miles she was not more than fifteen hundred yards off, and she soon let us know it; for following a white puff from her bows came a shrieking howl across our stern, which made all hands duck like a lot of salaaming mandarins. The Ferrolano gunner was trying his hand, and it was pretty certain that each succeeding shot would come closer, and so it proved, for the next struck the water on our starboard quarter, completely drenching the patron and myself.

"What do you think about it, señor: we have no chance, have we?" asked Clementi Orué of me in a low voice.

With a tolerably decent attempt at a smile, considering the awkward position in which we found ourselves, I suggested that while there was life there was hope, that I did not think we should be hit, and that every minute we drew nearer home. I had scarcely given expression to these comforting observations, when a flat contradiction came to the supposition that we were not likely to be touched. *Vrrrowwww—vrrriish—boom!* and a shell struck our main-mast about three feet from the peak, bursting and sending the particles humming to port. The spar was shattered completely, and the canvas came down with a crash, partially falling on to the gunwale, and partially into the water, and as the men slid over to port at the same time, I thought we should capsize. The foresheet had also been cut, and the sail was banging and flopping terribly.

"Holy Mary! it's all over with us," gasped the patron; "we'd better luff up and give in; another shot will cut us in two."

I hardly know how to explain it, but somehow or other I found myself in command. I presume it was that I had kept my head, having, during campaigning experiences of fifteen years, been considerably under fire both at sea and on land; besides, I felt convinced that the chances were not altogether hopeless.

"Now, chicos," I shouted, "down with that foresail—unstep both masts—get that wreckage and dragging canvas inboard, and out with the oars; that's it, don't be flurried, he has not half the mark to shoot at now, besides which our

jumping will puzzle him.—I beg your pardon, patron, but as you are one hand short you had better take your place on the after-thwart to make up the number. I will steer, only tell me if I can keep a straight course for mid-entrance, without fear of rocks?"

Clementi Ouré looked at me curiously and steadily for a moment, then grasping an oar and seating himself, he answered.

"Yes, direct for the entrance; it's about high water, and there isn't enough sea on to make going over the rocks very risky."

"Well, then, give way all of you, and let him shoot his best; why, he'd have to be able to hit a fly to strike us now. That's it, my lads, pull your hardest and pull together; you are bound for Lequeitio, and not for Cuba or the Philippines."

Another shell flew over us, but at a considerable height, and then one ducked and draked across the bows; and though I told the men, who could not see where the water was struck, that it was at least a quarter of a mile off, I began to have serious misgivings. The Ferrolano was overhauling us rapidly, and, in addition to her gunning, would probably soon sprinkle us with rifle-shots. I had my eyes firmly fixed on the entrance, so as not to lose an inch by yawing, if I could help it, when to my utter astonishment a long puff of white smoke leaped over the wall of the platform in front of the Hermitage, near the summit of the mainland point. Turning my head quickly in the direction of the steamer, I saw a flash right on her bows—she had been struck by a shell.

"Don't stop to look, lads, but give way; every minute is worth an hour just now. Some one is helping us, and no mistake, and, if the second shot is an improvement on the first, we shall not have much more to fear from the Ferrolano."

"The gun must have dropped from heaven," cried the patron, with an expression of blank amazement on his face, "and Santa Barbara is working it!"

Again the white cloud leaped out from the Hermitage terrace, and this time the shell burst on the steamer's bridge; and when the smoke cleared there could be seen great scattering and confusion among the figures that had hitherto formed a dark group. But that was not all. The helm had been put hard a-starboard, and the Ferrolano, under full steam, headed seaward, checked and driven off by a single gun, where

she thought to have everything her own way and meet with no resistance. Delighted beyond measure at our lucky escape, I suggested to Clementi Ouré and the crew, that by way of a parting salute we should toss oars and give her a round of cheers, though the last might not probably be heard.

"And now, señor patron, as there are quite enough hands to pull, I resign to you your post—"

"No, by Our Lady! that shall not be. You have brought us through the difficulty, and you shall take us in. When we were struck, had you not acted as you did, I should have put about and surrendered. We owe our escape to you first, and then to the miraculous gun—isn't that so, chicos?"

"Sí, sí,—viva el capitan Ingles!"

As the patron and chicos insisted that I should maintain my place at the steering-oar, there was nothing for it but to obey, and splendidly they pulled in. No sooner did we round the point and come in sight of the mole, than cheer after cheer went up, for it was seen we were rowing full-handed, and that consequently no one had been killed or hurt. Each of the crew had some one near and dear to him crying and laughing with joy; and the patron's wife, a portly dame, hugged and kissed her husband as he had probably not been hugged and kissed for many a year. My welcome came from the comandante de armas, and from him I got the following explanation of the "miraculous" gun:

"Just after you had put out last night, a lieutenant of artillery, with ten men, arrived in charge of a Whitworth cannon, which had been ordered here for the protection of the port—it is to be mounted on an earthwork on the island yonder. Well, when Pedro Artégui and José Echevarria came in with the news that the Ferrolano was trying to cut off the Santísima Trinidad, I roused up the lieutenant, and, obtaining any number of volunteers from among the boatmen, the gun was dismounted, and, with the carriage, was lifted and hauled up the precipitous and narrow path to the Hermitage terrace. The first shot, as you must have noticed, was good, the second excellent, and with my glasses I saw that some of those on the bridge had been hurt by the bursting shell."

It was a very lucky accident that brought that gun to Lequeitio just in the nick of time. Without it I should probably have had but little taste for sardines after that night's adventure.

All the Year Round.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE spring exhibition at the Academy is thought by many persons to be the best ever held there, but very likely this is due to the vividness of present impressions as compared with recollections of exhibitions gone by. There is certainly, we think, more variety, a larger range of treatment and subjects, and more freshness of thought, if not more genuine force and excellence. Our exhibitions have commonly been declared to be monotonous; this charge, at least, can not justly be made to-day, for side by side with our own methods we see paintings inspired by all the various European schools and nearly every existing theory of art. There is excellent opportunity to compare established and hitherto generally accepted modes of treatment with bold innovations and strange methods of interpretation. It seems to us that if one will gather in his mental vision all the landscapes in the exhibition that are painted in the simple manner of the past—the charming subjects by Wyant, Minor, Casilear, Gifford, Richards, and some others—he must admit that their pure, unexaggerated, and unstrained interpretation of nature marks the true scope and purpose of landscape-painting, which is to delight by sentiment and beauty, and not to surprise by vehemence and novelty. The serene and lofty tone that pervades the poems on nature by Bryant is just as rightly fitted to landscape art as it is to verse. There is no reason why sensation and extravagance should be approved in the artist and condemned in the writer, and yet by current canons of criticism that which all instructed people are expected to condemn in the one is sought for and demanded in the other. All our young painters, and some not so young, are struggling to get away from the conventional, but, while this is highly commendable, they must not in doing so overthrow the established, nor purchase originality at the cost of taste and sanity. An artist must no less than a poet aim above all things at truth; and just as sure as men set up originality as the first requirement of either art or literature we shall have hosts of aspirants indulging in endless phases of grotesque and fantastic expression. If our painters have hitherto been monotonous and feeble, as we hear asserted on all sides, they have been so largely from a detestation of sensation, from an earnest sympathy with simplicity and modest truth. The paintings at the Academy that come

from the class to which we refer are penetrated with fine feeling; they are full of serene beauty; they give evidence in every detail of what Mr. Hamerton calls “affectionate fidelity.”

Among the paintings which perplex rather than satisfy are those by Mr. George Inness. It is thought by many persons—good judges for the most part, and among them many artists—that Mr. Inness is the very best of our landscape-painters. That he is an independent thinker and a student all who know him are aware; that he is audacious, original, creative, his paintings bear witness to all; but to the unlearned in the mysteries of art theories they are in some things incomprehensible. His view at North Conway, New Hampshire, is the largest canvas in the exhibition. It is a spring day, and depicts the White Mountains, snow-capped, towering in the distance, an expanse of meadow and groups of trees in the foreground, and a vast extent of orchards and hills in the middle distance flushed with the roseate tints of spring. Nearly the whole charm of the picture lies in this middle distance. The mountain range is impossibly high, and would fairly dwarf the Alps or the Rocky Mountains, and the foreground trees are uncouth and distasteful. If nature ever built up trees in these strange shapes, the artist should have excluded them, in obedience to the principle of selection which lies at the base of his art, and chosen other forms. Mr. Inness is apt to assert imperatively the place of imagination in art; it seems to us conspicuously needed in parts of this painting. In all the other landscapes by this artist there is very strange and unreal tree-architecture, and equally strange and unreal cloud-forms. In one instance he piles up as storm-clouds masses that have much more resemblance to granite cliffs and mountain peaks than to vapor. That Mr. Inness is an absolute master of his art all persons who are well informed will concede; but being smitten with a passion for originality, and possessed with a host of theories, he rushes into strange extravagances. He believes, with Turner and Corot, in imagination in art—in painting dreams rather than realities. By all means let us have the artist's dreams on canvas as we have the poet's dreams in verse; but let there be no mistake. We want dreams, and not nightmares; and Mr. Inness is eminently capable, if he will, of giving us the former.

If not so large a canvas as Mr. Inness's “North Conway,” Mr. Thomas Moran's “Ponce de Leon in

Florida" is more ambitious. This is a view of the interior of a Southern forest, with a large open glade in which is gathered a group of Indians, and of Spanish soldiers in the gay costumes of the period. It is pleasant to see our artists looking for picturesque subjects in our own history. The North has not wholly been neglected by them in this way, but few seem to be aware of the really excellent material which Southern scenes and Southern history offer for artistic treatment. Mr. Moran's painting is not hung in a way to afford a good opportunity to study it. Were it separated from other pictures, hung lower, and in a flood of strong, illuminating light, we imagine it would be much more satisfactory. There is endless painstaking in the details of the picture, and the execution in many particulars is excellent; but there is a suspicion of scenic and theatrical effect. It must be remembered that, should a painting planned on the heroic scale that this is prove a complete success, it would confer enduring fame upon the painter. Mr. Moran has not achieved as brilliant a result as this; few, indeed, are the really great pictures of the world; but his painting is of decided interest, and is measurably successful.

There is one *genre* subject by Mr. Guy, entitled "Bedtime Stories," that many people will have the temerity to admire, despite the fact that it is painted with a supreme unconsciousness of the whole body of Munich theorists. And it is impossible not to be interested in the story of the picture, although to be concerned in the story that a painting tells is proof, according to the dicta of the studios, of a wofully low artistic culture. We are instructed that we must care for nothing but the way the paint is laid on; to take any other interest in a picture is to show literary rather than artistic sympathies. Mr. Guy's composition shows a girl of about twelve years sitting on the side of a bed and reading to her two young brothers stowed away under the blankets for the night. The look of terror in the wide-spread eyes of the youngsters indicates that the stories read to them have been of mysterious goblins and the like. The painting is faithfully minute in every detail of drawing and texture, but undoubtedly the girl's face and hands are too smooth, and merely pretty. Ruskin affirms the artistic value of dirt, and evidently Mr. Guy should have avoided his extremely polished and untarnished surfaces. Our Munich friends, however, would have revolutionized the whole picture, substituting paint for texture, ugliness for beauty, confusion for purpose, and the unknowable generally for the knowable. It is to be wished that Mr. Guy would borrow from them a hint or two so as to be less rigid and hard, and give

to his work a few free touches; but one is glad for a pleasant little story pleasantly told without the sensible intrusion of the palette. "The art that conceals art" was once the ideal achievement; the latest notion is an art that shows every brush-mark. What are forms in art without texture but so many skeletons without flesh?

The various portraits and heads exhibited here and elsewhere by the Munich men are in one way a little tricky—if that word is not too strong. They are imitations of certain effects in old paintings that have come of age. The figures that fade into dark and mysterious backgrounds are distinct copies of examples that were not painted in this fashion, but have gained their tone and mystery by time. Perhaps imitation of this kind is defensible, but any artist with a slight knowledge of the resources of his palette can accomplish it. To our mind it is an illegitimate proceeding. In some paintings the trick is openly manifest; a suspicion of it attaches to Mr. Shirlaw's "Burgomaster" and Mr. Fuller's "Romany Girl." The technical excellence of both of these paintings must impress everybody. The head of the Burgomaster is vigorous and sound; the figure of the Romany girl is unique in conception, and the whole painting is pervaded by a rich dark tone that is very captivating. But are not both painted in imitation of time-mellowed canvases so abundant in European galleries? Mr. Fuller does not affect the rough dash and elementary massing of color that some of the young artists do; he gives adequate fullness and completeness to his work, and satisfies, so far as execution goes, without reservation. But are our young men to give themselves wholly to reproducing impressions formed by studying old pictures? What have these heads of burgomasters, these portraits of ancient dames, these cavaliers and old still-life subjects, to do with life to-day, with the aspirations, sympathies, feelings, intellectual being of our people? They absolutely reflect nothing and express nothing with which we have the least concern. Artists who, like Mr. Colman, Mr. Tiffany, and Mr. Sartain, go into Egypt, to Algeria, to any far-off place, and bring back studies of the life there, give us at least reflections of living forces; they enlarge our boundary of knowledge, and reveal to us strange and interesting experiences. There is a measure of this character in the "Romany Girl," but in the "Burgomaster," in Mr. Duveneck's "Cavalier," in Mr. Chase's "Coquette," and in other similar subjects, there is nothing to concern us but execution. American art must hold a sorry place in our civilization if it is to consist solely of exhibits of technical skill, if we are to see nothing but the way

paint is laid on, and feel nothing but pleasure for dexterous handicraft. Pedantry in art is as dreary and fruitless as pedantry in literature.

Fortunately, all our painters are not of one way of thinking. Mr. Winslow Homer is wholly *en rapport* with American life. He cares nothing for schools of painting; he is utterly free from foreign influences; and, being penetrated through and through with the spirit of the present, with the things and the ideas that surround us, his work reflects them exclusively. But Mr. Homer has always seemed for the most part to be only playing on the edge of his art. In three pictures this year there are more reach and fullness of purpose than in his recent works, and they indicate unmistakably, we think, that, when the conditions all unite favorably, Mr. Homer will produce a truly great American painting. The elements are all within him; they are simply to be adequately mastered and grouped. His "Shepherdess of Houghton Farm" in the present exhibition is a charming idyl—a sort of modern Watteau—in which there is a fullness of sentiment and tenderness that he has not been accustomed to exhibit. The landscape is treated, moreover, in a manner that has a most delicate and subtle relation to the sentiment of the story. "Upland Cotton," being almost without perspective, and painted nearly flat, must be recognized by the spectator as purely a decorative picture if he is to understand it. It represents two negro women in a field gathering cotton. Nothing could be more delicate and perfect than the painting of the cotton-pods in this picture—nothing more truly expressive within the design of the artist than the whole composition, which is brilliant and unique, and, viewed with a knowledge of the limitations of its purpose, is excellent. Of "Sundown," Mr. Homer's third picture, one can not speak with confidence. It is a seashore scene, with sky and sea bathed in deep indigo—a study of effect of light that may be true, but which seems to us an excessive exaggeration. Nor do we like the composition. The surf is a rigid wall with breaks that look like land-slides. The girl on the sand looks out of the picture, and holds up a shell as if it were a mirror to reflect the visages of the spectators. But it is original in thought, and, taken with Mr. Homer's other subjects, is valuable as indicative of the many resources of expression which he possesses. Let us hope that this painter, so completely a product of the soil, so interpenetrated with the genius of our life, will gird up his loins for a painting that shall assert the fullness of his powers, and the possibilities of a national theme.

One of the most striking pictures in the collec-

tion is Mr. McEntee's "Clouds," which represents simply a stretch of brown moorland with great billowy masses of cloud and mist sweeping over it. It is admirably painted. Mr. Arthur Quartley has nothing so imposing as last year, but it is evident that he is at the head of our marine painters. A small subject, the title of which we do not recall, is full of exquisite light and color; it is soft and mellow to the point of idyllic beauty. Mr. Sanford Gifford's "Seashore" is also an exquisite bit of color, being an example of the tender and melting yellow mists which he delights to bathe his distances in. Mr. Tiffany's "Harvesting" is another picture noticeable for its beauty of tone and sweetness of sentiment. The Smillie brothers have each a very fresh and strong landscape, which indicate their escape from somewhat timid theorizing, and the influence of recent discussion. But our space is exhausted, and we must forbear, although there are many other pictures we would like to mention. There are probably a hundred paintings out of the six hundred on exhibition that have noteworthy qualities, which, as exhibitions go, is a large proportion. But while these hundred please, none of them are absolutely great; a few have national character, but none of them exert absolute power over the sympathies of the people. Too many of them are simply anachronisms; others are narrowed by the petty and pedantic notions of the studios; and hence, amid many expressions of mere beauty, there is very little if anything in the exhibition that stirs the heart, takes possession of the imagination, or which can be permanently installed in the affections.

THE SUCCESS OF "PINAFORE."

WHAT is this "H. M. S. Pinafore" which, to reverse the sentiment of a well-known line, has enriched the gayety of the world? A burlesque that elicits from the grave "Quarterly Review" praise for "its genial humor and gay melody," which prompts the Easy-Chair to a graceful essay upon its captivating nonsense, which induces another of our magazines to descant upon its fitness for parlor representation, which has furnished the wits with a new, universally quotable joke, and amateurs with new airs, which has taken possession of half our theatres and supplied jaded society with a new sensation—a burlesque that can do all this must assuredly, one would say, possess distinctive characteristics and eminent qualities. Yet it is difficult to say what these characteristics and qualities are, as "H. M. S. Pinafore" does not possess one of the features that

have so repeatedly been declared indispensable for successful burlesque. It does not make a display of pretty women, nor give questionable dances, nor exhibit fine scenery or costly dresses, nor in any way appeal to the senses either in its story, its pictures, its situations, or its humor. It is as pure a piece of fun as was ever offered to the public—pure not only by virtue of its freedom from everything like salacious suggestion, but pure artistically because of the entire absence of vulgar extravagance, farcical incidents, and coarse humor. It has none of those rich and unctuous personations that hitherto have marked the burlesque, and because of which people have condemned much in them that was questionable both in taste and morals. It has but two or three laughable situations, and its witticisms can be counted on the fingers. Without unctuous acting, broad fun, rattling jokes, or the fascinations of female beauty, what then is the cause of its remarkable popularity? In the language of the "Quarterly Review," it is genial and gay, but have geniality and gayety alone ever so won the suffrages of theatre-goers? All comedy is largely genial and gay, and the burlesques of the popular Thompson troupe were eminently so, the success of which was supposed to be due mainly to the lavish display of female charms. The Easy-Chair calls the "Pinafore" a "prolonged, good-natured laugh set to music." This is exactly what *opéra bouffe* and all comic opera really is, for, whatever wickedness Offenbach and the rest may indulge in, their mirth is not ill-natured.

Now, we have not meant to imply by our questions and comments that we have at hand a solution of the problem, but rather to indicate that problems of this kind are not easily solved, and that all the theories so easily formed in matters of this nature are commonly fallacious. We are told, for instance, at one time that people want to go to the theatre solely to laugh, forgetting the success of Salvini and Booth in tragedy; on other occasions we are assured that only coarse comedy suits the palate of the public, overlooking such successes as Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Sothorn's Dundreary, and the annual revivals of old comedy at Wallack's; at other periods desponding critics are convinced that theatrical taste has degenerated into a passion for "Black Crook" glitter and upholstery comedies, oblivious of the facts to the contrary that exist on every side. In truth, the public are many-sided and like varied dishes; and then there are many different publics, so that all off-hand generalizations are apt to be misleading. It can be safely asserted, we think, that whatever is thoroughly good and fresh of its kind

will succeed—that the public, having no theories and indulging in no foregone conclusions, will run after whatever amuses them—which may be a bit of good broad comedy or good delicate comedy, or a piece of roaring fun, or something of pleasing sentiment, or an example of stirring and even stormy tragedy—but in each case it must be good in its way. The burlesque of "Pinafore" has really very delightful music; there is an artistic unity in all its parts; it is bright, light, gay; the comedy of the situations is amusing, the music tingles, and as a result the sensations are pleasurable. We get at the philosophy of its success by not attempting to be too philosophical, by believing that successes of broad burlesque may have often been in despite rather than because of objectionable features, and by recognizing that there are a good many chords in human nature, one of which a bright piece of musical comedy is sure to act upon. But do not let all our dramatic writers conclude that musical burlesques are to be exclusively the fashion. It will be just as unwise for them to tie themselves up in a new dogma like this as it has been unwise hitherto to bow down before the traditions of the theatre. There is but one tradition and one dogma that is—both being the same—binding, which is that a drama must be completely good in its way, a principle illustrated by a French saying in regard to literary composition—"There is but one bad style, and that is a dull style."

THE DISCIPLINE OF EDUCATION.

A GREAT deal that is said about the importance of classical education as a discipline of the mind largely disregards the operation of ordinary duties in this direction. We can imagine that a young nobleman so situated as to be above or beyond those compulsory circumstances that force the average man to exertion, would without the discipline of a college education fall into very loose and idle mental habits. College training is with him the only thing that will teach him to govern his desires, to concentrate his attention, and to bring his mind under the control of his will. Without the obligations and stimulus of college life he would be likely to develop into a very slothful and self-indulgent maturity, with little command over his faculties and little inclination to exercise them. It is this fact, we apprehend, that lies at the root of nearly all the utterances that we hear upon the subject—utterances that are for the most part traditional, that are borrowed from the higher ranks of English life, and which are derived

from observations purely special and local in their character. They apply with equal force to a small proportion of our own people, it being evident that young men of wealth would sink into marked inferiority if educational discipline did not extend well into their manhood. But we are convinced that the requirements of the schools, the mental training which comes of a study of the ancient languages and the higher mathematics, are far from being so completely disciplinary as the ordinary experiences of the professions and the trades. The lawyer in his practice soon gains the power of concentration, and is fairly compelled to bring his mind under the control of his will, his discipline being more thorough, more exacting, more sustained, than any that can be invented by college systems. The daily experience of the physician is likewise efficient in bringing all the functions of the mind into subordination and under control. It is only by sustained effort and severe concentration that the man of letters can succeed; the painter and the poet are helpless if their intellectual powers are not fully at their command. It will be said here that the exact purpose of college discipline is to prepare men for these exacting duties. But in our observation training at college bears so small a proportion to that which comes with the competitions of life that it is scarcely traceable. We have always found that men whose necessities force them to bend their energies to work are the men who hold themselves well in hand, and that other men usually have little power of appli-

cation—that is, the classification does not distinguish between educated and uneducated men, but between working and non-working men. In the list of men who have attained success or contributed notably to the world's advance, it will not be found that those who have exhibited remarkable mental power and intellectual self-command are specially on the side of the university class. Three of the most conspicuous men in English philosophy and science—Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall—have developed their remarkable powers from the impulses of their natural gifts and not by the aid of college discipline or classical guiding. Perhaps their labors would have been easier under a thorough preparatory course—this is not easy to gainsay—but the fact remains that in the pursuit of their several ends they have brought their mental forces under complete and perfect control. Necessity is the great master, and it operates on all classes of society—it gives the power of concentration to the lawyer, teaches the physician to be self-contained and studious, gives efficiency to the pen of the writer, drills the book-keeper and the clerk, and trains the hand of the artisan. It is an ever-present and most exacting schoolmaster; and, as with an immense majority of people this schoolmaster begins his lessons in youth by means of the struggles and burdens of life, and continues them without relaxation to the end, the discipline within certain limits is complete—the self-control being general but the proficiency lying in each case solely along the line of experience.

Books of the Day.

THE firmness with which the burly figure of the German Chancellor has taken hold upon the imagination of his contemporaries has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than by the sensation produced in at least three of the leading countries of the world by the publication of Dr. Busch's "*Bismarck in the Franco-German War.*"* The book itself, from a purely literary point of view, is far inferior to its reputation. It is dull, as a whole; it is at least three times too long, its bulk being filled out with a truly German audacity by the insertion of scores of the author's thrice-stale articles in ten-year-old newspapers; and what is good in it is ill arranged, ill told, and lamentably lacking in artistic propor-

tion and deftness of workmanship. Its importance lies in no qualities which could secure it a permanent place in literature as literature, but in the intrinsic and vital interest of the personality and events with which it deals.

Nor is the author, as he unconsciously reveals himself, any more satisfactory than his book. He has been compared to Boswell, and not without plausibility; but such resemblance as there is between them is to Boswell as portrayed by Macaulay, and not to Boswell as interpreted by Carlyle. Nearly every one of the scathing epithets applied by Macaulay to Boswell would fit Dr. Busch with at least equal precision. He is a parasite, a flunkey, a canting Philistine, a mere echo of the sentiments and prejudices of those around him, a convenient because perfectly unscrupulous instrument for performing the dirty work of diplomacy, a *gourmand* appar-

* *Bismarck in the Franco-German War.* 1870-1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 364, 347.

ently without being a *bon-vivant*, a man "whose god," in the old homely phrase, "is in his belly." He is perpetually writing or talking of eating and drinking, and no remark on these fascinating topics escapes the alert vigilance of his recording pen. If his picture is to be accepted as accurate, the Bismarckian *milieu*, so to call it, must be beefy and beery and port-winy and tobacco-smoky to a degree scarcely conceivable by those to whom the pleasures of the palate are not the chief reason for existence. Everything done or proposed to be done is preceded, accompanied, and followed by eating or drinking; and Bismarck narrates of himself the most startling achievements in both lines. These are specimen entries: "He [Bismarck] remarked on a subject to which he often recurred: 'If I am to work well I must be well fed. I can make no proper peace if they don't give me proper food and drink. That is part of my pay.' . . . 'In our family,' he said at another time, 'we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the state could not exist. I should emigrate.'" His sole reminiscence of a dinner with Moltke and the leading generals of the invasion is that he had tasted a new and extraordinary kind of drink, "a sort of punch made with champagne, hot tea, and sherry; which, if I heard rightly, was an invention of the great general." All this is, no doubt, in the case of Bismarck, partly humorous exaggeration and partly frank recognition of the real needs of a robust and vigorous constitution upon which enormous drafts are constantly being made in the shape of exhausting work; but with Dr. Busch it is evidently the serious confession of a faith for which men might willingly live if not heroically die. Here is an illustration of his view of the matter: "Diplomatists proverbially keep a good table, and, I am told, come next to prelates. It is part of their daily business to entertain distinguished guests, who, for some reason or other, have to be put into a good humor by the contents of a well-stocked cellar and the efforts of a skillful cook. Count von Bismarck therefore kept a good table, which, when circumstances permitted, rose to the rank of a very good table. This was the case, for instance, at Rheims, Meaux, Ferrières, and Versailles, *where the genius of the artist who wore the livery of the household prepared breakfasts and dinners for us, to which persons accustomed to simple fare did justice, feeling almost as if they were sitting in Abraham's bosom, especially when, besides the other good gifts of God, champagne was not wanting in the list of drinkables.*" The italicized sentence, it will be observed, of course, has the genuine Boswellian naïveté.

Of another numerous class of entries similar in theme but somewhat different in character, the following are good specimens: "There was no stranger at table to-day. The Chief was in excellent humor, but the conversation had no special significance. I may, however, indicate what I remember of it. Who knows to whom it may be agreeable? First, the Minister [Bismarck] said, smiling, and looking at the *menu* lying before him: 'There is always a

dish too much. I had already decided to ruin my stomach with goose and olives, and here is Reinfeld ham, of which I can not help taking too much, merely because I want to get my own share'—he had not been to breakfast. 'And here is Varzin wild boar, too.'" Four pages further along we read: "To-day's *menu* may be given as a proof that our table was excellently supplied at Versailles. It included onion soup (with port wine), a haunch of wild boar (with Tivoli beer), Irish stew, roast turkey, chestnuts (with champagne and red wine, according to choice), and a dessert of excellent Caville apples and magnificent pears." One dish in particular, which never fails to arouse the Doctor's most ecstatic emotions, or to be duly recorded in his diary, is pheasants and sauerkraut boiled in champagne.

Tiresome as all this guzzling and eating finally becomes, it is yet not the most disagreeable feature of the book. That preëminence may be assigned to Dr. Busch's private and special dialect of the Pecksniffian cant which seems to have pervaded the entire German headquarters, and which used to give a touch of *grotesquerie* to King William's telegrams from the seat of war. Those telegrams, it will be remembered, were wont to read something in this wise: "We fought a great battle to-day, and, *with the help of God*, killed four thousand Frenchmen, wounded eight thousand more, and burned two villages." A Boswell or a Busch is sure to turn such a perilous habit into burlesque—if, indeed, it is not burlesque already—and here is one instance of the naïve manner in which the latter does it: "After dinner, at which we always smoke, the Minister gives us each a big, full-flavored, first-rate cigar, saying, 'Pass the bottle.' His grateful countrymen have recently been particularly mindful to supply him with cigars, and on his sideboard stands box upon box of weeds, so that, *God be praised*, he has enough of what he likes in that way." What accentuates the offensiveness of this sort of talk—or the humor of it, if one chooses to look at it in that way—is that, if ever a group of men was brought together less likely than those of the German headquarters to possess a keen sense of God's approval or disapproval, then Dr. Busch and the rest of the world have done them a grievous injustice. The whole tone of the book would give an aspect of deliberate cant to such phrases, no matter how earnestly and honestly they might be felt; the Bismarckian atmosphere is certainly unpropitious to the growth of any such sentiments.

After all, however, the most persistent feeling awakened by a perusal of the book will be one of curiosity as to the motive of Prince Bismarck in allowing its publication—for, of course, it could not have been published without his consent. No one probably is better aware than the Prince that the portrait of him as photographed by Dr. Busch is a far from pleasing one, and that the cynical frankness with which he speaks of persons and things will arouse against him keener enmity than anything else he has ever done. "Contempt," says the Eastern proverb, "will penetrate through the shell of the

tortoise"; and Prince Bismarck evidently feels the supremest contempt for the rest of mankind, collectively and individually. All the kindly feeling for him aroused by the publication of his really charming letters to his wife and sister will be repelled by Dr. Busch's report of his table-talk and official bearing; and the world will again revert to its old conception of him as a man of "blood and iron"—as an incarnation of conscious, dominating brute force. The question recurs, therefore, What was his motive in allowing the book to be published? Nothing is made clearer by Dr. Busch than that "the Chief" never does anything, or allows anything to be done, in which he is concerned, without deliberate intention; and we think at least an approximation to his motive can be found in the following neat little story which he tells of himself: "The time that I concluded the treaty of Gastein with Blome . . . was the last time in my life that I played piquet, though I had given up play a long while before. I played so recklessly that the rest could not help wondering at me, but I knew quite well what I wanted. Blome had heard that piquet afforded the best possible opportunity for discovering a man's real nature, and he wanted to try it on with me. I thought to myself, 'You shall have your chance.' I lost a couple of hundred thalers, which I would have been honestly entitled to have charged as spent in the service of his Majesty. I put him all wrong; he considered me a reckless fellow, and gave way." It is just possible that the Chancellor is now playing this effective little game upon a wider theatre and for more far-reaching objects. For reasons of his own, he apparently desires to be regarded by the world not as the genial and affectionate husband and brother, but as a cold, hard, ruthless, and remorseless man of affairs. And certainly, whether designed or not, nothing could be better adapted to convey such an impression of him than Dr. Busch's revelations of his habitual mood during the Franco-German war. Even the ruin and bloodshed of that disastrous conflict were not sufficiently ruthless and copious for him; and he was constantly fretting because more villages were not burned, and especially because so many prisoners were taken. "About eleven," records Dr. Busch on November 29, 1870, "a telegram came in from Verdun about the sortie this morning. It was directed against La Haye, and about five hundred red-breeches were taken prisoners. The Chief complained bitterly that they would go on taking prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once. 'We had more than enough prisoners,' he said, 'already, and the Parisians were relieved of so many "consumers" whom we should have to feed, and for whom we had no room.'" This is the keynote and burden of almost constant complaints of the same sort. Other subjects that fretted him were the delays in the bombardment of Paris, and the lack of "thoroughness" on the part of the military in collecting taxes in the conquered districts. "'If we can not provide every place within our circle with garrisons, we can send a flying column from time to time to such places as prove troublesome, and shoot,

hang, and burn. If that is done twice they will soon listen to reason.' Winter thought that the mere appearance of the party to do execution in such places would produce the desired effect. 'I don't know,' said the Chief, 'a moderate amount of hanging does much better; and if a few shells are thrown in, and a few houses burned. That reminds me of the Bavarians, who asked the Prussian artillery officer: "What think you, comrade, are we to burn this village to the ground, or only wreck it *in moderation*?" I don't know what the answer was.'" That is his way of dealing with soldiers and civil communities; here is his equally "thorough" way of dealing with an individual: "The Count [Bismarck's cousin] told us that a woman had come to the Chancellor at Commercy to complain that her husband had been put in prison for having struck a hussar in the back with his spade. The Chancellor looked pleasant, heard her story out, and when she had done, said to her in the kindest tone, 'My good woman, you may take my word for it, that your husband'—and he drew his fingers around his throat—'will be hanged at once.'" On another occasion, when a lady had come to him from a remote province to petition for the life of her husband who had been condemned for complicity with the *Francs-Tireurs*, he refused to see her, and sent off a note at once, urging the military authorities to "let justice take its course."

Such is Dr. Busch's portrait of Bismarck. It is not to be denied, of course, that there is a much kindlier side to his character—for one thing, "the Chief" is very affable and considerate toward his subordinates—but the traits recorded above, and others like them, are what catch the reader's attention, and linger in his mind.

Having spoken at the beginning of our notice of the artistic defects of Dr. Busch's work, we will direct attention, in closing, to one thing which his very defects enable him to do well, as Macaulay would say. Here is his "after the battle" picture of the battle-field of Mars-la-Tour:

I walked to the battle-field through a narrow path on the left side of the road, where, in a ditch, a man's leg, which had been cut off, lay under a mass of bloody rags. About four hundred paces from the village I came to two ditches about three hundred feet long, running parallel to each other, neither wide nor deep, which men were still digging, and near them great heaps of dead bodies, French and German, huddled together. Some were half dressed, most of them still in uniform, all blackened and frightfully swollen from the heat. There must have been two hundred and fifty bodies, which had been brought together here, and carts were still arriving with more. Many others had, no doubt, been buried. Farther on toward Metz the battle-field sloped upward a little, and here more seem to have fallen than elsewhere. The ground was strewn with French caps, German helmets, knapsacks, arms and uniforms, linen, shoes, and papers, all strewn about. Among the furrows of the potato-field lay some single bodies, some on their faces, some on their backs; one had lost the whole of his left leg, to a span above the knee; another, half his head; some had the right arm stretched stiff toward the sky.

Here and there we came upon a single grave marked by a little cross made of the wood of a cigar-box, and tied together with string, or by the bayonet from a Chassepot. The odor from the dead bodies was most perceptible, and at times, when the wind blew from the direction of a heap of horses, quite unbearable. It was quite time to go back to the carriage, and I had had quite enough of this picture of the battle-field. I took another road, but here, too, I had to pass heaps of the dead; this time, "red-breeches" only, heaps of discarded clothing, shirts, shoes, papers, and letters; prayer-books and books of devotion. Near some dead bodies lay whole packets of letters which the poor fellows had carried with them in their knapsacks.

The grim realism and perfect truth of that picture are due chiefly to the very lack of imagination which is so conspicuous a defect in other portions of the book.

IN so far as Mr. Hamerton's "Life of Turner" * is a biography, it is, we think, a comparative failure. It is a failure, too, not merely because of the scarcity of authentic material for such a life—Mr. Hamerton has avowedly not used all the material collected by previous biographers, and his narrative is much more meager in detail than Mr. Thornbury's—nor because, as some have complained, he has failed to make original investigations in illustration of his subject. No mere aggregation of material, however extensive or fresh, suffices to constitute a good biography; and in so far as the "Life of Turner" is a failure, it is so because, as we said in our notice of "Modern Frenchmen," Mr. Hamerton's *forte* is not biography. Wherever calm judgment, lucid analysis, quick emotional sensibility, and picturesque description will suffice, Mr. Hamerton leaves nothing to be desired, and he is in a preëminent degree what he himself calls "an artist in words"; but good biography implies a faculty very nearly akin to the dramatic, and this Mr. Hamerton has as yet shown no symptoms of possessing. In the present work, Turner is written about from many points of view, and always instructively, but we get no lifelike representation of the *man*. On the contrary, such dim conception of him as the reader may have obtained from Mr. Thornbury's otherwise far inferior work, will be apt to be confused rather than vivified by a careful perusal of Mr. Hamerton's.

To say this, however, is by no means equivalent to saying that the book as a whole is a failure; in fact, this scarcely touches at all the essential qualities of the work. To write a biography of Turner was quite evidently a secondary object with Mr. Hamerton, his real aim being to expound a theory the recognition and acceptance of which he considers necessary to any right thinking on matters of art—namely, the fundamental and radical distinction between Art and Nature. The common idea implied, even where it is not consciously avowed, is that

Art is the imitation of Nature; but Mr. Hamerton holds that not only is Art *not* the imitation of Nature, but that it becomes Art only by not being imitation; and, further, that the practice of all great artists, and especially of Turner, who is "the most poetic of painters," is based upon a recognition of this distinction. This theory is so important, and moreover so interesting, that it will be worth while to explain and illustrate it at some length—particularly as it really constitutes the *raison d'être* of Mr. Hamerton's book. The opening paragraph of the preface is as follows:

I have been the more willing to write a biography of Turner that it is impossible to study him without encountering the greatest of all problems in art criticism, the relation of art to nature. Of all landscape painters he is at once the most comprehensive in his study of nature and the most independent of nature, the most observant of truth and also, in a certain sense, the most untrue. This double life of Turner, as observer and artist, compels us to distinguish between art and mere observation from the very beginning, under peril of falling into snares which the subject itself has laid for us. We must understand that art and nature are not the same world, but two worlds which only *resemble* each other, and have many things in common. Turner, with the instinct of genius, understood this from the first. . . . With all his study of objects and effects, he was never a naturalist. The real motive of every one of his compositions is to realize some purely artistic conception, not to copy what he saw.

The radical distinction between art and the imitation of nature is thus defined by Mr. Hamerton:

The essentially artistic elements of a picture may be comprised under the two heads of feeling and composition, neither of which is to be found in external nature, though it suggests both to the human spirit. Composition includes all color arrangement, all combinations of light and shade, all groupings and contrasts of selected and modified forms. Feeling, in art, expresses itself *always* by the alteration of nature, by exaggerating and diminishing, by selecting and rejecting, by emphasis and accent. The art of a man of genius like Turner has much more in common with music than with photography. Even the enemies of painting, those who are hostile to it because they can not understand it, do at least understand so much of it as this, that it is intensely artificial, that it is not nature.—(Page vi.)

And here is the reason why a picture which really copies or imitates nature can never convey such an impression to us as we would get from the actual scene itself:

Our more conscientious artists . . . alter nature in order to make their work look pictorial, but they do not, as a general rule, abandon the endeavor to render local character to the best of their ability. There are great differences in their success, and differences in the license they allow themselves; but the general feeling among artists is that when a picture is called by the name of a place it ought to bear some resemblance to that place. One or two of the most earnest young English artists have gone further than this, and attempted genuine portraiture, trying to draw things really and truly as they are. They met with an unforeseen difficulty in the constitution of the human mind. *All men when they are struck*

* The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Nine Illustrations, etched by A. Brunet-Debaines. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 404.

by anything in nature exaggerate it. I mean that they see the real thing in nature bigger and more important than it really is. The consequence of this is, that a representation of the thing which only gives the true importance of it relatively to other objects is at once rejected as inadequate. There is a wide distinction between the really apparent size of objects and the size which we imagine them to appear. The first can be measured scientifically at any time with the utmost accuracy, and precisely stated in terms of degrees and minutes, just as we can measure the exact inclination of a mountain-slope; the second is purely a mental impression.—(Page 78.)

We may add that the researches of Mr. J. Norman Lockyer into what he calls the "optical vagaries of artists and the art-loving public" afford a curious confirmation of this. He found that in the landscape pictures in the National Gallery the average height of the mountains is thirty miles, while in those which have been particularly admired for "sublimity" the height is generally over one hundred miles!

The extent to which Turner repudiated accuracy of *form*, and even that *resemblance* which may fairly be expected to subsist between a locality and the pictorial representation which bears its name, is exemplified many times over by Mr. Hamerton, and with much minuteness of detail in the comparison of "Kilchurn Castle" with the scenery which it purports to depict. This comparison is too long to quote, but it shows that Turner deviated from reality in every detail of his work: changing the position of the river relative to the castle, painting the castle in such a way as to show that he "utterly despises the most important features of the building," altering entirely the shape and position of the principal mountain and inserting others that have no existence, and in fact changing the entire face of the country. And such was his habitual method even in his professedly topographical pictures—that is, pictures named after particular and sometimes well-known localities. After his first visit to the Continent in 1802 he painted a picture called "The Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Macon," which, as Mr. Hamerton says, is "a beautiful fancy with much southern poetry in it," but which "is *not* Macon."

At the same time [continues Mr. Hamerton] we are not to forget that excursions such as this Continental journey had their real utility for Turner, but a strange kind of utility. They gave materials for new dreaming. The picture of the Macon vintage is unlike the reality, and yet in some strange, unaccountable way was suggested by the reality. So with the mountains. It is probable that Turner never painted a portrait of any mountain whatever; . . . and yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that his traveling was of no use to him, that he learned nothing from the mountains in Argyleshire or Savoy. On the contrary, where another artist would have spent his time in the unintelligent copyism of particular facts, such as the shape of this or that rocky pinnacle or buttress (a shape which would be altered past recognition by walking a mile in either direction), Turner was imbuing his mind with those great laws of structure which govern every hill of one class and every mountain of another. All that this

proves is that his mind acted as the most elevated minds generally do act. The small mind learns painfully the particular fact, and feels lost if the memory fails to retain it; the large mind notes the fact, but at once passes beyond to the principle, and after that holds the fact with a somewhat loose and careless grasp. Emerson says that in youth we remember painfully the very words of some great man whom we admire; but that when our minds have grown larger we become indifferent to this kind of accuracy, being ourselves capable of thinking the thoughts over again in our own way. This was Turner's habit with regard to nature. He did not care to remember so as to quote nature word for word, but he put himself as nearly as possible in harmony with nature, so that he might be able at any time to create natural beauty over again in his own way. This is the sort of relation, and the only sort, which subsisted between the great natural universe and the little Turnerian one. From the date of his election as Academician, Turner fed himself at the everlasting and inexhaustible banquet of natural beauty, but only as an original poet may freely pasture his mind on the literature of other ages. In this free spirit he traveled, never resting long in one place, and never, or hardly ever, doing more than sketch with the pencil-point, altering everything that he sketched. On his return to London, after every such excursion, it is doubtful whether he ever possessed one accurate study the more, and it can not be proved that he had any accurate recollection of a single scene that he had passed through. The real gain to him was of a different order. After a sea-voyage he had the marine element in his mind; after wandering through Alpine valleys he came back with an Alpine education, knowing how a snowy crest shines in the sunset, how a glacier creeps down a valley, and a waterfall leaps from a cliff.—(Page 94.)

The foregoing citations indicate Turner's treatment of *form*, the following one analyzes his management of *color*:

If the reader will imagine Turner as a supremely clever executant in water-color, who played with his orange and purple, his red and green, his washes of cool gray to refresh the eye, and his touches of burning scarlet to excite it, just as a musical composer will combine the effects of the various instruments in an orchestra, he will, I sincerely believe, not be very far from a just appreciation of his work. I will go even a little further and venture upon the assertion that it is only the minor colorists who are quiet-minded enough, or humble enough, for fidelity. All the splendid colorists, the men who dazzle and astonish and win great reputations for their color-power, are utterly audacious in their manner of dealing with the truth of nature. They go beyond it to play their own mighty music. We all know the Rubens color, with its regular set scale of tints, so admirably and truly analyzed by Fromentin. Turner was more various, but not less personal, and if I were asked whether his color [in the "Rivers of France"] reminded me of France, I should answer, "No, not of France, but of Turner." And if the inquirer pushed his examination so far as to ask whether the Turnerian color seemed to me a compensation for the coloring of nature, I should answer that the two appeal to different sentiments, that Turner's work is a display, an exhibition of power and dexterity, calling for admiration, whereas the comparatively humble artists who touch our hearts by reminding us of the scenes and effects we thoroughly and intimately know, make little display, and are seldom extolled

for genius, but find their way to our affection. . . . This free way of playing with chromatic elements is the true sign of a great color-faculty, and the only way to produce splendid results, but, though originally suggested by nature, it leaves nature out in the cold.—(Page 254.)

We have expounded Mr. Hamerton's theory—or rather have allowed him to expound it—at considerable length, but the subject is a highly important one, and its presentation is certainly very interesting and suggestive. Moreover, we have thus conveyed more clearly than it could have been conveyed in any other way an idea of the essential character of the book, which belongs upon the shelf with "Thoughts about Art" rather than with "Modern Frenchmen."

THE restless activity of travelers during the last fifty years has left so few of those fascinating "unexplored regions" of the earth's surface, that it would be difficult to find a country and a people at once so interesting and so little known as those found by the Lady Anne Blunt in the heart of Mesopotamia, and which she describes in "The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates."* In company with her husband she made the journey by a rarely traveled route from the port of Scanderoon to Aleppo and from Aleppo by the Euphrates Valley to Bagdad, after which, leaving the regular caravan-routes, and plunging into the Desert, without guides or escort, they ascended the Tigris for nearly two hundred miles, traversing a hitherto unexplored region, and visiting those great nomadic tribes of the Bedouins—the Anazeh and the Independent Shammar—which, it is believed, had never before been visited by a European. The visits, moreover, were made under what proved to be, notwithstanding the risk, peculiarly advantageous conditions. "Circumstances obliged us," says the author, "to go without escort, interpreters, or, for the most part, guides, a position which, as it turned out, more than anything else predisposed those we came to see in our favor. There was no real danger in this, or real difficulty, but it was unusual; and the Bedouins fully appreciated the confidence shown in them. They became our friends. The Desert, last winter, like the rest of the world, was in confusion; and we were fortunate enough to be witnesses of a crisis in politics there, and of some episodes of a war. In these we could not help being interested; and the sympathy we felt in their troubles reacted on our new friends, and invited confidences which would hardly else have been made to strangers. We thus acquired, in a few weeks, more real knowledge of the Desert and its inhabitants than has often been amassed in as many years spent in the frontier towns of Syria."

For these reasons the book has at least the attraction of novelty, and it undoubtedly contains some

facts which will prove of value to geographers, but as described by the author it would be difficult to imagine a journey more utterly lacking in adventure or incident. From beginning to end there was, as the author says, no real danger or difficulty, no special variety of experience, no picturesque contrasts of life or scenery; simply a regular methodical progression from point to point, accentuated only by the little tediums, and vexations, and delays that are apt to characterize travel in any strange country. Of course such a journey could be, and in fact has often been, so narrated as to possess a far keener interest than could be attained by a mere record of hair-breadth 'scapes and daring adventures; but this implies a literary skill which Lady Blunt shows no signs of possessing. She exhibits a courage very rare in a delicately nurtured woman, and endurance still more remarkable, but she is destitute of that picturesque sense and quick observation without which the most faithful and painstaking record of experiences is sure to become dull and tedious if it extends to any considerable length. Her narrative ambles along at the drowsy pace which her camels compelled her to adopt in the actual journey, and, though sometimes apparently just on the verge of entering upon an exciting phase, as often subsides into its habitual tepid calm.

The husband of Lady Blunt, who was the companion of her journey, adds to her account of it a few chapters in which he discusses the history, geography, and physical features of the portion of Arabia traversed; summarizes what they learned about the character, habits, customs, religion, morality, and modes of life of the Bedouins; and explains their system of tribal and family government, and their relations to their nominal Turkish masters. He also adds a most instructive chapter on Arab horses and horse-breeding, which probably contains more practical and trustworthy information on this interesting subject than has ever before been brought together. Finally, in a brief postscript he discusses the proposed Euphrates Valley Railway, which is to furnish England with an unassailable overland route to India. He regards its construction as possible from the engineering point of view, though great difficulties must be overcome, but the prospect of its ever becoming a financial success he declares to be "the most chimerical of fancies."

OWING to the modest form in which it appears, Dr. Guernsey's monograph on Carlyle* will probably attract much less attention than it deserves; for it is an extremely useful and suggestive as well as a most fascinating little book. Notwithstanding the amount of self-revelation on the part of the author to be found in Carlyle's writings, there are probably very few readers who have not desired to know more

* *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By Lady Anne Blunt. Edited, with a Preface and Some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, Pp. 445.

* *Thomas Carlyle: His Life, his Books, his Theories.* By Alfred H. Guernsey. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. No. 26. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 201.

about the man himself, his personality, his antecedents, and his experiences, than could be gleaned either from these writings or from the meager details of biographical dictionaries. To the great majority of those who have heeded him at all, the strange oracular and prophetic utterances of Carlyle have been as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," so difficult has it been to connect them intelligibly with the character and personality behind them.

It is scarcely too high praise to say that to such readers Dr. Guernsey's monograph will furnish just the aid wanted—much more satisfactorily, indeed, than if it were exclusively and elaborately biographical. He has brought together every known and authenticated fact about Carlyle's parentage, early life, training, and subsequent career, including those vivid and touching autobiographical reminiscences uttered by Carlyle in conversation, and written down by Milburn, the blind preacher; but his little book is much more than an aggregation and rearrangement of these details. It offers some sound, acute, penetrating, and appreciative criticism; contains analytical summaries of the more important and characteristic of Carlyle's writings; and furnishes a real guide to the study of Carlyle, and genuine help toward an understanding of him. And there is perhaps no modern writer to the understanding of whom such help is more necessary. Like most oracles, Carlyle is very apt to need an interpreter—is, in fact, seldom perfectly intelligible without it—and a large part of the interpretation will usually consist in supplying the background of each utterance—in establishing its perspective, so to speak. Merely to know the period of Carlyle's life to which a given book or essay belongs, or the circumstances under which it was written, is oftentimes to illuminate it as efficiently as could be done by an elaborate exegesis and commentary. But Dr. Guernsey does much more than simply furnish these data. Having the entire body of Carlyle's utterances at easy command, he cites one in illustration or contravention of another, confronting the extravagant expression of one mood with the equally extravagant expression of its opposite, and thus enabling us to make the necessary deduction from both.

For mere fascination, however (for the interest excited amounts to that), the most effective part of the monograph is the copious citations or extracts from Carlyle's written or spoken utterances. These extracts occupy considerably more than half the entire volume; and it may be affirmed with confidence that an equivalent amount of space has seldom been so magnificently filled. The writings of Carlyle lend themselves with peculiar facility to this sort of detached quotation; and certainly from no other modern writer, save perhaps Macaulay, could so splendid a series of passages be culled. To those readers who are totally unacquainted with Carlyle, Dr. Guernsey's little book will convey a vivid idea not only of the man himself, but also of those qualities as a writer which have given him such a peculiar hold upon the admiration and respect of his contemporaries.

THE marked success which M. Legouvé's little treatise on "Reading as a Fine Art"* has achieved in France, where it has passed through nine editions, will give a certain interest to the translation; but any one who goes to it for practical help or specific suggestions will be apt to be disappointed. The author has directed his attention rather to proving that reading *is* a fine art than to explaining in what the art consists and how it is to be acquired, and the fact that the treatise is especially designed for use in schools is curiously significant of the difference between our own and the French standard of textbooks or books of instruction. An Englishman or American of equal eminence with M. Legouvé, and with equal mastery of his subject, would have deliberately repudiated all rhetorical aids to his exposition, and would have set himself to bringing together a set of rules, and examples, and "exercises," which should be as systematic as practical, and as minute as possible—knowing full well that almost the sole test that would be applied to his work would be whether it was sufficiently "practical" and sufficiently minute. M. Legouvé, on the contrary, aims to convince his hearers (the book consists of lectures delivered to the pupils of the High and Normal School) of the importance of his subject by showing them that it can be rendered attractive; and he embellishes his plea with anecdotes and epigrams, with specimens from the dramatic poets which he doubtless read with superb elocutionary effects, with little confidences concerning events in his own life, with reminiscences of the great actors and actresses with whom he has been brought in contact, and with bits of dialogue as neat and pungent as anything in his own comedies. We can recall but a single instance in which he makes a suggestion which can be called really practical, and even that seems designed rather to pique attention than to invite practice. Yet the book is well worth reading, even by those of a "practical" turn of mind; for M. Legouvé exhibits in it the true Frenchman's art of rendering his subject pleasing, and of presenting it in novel, graceful, and suggestive aspects.

... Under the title of "Gleanings of Past Years" Mr. Gladstone has brought together the more important of the addresses, essays, and contributions to periodicals with which he has amused his leisure during the past forty-five years. Essays of a controversial character, whether in politics or religion, and classical essays, are not included in the collection; but enough remain, after omitting these two classes of productions, to fill six closely printed but neat and handy volumes, of which two are already published.† The first volume is entitled "The Throne and the

* Reading as a Fine Art. By Ernest Legouvé, of the Académie Française. Translated from the Ninth Edition by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 18mo, pp. 97.

† Gleanings of Past Years. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Vol. I. The Throne and the Prince Consort; the Cabinet and the Constitution. Vol. II. Personal and Literary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Square 16mo, pp. 248, 363.

Prince Consort ; the Cabinet and the Constitution," and contains an address on the death of the Prince Consort, delivered at Manchester shortly after that event ; reviews (reproduced from the "Quarterly Review") of the successive volumes of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" ; three articles on the County Franchise and its relation to political reform in England ; and the much-discussed article on "Kin beyond Sea" contributed to a recent number of "The North American Review." The second volume is assigned to subjects classed as "Personal and Literary," and contains essays, partly biographical and partly critical, on Blanco White, Giacomo Leopardi, Tennyson, Wedgwood, Bishop Pattenon, Macaulay, and Dr. Norman Macleod. The earliest of these essays is dated 1845 and the latest 1878, and they illustrate a long career of literary activity carried on side by side with the most exacting and exhausting public labors. Each essay is reprinted substantially in its original form, any changes of opinion on the part of the author being recorded in the form of notes ; so that the collection as a whole will furnish the most authentic possible material for the study of the character and development of Mr. Gladstone's mind.

. . . . In the preface to his "English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready" * Mr. Henry Barton Baker describes his work as "a chronological history of actors and acting from Shakespeare to Macready." It is in reality much less than this, scarcely half the actors of the period named being treated of ; while of acting, save as illustrated by the careers of individual actors, hardly anything is said. What it really comprises is a series of detached sketches of the most famous actors and actresses whose names have illuminated the annals of the British stage ; and these sketches, taken together, will furnish the reader with valuable aid toward vivifying and realizing the more prominent figures that will be brought before him in any fairly complete historical account of the stage. The sketches are written with considerable skill and dramatic effect, are eminently pleasant reading, and bring together many of the best anecdotes and descriptive passages of previous analysts. "It is said," remarks the author, "that the actor's genius dies with him, and becomes merely a tradition to succeeding generations ; and there is too much truth in the saying. Yet it is still possible, from the vivid word-paintings bequeathed to us by contemporaries, to clearly picture many of the famous performances of the past. Such paintings have been assiduously collected, in order to place before the reader a distinct idea of the various schools of acting, from the rise to that comparative extinction of the player's art which has taken place during the present generation."

. . . . A scheme which could hardly fail to prove useful if executed with even moderate ability is that

undertaken by Professor David J. Hill, of Lewisburg University, in his series of "American Authors,"* of which the volume on Bryant has been sent us. This volume is presumably a fair specimen of the series, and shows with some definiteness what will be its character. It is a fairly comprehensive compendium of the leading facts and events in Bryant's life, put together with some skill, and illustrated by citations from his published writings in prose and poetry. Little is attempted in the way of exegesis or criticism, and what little there is does not make us regret that this was not made a more prominent feature. The author's critical faculty seems to be conveniently subordinate to his appetite for practical details, and, while his book tells the reader a good deal that is interesting about Bryant's personality and mode of life, it will afford him but little help toward an understanding or appreciation of Bryant's work and place in literature.

. . . . The old aphorism which affirms that there is no royal road to knowledge is in a fair way of being disproved, in the case of science at least, by the publication of such works as Miss Buckley's "Fairy-Land of Science,"† which certainly demonstrates beyond cavil that learning's tree is not necessarily "woful." The little book consists of ten lectures that were recently delivered with cordial acceptance before a mixed audience of children and their parents, and which the author has taken the trouble to rewrite in order to eliminate those defects which are so easily compensated by gesture and experiment in *viva-voce* delivery. Miss Buckley is already favorably known by her excellent "Short History of Natural Science" ; and the special merits which were conspicuous in that—clearness of thought, appositeness and fertility of illustration, and grace of style—are even more happily displayed in the present work, where precisely these qualities are indispensable. We have never read an exposition of the elementary principles of science which seemed to us so likely to please children while imparting very valuable instruction ; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Miss Buckley has made the fairy-land of science quite as fascinating as that other fairy-land in which so many generations of children have delighted to wander. We can even conceive of children finding it even more fascinating ; for, while it furries the indispensable stimulus to the imagination, its illustrative experiments gratify that love of striking and somewhat marvelous achievements which is generally one of the strongest of their appetites. The volume is amply and very beautifully illustrated, and contains plain directions for a number of simple experiments which almost any one can perform.

* American Authors. William Cullen Bryant. By David J. Hill. With Portrait on Steel. New York : Sheldon & Co. 18mo, pp. 240.

† The Fairy-Land of Science. By Arabella B. Buckley. Illustrated. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 244.

* English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready. By Henry Barton Baker. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Two volumes. 16mo, pp. 308, 312.

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THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

SECOND PAPER.—THE APPEAL TO HISTORY.

It is not a personal concern, it is a discovery which belongs not to a nation, and not to a people. . . . So that the truth, which is neither yours nor mine, but yours *and* mine, be known, who loses anything that does not find it?—DELIA BACON.

A PAPER, of the title given at the head of this page, printed in "Appletons' Journal" for February, 1879, took the liberty of doubting whether—as matter of record—one William Shakespeare, of Stratford town, in England, sometime part proprietor of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres in London, could have very well been himself and the author of what are known popularly to-day as "the plays of Shakespeare," although there seemed to be ground for supposing that he might have cast them into something of the acting form they possess as preserved to us. It is only candid toward that paper to observe that—far from any dogmatism—it essayed TO DISCUSS, and attempted no argument, except such as seemed to show that the presumption to the contrary of that statement was founded on accident and lapse of time merely, and was without value in fact; contenting itself with demonstrating that, once this presumption was lifted, all the evidence procurable as to the life and times of the actual William Shakespeare was actually evidence cumulative to the truth of the proposition as to the record.

Certain considerations and matters, by way of rejoinder, however, which are stereotype and safe to come to the surface whenever these waters are troubled, have not failed to be called for in due course, by the publication of that paper. But they need only to be wiped away on each reappearance; for, as we have said, the evidence is CUMULATIVE, and therefore no more to be waived or disposed of by doubts as to, or even the dispelment of, this or that or the other item—or disintegration of this or that or the other block

of evidence—than the Coliseum has been wiped away and disposed of because its coping has crumbled, or because, for some centuries, the petty Roman princes built their palaces from its *debris*.

Granted that the Shakespeare Will does not prove the testator oblivious of his own copyrights or rights in the nature of copyrights; granted that the story of the deer-stealing was actual invention and not merely rejected by the Shakespeareans, because conceived to be unworthy of the image they set up; granted that the fact of the circulation of the blood was a familiar fact in the days of William Shakespeare; that the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, and the "Hamlet" of Saxo, had been translated;* that the law in "The Merchant of Venice" was "Venetian" instead of "crown-er's quest" law; admit that William Shakespeare "had the advantages in school of something more than the mere rudiments of learning";† admit that "his devotion to his family drove him forth from the rural seclusion of Stratford into the battle of the great world";‡ granted all these—if they have anything to do with the question—and a dozen more, and we only attenuate, by the

* Saxo, the Danish historian, from whom the plot of the "Hamlet" was taken, according to Whalley, who says, in 1748, that "no translation hath yet been made," must have been read by the writer of "Hamlet" in the original. See "An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare," etc. By Peter Whalley, A. B., Fellow of St. John's College, London. Printed for J. Waller at the Crown and Mitre, 1748.

† "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses," in "Appletons' Journal," April, 1879.

‡ Ibid.

exact value of these, the mountain of probability, nothing less than the complete dilapidation and disappearance of which could leave room for substitution, in the stead of the probability, the *possibility* of such a suspension of the laws of nature as is required by the Shakespearean theorists.

Just here it is always in order for our friends to mention Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts." We wish some of these gentlemen would read that clever little book. It is a logical, not a whimsical effort. It was intended by its author as an answer to Hume's "Essay on Miracles." Hume's argument being, in the opinion of the Archbishop, reducible to the proposition that miracles were impossible because they were improbable, his lordship wrote his little work to show that the history of Napoleon was actually most improbable, and, written of feigned characters, would read like the most extravagant fable. Surely it can not be necessary to reiterate the difference between the Archbishop's *brochure* and the proposition of "The Shakespearean Myth"! The one was the argument from improbability applied to facts, in order to show its dangerous and altogether vicious character. The other is the demonstration that history—that the record—when consulted, is directly fatal to a popular impression, and directly contradictory of a presumption, born of mere carelessness and accident, and allowed to gather weight by mere years and lapse of time.

But, for the sake of the argument, let us leave the discussion, for the moment, just where it stands, and take still bolder ground. Instead of sifting evidence and counting witnesses, let us assume that, when we painted William Shakespeare—who lived between the years 1564 and 1616—as an easy-going vagrant, a rural wag with a rural wit thereafter to be sharpened by catering to the "gods" of a city theatre; a poacher on occasion, and a vagabond and scapegrace generally, in his youth, but who in his advancing years became thrifty, and finally sordid—we had only taken the liberty of conceiving, like every other who ever wrote on a Shakespearean theme, yet one more William Shakespeare; so that, instead of ten thousand William Shakespeares, no two of which were identical, there were now ten thousand and one! Admitting *that*, the next question would of necessity be—and such an investigation as the present must become utterly valueless if prosecuted with bias or with substitution of personal opinion for historical fact—whose William Shakespeare is probably most a likeness of the true William Shakespeare who *did* wander from Stratford to London, who *did* sojourn there, and who *did* wander back again to Stratford, and there was gathered to his fathers, in the year 1616?

The popular William Shakespeare, built to fit the plays, is a masterless philosopher, a matchless poet, a student of Greek manuscripts and classic manners, of southern romance and northern sagas, a traveler and a citizen of the world, a scientist, a moralist, a master of statecraft, and skilled in all the graces and amenities of courtly society! Which of these two portraits is nearest to the life? Let us take an appeal to History.

There appears to be but one way to go about to discover; that way is to appeal to the truth of history: to go as nearly back as we can get to the lifetime of the actual man we are after, and inquire, wherever a trace of him can be touched, what manner of man he was. Now, it happens that the very nearest we can come to an eye-witness, as to the *personnel* of William Shakespeare, is a gentleman named Aubrey. This Mr. Aubrey was himself a native of Warwickshire; was born in 1627, that is, eleven years after Shakespeare died. He entered gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, and so, presumably, was no Puritan. He was considerable of a scholar himself, and was esteemed, we are told, a Latin poet of no mean abilities. He was admitted a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1646; and so, a scholar, a poet, and a lawyer, might presumably know the difference between a wag and a genius. He gives an account of his fellow countryman, and, coming as it does actually nearer to the lifetime of William Shakespeare than any chronicle extant, we give it entire:

Mr. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of his neighbours that, when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calfe he would doe it in a high style and make a speech. There was, at this time, another butcher's son in that towne, that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural witt, his acquaintance and coetaneous, but died young. This Wm. being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now B. Jonson never was a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, and of a verie readie and pleasant smooth witt. The humour of the Constable in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks,* which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that Constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe

* Aubrey says, in a note at this place: "I think it was a midsummer's night that he happened there. But there is no Constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Aubrey probably intended reference to Dogberry in the "Much Ado."

is of that parish, and knew Ben Jonson, and he did gather humours of men dayly whereever they came. One time as he was at a tavern at Stratford upon Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary epitaph :

Ten in the hundred the Devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and vows.
If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
"Hoh," quoth the Devil, "'tis my John a Combe !"

He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left £200 or £300 a year or thereabout to a sister. I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say that he had a most prodigious witt, and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramaticall writers. He was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life ; says Ben Jonson, "I wish he had blotted out a thousand." His comedies will remain witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum* : Now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and cox-combities that twenty years hence they will not be understood. Though, as Ben Jonson says of him, that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been, in his younger days, a schoolmaster in the country.*

Imagine this as the record of a real "Shakespeare"! Could we imagine it as the record of a Milton? Let us conceive of a fellow countryman of John Milton's, a college-bred man and a Latin poet, saying of the author of "Paradise Lost": "He was a goodish-looking sort of man, wore his hair long, was a clerk or secretary or something to Cromwell or some of his gang; had some trouble with his wife, was blind, as I have heard, or perhaps it was deaf he was." And conceive of this, at thirty years after Milton's death, being actually all the information accessible concerning him! But to continue the search in the vicinage, we learn that there was—in 1693—a parish clerk in Stratford, who was eighty years old—that is to say, he was just three years old when Shakespeare died. It is related that, on one occasion, he was showing a stranger over the church, when, pointing to the Shakespeare monument, he said: "He was the best of his family. This Shakespeare was formerly of this

town, bound apprentice to a butcher, but he ran from his master to London." A Rev. Mr. Richard Davies was Rector of Sandford, in Oxfordshire. He died in 1707. He kept a diary in his lifetime, and it seems that certain Stratford gossip, which found its way to Sandford, went down in this diary. Speaking of Shakespeare, he says: "He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipt, and some time imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great that he is his 'Justice Clodpate'; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms." Whatever this may be worth—for, of course, like the rest, it is mere second-hand and hearsay—it is fair to include in it what the law calls "general reputation," "general report," or "common fame," and it is fair to offset it, at least, against that "common fame" and "common reputation" which has grown up during the last hundred years or so concerning William Shakespeare, which is so unboundedly to his glory and renown. We are made acquainted, too, with one John Jordan, a fellow townsman of William Shakespeare, who survived him. This John Jordan, we believe, is the authority for the alleged drinking-bout of Shakespeare and others as representing Stratford against the champions of Pebworth, Marston, Hillborough, Grafton, Wixford, Broom, and Bidford, in which William was so worsted that his legs refused to carry him farther homeward than a certain thorn-tree, thereafter to come in for its share of worshipful adoration from the Shakespearean sticklers. But the tradition is of no value except as additional testimony to the impression of his boon companions, associates, and contemporaries, that William Shakespeare was a jolly dog who loved his frolic, his pot of ale, and his wench—was almost anything, in short, except the student of history, antiquity, and classic manners, no less than the scholar of his own times, that he has been created since by those who knew him not. Nothing travels faster in rural communities than a reputation for "book-learning"; let us continue our search for Shakespeare's.

When an interest in the Shakespearean drama began to assert itself, and people began to inquire who wrote it, not a step could they get beyond Aubrey. At the outset they ran full against his village "ne'er-do-weel" and rustic wag, and there they were obliged to stop. But there were the dramas, and there was the name "William Shakespeare" tacked to them; it was a William Shakespeare they were searching for; and, since the William Shakespeare they had found was evidently not the one they wanted, they straight-

* This version of Aubrey's story is taken from a note to Knight's autobiography. That William Shakespeare was a schoolmaster is not a favorite supposition, but it is quite as likely as that he was a lawyer, a doctor, a butcher, a wool-comber, a student of philosophy, or that he practiced any of the other vocations that have been so liberally assigned him. Aubrey himself gives—we understand from Knight—the schoolmaster story on the authority of one Beeston. Coleridge calls Aubrey an "arch gossip." Doubtless he was arch; for had it not been for him we had known absolutely nothing about "our Shakespeare."

way began to construct one more suitable. The marvelous silence of history and of local tradition only stimulated them. They must either confess that there was no such man, or make one; they preferred to make one.

First came Edmund Malone. With the nicest and most painstaking care he sifted every morsel and grain of testimony, overturned histories, chronicles, itineraries, local tradition, and report—but in vain. The nearer he came to the Stratford “Shaughraun,” the further away he got from a matchless poet and an all-mastering student.

But, like those that were to come after him, instead of accepting the situation, and confessing the William Shakespeare who lived at Stratford not mentionable in the same breath with the producer of the august text which had inspired his search, he preferred to rail and marvel at the stupidity of the neighborhood, and the sins of the chroniclers who could so overlook prodigies. Far from concluding that, because he finds no such name as William Shakespeare in the national Walhalla, therefore no such name belonged there, he assumes, rather, that the Walhalla builders do not understand their business. He says:

“That almost a century should have elapsed from the time of his [William Shakespeare’s] death, without a single attempt having been made to discover any circumstance which could throw a light on the history of his life or literary career, . . . are circumstances which can not be contemplated without astonishment.* . . . Sir William Dugdale, born in 1605, and educated at the school of Coventry, twenty miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose work, ‘The Antiquities of Warwickshire,’ appeared in 1646, only thirty years after the death of our poet, we might have expected to give some curious memorials of his illustrious countryman. But he has not given us a single particular of his private life, contenting himself with a very slight mention of him in his account of the church and tombs of Stratford-upon-Avon. The next biographical printed notice that I have found is in Fuller’s ‘Worthies,’ folio, 1662; in ‘Warwickshire,’ page 116—where there is a short account of our poet, furnishing very little information concerning him. And again, neither Winstanley, in his ‘Lives of the Poets,’ 8vo, 1687; Langbaine in 1691;† Blount in 1694; Gibbon in 1699—add anything to the meager accounts of Dugdale and Fuller. That Anthony Wood, who was himself a native of Oxford, and was born but fourteen years after the death of our author, should not have col-

lected any anecdotes of Shakespeare, has always appeared to me extraordinary. Though Shakespeare has no direct title to a place in the ‘*Athenæ Oxoniensis*,’ that diligent antiquary could easily have found a niche for his life as he has done for many others not bred at Oxford. The life of Davenant afforded him a very fair opportunity for such an insertion.”

The difficulty was, that Mr. Malone was searching among the poets for one by the name of William Shakespeare, when there was no such name among poets. He found him not, because he was not there. He might with as much propriety have searched for the name of Grimaldi in the Poets’ Corner, or for Homer’s on the books of the Worshipful Society of Patten-makers. To be sure, in writing up Stratford Church, Sir William Dugdale can not very well omit mention of the tomb of Shakespeare, any more than a writer who should set out to make a guide-book of Westminster Abbey could omit description of the magnificent tomb of John Smith. But in neither the case of Dugdale nor in that of the *cicerone* of the Abbey is the merit of the tomb a warrant for the immortality of the entombed. It is, possibly, worth our while to pause just here, and contemplate the anomaly the Shakespeareans would have us accept—would have us swallow, or rather bolt, with our eyes shut—namely, the spectacle (to mix the metaphor) of the mightiest genius the world has ever borne upon its surface, living utterly unappreciated and unsuspected, going in and out among his fellows in a crowded city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom were certain master spirits whose history we have intact to-day, and whose record we can possess ourselves of with no difficulty—without making any impression on them, or imprint on the chronicles of the time, except as a clever fellow, a fair actor (with a knack, besides, at a little of everything), so that in a dozen years he is forgotten as if he had never been; and—except that a tourist, stumbling upon a village church, finds his name on a stone—passed beyond the memory of man in less than the years of a babe! The blind old Homer at least was known as a poet where he was known at all; the seven cities which competed for the tradition of his birth when criticism revealed the merit of his song—though he might have begged his bread in their streets—at least did not take him for a tinker! It is, not that the Shakespearean dramas were not recognized as immortal by the generation of their composer that is the miracle; neither were the songs of Homer. Perhaps, so far as experience goes, this is rather the rule than the exception. The miracle is, that in all the world of London and of England nobody knew that there *was* any Shakespeare, in the very

* Malone’s Life: “Plays and Poems,” London, 1821, vol. ii., p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 5.

days when the text we hold so priceless now was being publicly rendered in a playhouse, and printed—as we shall come to consider further on—for the benefit of non-theatre-goers!

But, it is said, the great fire of London intervened and burned up all the records: that is how we happen to have no records of the immortal Shakespeare. Then, again, there is the lapse of time—the ordinary wear and tear of centuries, and the physical changes of the commercial center of the world. But how about Edmund Spenser? That we have his poetry and the record of his life, is certain. Or, how about Chaucer? Did the great fire of London affect his chronicle and his labors? The records of Horace, and Maro, of Lucretius, of Juvenal, and Terence, had more than a great fire of London to contend with. But they have survived the ruin of empires and the crash of thrones, the conflagrations of libraries and the scraping of palimpsests. And yet the majesty and might of the Shakespearean page, how greater than Horatius or Maro, than Juvenal or Terence! If it all were a riddle, we could not read it. But it is not a riddle. It is the simplest of facts—the simple fact that the compilers of the Shakespearean pages worked anonymously, and concealed their identity so successfully that it lay hidden for three hundred years, defying even the critical acumen, the learning, and the research of this nineteenth century.

But to return to Edmund Malone. He is not deterred by his failure to find a poet of the name of Shakespeare. Determined that a poet of that name there shall be, and not being at hand, he proceeds—and he has the credit of being the first to undertake the task—to construct an immortal bard. And a very pretty sort of fellow he turns out, too!—one that, with such minor variations as have, from time to time, suggested themselves to gentlemen of a speculative turn of mind, has been a sort of standard immortal William all along. For they who seek will find. Had Mr. Malone searched for the Stratford "Shaughraun," who ran off and became an actor (as capably respectable a profession as any other, for the man makes the profession, and not the profession the man); who revisited his native haunts, on the lookout, not for kings and cardinals, not for dukes and thanes and princes, but for clowns and drunkards and misers to dovetail in among the Hamlets and Othellos that passed under his adapting pen; * had he searched

for the Stratford butcher's son, who was the Stratford wag as well, and who never slaughtered a sheep without making a speech to his admiring fellow villagers, here he was at his hand. But he was searching, not for a butcher's son, but for a poet—for a "courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword"—

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers—

for "an amazing genius which could pervade all nature at a glance, and to whom nothing within the limits of the universe appeared to be unknown"; * and he ought to have seen at a glance that—however the works which such a genius had left behind him might travel under the name of the butcher's boy—it was not the pen of the butcher-boy that had written them; that the composer of pages "from which, were all the arts and sciences lost, they might be recovered," †

Shakespeare might be credited with the characters of Nym and Bardolph; especially of the Corporal, whose part consists of the phrase, "There's the humor of it," intruded at each convenient interval; and it is possible that Shakespeare, in fitting up the matter in hand, interpolated this as the reigning by-word of the moment. There seems to be reason for believing that this expression *did* happen to be a favorite at about that time; and that Shakespeare was not the only one who rang the changes on it as a season to stage material. Witness the following:

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir!

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? Thy humor, thy humor! Thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humor? Mack, I think it be so indeed! What is that humor? Some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I tell thee, Cob, it is a gentlemanlike monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time by affection, and fed by folly.

Cob. How must it be fed?

Cash. Oh, ay; humor is nothing if it be not fed. Didst thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, "Feed thy humor."

Every Man in his Humor, iii. 4.

Couldst thou not but arrive most acceptable
Chiefly to such as had the happiness
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Was racked and tortured.

Every Man out of his Humor.

"Humor" was, it would seem by this, the over-used and abused word of these times; just as "awful" might be said to be an over-used and abused word during our own times.

* Whalley.

† Ibid. A curious instance of this familiarity—to be found in the Shakespearean dramas—with the least noticed facts of science, and which, so far as we know, has escaped the critics, we might allude to here: In one of Jules Verne's realistic stories, wherein he springs his romantic catastrophes upon scientific phenomena—"Michael Strogoff"—he makes Michael fall among enemies who sentence him to be blinded. The blinding is to be accomplished with a heated iron, but Michael sees his mother at his side, and, tears suffusing his eyes, the heat

* It is as curious as suggestive to find that the prologue and choruses of the "Henry V." and "Henry VIII." are apologies for the imperfections of the plots, and the folly of the multitude they catered to. As to the internal testimony of the authorship of these compositions, any reader can judge for himself. We expressed our own opinion, in the previous paper, as being that William

was no "jack of all trades," and could not have lived in the glare of a metropolis crowded with courtiers—in the age and days of Bacon* and Raleigh and Elizabeth—unknown save to a handful of his pot-fellows—and passed out of the world, unknown and unnoticed, fading from the memory of men without the passing of an item in their mouths!

This utter ignoring of William Shakespeare among the poets, if unjust, at least provoked no remonstrance from the immediate family or any kin of the Stratford lad. Either the Shakespeares, Ardens, and Hathaways were wonderfully destitute of family pride, or else the obscurity accorded their connection was perfectly just and proper. No voice of kin or affinity of William Shakespeare (at least we may say this with confidence) ever claimed immortality for him. "It is recorded by Oldys that one of his" (Shakespeare's) "younger brothers, who lived to a great age, when questioned in his last days about William, said he could remember nothing of his performance but seeing him 'act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to 'personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, and one of them sang a song.'"[†]

of the iron is neutralized, and fails to destroy the sight. So in "King John," Act IV., Scene I., Arthur says to Hubert:

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation.

This may be mere coincidence, but the dramas are crowded with such coincidences, and for that, if that only, are marvelous.

* We have already pointed out in our first paper that Lord Bacon was apt to embalm, in his own writings, the mention of his illustrious contemporaries, but that he does not seem to have ever so much as heard of any Shakespeare. If—as Judge Holmes believes—Lord Bacon were himself the only Shakespeare with which posterity cares to concern itself, all would be plain enough: my lord might be in the humor to deceive his own age; but yet not desire to mislead posterity. We confess—so far as we ourselves are concerned—that the argument of the anti-Baconians, that so self-admiring a man as Bacon would never have chosen to conceal his claim to anything illustrious, or to his own glorification, never appeared of any weight or value here; for, as we have once attempted to demonstrate, he could have hardly afforded, when Lord Chancellor, to have confessed to play-writing; and, after his disgrace, he could not have bettered but rather aggravated his calamity; besides, it is not impossible that he may have contemplated avowing the plays at a proper time, and have been overtaken by death before the proper time, in his own judgment, arrived.

† We take this quotation from Mr. Grant White's article on Shakespeare in Appletons' "American Cyclo-

We must remember, too, that William Shakespeare's granddaughter, Lady Barnard, was alive until 1670; his sister, Joan Hart, until 1646; and his daughters, Susannah Hall and Judith Queeny, until 1662. So that Dugdale at least, if not Wood and the rest of them, would not have had to go far to confirm any rumors they might have stumbled upon as to the acquirements and accomplishments of the man Shakespeare; but it seems that not even the partiality of his own kin, nor family fame, nor pride of ancestry, ever conceived the idea of palming off their progenitor as a giant of any build.

But Mr. Malone—and, being the first investigator, he would, doubtless, have been followed, as he has been, whatever the result of his inquiries—Mr. Malone, in spite of the silence of the authorities to whose pages he had recourse, not only assumed all he could not find authority for, but undertakes to tell us the precise dates at which his Stratford lad composed the plays themselves. He constructed an admirable scheme, which he christened "A Chronology" of the Shakespearean plays. This—with such speculative and fanciful additions as others have from time to time felt disposed to make to it—is the Shakespearean's authority to-day. It is a truly charming composition, to the full as readable as the Irish archbishop's "Historic Certainties as to the Early History of America," to which we have alluded, and quite as creditable to its author.

We will not rehearse the scope and burden of Mr. Malone's painstaking and wonderful labors, but, from one instance of the credulity which, once it has overmastered the ablest mind, can suppress and subordinate reason, judgment, and common sense to a zealous and silly search, we can judge of the calm historical value of Mr.

pædia." Mr. White's admirable contributions to our Shakespearean literature entitle his opinion to great weight in any mooted question as to William Shakespeare; and we must confess that, in some portions, his paper we have just mentioned almost suggests him as agreeing with us as to his subject. Mr. White says in another place: "Young lawyers and poets produced plays rapidly. Each theatrical company not only 'kept a poet,' but had three or four in its pay. At the time of his leaving Stratford the drama was rising rapidly in favor with all classes in London, where actors were made much of in a certain way. And where there was a constant demand for new plays, ill-provided younger sons of the gentry, and others who had been bred at the universities and the inns of court, sought to mend their fortunes by supplying this demand." And again: "We are tolerably well informed by contemporary writers as to the performances of the eminent actors of that time, but of Shakespeare's we read nothing." Mr. White admits, a few lines below the sentence just quoted, that Shakespeare's position in the stock of the Blackfriars was "general utility." We should rather call it, from the evidence, "first old man."

Malone's discoveries. In 1808 Mr. Malone published a pamphlet—"An Account of the Incidents from which the Title and Part of the Story of 'The Tempest' were derived, and the Date ascertained."* It seems that Mr. Malone finds reference to a hurricane that once dispersed a certain fleet of a certain nobleman, one Sir George Somers, in July, 1609, on a passage with provisions for the Virginia Colony; the above nobleman and a Sir Thomas Gates having been wrecked on the island of Bermuda. This discovery is warranty enough for Mr. Malone, and he goes on gravely to argue that William Shakespeare not only wrote his "Tempest" to commemorate this particular tempest—and, as will be seen by an examination of the premises, the relation between the occurrence and the play is confined merely to the word "tempest," and goes no further—but that he (Shakespeare) DID NOT place the scene of his shipwreck on the Bermudas, "because he could spread a greater glamour over the whole by not alluding to so well-known islands as the Bermudas." Mr. Malone here further remarks naively that, "without having read Tacitus, he [Shakespeare] well knew that 'omne ignotum pro magnifico est'!" Without pausing to wonder how Mr. Malone knew that Shakespeare of Stratford had never read Tacitus,† or to dwell on the most marvelous coincidence between the wreck of Sir George Somers and that of Prince Ferdinand (the coincidence, according to Malone, being, that one was wrecked on the Bermuda and the other wasn't), or to note that "the tempest" in the play of that name is an episode which covers only about a dozen lines of text, and which has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the argument—without pausing for this, or to remark that Mr. Malone might have taken to himself the "omne ignotum pro magnifico est" of Tacitus more appositely than he applied it either to Sir George Somers or the Bermudas, had he reflected as generously as he took for granted—it is as well to take our leave of Mr. Malone and his labors at this point, with a compliment to their zeal and impressment which must be withheld from their results.

And the world would doubtless be as well off could we also here take leave of the rest of the Shakespeare-makers. But we are not allowed to do so. From the time of Malone onward, the Shakespeare-making, Shakespeare-mending, and Shakespeare-cobbling have gone on without relaxation. Each fresh rencontre with an emer-

gency in the Shakespearean text has necessitated at least one and often several new Shakespeares. And they have been prepared and forthcoming as fast as wanted. Was it found that the bard had, of all his worldly goods, left the wife of his bosom no recognition save the devise of a ramshackle old bedstead, a score of gentlemen hurried to the front to prove that, by law, history, logic, custom, and everything else, in those days a "second-best bed" was really the most priceless of possessions; of fabulous value, and a fortune in itself; and that in no other way could her immortal husband have so testified his tender regard and appreciation of Mrs. Shakespeare—the sweet Ann Hathaway of old, who had thrown herself away on a scapegrace butcher's son! The fact—as it appears, on inspection of the instrument itself, to be—that Mrs. Shakespeare was not even alluded to in the first draft of the testament—her name and the complimentary devise of the precious husband's precious "second-best bed" having been written in as "a poet's afterthought," and not appearing in the first draft at all—does not affect their statements in the least! They have even gone so far as to ascertain that William was no truant lord to willingly desert his lonesome lady. According to the very latest authority we are able to cite, the fault of the separation was wholly her own. We are assured by a very recent explorer that Mrs. Shakespeare "did not accompany her husband to London, objecting to the noise and turmoil of that city."*

It would seem to appear, therefore, that—even if the William Shakespeare we have portrayed in the paper, "The Shakespearean Myth," were our own creation—the creation is actually a nearer resemblance to the William Shakespeare known to those nearest to him in residence and time, than the inspired genius of the Shakespeareans; who, from Malone downward, have, without a shred of fact, weaved their warp and woof of fiction (and that it is charming and absorbing fiction, we are eager to admit) around a vision of their own.

Nor have the Shakespeareans rested their labors here. Having created a Shakespeare to fit the plays, it was necessary to proceed to create a face to fit the Shakespeare, and a cranial development wherein might lodge and whence might

* By Edmond Malone. London: printed by C. & R. Baldwin, Newbridge Street, 1808.

† What a slander on the omniscient Shakespeare—the man who read Plautus from the Greek manuscript, the author of "Julius Cæsar"—that he had not read a simple Latin historian!

* "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries." By William Tegg, F. R. H. S. London: William Tegg & Co. Chapter I., "Sketch of the Life of Shakespeare," p. 4. As every circumstance connected with William Shakespeare and Stratford is of interest in the connection, we may as well note that, according to Mr. Grant White, when William Shakespeare first went to London, he went into the office of a cousin of his, who was an attorney in that city. Like Mr. Tegg, Mr. White gives himself as an authority for this item.

spring the magic of the works he ought to have written. This may, very fairly, be called "the young ladies' argument." * "Look on his portrait," say the Shakespearians, "look at that magnificent head!"—and they point to the Chandos portrait—"is not that the head of a genius?" "Was there ever such a head?" We should say, yes, there might have been such another head created, even admitting the Chandos portrait to be the very counterfeit head of William Shakespeare. But it does not appear, on taking the trouble to look into the matter, either that the Chandos picture is a portrait, or that any other picture, styled a portrait of Shakespeare, is, in fact, a likeness. There is but one picture of him in existence which enjoyed anything in the semblance of a certification to its authenticity; and that certification was in rhyme, in the shape of a set of verses said to have been written by Ben Jonson (and, as we propose to show, are quite as likely to have been placed under the particular picture without Jonson's authority as with it); while, that they were written to fit the particular picture in question (for they are in the form of a sort of apostrophe to some picture or portrait, and will be hereafter quoted), there seems to be no information sufficient to form a belief either way. Besides, if they were written for that particular picture, and if that particular picture is a speaking likeness, then the phrenological, or at least the physiognomical, argument must droop away and die; for the personage represented seems to us to be about as stupefied, stultified, and insignificant a human countenance as was ever put upon an engraver's surface; and we doubt if a Shakespearean could be found to admit it as the image of his dream. But, of course, this is mere matter of personal opinion, and entitled to no weight whatever in the discussion. The question is, Is there any authentic portrait of William Shakespeare, as there is of Elizabeth, Bacon, Raleigh, Southampton, and other more or less prominent characters of the age in which William Shakespeare is known to have lived and died? Let us do the best we can toward investigating this question.

Of course, writing as we do in our library, we have no original sources of information. We have before us, however, a volume, "An Enquiry into the Authenticity of Various Pictures and Prints, which, from the Decease of the Poet to our own Times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare. Containing a Careful Examination of the Evidence on which they claim to be received; by which the Pretended

Portraits have been rejected, the Genuine confirmed and established," etc., etc. By James Boaden, Esq.* We must content ourselves with a simple review of Mr. Boaden's labors. He was evidently a friend of Malone's, and a Shakespearean; a believer in the poet; and he writes under the shadow of the mighty name—the shadow from under which we of this age have stepped out, and so become able to inspect not only the facts of history, uncurtained by that shadow, but the shadow itself. But we will take every one of Mr. Boaden's statements for granted, nevertheless, and draw our opinions, when we venture on any, from the portraits which he has given in his book. At least Mr. Boaden is not a "Baconian," and not a "Raleigh man," and, whenever he finds it necessary to speak of Shakespeare's history, he follows Malone's own version. But for convenience we will change Mr. Boaden's numeration of the "portraits," preserving the designation, however, which he assigns them.

William Shakespeare dies in Stratford in 1616. In 1623 appears, on the title-page of Hemminge and Condell's first folio of the plays, what Mr. Boaden alludes to as "Martin Droeshout's portrait." It is an engraving, and, Mr. Boaden believes, a good engraving of some original picture from which it must have been taken. "For," he says, "there were good engravers in those days; for Chapman's 'Homer' was published in that year, with a very fine engraving of Chapman."

Under this engraving is printed a copy of Jonson's lines, as follows:

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife †
With nature to outdo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face: the print would then surpasse
All that was ever done in brasse.
But, since he cannot, reader look,
Not on his picture but his booke.

In this picture the head of the subject is represented as rising out of an horizontal plain of collar appalling to behold. The hair is straight, combed down the sides of the face and bunched over the ears; the forehead is disproportionately high; the top of the head bald; the face has the

* London. Printed for Robert Triphook, 23 Old Bond Street, 1824.

† Look, when a painter would surpasse the life,
His art's with nature's handiwork at strife,
Venus and Adonis.

The "strife" must have been intense on the occasion above alluded to by Ben Jonson.

* So the young ladies of New York were of opinion that Stokes should not be hanged for the murder of Fisk, "because he was so awfully good-looking."

particularly wooden expression familiar in the Scotchmen and Indians used as signs by tobacco-shops, accompanied by an idiotic stare that would be but a sorry advertisement for the humblest establishment in the trade; and which we would be quite as unlikely to look for in the Stratford scapegrace as in the immortal bard of the Shakespearians. It is of this picture that Boaden quotes somebody's remark that "it is lucky these metrical commendations are not required to be delivered on oath." And Steevens says, on the supposition that Ben Jonson, and not the engraver, put the copy of verses on the title-page beneath the effigy: "Ben Jonson might know little about art, care less about the resemblance, and, never having compared the engraving from the picture, have rested satisfied with the recollection that the original was a faithful resemblance; and that, no doubt, the engraver had achieved all that his art could perform."

No. 2. The edition of the plays of 1690 is accompanied with what is known as "Marshall's picture," which so closely follows, as to face, forehead, hair, beard, and collar, the engraving above described, as to suggest that it was a copy either of that engraving, or of the unknown picture from which that was taken. But, if a copy, it is certainly, from a pictorial point of view, an improvement. It looks much more like a man. The simpleton stare around the eyes is toned down, and the wooden aspect modified into something like life. Marshall has taken liberties with the dress of No. 1, throwing in a sort of tunic over the left shoulder, hitching on an arm with a gauntleted hand grasping a sprig of laurel, etc., etc.

No. 3. The Felton Head.—"In the catalogue of the fourth exhibition and sale by private contract," says Boaden (page 81), "at the European Museum, King Street, St. James Square, 1792," this picture was announced to the public in the following words:

No. 359—a curious portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1597.

On the 31st of May, 1792, a Mr. Felton bought it for five guineas, and, on requiring its credentials, received the following letter:

To Mr. S. Felton, Drayton, Shropshire—Sir: The head of Shakespeare was purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of "The Boar," in Eastcheap, London, where Shakespeare and his friends used to resort; and report says was painted by a player of that time, but whose name I have not been able to learn.

This letter was signed "J. Wilson," who was the conductor of the European Museum. This "J. Wilson" appears to have been the original

Barnum. Although Prince Hal and Falstaff are said in the play to have affected "The Boar's Head in Eastcheap," it does not appear, except from Mr. "J. Wilson," that "Shakespeare and his friends" ever resorted thither. There was an old inn in Eastcheap, but it was not called "The Boar's Head." There *was* an inn by that name, however, in Blackfriars, near the theatre, from which the manager might have borrowed it. Then, again, Mr. "J. Wilson" seemed to have forgotten the great fire in London in 1666, which, "in a few hours, in a strong east wind, left the whole of Eastcheap a mass of smoking ruins, and the wretched inhabitants could think of saving nothing but their lives." Mr. Wilson subsequently amended his story so as to read that "it was found between four and five years ago at a broker's shop at the Minories by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed," etc., etc. Mr. Steevens, who scouted the other pictures as spurious, accepted this picture, for a time, as the original of the engravings we have called No. 1 and No. 2; but, finally, the whole thing exploded and was forgotten.

No. 4. The Bust in Stratford Church.—This was carved by nobody knows whom, from nobody knows what, nobody knows when. Says Boaden (page 31), "The performance is not too good for a native sculptor." In 1623 Leonard Digges alludes to it in a few verses well known. It seems to have been originally colored, but there is no testimony as to the original colors. In 1748, one hundred and twenty-five years after Digges, John Hall, a Stratford artist, "restored" it, painting the eyes a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. This was "a good enough" Shakespeare for all practical purposes for the next half hundred years or so. But in 1793 came Mr. Malone. He caused the bust—in deference, possibly, to a purer taste and a sense of churchly propriety—to be covered completely with a thick coat of white paint. From this bust a Mr. Bullock once took a cast, which is sometimes engraved as frontispiece to an edition of the plays, in which case it is entitled "Cast of the head of William Shakespeare, taken after death."*

The bust represents its subject as possessing a magnificent head, admirably proportioned, with no protruding "bumps." The face is represented as breaking into a smile. According to this effi-

* The statement "taken after death," at least, is strictly true, William being unquestionably dead at the time. While these pages are going through the press (April, 1879), however, we find a statement that the bust was made "by Gerard Johnson, a native of Amsterdam," and that within a year or two (and since this writer visited it) one Simon Collins has applied a bath to the bust—removing Malone's whitewash, and revealing the identical auburn hair and hazel eyes which tradition had asserted to be underneath.

gy, Shakespeare must have had an extraordinarily broad upper lip, the distance between the base of the nose and the mouth being remarkably out of proportion with the other facial developments; there seems to be a little difficulty, too, about the chin, which is pulled out into what appears to be a sort of extra nose; but, nevertheless, the Stratford bust represents a fine, soldierly-looking man, with a fierce military mustache cocked up at the ends, and a goatee. If Ben Jonson—knowing his friend William Shakespeare to have been the martial and altogether elegant-looking gentleman the Stratford bust represents him—authorized the verses we have already quoted to be placed under the “Droeshout engraving,” it was a deliberate libel on his part, and as gross as it was deliberate.

No. 5. “The Chandos Portrait.”—This picture, so termed because once the property of the Duke of Chandos, is the best known of all the so-called portraits—being, in fact, the one from which the popular idea of Shakespeare is derived; therefore, when a man is said to resemble Shakespeare, it is meant to be conveyed that he bears a likeness to the Chandos picture. Mr. Malone announced that it was painted in 1607, but never gave any other authority than his own *ipse dixit* for the statement, not even taking the trouble to refer, like Mr. J. Wilson, to “a man of fashion whose name must be concealed.” Mr. Boaden says (page 42) that he once saw it, and compared it “with what had been termed a fine copy, I think by Piamberg, and found it utterly unlike.” “Indeed,” he continues, “I never saw anything that resembled it.” He also says (pages 41, 42) that “the copies by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Humphrey were not only unlike the original, but unlike each other, one being smiling and the other grave.” That is to say, that not only have the romancers constructed “biographies,” but the artists have kept up with them; and we may, every one of us, select our own Shakespeare to-day—poet or potman, scholar or clown, tall or short, fair or dark; we may each suit our own tastes with a Shakespeare to our liking. Mr. Boaden continues (page 49): “It” (the Chandos) “was very probably painted by Burbage, the great tragedian, who is known to have handled the pencil; it is said to have been the property of Joseph Taylor, our poet’s Hamlet, who, dying about 1653, at the advanced age of seventy, left the picture by will to Davenant. At the death of Davenant in 1663 it was bought by Betterton, the actor, and when he died Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry, the actress, forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keck it passed to Mr. Nichol, of Southgate, whose daughter married the Marquis of Caernarvon.”

Steevens, whom Boaden quotes (page 43), declined to be convinced by this genealogy, and

said, “Gossip rumor had given out that Davenant was more than Shakespeare’s godson.* What folly, therefore, to suppose that he should possess a genuine portrait of the poet, when his lawful daughters had not one! Mrs. Barry was an actress of acknowledged gallantry; as she received forty guineas for the picture, something more animated might have been included though not specified in the bargain,” etc., etc. Steevens was fond of calling this picture “the Davenantico-Battertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicolsian-Chandosian portrait.” “There are,” says Boaden (page 53), “a few circumstances relating to the picture of which some notice should be taken in this examination. There is, it seems, a tradition that, no original picture of Shakespeare existing, Sir Thomas Clarges caused a” (i. e., this) “portrait to be painted from a young man who had the good fortune to resemble him” (i. e., Shakespeare. Query: How did Sir Thomas know that the young man resembled Shakespeare?). Mr. Malone traced this story to “The Gentleman’s Magazine” for August, 1759, and called on the writer for his authority; but the writer, whoever he was, never gave it, any more than Malone gave his authority for announcing its date to be 1607; but Malone himself says that “most reports of this kind are an adumbration of some fact, and indication of something in kind or degree similar or analogous.”

No. 6. This is a portrait, so called, by Zuccharo, which need not detain us, since Mr. Boaden himself demonstrates very clearly that it was not in any event painted from life, and, not improbably, did not originally claim to have been intended for Shakespeare at all.

Mr. Boaden’s No. 7 is the “Cornelius Jansen picture,” and to this Mr. Boaden pins his earnest faith. He says this “is now in the collection of the Duke of Somerset”; but he appears to make no attempt to connect it with William Shakespeare except as follows: Cornelius Jansen is said to have painted the daughter of Southampton—ergo, he might have been Southampton’s family painter, and Southampton might have been desirous to possess a portrait of his friend Shakespeare done by his own painter—ergo, Jansen might have had William Shakespeare for a sitter! This is all the authority for the authenticity; but that it is—judging from the engraving in Mr.

* There is a story that once, on the occasion of one of Shakespeare’s visits to Stratford, a villager, meeting young Davenant in the street, asked him where he was going. “To the inn, to see my godfather Shakespeare,” said the lad. “Beware how you take the name of God in vain, my lad,” said the other. The allusions to William’s gallantries are numerous. On the Stratford parish records there is entry of the birth of one “Thomas Green, *alias* Shakespeare.”

Boaden's book—a magnificent picture, we think there can be no question.

On the supposition that the Chandos is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare, this Jansen certainly bears a strong Shakespearean resemblance. In it the hair is curling, as in the Chandos, not straight, as in the Droeshout and the Marshall engravings. The mustache, which is cut tight to the face without being shaved, as in the Droeshout, and strong and heavy, as in the bust, is lighter than the Chandos, while the beard is fuller. There is nothing of the tremendous upper lip represented in the bust.

Mr. Boaden (page 195) describes it as an eyewitness, he having had access to it for the purposes of the book before us. He says: "It is an early picture by Cornelius Jansen, tenderly and beautifully painted. Time seems to have treated it with infinite kindness, for it is quite pure, and exhibits its original surface. . . . The portrait is on panel, and attention will be required to prevent a splitting of the oak, in two places, if my eye have not deceived me."

As for Earlom, who copied the picture, Boaden says: "He had lessened the amplitude of the forehead; he had altered the form of the skull; he had falsified the character of the mouth; and, though his engraving was still beautiful, and the most agreeable exhibition of the poet, I found it would be absolutely necessary to draw the head again, as if he had never exercised his talent upon it" (page 195). It has taken an army of novelists, painters, engravers, and essayists to erect simple William Shakespeare of Stratford into the god he ought to have been. Mr. Boaden specifies further the picture said to have once decorated the pair of bellows belonging to Queen Elizabeth's own private apartments, besides still one other, both of which he rejects as spurious.

Thus, on the best examination we are enabled to make, and according to the Shakespeareans themselves, there is nothing of certitude, nothing even of the certitude of conjecture, as to the features of the Stratford boy, whoever he was, and whatever his works. We should, perhaps, mention that Mr. Boaden surmises that the Droeshout picture is a portrait of William Shakespeare the actor, in the character of "Old Knowell," and that the Stratford bust was caused to be executed by Dr. Hall, a son-in-law of its subject, and was the work of one Thomas Stanton, who followed a cast taken after death. But, as Mr. Boaden admits, this is his surmise only. However insuperable, therefore—in the run of cases—the "young ladies' argument" to prove from the pictures that William Shakespeare WAS NOT author of the plays is quite weak enough, but, as an argument to prove that he WAS such author, it is weakness and impotence itself. •

But one question now remains necessary to be asked, the ordinary question which a court would be obliged to ask concerning any exhibit produced before it, and claimed as authentic or authoritative—namely, where did the plays called Shakespeare's come from? how did they get into print? who, if anybody, delivered the "copy" to the printer, and vouched for its authorship? It is manifest that we have no business here with any question of criticism, or as to an authenticity between different editions of the same play; but the plays were written TO BE PLAYED: how did they come to be published so that millions of readers, who never entered a playhouse where they were performed, read and still read them?

In order to arrive at any supposition as to these considerations which would be of any value to our purpose in these papers, it will be necessary to glance at the state of literary property in the days between 1585 and 1606. Now, in those days, there was absolutely no legal protection for an author's manuscript. Once it had strayed beyond the writer's hand it was practically *publici juris*—anybody's property. The first law of copyright enacted in England was the act of Anne of April 10, 1710, more than one hundred years after the last date at which commentators claim the production of a Shakespearean play. Even the first authoritative pronouncement of a competent tribunal as to literary property at common law (which preceded, of course, all literary property definable by statute) was not made until 1769, fifty-nine years later. But the Court of Star Chamber (of obscure origin, but known to have been of powerful jurisdiction in the time of Henry VII.) was in the height of its ancient omnipotence in those years. And of the various matters of which it took cognizance, one of the earliest was the publishing, printing, and even the keeping and reading of books. Under date of June 23, 1585—the year that many commentators assign as that in which William Shakespeare first turned up in London—this Star Chamber, which had already issued many such, issued a decree that none should "print any book, work, or copy, against the form or meaning of any restraint contained in any statute or laws of this realm," etc., etc. Twenty-nine years before—in 1556—Philip and Mary had erected ninety-seven booksellers into a body called "The Stationers' Company," who were to monopolize the printing of books, if they so chose. They had given them power and authority—and their second charter, in 1558, confirmed them in it—to "break locks, search, seize," and, in short, to suppress any printed matter they did not choose to license, wherever they pleased. This the Worshipful Company of Stationers did not fail to do; they pursued, and the Star Chamber convicted. The

disgraceful record of infamous and inhuman prosecutions and punishments for reading, keeping, selling, or making books might well detain us here, did our scope permit.* Whatever literature accomplished in those days it accomplished by stealth, in defiance of the implacable and omnipotent Star Chamber and its bloodhound, the Stationers' Company, who ran in its victims.

It can not, we think, be doubted, by a student of those times,† that whatever literary property existed at common law then existed in the shape of a license TO PRINT a work, under permission of the Stationers' Company; and that what we understand by "copyright" to-day—namely, an author's or a proprietor's right to demand a royalty or percentage, or to exercise other control over the work when once printed and published—was altogether unclaimed. Whatever compensation the author of a work was able to obtain, he doubtless obtained beforehand by sale of his manuscript, and dreamed not of setting up a tangible property as against any one who had obtained the Stationers' Company's license to print it. The Stationers' Company, at the outset of its career, opened a record, in which it entered the name of every book it licensed—the date, and the name of the person authorized to print it.

It was under these circumstances and restrictions, and in times like these, that the Shakespearean plays began to appear in print. Where did they come from? They were written TO BE PLAYED. According to all accounts they were

very valuable to the theatre which produced them. Every personal and selfish interest of the proprietors, whether of the theatre or of the manuscript plays, dictated that they should be kept in secret—least of all that they should be printed and made accessible to the public outside of the theatre, who otherwise, to see them, must become patrons of the house where they were performed. That the author or authors of the plays could have made them of more profit by selling them to the printers than to the players, is doubtful; that they personally entered them, or such of them as were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, is certainly not the fact; the only persons to whose interest it was to print them were the printers themselves, and in all probability it was the printers who did cause them to be printed.

But where did these printers procure the "copy" from which to set up the plays they printed? The question will never be answered. Mr. Grant White admits,* as must everybody who examines into the matter, that whatever the printers printed was unauthorized and surreptitious. The manuscripts might have been procured by bribing individual actors, each of whom could have easily furnished a copy of his particular part, and so the whole be made up for the press. The fact that the plays never were printed without more or less of the stage directions or "business" included, lends probability to this theory.

But, having admitted this much, Mr. White is too ardent a Shakespearean not to make some effort to throw a guise of authenticity around the text he has so lovingly followed. In the article we have just quoted from in our foot-note, he says, "It is not improbable that, in case of great and injurious misrepresentation of the text of a play by" this surreptitious method of publication, "fair copies were furnished by the theatrical people at the author's request in self-defense." They might have found their way into print just as the comedy of "Play" found its way into print in 1868 (see *Palmer vs. De Witt*, 47 New York, 532), or the play of "Mary Warner" (in *Crowe vs. Aiken*, 2 Biss. R., 208), at about the same date.

* "Such of his plays as were published during his lifetime seem to have been given to the press entirely without his agency; indeed, his interest was against their publication. . . . It was the interest of all concerned, whether as proprietors, or only as actors, or, like himself, as both, that the theatre should have the entire benefit of whatever favor they enjoyed with the public. But the publishers, or stationers, as they were then called, eagerly sought copies of them for publication, and obtained them surreptitiously; sometimes, it would seem, by corrupting persons connected with the theatre, and sometimes, as the text which they printed shows, by sending short-hand writers to the performance."

* See "Omitted Chapters of the History of England," by Andrew Basset, 1864.

† "The person who first resolved on printing a book, and entered his design in that register, became thereby the legal proprietor of that work, and had the sole right of printing it."—Carte, quoted in "Reasons for a Further Amendment of the Act 54 George III., c. 15," London, 1817.

John Camden Hotten, "Seven Letters, etc., on Literary Property," London, Hotten, 1871, describes the modern Stationers' Company as intrusted with "a vested interest over somebody else's property, a prescriptive right to interfere with the future work of other people's hands."

‡ We are aware that this statement as to the condition of authors' rights in the days of Elizabeth will not pass unchallenged; but a review of the reported cases, as well as the extant records of the Stationers' Company, will, we think, support our conclusion. The first reported case of piracy was in 1735, when the Master of the Rolls enjoined publication of "The Whole Duty of Man" (Morgan's "Law of Literature," vol. ii., p. 672), although John Milton, in the "Areopagitica," speaks, in 1644, twenty-eight years after Shakespeare's death, of "the right of every man" to "his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid." The "Areopagitica" is the greatest state paper of the republic of letters. It is the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights of the liberty of literature. For the text of the "Areopagitica" and copious notes as to the history of the days which called it out, see edition of J. W. Hales, Clarendon Press Series, Macmillan & Co., Oxford, 1874.

At any rate the editors of the first folio speak of the "stolne and surreptitious copies" which had preceded them.

The first and second editions of "Hamlet," 1603 and 1604, might have been the result of such manoeuvres on the part of the pirates and the author. However this may be, "twenty of Shakespeare's plays were published by various stationers during his lifetime; they are known as the quartos, from the form in which they are printed. They are most of them full of errors. . . . Some of them seem to have been put in type from stage copies, or, not improbably, from an aggregation of the separate parts which were in the hands of the various actors." In other words, Shakespeare's works were so imperfectly printed, against his will, during his lifetime, that he himself authorized *other imperfect*—Mr. White says they were imperfect—versions to be likewise printed!

Mr. White might have looked nearer home to more purpose. Nobody knows, nobody can know better than he, that what is called the "accepted" or "received" text of Shakespeare (if there is, to speak minutely, any such to-day) has been arrived at and made up piecemeal, and in the course of time, by the commentators,* selecting from the folios and other original editions such "readings" as the judgment of scholarship or the taste of criticism has, on the whole, adopted; and anybody who cares to take the trouble to examine these original editions can see as much for himself. To suppose that this text, as it stands to-day, is the text as its author or authors wrote it, is to suppose at least ten thousand coincidences, every one of which is, to say the least, improbable.

But that William Shakespeare, of Stratford—author though he may have been of a touching "Epitaph on Elias James"—ever wrote, furnished to the printer, or authorized the publication of a single Shakespearean (for so, in deference to the designation by which they are best known, we call them) play, there is no atom of evidence; and, in our opinion, no warrant for supposing. We have seen the monopoly that overruled the press. We have seen that the Stationers' Company insisted upon recording the name and ownership of every printed thing; and their record-books are still extant, and bear no trace of any

such claimant as William Shakespeare. We have weighed the surmises of the Shakespeareans as to these times, and seen their probable value; and have found it just as impossible to connect the immortal fragments we call the Shakespearean plays to-day with William Shakespeare, of Stratford, as we have already found it to imagine him as having access to the material, the sealed records, and the hidden muniments employed in their construction.

But were these plays, so printed *outside*, the same plays as those acted *inside* the theatre? * When we recall the style of audiences that assembled in those days (M. Taine says the spectators caroused and sang songs while the plays progressed; that they drank great draughts of beer; and, if they drank too much, burned juniper instead of retiring; anon, they would break upon the stage, toss in a blanket such performers as pleased them not, tear up the properties, etc., etc.)—when we recall this, it is not the easiest thing in the world to imagine this audience so very highly delighted, for instance, with Wolsey's long soliloquy (which the actor of to-day delivers in a dignified, low, and unimpassioned monotone, without gesture), or Hamlet's philosophical monologues, or Isabella's pious strains. *Some* plays were highly popular inside those theatres. Were these the ones? Mr. Grant White has all reason, probability, and common sense on his side, when he insists that the theatre most jealously guarded the manuscripts of the plays that were making its fortune; and that it would have been suicide in it to have circulated them outside, in print. But may not the echo of the popularity of certain plays called "Hamlet," "King John," "Macbeth," etc., have induced others, outside the theatre, to have circulated plays, christened with these names (or with and under the popular name of Shakespeare), for gain among the "unco' guid" who would not, or the impecunious who could not, enter the theatre door? There is no need of opening up so hopeless a speculation—a speculation pure and simple, that can never, in the nature of things, be confronted by data either way. But the fact does remain that these marvelous plays appeared in print contemporaneously with the professional career of an actor

* This emendation of the text began very early. "How his fellow scribblers good-humoredly bantered him on that bull he perpetrated in 'Julius Cæsar,' which fairly out-erins Erin:

Cæsar, thou dost me wrong!
Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause!

But the passage was early corrected, for the first folios give only the altered form.—"Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses"—"Appletons' Journal" for April, 1879.

* Was "Hamlet" originally a comic part, written "heavy" for the low comedian; and was it so represented in the days of Samuel Johnson? It has been generally supposed that Englishmen allowed themselves to be bullied by that unkempt, dirty, and mannerless old man, solely because of his brilliant literary qualities and invaluable judgment. But, in a passage quoted in our first paper, Johnson says, "The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth." People, nowadays, do not giggle over "the pretended madness of Hamlet"; unless "Hamlet" was low comedy in Johnson's day, his eminent literary judgment must have nodded for once.

named William Shakespeare, and in the same town where he acted; that, if they were his, it would have been to his interest to have kept them out of print; and that their appearance in print he most certainly did not authorize: and who can claim that one guess is not as good as another, where history is silent, and tradition askew, and the truth buried under the dust of centuries, overtopped by the rubbish of conjecture?

We repeat, we have no warrant to intrude upon the domain of criticism. The Shakespearean text, as we possess it to-day, is too priceless, whatever its source, to be rudely touched. But, so far as is revealed by the record of its appearance among printed literature, there is no evidence, internal or external, as to William Shakespeare's production of it, and as to its origin we are as hopelessly in the dark as ever.

Dubious as is the chronicle of those days as to other matters, it is singularly clear as to what was printed and what was not. For those were the sort of days when men whose names were not written in the books of the Stationers' Company printed at the peril of clipped ears and slit noses, or worse; and those books are still extant. But, by the fatality which seems to follow and pervade the name of William Shakespeare, this record, like every other, national or local, yields nothing to the probe but disappointment and silence as to the man of Stratford and the actor of Blackfriars.

We have already considered as to whether the same intellect composed the "Hamlet" at one sitting, and at another located Bohemia on the seacoast; and whether, on inspection, it might not be strongly suggested that the two conceptions indicated geniuses of quite different orders and not one and the same person; that one showed the hand-marks of a poet and the other the hand-marks of the stage-manager, etc. If the limits of this paper permitted, we believe the same hand-marks might be collected from the treatment of the text of every play. For instance, the "Comedy of Errors" is supposed to occur during the days when Ephesus was ruled by a duke, and follows—as we have already shown—the unities of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. But the ignoramus who doctored the paraphrase for the Blackfriars stage found it convenient, to bring on his stage effect, to introduce a Christian monastery into Ephesus at about that time, with a lady abbess who could refuse admission to the Duke himself, so inviolable and sacred was the sanctuary of consecrated Christian walls! The monastery was as convenient to bringing all the befogged and befooled and sadly mixed-up personages of the comedy face to face at the moment as was the seashore and the bear in "A Winter's

Tale" to account for the Princess Perdita among the shepherds, and so in they all go. These and the like brummagem and *ruses de convenance* are simple enough to understand, and detract in no degree whatever from the value of the plays: they can be retired or retained at pleasure and no harm done, if we only remember to whom and to what they are assignable. But, if we forget that, and insist that the very same pen which wrote the dialogue wrote the setting—wrote every entrance, exit, and direction to the scene-shifters and stage-carpenters, and therefore that every dot and comma, every call and cue, every "gag" and localism, is as sacred as Holy Writ, no wonder the scholars of the text are puzzled!

For example, we find that Mr. Wilkes and a very candid writer in the "American Catholic Review" for January, 1879—who otherwise believe the author of the Shakespearean plays to have been a Roman Catholic—are almost persuaded that he must have been a Protestant, because he finds occasion to make mention of an "evening mass." But let us assure Messrs. Wilkes and Harper that they need neither abandon nor adopt a theory on rencontre with so trivial a phenomenon. If William Shakespeare felt the need of an "evening mass" at any time, we may be fairly sure, from our experience of that worthy, that he put one in. He had bolted too many camels in his day to hesitate at such a gnat as that! The creator of a convent in old Ephesus and of a seacoast to Bohemia was not one to stick at a trifling "evening mass"!

The gentlemen above mentioned believe the author of the plays to have been a Romanist, mainly because the liturgy and priesthood of that Church are invariably treated with respect in the plays, while Dissenting parsons are poked fun at without stint. But we doubt if the fact justifies much of a conclusion either way. Doubtless in the modern drama the same rule will be perceived to obtain. The imperious liturgy and priesthood of the Roman or of the stately Anglican Church appear to be beyond the attempts of travesty; while the snivel and preach of mere Puritanism has always been too tempting an opportunity for "Aminadab Sleeks" and his type—to be resisted.* Besides, there is no call to insist that the stage, in epitomizing life into the compass of an hour, shall preserve every detail; nothing less than a Chinese theatre could answer a demand like that. There is a dramatic license even broader than the license accorded to poetry, and we would doubtless find the drama a sad bore if there were not. William Shakespeare, during his managerial career, appears to have understood this as well as

* Mr. Grant White says, "The same Rev. Mr. Davies who records his unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, also writes that he died a Papist."

anybody, nor have the liberties he took with facts and chronology befogged anybody except the daily lessening investigators, who believe him to be the original of the masterpieces he cut into playbooks for his stage.

It must not be supposed, however, that William Shakespeare never tried his hand at verse-making; he would have been a paragon almost equal to that he has been considered, had he resisted that! During the leisure of his later life at Stratford, no less than in the lampooning efforts of his vagrom youth, he seems to have turned his pen to rhyme. And the future may yet bring forth a Shakespearean honest enough to collect these verses—as they follow here—and to entitle them—

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EPITAPH ON ELIAS JAMES.*

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here repositeth; as he liv'd he dyde;
The saying in him strongly verified—
Such life, such death; then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly lyfe, and dyde as well.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS STANLEY.†

Ask who lyes here, but do not weep:
He is not dead; he doth but sleepe;
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame
Nor skye aspyring pyramids our name;
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands,
When all to Time's consumption shall be given;
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

EPITAPH ON TOM-A-COMBE, OTHERWISE THIN-
BEARD.‡

Thin in beard and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse;
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The Devil and he had both one nurse.

WHOM I HAVE DRUNKEN WITH.*

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillsborough and hungry Grafton;
With dancing Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bidford.

EPITAPH ON JOHN COMBES.†

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any one ask, "Who lies in this tomb?"
"Oh! ho!" quoth the Devil, "'tis my John a
Combe!"

LAMPON ON SIR THOMAS LUCY.‡

A Parliament member, a justice of peace—
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse;
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He thinks himself great, but an asse in his state
We allow bye his eares but with asses to mate;
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He's a haughty, proud, insolent knight of the shire,
At home nobody loves yet there's many that fear;
If Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

To the Sessions he went, and did lowdly complain
His park had been robbed and his deere they were
slain;

This Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

He sayd 'twas a ryot, his men had been beat,
His venison was stol'n and clandestinely eat:
So Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

So haughty was he when the fact was confessed
He sayd 'twas a wrong that could not be redressed;
So Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
Synge lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

Though lucas a dozen he wear on his coat,
His name it shall lowsie for Lucy be wrote;
For Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it—
We'll sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

If a juvenile frolic he cannot forgive,
We'll sing lowsie Lucy as long as we live;
And Lucy the lowsie a libel may call it—
We'll sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

* On the authority of "a MS. volume of poems by Herrick and others, in the handwriting of Charles I., in the Bodleian Library."

† On the authority of Sir William Dugdale ("Visitation Book"), who says, "The following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian."

‡ On the authority of Peck, "Memoirs of Milton," 4to, 1740.

* On the authority of John Jordan.

† Aubrey's version makes the first two lines read—

Ten in the hundred the Devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and vows.

‡ On the authority of Aubrey. This is William Shakespeare's longest and most ambitious work.

INSCRIPTION FOR HIS OWN TOMB.*

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he who moves my bones.

These are all the poetical compositions William Shakespeare appears to have left behind him at his death in 1616; and there seems to be no reason why he could not have written them; and, unless he has written through a spirit medium, he has written nothing since.

It certainly would be unfair to insert, in this edition of Master Shakespeare's poetry, all that he borrowed and dressed up (and, according to Richard Greene, he borrowed and dressed up a great deal). We have already, in our former paper, quoted from Greene. It is fashionable with the Shakespeareans to sneer at Greene, because he was "jealous" of Shakespeare. He appears to have had reason to be jealous! But no name is bad enough to bestow on poor Greene. Mr. Grant White says: "Robert Greene, writing from the fitting deathbed of a groveling debauchee, warns three of his literary companions to shun intercourse with," etc., "certain actors, Shakespeare among the rest." If Robert Greene died from over-debauch, it is no more than Shakespeare himself died of, according to an entry "in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was appointed Vicar of Stratford in 1662,"† and according to Mr. White himself, from whom we take this reference.

"It is not impossible," says Mr. White, "that this piece of gossiping tradition is true." He is right to call it "gossiping tradition," for it is piece and parcel of all the other mention of William Shakespeare of Stratford. If it were not for "gossiping tradition" we had never heard, and Mr. White had never written, of that personage. But Mr. White makes no reservation of "gossiping tradition" in the case of Robert Greene. Greene dies "on the fitting deathbed of a groveling debauchee," because he was jealous of William Shakespeare, and was so injudicious, and so far forgot himself, as to call that "jack of all trades" an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," etc. To our ears we confess that poor Robert Greene's dying words—if they were his dying words—sound like an *ante-mortem* legacy of warning and prophecy to the ages which were to follow him. But they have not been heeded. His "upstart crowe"

has not only kept all his borrowed feathers, but is arrayed each passing day with somebody's richer and brighter plumage. If Robert Greene could speak from the dust, he doubtless could tell us—as Jonson and the rest might have told us in their lifetimes, and they only would—whose all this plumage really was and is. But all are dust and ashes together now—dust and ashes three centuries old, and, as Miss Bacon said, "Who loses anything that does not find" the secret of that dust? However, not a Shakespearean stops to waste a sigh over the memory of poor Robert Greene, who saw his bread snatched from his mouth by a scissorer of other men's brains, and who was too human to see and hold his peace; but over the drunken grave of the Stratford pretender—who was vanquished in his cups at Bidford and Peabworth, and lay all night under the thorn-tree, but who died bravely in them at the last—they weep as for one cut off untimely, as Dame Quickly over the lazared and lecherous clay of Sir John Falstaff: "Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever a man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Christom child." But let us not assume the appearance of unkindness to William Shakespeare. He lived a merry life; and, so far as we can know, wronged nobody except his own wife, poor Robert Greene, and perhaps the delinquent for corn delivered. He loved his own, but that is no wrong. And, so far as the world can ever know, he claimed not as his, save by his silence, the works a too flattering posterity has assigned him.

The appeal to history not only declines to set aside, but affirms with costs, the verdict rendered upon the evidence. And the sum is briefly this: If William Shakespeare wrote the plays, it was a miracle; everything else being equal, the presumption is against a miracle; but, here, everything else is not equal, for all the facts of history are reconcilable with the presumption and irreconcilable with the miracle; if history is history, then miracle there was none—in other words, if there were one miracle, then there must have been two. If there had lived no such man as William Shakespeare, that "William Shakespeare" would be as good a name as any other to designate the authorship of the Shakespearean page, who will consider it worth while to question? But to credit the historical man with the living page demands, in our estimation, an innocence of credulity that is almost physical blindness!

But what is the summing up on the other side? Upon what statement is the case for the respondent to be rested? Merely that Ben Jonson (a poet) once said (in poetry) that his fellow actor was the First of Poets!!! Merely this, and nothing more. Any one who cares to examine

* On the authority of common opinion in the vicinity of Stratford, but not traceable to any responsible source.

† This entry, as given by Mr. White, is as follows: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merie meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

for himself will find the residue of the so-called "contemporary testimony" to be rather CRITICISM, as to the compositions, than CHRONICLE, as to the man. And these poets do not swear to their verses.

In our first paper we remarked of this gentry, who are never required to make oath to what they state, that "of the contemporaries of William Shakespeare who lamented his death in verse, *most* of their eulogies are quite vague as to whether they considered their departed friend as an actor or a poet, and may be construed either way." Right here a critic remarks, "This is absurd," and quotes Ben Jonson's lines :

Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For a good poet's made as well as born,
And such wert thou—

which are supposed important enough to require meeting by themselves. We said "most of," not "all." As for these lines, we understand them to have been quoted to Lord Brougham (who went further than we have gone, and asserted that Lord Bacon was the concealed author of the plays). "Oh," said Brougham, "these fellows always hang together ; or it's just possible Jonson may have been deceived with the rest." But the question is not "Was Shakespeare a poet ?" but "Had he access to the material from which the plays are composed ?" Admit him to have been the greatest poet, the most frenzied genius in the world, where did he get—not the poetry, but—the classical, philosophical, chemical, historical, astronomical, geological, etc., etc., information—the FACTS that crowd his pages ? We have presented a mass of historical evidence in these two papers, going to prove that William Shakespeare of Stratford had not and could not have had such access. Are ten lines of poetry by Ben Jonson—his warm friend and fellow craftsman (not sworn to, of course, but we waive that ; and we may add, not nearly as tropical or ecstatic as they might have been, and yet been quite justifiable under the rule *nil nisi*)—to outweigh all historic certainty ? If his contemporary had written a life, or memoir, or "recollections," or "table-talk" of William Shakespeare, it might have been different. But he only gives us a few cheap lines of poetical eulogy ; and fact is one thing, and poetry—except in this instance, as it seems—is conceded to be altogether another.

"If I go, who remains ? If I remain, who goes ?" said Dante to the Council of Florence. Take the Shakespearean pages away from English literature, and what remains ? Retain them, and what departs ? And yet are men to believe that the writer of these pages left no impress on

his age and no item in the chronicle of his time ? * that, in the intensest focus of the clear, calm lime-light of nineteenth-century inspection and investigation, their author stands only revealed in the gossip of goodwives or the drivel of a pot-house clientele ? Who is it—his reason and judgment once enlisted—who believes this thing ?

Heaven forbid that we should rob the stage of Master William Shakespeare ! The stage was the people's teacher then, and it is the people's teacher now. To the world it has taught—and nothing does it teach more earnestly to-day—the lesson of fortitude under adversity, of honor and of *noblesse oblige* ; and, if for nothing else, the stage has been a godsend to the race. Let us not rob the stage of its own creations ; and, whatever he was—poet or actor, philosopher or country gentleman—THAT—out of a vagabond—a nobody—a nothing at all—the stage created William Shakespeare !

APPLETON MORGAN.

* Mr. Grant White does not admit that Shakespeare was unappreciated in his own time. He says (Appletons' "American Cyclopædia," article "Shakespeare") : "The fact is quite otherwise. His 'Venus and Adonis' had run through five editions by 1602. Both it and 'Lucrece' are highly extolled by contemporary writers. Spenser alludes to him in 'Colin Clout,' written in 1594, as one

Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.

Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia'—1598—said that 'the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare : witness his "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugred sonnets among his private friends.' 'As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' And this was before his greatest works were written. Meres adds : 'As Epilus Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus' tongue if they would speake Latin, so I say that the Muses would speake with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speake English.' We know, too, that his plays were as attractive to the public as they were satisfactory to those critics who were not his rivals. Leonard Digges, born in 1588, tells us, in verses not published till 1640, that when the audience saw Shakespeare's plays they were ravished, and went away in wonder ; and that, though Ben Jonson was admired, yet, when his best plays would hardly bring money enough to pay for a sea-coal fire, Shakespeare's would fill 'cockpit, galleries, boxes,' and scarce leave standing room." And yet, after citing all this testimony to the sensation which THE PLAYS produced in the city and among the critics, Mr. White is honest enough to say, in another place in the same article, of THE MAN Shakespeare : "A century ago George Steevens wrote, 'All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried.' The assiduous researches of one hundred years have discovered little more than this."

THE LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

FIRST SURVEY.*

THE close of the Crimean war is a great landmark in the reign of Queen Victoria. This, therefore, is a convenient opportunity to cast a glance back upon the literary achievements of a period so markedly divided in political interest from any that went before it. The reign of Queen Victoria is the first in which the constitutional and Parliamentary system of government came fairly and completely into recognition. It is also the reign which had the good fortune to witness the great modern development in all that relates to practical invention, and more especially in the application of science to the work of making communication rapid between men. On land and ocean, in air and under the sea, the history of rapid travel and rapid interchange of message coincides with that of the present reign. Such a reign ought to have a distinctive literature. So in truth it has. Of course it is somewhat bold to predict long and distinct renown for contemporaries or contemporary schools. But it may perhaps be assumed without any undue amount of speculative venturesomeness that the age of Queen Victoria will stand out in history as the period of a literature as distinct from others as the age of Elizabeth or Anne, although not perhaps equal in greatness to the latter, and far indeed below the former. At the opening of Queen Victoria's reign a great race of literary men had come to a close. It is curious to note how sharply and completely the literature of Victoria separates itself from that of the era whose heroes were Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. Before Queen Victoria came to the throne, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and Keats were dead. Wordsworth lived, indeed, for many years after; so did Southey and Moore; and Savage Landor died much later still. But Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, and Landor had completed their literary work before Victoria came to the throne. Not one of them added a cubit or an inch to his intellectual stature from that time; some of them even did work which distinctly proved that their day was done. A new and fresh breath was soon after breathed into literature. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable about the better

literature of the age of Queen Victoria than its complete severance from the leadership of that which had gone before it, and its evidence of a fresh and genuine inspiration. It is a somewhat curious fact, too, very convenient for the purposes of this history, that the literature of Queen Victoria's time thus far divides itself clearly enough into two parts. The poets, novelists, and historians who were making their fame with the beginning of the reign had done all their best work and made their mark before these later years, and were followed by a new and different school, drawing inspiration from wholly different sources, and challenging comparison as antagonists rather than disciples.

We speak now only of literature. In science the most remarkable developments were reserved for the later years of the reign. We use the words "remarkable developments" in the historical rather than in the scientific sense. It would be hardly possible to overrate the benefits conferred upon science and the world by some of the scientific men who made the best part of their fame in the earlier years of the reign. Some great names at once start to the memory. We think of Brewster, the experimental philosopher, who combined in so extraordinary a degree the strictest severity of scientific argument and form with a freedom of fancy and imagination which lent picturesqueness to all his illustrations and invested his later writings especially with an indefinable charm. We think of Michael Faraday, the chemist and electrician, who knew so well how to reconcile the boldest researches into the heights and depths of science with the sincerest spirit of faith and devotion; the memory of whose delightful improvisations on the science he loved to expound must remain for ever with all who had the privilege of hearing the unrivalled lecturer deliver his annual discourses at the Royal Institution. It is not likely that the name of Sir John Herschel, a gifted member of a gifted family, would be forgotten by any one taking even the hastiest glance at the science of our time—a family of whom it may truly be said, as the German prose-poet says of his dreaming hero, that their eyes were among the stars and their souls in the blue ether. Richard Owen's is, in another field of knowledge, a great renown. Owen has been called the Cuvier of England and the Newton of natural history, and there can not be any doubt that his researches

* This chapter from Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," volumes i. and ii. of which have just been published in London, is offered as a suitable supplement to Mr. Spencer Walpole's "English Literature," which appeared in the "Journal" for February and March of the present year.—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

and discoveries as an anatomist and paleontologist have marked a distinct era in the development of the study to which he devoted himself. Hugh Miller, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone" and "The Testimony of the Rocks," the devotee and unfortunately the martyr of scientific inquiry, brought a fresh and brilliant literary ability, almost as untutored and spontaneous as that of his immortal countryman, Robert Burns, to bear on the exposition of the studies to which he literally sacrificed his life. If, therefore, we say that the later period of Queen Victoria's reign is more remarkable in science than the former, it is not because we would assert that the men of this later day contributed in richer measure to the development of human knowledge, and especially of practical science, than those of the earlier time. But it was in the later period that the scientific controversies sprang up and the school arose which will be, in the historian's sense, most closely associated with the epoch. The value of the labors of men like Owen and Faraday and Brewster is often to be appreciated thoroughly by scientific students alone. What they have done is to be recorded in the history of science rather than in the general and popular history of a day. But the school of scientific thought which Darwin founded, and in which Huxley and Tyndall taught, is the subject of a controversy which may be set down as memorable in the history of the world. All science and all common life accepted with gratitude and without contest the contributions made to our knowledge by Faraday and Brewster; but the theories of Darwin divided the scientific world, the religious world, and indeed all society, into two hostile camps, and so became an event in history which the historian can no more pass over than, in telling of the growth of the United States, he could omit any mention of the great civil war. Even in dealing with the growth of science it is on the story of battles that the attention of the outer world must to the end of time be turned with the keenest interest. This is, one might almost think, a scientific law in itself, with which it would be waste of time to quarrel.

The earlier part of the reign was richer in literary genius than the later has thus far been. Of course the dividing line which we draw is loosely drawn, and may sometimes appear to be capricious. Some of those who won their fame in the earlier part continued active workers, in certain instances steadily adding to their celebrity, through the succeeding years. The figure of Thomas Carlyle is familiar still to all who live in the neighborhood of Chelsea. It was late in the reign of Victoria that Stuart Mill came out for the first time on a public platform in London

after a life divided between official work and the most various reading and study; a life divided too between the seclusion of Blackheath and the more poetic seclusion of Avignon, among the nightingales whose song was afterward so sweet to his dying ears. He came, strange and shy, into a world which knew him only in his books, and to which the gentle and grave demeanor of the shrinking and worn recluse seemed out of keeping with the fearless brain and heart which his career as a thinker proved him to have. The reign had run for forty years when Harriet Martineau was taken from that beautiful and romantic home in the bosom of the lake country to which her celebrity had drawn so many famous visitors for so long a time. The renown of Dickens began with the reign, and his death was sadly premature when he died in his quaint and charming home at Gad's Hill, in the country of Falstaff and Prince Hal, some thirty-three years after. Mrs. Browning passed away very prematurely; but it might well be contended that the fame, or at least the popularity, of Robert Browning belongs to this later part of the reign even though his greatest work belongs to the earlier. The author of the most brilliant and vivid book of travel known in our modern English, "Eothen," made a sudden renown in the earlier part of the reign, and achieved a new and a different sort of repute as the historian of the Crimean war during the later part. Still, if we take the close of the Crimean war as an event dividing the reign thus far into two parts, we shall find that there does seem a tolerably clear division between the literature of the two periods. We have therefore put in this first part of our history the men and women who had distinctly made their mark in these former years, and who would have been famous if from that time out they had done nothing more. It is with this division borne in mind that we describe the reign as more remarkable in the literature of the earlier and in the science of these later years. It is not rash to say that, although poets, historians, and novelists of celebrity came afterward and may come yet, the literature of our time gave its measure, as the French phrase is, in that earlier period.

Alike in its earlier passages and in its later the reign is rich in historical labors. The names of Grote, Macaulay, and Carlyle occur at once to the mind when we survey the former period. Mr. Grote's history of Greece is indeed a monumental piece of work. It has all that patience and exhaustive care which principally mark the German historians, and it has an earnestness which is not to be found generally in the representatives of what Carlyle has called the Dryasdust school. Grote threw himself completely into the life and the politics of Athens. It was

said of him with some truth that he entered so thoroughly into all the political life of Greece as to become now and then the partisan of this or that public man. His own practical acquaintance with politics was undoubtedly of great service to him. We have all grown somewhat tired of hearing the words of Gibbon quoted in which he tells us that "the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Assuredly the practical knowledge of politics which Grote acquired during the nine or ten years of his Parliamentary career was of much service to the historian of Greece. It has been said indeed of him that he never could quite keep from regarding the struggles of parties in Athens as exactly illustrating the principles disputed between the Liberals and the Tories in England. It does not seem to us, however, that his political career affected his historical studies in any way, but by throwing greater vitality and nervousness into his descriptions of Athenian controversies. The difference between a man who has mingled anywhere in the active life of politics, and one who only knows that life from books and the talk of others, is specially likely to show itself in such a study as Grote's history. His political training enabled Grote to see in the statesmen and soldiers of the Greek peoples men and not trees walking. It taught him how to make the dry bones live. Mr. Grote began life as what would have been called in later years a Philosophical Radical. He was a close friend of Stuart Mill, although he did not always agree with Mill in his opinions. During his Parliamentary career he devoted himself for the most part to the advocacy of the system of vote by ballot. He brought forward a motion on the subject every session as Mr. Charles Villiers did at one time for the repeal of the Corn Laws. He only gave up the House of Commons in order that he might be free to complete his great history. He did not retain all his radical opinions to the end of his life so thoroughly as Mill did, but owned with a certain regret that in many ways his views had undergone modification, and that he grew less and less ardent for political change, less hopeful, we may suppose, of the amount of good to be done for human happiness and virtue by the spread and movement of what are now called advanced opinions. It must be owned that it takes a very vigorous and elastic mind to enable a man to resist the growth of that natural and physical tendency toward conservatism or reaction which comes with advancing years. It is as well for society on the whole that this should be so, and that the elders as a

rule should form themselves into a guard to challenge very pertinaciously all the eager claims and demands for change made by hopeful and restless youth. No one would more readily have admitted the advantage that may come from this common law of life than Grote's friend Mill; although Mill remained to the close of his career as full of hope in the movement of liberal opinions as he had been in his boyhood; still, to quote from some noble words of Schiller, "reverencing as a man the dreams of his youth." In his later years Grote withdrew from all connection with active political controversy, and was indeed curiously ignorant of the very bearings of some of the greatest questions around the settlement of which the passions and interests of another hemisphere were brought into fierce and vast dispute.

We have already had occasion more than once to speak of Macaulay, the great Parliamentary debater and statesman. It is the less necessary to say much of him as an historian; for Macaulay will be remembered rather as a man who could do many things brilliantly than as the author of a history. Yet Macaulay's "History of England," whatever its defects, is surely entitled to rank as a great work. We do not know whether grave scholars will regard it as to the honor of the book or the reverse, that it was by far the most popular historical essay ever produced by an Englishman. The successive volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" were run after as the Waverley Novels might have been at the zenith of their author's fame. Living England talked for the time of nothing but Macaulay's "England." Certainly history had never before in our country been treated in a style so well calculated to render it at once popular, fascinating, and fashionable. Every chapter glittered with vivid and highly colored description. On almost every page was found some sentence of glowing eloquence or gleaming antithesis, which at once lent itself to citation and repetition. Not one word of it could have failed to convey its meaning. The whole stood out in an atmosphere clear, bright, and incapable of misty illusion as that of a Swiss lake in summer. No shade or faint haze of a doubt appeared anywhere. The admirer of Macaulay had all the comfort in his studies that a votary of the Roman Catholic Church may have. He had an infallible guide. He had no need to vex himself with doubt, speculation, or even conjecture. This absolute certainty about everything was, beyond question, one great source of Macaulay's popularity. That resolute conviction which readers of a more intellectual class are especially inclined to distrust has the same charm for the ordinary reader that it has for children, who never care to

hear any story if they suppose the narrator does not know all about it in such a way as to render question or contradiction impossible. But although this was one of the causes of Macaulay's popularity, it was not the most substantial cause. The brilliancy of his style, the variety and aptness of his illustrations, and the animated manner in which he contrived to set his ideas of men, places, and events before the reader—these were among the sources of success to which his admirers must look with the greatest satisfaction. It is of late somewhat the fashion to disparage Macaulay. He was a popular idol so long that in the natural course of things it has come to him to have his title to worship, or even to faith, very generally questioned. To be unreasonably admired by one generation is to incur the certainty of being unreasonably disparaged by the next. The tendency of late is to assume that because Macaulay was brilliant he must necessarily be superficial. But Macaulay was not superficial. He was dogmatic; he was full of prejudice; he was in all respects a better advocate than judge; he was wanting in the calm, impartial balancing faculty which an historian of the highest class ought to have; but he was not superficial. No man could make out a better and stronger case for any side of a controversy which he was led to espouse. He was not good at drawing or explaining complex characters. He loved indeed to picture contradictory and paradoxical characters. Nothing delighted him more than to throw off an animated description of some great person, who, having been shown in the first instance to possess one set of qualities in extreme prominence, was then shown to have a set of exactly antagonistic qualities in quite equal prominence. This was not describing a complex character. It was merely embodying a paradox. It was to "solder close," as Timon of Athens says, "impossibilities and make them kiss." There was something too much of trick about this, although it was often done with so much power as to bewilder the better judgment of the calmest reader. But, where Macaulay happened to be right in his view of a man or an event, he made his convictions clear with an impressiveness and a brilliancy such as no modern writer has surpassed. The world owes him something for having protested by precept and example against the absurd notion that the "dignity of history" required of historians to be grave, pompous, and dull. He was not a Gibbon, but he wrote with all Gibbon's delight in the picturesqueness of a subject, and Gibbon's resolve to fascinate as well as to instruct his readers. Macaulay's history tries too much to be an historical portrait gallery. The dangers of such a style do not need to be pointed out. They are amply illustrated in Macaulay's spar-

ling pages. But it is something to know that their splendid qualities are far more conspicuous still than their defects. Perhaps very recent readers of history too may feel disposed to be grateful to Macaulay for having written without any profound philosophical theory to expound. He told history like a story. He warmed up as he went along, and grew enamored, as a romancist does, of this character and angry with that other. No doubt he frequently thus did harm to the trustworthiness of his narrative where it had to deal with disputed questions, although he probably enhanced the charms of his animated style. But he did not set out with a mission to expound some theory as to a race or a tendency, and therefore pledged beforehand to bend all facts of the physical, the political, and the moral world to the duty of bearing witness for him and proclaiming the truth of his message to mankind.

Macaulay was not exactly what the Germans would call a many-sided man. He never was anything but the one Macaulay in all he did or attempted. But he did a great many things well. Nothing that he ever attempted was done badly. He was as successful in the composition of a pretty valentine for a little girl as he was in his history, his essays, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his Parliamentary speeches. In everything he attempted he went very near to that success which true genius achieves. In everything he just fell short of that achievement. But he so nearly attained it that the reader who takes up one of Macaulay's books or speeches for the first time is almost sure to believe, under the influence of the instant impression, that the genuine inspiration is there. Macaulay is understood to have for a long time thought of writing a romance. If he had done so, we may feel sure that many intelligent readers would have believed on the first perusal of it that it was almost on a level with Scott, and only as the first impression gradually faded, and they came to read it over again, have found out that Macaulay was not a Scott in fiction any more than he was a Burke in eloquence or a Gibbon in history. He filled for a long time a larger space in the public mind than any other literary man in England, and his style greatly affected literary men. But his influence did not pierce deeply down into public feeling and thought as that of one or two other men of the same period undoubtedly did, and does still. He did not impress the very soul of English feeling as Mr. Carlyle, for example, has done.

No influence suffused the age from first to last more strongly than that of Thomas Carlyle. England's very way of thinking was at one time profoundly affected by Carlyle. He introduced the English people to the great German authors, very much as Lessing had introduced the Ger-

mans to Shakespeare and the old English ballads. Carlyle wrote in a style which was so little like that ordinarily accepted as English, that the best thing to be said for it was that it was not exactly German. At one time it appeared to be so completely molded on that of Jean Paul Richter, that not a few persons doubted whether the new-comer really had any ideas of his own. But Carlyle soon proved that he could think for himself; and he very often proved it by thinking wrong. There was in him a strong, deep vein of the poetic. Long after he had evidently settled down to be a writer of prose and nothing else, it still seemed to many that his true sphere was poetry. The grim seriousness which he had taken from his Scottish birth and belongings was made hardly less grim by the irony which continually gleamed or scowled through it. Truth and force were the deities of Carlyle's especial worship. "The eternal verities" sat on the top of his Olympus. To act out the truth in life, and make others act it out, would require some force more strong, ubiquitous, and penetrating than we can well obtain from the slow deliberations of an ordinary Parliament, with its debates and divisions and everlasting formulas. Therefore, to enforce his eternal verities, Carlyle always preached up and yearned for the strong man, the poem in action, whom the world in our day had not found, and perhaps could not appreciate. If this man were found, it would be his duty and his privilege to drill us all as in some vast camp, and compel us to do the right thing to his dictation. It can not be doubted that this preaching of the divine right of force had a serious and sometimes a very detrimental effect upon the public opinion of England. It degenerated often into affectation, alike with the teacher and the disciples. But the influence of Carlyle in preaching earnestness and truth, in art and letters and everything else, had a healthy and very remarkable effect entirely outside the regions of the moralist, who in this country at least has always taught the same lesson. It is not probable that individual men were made much more truthful in England by Carlyle's glorification of the eternal verities than they would have been without it. But his influence on letters and art was peculiar, and was not evanescent. Carlyle is distinctly the founder of a school of history and a school of art. In the mean while we may regard him simply as a great author, and treat his books as literary studies and not as gospels. Thus regarded, we shall find that he writes in a style which every sober critic would feel bound to condemn, but which nevertheless the soberest critic is forced continually, despite of himself and his rules, to admire. For out of the strange jargon which he seems to have deliberately adopt-

ed, Carlyle has undoubtedly constructed a wonderfully expressive medium in which to speak his words of remonstrance and admonition. It is a mannerism, but a mannerism into which a great deal of the individuality of the man seems to have entered. It is not wholly affectation or superficiality. Carlyle's own soul seems to speak out in it more freely and strenuously than it would in the ordinary English of society and literature. No tongue, says Richter, is eloquent save in its own language; and this strange language which he has made for himself does really appear to be the native tongue of Carlyle's powerful and melancholy eloquence. Carlyle is endowed with a marvelous power of depicting stormy scenes and rugged, daring natures. At times strange wild piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his strenuous and fierce bursts of eloquence like the wail of a clarion thrilling between the blasts of a storm. His history of the French Revolution is history read by lightning. Of this remarkable book John Stuart Mill supplied the principal material; for Mill at one time thought of writing a history of the Revolution himself, but, giving up the idea, placed the materials he had collected at the service of Carlyle. Carlyle used the materials in his own way. He is indebted to no one for his method of making up his history. With all its defects, the book is one of the very finest our age has produced. Its characters stand out like portraits by Rembrandt. Its crowds live and move. The picture of Mirabeau is worthy of the hand of the great German poet who gave us Wallenstein. But Carlyle's style has introduced into this country a thoroughly false method of writing history. It is a method which has little regard for the "dry light" which Bacon approved. It works under the varying glare of colored lights. Its purpose is to express scorn of one set of ideas and men, and admiration of another. Given the man we admire, then all his doings and ways must be admirable; and the historian proceeds to work this principle out. Carlyle's Mirabeau is as truly a creature of romance as the Monte Cristo of Dumas. This way of going to work became even more apparent, as the mannerisms became more incessant, in Carlyle's later writings—in the "Frederick the Great," for example. The reader dares not trust such history. It is of little value as an instructor in the lessons of the times and events it deals with. It only tells us what Carlyle thought of the times and the events, and the men who were the chief actors in them. Nor does Carlyle bequeath many new ideas to the world which he stirred by his stormy eloquence. That falsehood can not prevail over truth in the end, nor simulacra do the work of realities, is not after all a

lesson which earth can be said to have waited for up to the nineteenth century and the coming of Carlyle; and yet it would be hard to point to any other philosophical outcome of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. His value is in his eloquence, his power, his passion, and pathos; his stirring and lifelike pictures of human character, whether faithful to the historical originals or not; and the vein of poetry which runs through all his best writings, and sometimes makes even the least sympathetic reader believe that he has to do with a genuine poet.

In strongest contrast to the influence of Carlyle may be set the influence of Mill. Except where the professed teachers of religious creeds are concerned, there can be found no other man in the reign of Victoria who had anything like the influence over English thought that Mill and Carlyle possessed. Mill was a devoted believer in the possibilities of human nature and of liberty. If Rousseau was the apostle of affliction, Mill was surely the apostle of freedom. He believed that human society might be brought to something not far removed from perfection by the influence of education and of freedom acting on the best impulses and disciplining the emotions of men and women. Mill was a strange blending of political economist and sentimentalist. It was not altogether in humorous exaggeration that somebody said he was Adam Smith and Petrarch in one. The curious seclusion in which he was brought up by his father, the wonderful discipline of study to which in his very infancy he was subjected, would have made something strange and striking out of a commonplace nature; and Mill was in any case a man of genius. There was an antique simplicity and purity about his life which removed him altogether from the ways of ordinary society. But the defect of his teaching as an ethical guide was that he made too little allowance for the influence of ordinary society. He always seemed to act on the principle that with true education and noble example the most commonplace men could be persuaded to act like heroes, and to act like heroes always. The great service which he rendered to the world in his "Political Economy" and his "System of Logic" is of course independent of his controverted theories and teachings. These works would, if they were all he had written, place him in the very front rank of English thinkers and instructors. But these only represent half of his influence on the public opinion of his time. His faith in the principle of human liberty led him to originate the movement for what is called the emancipation of women. Opinions will doubtless long differ as to the advantages of the movement, but there can be no possible difference of judgment as to the

power and fascination of Mill's advocacy and the influence he exercised. He did not succeed in his admirable essay "On Liberty" in establishing the rule or principle by which men may decide between the right of free expression of opinion and the right of authority to ordain silence. Probably no precise boundary line can ever be drawn; and in this, as in so much else, law-makers and peoples must be content with a compromise. But Mill's is at least a noble plea for the fullest possible liberty of utterance; and he has probably carried the argument as far as it ever can be carried. There never was a more lucid and candid reasoner. The most difficult and abstruse questions became clear by the light of his luminous exposition. Something too of human interest and sympathy became infused into the most seemingly arid discussions of political economy by the virtue of his emotional and half-poetic nature. It was well said of him that he reconciled political economy with human feeling. His style was clear as light. Mill, said one of his critics, lives in light. Sometimes his language rose to a noble and dignified eloquence; here and there are passages of a grave, keen irony. Into the questions of religious belief which arise in connection with his works it is no part of our business to enter; but it may be remarked that his latest writings seem to show that his views were undergoing much modification in his closing years. His opponents would have allowed as readily as his supporters that no man could have been more sincerely inspired with a desire to arrive at the truth; and that none could be more resolute to follow the course which his conscience told him to be right. He carried this resolute principle into his warmest controversies, and it was often remarked that he usually began by stating the case of the adversary better than the adversary could have done it for himself. Applying to his own character the same truthful method of inquiry which he applied to others, Mill has given a very accurate description of one at least of the qualities by which he was able to accomplish so much. He tells us in his "Autobiography" that he had from an early period considered that the most useful part he could take in the domain of thought was that of an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediator between them and the public. "I had always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker, except in abstract science (logic, metaphysics, and the theoretic principles of political economy and politics), but thought myself much superior to most of my contemporaries in willingness and ability to learn from everybody; as I found hardly any one who made such a point of examining what was said in defense of all opinions, however new or however

old, in the conviction that even if they were errors there might be a substratum of truth underneath them, and that in any case the discovery of what it was that made them plausible would be a benefit to truth." This was not assuredly Mill's greatest merit, but it was perhaps his most peculiar quality. He was an original thinker, despite his own sincere disclaimer; but he founded no new system. He could be trusted to examine and expound any system with the most perfect fairness and candor; and even where it was least in harmony with his own ideas to do the fullest justice to every one of its claims.

Harriet Martineau's career as a woman of letters and a teacher began, indeed, before the reign of Queen Victoria, but it was carried on almost without interruption during nearly forty years of the reign. She was political economist, novelist, historian, biographer, and journalist; and in no path did she fail to make her mark. Few women could have turned to the occupations of a political writer under greater physical disadvantages; and no man in this line of life, however well furnished by nature with physical and intellectual qualifications for success, could have done better work. She wrote some exquisite little stories, and one or two novels of more ambitious character. It is praise enough to give them when we say that, although fiction certainly was not work for which she was most especially qualified, yet what she did seems to be destined to live and hold a place in our literature. She was, so far as we know, the only Englishwoman who ever achieved distinct and great success as a writer of leading articles for a daily newspaper. Her strong prejudices and dislikes prevent her from being always regarded as a trustworthy historian. Her "History of the Thirty Years' Peace"—for it may be regarded as wholly hers, although Charles Knight began it—is a work full of vigorous thought and clear description, with here and there passages of genuine eloquence. But it is marred in its effect as a trustworthy narrative by the manner in which the authoress yields here and there to inveterate and wholesale dislikes; and sometimes, though not so often or so markedly, to an overwrought hero-worship. Miss Martineau had to a great extent an essentially masculine mind. She was often reproached with being unfeminine; and assuredly she would have been surprised to hear that there was anything womanish in her way of criticising public events and men. Yet in reading her "History" one is sometimes amused to find that that partisanship which is commonly set down as a specially feminine quality affects her estimate of a statesman. Hers is not by any means the Carlylean way of starting with a theory and finding all virtue and glory in the man

who seems to embody it, and all baseness and stupidity in his opponents. But when she takes a dislike to a particular individual, she seems to assume that where he was wrong he must have been wrong of set malign purpose, and that where he chanced to be in the right it was in mistake, and in despite of his own greater inclination to be in the wrong. It is fortunate that these dislikes are not many, and also that they soon show themselves, and therefore cease to be seriously misleading. In all other respects the book well deserves careful study. The life of the woman is a study still more deeply interesting. Others of her sex there were of greater genius, even in her own time; but no Englishwoman ever followed with such perseverance and success a career of literary and political labor.

"The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and, now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing." In this quaint and cheery way Mary Somerville, many years after the period at which we have now arrived in this work, described her condition and her quiet waiting for death. No one surely could have better earned the right to die by the labors of a long life devoted to the education and the improvement of her kind. Mary Somerville has probably no rival among women as a scientific scholar. Her summary of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*," her treatise on the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and her "Physical Geography" would suffice to place any student, man or woman, in the foremost rank of scientific expounders. The "Physical Geography" is the only one of Mrs. Somerville's remarkable works which was published in the reign of Queen Victoria; but the publication of the other two preceded the opening of the reign by so short a time, and her career and her fame so entirely belong to the Victorian period, that, even if the "Physical Geography" had never been published, she must be included in this history. "I was intensely ambitious," Mrs. Somerville says of herself in her earlier days, "to excel in something, for I felt in my own breast that women were capable of taking a higher place in creation than that assigned to them in my early days, which was very low." It is not exaggeration to say that Mrs. Somerville distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and the loftiest scientific pursuits. She possessed the most extraordinary power of concentration, amounting to an entire absorption in the subject which she happened to be studying, to the exclusion of all disturbing sights and sounds. She had in a supreme degree that which Carlyle calls the first quality of genius, an immense capacity for taking trouble. She had also, happily for herself, an immense capacity for

finding enjoyment in almost everything : in new places, people and thoughts ; in the old familiar scenes and friends and associations. Hers was a noble, calm, fully-rounded life. She worked as steadfastly and as eagerly in her scientific studies as Harriet Martineau did with her economics and her politics ; but she had a more cheery, less sensitive, less eager and impatient nature than Harriet Martineau. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year ; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not "live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalize the name of Dr. Livingstone."

The paths of the two poets who first sprang into fame in the present reign are strangely remote from each other. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are as unlike in style and choice of subject, and indeed in the whole spirit of their poetry, as Wordsworth and Byron. Mr. Tennyson deals with incident and picturesque form, and graceful legend, and with so much of doubt and thought and yearning melancholy as would belong to a refined and cultured intellect under no greater stress or strain than the ordinary chances of life among educated Englishmen might be expected to impose. He has revived with great success the old Arthurian legends, and made them a part of the living literature of England. But the knights and ladies whom he paints are refined, graceful, noble, without roughness, without wild or at all events complex and distracting passions. It may perhaps be said that Tennyson has taken for his province all the beauty, all the nobleness, all the feeling that lie near to or on the surface of life and of nature. His object might seem to be that which Lessing declared the true object of all art, "to delight" ; but it is to delight in a somewhat narrower sense than was the meaning of Lessing. Beauty, melancholy, and repose are the elements of Tennyson's poetry. There is no storm, no conflict, no complication. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, delights in perplexed problems of character and life ; in studying the effects of strange, contrasting forces of passion coming into play under peculiar and distracting conditions. All that lies beneath the surface ; all that is out of the common track of emotion ; all that is possible, that is poetically conceivable, but that the outer air and the daily walks of life never see, this is what specially attracts Mr. Browning. In Tennyson a knight of King Arthur's mythical court has the emotions of a polished English gentleman of our day, and nothing more. Mr. Browning would prefer, in treating of a polished English gentle-

man of our day, to exhibit him under some conditions which should draw out in him all the strange elementary passions and complications of emotion that lie far down in depths below the surface of the best-ordered civilization. The tendency of the one poet is naturally to fall now and then into the sweetly insipid ; of the other to wander away into the tangled regions of the grotesque. It is perhaps only natural that under such conditions the one poet should be profoundly concerned for beauty of form, and the latter almost absolutely indifferent to it. No poet has more finished beauty of style and exquisite charm of melody than Tennyson. None certainly can be more often wanting in grace of form and delight of soft sound than Mr. Browning. There are many passages and even many poems of Browning which show that the poet could be melodious if he would ; but he seems sometimes as if he took a positive delight in perplexing the reader's ear with harsh, untuneful sounds. Mr. Browning commonly allows the study of the purely psychological to absorb too much of his moods and of his genius. It has a fascination for him which he is seemingly unable to resist. He makes of his poems too often mere searchings into strange depths of human character and human error. He seldom abandons himself altogether to the inspiration of the poet ; he hardly ever deserves the definition of the minstrel given in Goethe's ballad who "sings but as the song-bird sings." Moreover, Mr. Browning has an almost morbid taste for the grotesque ; he is not unfrequently a sort of poetic Callot. It has to be added that Mr. Browning is seldom easy to understand, and that there are times when he is only to be understood at the expense of as much thought and study as one might give to a controverted passage in an ancient author. This is a defect of art, and a very serious defect. The more devoted of Mr. Browning's admirers will tell us, no doubt, that the poet is not bound to supply us with brains as well as poetry, and that if we can not understand what he says it is the fault simply of our stupidity. But an ordinary man who finds that he can understand Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Wordsworth, Byron and Keats, without any trouble, may surely be excused if he does not set down his difficulty about some of Browning's poems wholly to the account of his own dullness. It may be well doubted whether there is any idea so subtle that if the poet can actually realize it in his own mind clearly for himself the English language will not be found capable of expressing it with sufficient clearness. The language has been made to do this for the most refined reasonings of philosophical schools, for transcendentalists and utilitarians, for psychologists and metaphysicians. No

intelligent person feels any difficulty in understanding what Mill or Herbert Spencer or Huxley means; and it can hardly be said that the ideas Mr. Browning desires to convey to his readers are more difficult of exposition than some of those which the authors we name have contrived to set out with a white light of clearness all round them. The plain truth is, that Mr. Browning is a great poet in spite of some of the worst defects that ever stood between a poet and popularity. He is a great poet by virtue of his commanding genius, his fearless imagination, his penetrating pathos. He strikes an iron harp-string. In certain of his moods his poetry is like that of the terrible lyre in the weird old Scottish ballad, the lyre that was made of the murdered maiden's breastbone, and which told its fearful story in tones "that would melt a heart of stone." In strength and depth of passion and pathos, in wild humor, in emotion of every kind, Mr. Browning is much superior to Mr. Tennyson. The Poet Laureate is the completer man. Mr. Tennyson is beyond doubt the most complete of the poets of Queen Victoria's time. No one else has the same combination of melody, beauty of description, culture, and intellectual power. He has sweetness and strength in exquisite combination. If a just balance of poetic powers were to be the crown of a poet, then undoubtedly Mr. Tennyson must be proclaimed the greatest English poet of our time. The reader's estimate of Browning and Tennyson will probably be decided by his predilection for the higher effort or for the more perfect art. Browning's is surely the higher aim in poetic art; but of the art which he essays Tennyson is by far the completer master. Tennyson has undoubtedly thrown away much of his sweetness and his exquisite grace of form on mere triflings and pretty conceits; and perhaps as a retribution those poems of his which are most familiar in the popular mouth are just those which least do justice to his genuine strength and intellect. The cheap sentiment of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the yet cheaper pathos of "The May Queen," are in the minds of thousands the choicest representation of the genius of the poet who wrote "In Memoriam" and the "Morte d'Arthur." Mr. Browning, on the other hand, has chosen to court the approval of his time on terms of such disadvantage as an orator might who insisted in addressing an assemblage in some tongue which they but imperfectly understood. It is the fault of Mr. Browning himself if he has for his only audience and admirers men and women of culture, and misses altogether that broad public audience to which most poets have chosen to sing, and which all true poets, one would think, must desire to reach with their song. It is, on the other hand,

assuredly Mr. Tennyson's fault if he has by his too frequent condescension to the drawing-room, and even the young ladies' school, made men and women of culture forget for the moment his best things, and credit him with no higher gift than that of singing "virginibus puerisque." One quality ought to be mentioned as common to these two poets who have so little else in common. They are both absolutely faithful to nature and truth in their pictures of the earth and its scenes and seasons. Almost all the great poets of the past age, even including Wordsworth himself, were now and then content to generalize nature; to take some things for granted; to use their memory, or the eyes of others, rather than their own eyes, when they had to describe changes on leaf, or sky, or water. It is the characteristic of Tennyson and Browning that they deal with nature in a spirit of the most faithful loyalty. Not the branch of a tree, nor the cry of a bird, nor the shifting colors on sea or sky will be found described on their pages otherwise than as the eye sees for itself at the season of which the poet tells. In reading Tennyson's description of woodland and forest scenes one might almost fancy that he can catch the exact peculiarities of sound in the rustling and moaning of each separate tree. In some of Mr. Browning's pictures of Italian scenery every detail is so perfect that many a one journeying along an Italian road, and watching the little mouse-colored cattle as they drink at the stream, may for the moment almost feel uncertain whether he is looking on a page of living reality or recalling to memory a page from the author of "The Ring and the Book." The poets seem to have returned to the fresh simplicity of a far-distant age of poetry, when a man described exactly what he saw and was put to describing it because he saw it. In most of the intermediate times a poet describes because some other poet has described before, and has said that in nature there are such and such beautiful things which every true poet must see, and is bound to acknowledge accordingly in his verse.

These two are the greatest of our poets in the earlier part of the reign; indeed, in the reign early or late so far. But there are other poets also of whom we must take account. Mrs. Browning has often been described as the greatest poetess of whom we know anything since Sappho. This description, however, seems to carry with it a much higher degree of praise than it really bears. It has to be remembered that there is no great poetess of whom we know anything from the time of Sappho to that of Mrs. Browning. In England we have hardly had any woman but Mrs. Browning alone who really deserves to rank with poets. She takes a place al-

together different from that of any Mrs. Hemans or such singer of sweet, mild, and innocent note. Mrs. Browning would rank highly among poets without any allowance being claimed for her sex. But estimated in this way, which assuredly she would have chosen for herself, she can hardly be admitted to stand with the foremost even of our modern day. She is one of the most sympathetic of poets. She speaks to the hearts of numbers of readers who think Tennyson all too sweet, smooth, and trivial, and Robert Browning harsh and rugged. She speaks especially to the emotional in woman. In all moods when men or women are distracted by the bewildering conditions of life, when they feel themselves alternately dazzled by its possibilities and baffled by its limitations, the poems of Elizabeth Browning ought to find sympathetic ears. But the poems are not the highest which merely appeal to our own moods and echo our own plaints; and there was not much of creative genius in Mrs. Browning. Her poems are often but a prolonged sob; a burst of almost hysterical remonstrance or entreaty. It must be owned, however, that the egotism of emotion has seldom found such exquisite form of outpouring as in her so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; and that what the phraseology of a school would call the emotion of "altruism" has rarely been given forth in tones of such piercing pathos as in "The Cry of the Children."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's reputation was made before this earlier period had closed. He is a maker of such exquisite and thoughtful verse that it is hard sometimes to question his title to be considered a genuine poet. On the other hand, it is likely that the very grace and culture and thoughtfulness of his style inspire in many the first doubt of his claim to the name of poet. Where the art is evident and elaborate, we are all too apt to assume that it is all art and not genius. Mr. Arnold is a sort of miniature Goethe; we do not know that his most ardent admirers could demand a higher praise for him, while it is probable that the description will suggest exactly the intellectual peculiarities which lead so many to deny him a place with the really inspired singers of his day. Of the three men whom we have named we should be inclined to say that Mr. Arnold made the very most of his powers, and Mr. Browning the very least. Mr. Arnold is a critic as well as a poet: there are many who relish him more in the critic than in the poet. In literary criticism his judgment is refined, and his aims are always high if his range be not very wide; in politics and theology he is somewhat apt to be at once fastidious and fantastic.

The "Song of the Shirt" would give Thom-

as Hood a technical right, if he had none other, to be classed as a poet of the reign of Queen Victoria. The "Song of the Shirt" was published in "Punch" when the reign was well on; and after it appeared "The Bridge of Sighs"; and no two of Hood's poems have done more to make him famous. He was a genuine though not a great poet, in whom humor was most properly to be defined as Thackeray has defined it—the blending of love and wit. The "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" made themselves a kind of monumental place in English sympathies. The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" was written several years before. It alone would have made for its author a reputation. The ballad of "Fair Inez" is almost perfect in its way. The name of Sir Henry Taylor must be included with the poets of this reign, although his best work was done before the reign began. In his work, clear strong intelligence prevails more than the emotional and the sensuous. He makes himself a poet by virtue of intellect and artistic judgment; for there really do seem some examples of a poet being made and not born. We can hardly bring Procter among the Victorian poets. Macaulay's ringing verses are rather the splendid and successful *tour de force* of a clever man than the genuine lyrics of a poet. Arthur Clough was a man of rare promise, whose lamp was extinguished all too soon. Philip James Bailey startled the world by his "Festus," and for a time made people believe that a great new poet was coming; but the impression did not last, and Bailey proved to be little more than the comet of a season. A spasmodic school which sprang up after the success of "Festus," and which was led by a brilliant young Scotchman, Alexander Smith, passed away in a spasm as it came, and is now almost forgotten. "Orion," an epic poem by Richard H. Horne, made a very distinct mark upon the time. Horne proved himself to be a sort of Landor *manqué*—or perhaps a connecting link between the style of Landor and that of Browning. The earlier part of the reign was rich in singers; but the names and careers of most of them would serve rather to show that the poetic spirit was abroad, and that it sought expression in all manner of forms, than that there were many poets to dispute the place with Tennyson and Browning. It is not necessary here to record a list of mere names. The air was filled with the voices of minor singers. It was pleasant to listen to their piping, and the general effect may well be commended; but it is not necessary that the names of all the performers in an orchestra should be recorded for the supposed gratification of a posterity which assuredly would never stop to read the list.

Thirty-six years have passed away since Mr. Ruskin leaped into the literary arena, with a spring as bold and startling as that of Kean on the Kemble-haunted stage. The little volume, so modest in its appearance and self-sufficient in its tone, which the author defiantly flung down like a gage of battle before the world, was entitled "Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters; by a Graduate of Oxford." It was a challenge to established beliefs and prejudices; and the challenge was delivered in the tone of one who felt confident that he could make good his words against any and all opponents. If there was one thing that more than another seemed to have been fixed and rooted in the English mind, it was that Claude and one or two others of the old masters possessed the secret of landscape painting. When, therefore, a bold young dogmatist involved in one common denunciation "Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Canaletto, and the various Van-somethings and Koek-somethings, more especially and malignantly those who have libeled the sea," it was no wonder that affronted authority raised its indignant voice and thundered at him. Affronted authority, however, gained little by its thunder. The young Oxford graduate possessed, along with genius and profound conviction, an imperturbable and magnificent self-conceit, against which the surges of angry criticism dashed themselves in vain. Mr. Ruskin sprang into literary life simply as a vindicator of the fame and genius of Turner. But as he went on with his task he found, or at least he convinced himself, that the vindication of the great landscape painter was essentially a vindication of all true art. Still further proceeding with his self-imposed task, he persuaded himself that the cause of true art was identical with the cause of truth, and that truth, from Ruskin's point of view, inclosed in the same rules and principles all the morals, all the science, industry, and daily business of life. Therefore, from an art-critic he became a moralist, a political economist, a philosopher, a statesman, a preacher—anything, everything that human intelligence can impel a man to be. All that he has written since his first appeal to the public has been inspired by this conviction: that an appreciation of the truth in art reveals to him who has it the truth in everything. This belief has been the source of Mr. Ruskin's greatest successes, and of his most complete and ludicrous failures. It has made him the admiration of the world one week and the object of its placid pity or broad laughter the next. A being who could be Joan of Arc to-day and Voltaire's Pucelle to-morrow, would hardly exhibit a stronger psychical paradox than

the eccentric genius of Mr. Ruskin sometimes illustrates. But, in order to do him justice, and not to regard him as a mere erratic utterer of eloquent contradictions, poured out on the impulse of each moment's new freak of fancy, we must always bear in mind the fundamental faith of the man. Extravagant as this or that doctrine may be, outrageous as to-day's contradiction of yesterday's assertion may sound, yet the whole career is consistent with its essential principles and beliefs. It may be fairly questioned whether Mr. Ruskin has any great qualities but his eloquence and his true, honest love of nature. As a man to stand up before a society of which one part was fashionably languid and the other part only too busy and greedy, and preach to it of Nature's immortal beauty, and of the true way to do her reverence, Ruskin has and had a position of genuine dignity. This ought to be enough for the work and for the praise of any man. But the restlessness of Ruskin's temperament, combined with the extraordinary self-sufficiency which contributed so much to his success where he was master of a subject, sent him perpetually intruding into fields where he was unfit to labor, and enterprises which he had no capacity to conduct. Seldom has a man contradicted himself so often, so recklessly, and so complacently as Mr. Ruskin. It is venturesome to call him a great critic even in art, for he seldom expresses any opinion one day without flatly contradicting it the next. He is a great writer as Rousseau was—fresh, eloquent, audacious, writing out of the fullness of the present mood, and heedless how far the impulse of to-day may contravene that of yesterday. But as Rousseau was always faithful to his idea of truth, so Ruskin is always faithful to nature. When all his errors, and paradoxes, and contradictions shall have been utterly forgotten, this will remain to his praise. No man since Wordsworth's brightest days did half so much to teach his countrymen, and those who speak his language, how to appreciate and honor that silent Nature "which never did betray the heart that loved her."

In fiction as well as in poetry there are two great names to be compared or contrasted when we turn to the literature of the earlier part of the reign. In the very year of Queen Victoria's accession appeared "The Pickwick Papers," the work of the author who the year before had published the "Sketches by Boz." The public soon recognized the fact that a new and wonderfully original force had come into literature. The success of Charles Dickens is absolutely unequalled in the history of English fiction. At the season of his highest popularity Sir Walter Scott was not so popular an author. But that happened to Dickens which did not happen to Scott.

When Dickens was at his zenith, and when it might have been thought that any manner of rivalry with him was impossible, a literary man who was no longer young, who had been working with but moderate success for many years in light literature, suddenly took to writing novels, and almost in a moment stepped up to a level with the author of "Pickwick." During the remainder of their careers the two men stood as nearly as possible on the same level. Dickens always remained by far the more popular of the two; but on the other hand it may be safely said that the opinion of the literary world in general was inclined to favor Thackeray. From the time of the publication of "Vanity Fair" the two were always put side by side for comparison or contrast. They have been sometimes likened to Fielding and Smollett, but no comparison could be more misleading or less happy. Smollett stands on a level distinctly and considerably below that of Fielding; but Dickens can not be said to stand thus beneath Thackeray. If the comparison were to hold at all, Thackeray must be compared to Fielding, for Fielding is not in the least like Dickens; but then it must be allowed that Smollett wants many of the higher qualities of the author of "David Copperfield." It is natural that men should compare Dickens and Thackeray; but the two will be found to be curiously unlike when once a certain superficial resemblance ceases to impress the mind. Their ways of treating a subject were not only dissimilar but were absolutely in contrast. They started, to begin with, under the influence of a totally different philosophy of life, if that is to be called a philosophy which was probably only the result of peculiarity of temperament in each case. Dickens set out on the literary theory that in life everything is better than it looks; Thackeray with the impression that it is worse. In the one case there was somewhat too much of a mechanical interpretation of everything for the best in the best possible world; in the other the savor of cynicism was at times a little annoying. As each writer went on, the peculiarity became more and more of a mannerism. But the writings of Dickens were far more deeply influenced by his peculiarities of feeling or philosophy than those of Thackeray. A large share of the admiration which is popularly given to Dickens is undoubtedly a tribute to what people consider his cheerful view of life. In that, too, he is especially English. In this country the artistic theory of France and other Continental nations, borrowed from the æsthetic principles of Greece, which accords the palm to the artistic treatment rather than to the subject, or the purpose, or the way of looking at things, has found hardly any broad and general acceptance. The popularity

of Dickens was therefore in great measure due to the fact that he set forth life in cheerful lights and colors. He had of course gifts of far higher artistic value; he could describe anything that he saw with a fidelity which Balzac could not have surpassed; and like Balzac he had a way of inspiring inanimate objects with a mystery and motive of their own which gave them often a weird and fascinating individuality. But it must be owned that if Dickens's peculiar "philosophy" were effaced from his works the fame of the author would remain a very different thing from what it is at the present moment. On the other hand, it would be possible to cut out of Thackeray all his little cynical, melancholy sentences and reduce his novels to bare descriptions of life and character, without affecting in any sensible degree his influence on the reader or his position in literature. Thackeray had a marvelously keen appreciation of human motive and character within certain limits. If Dickens could draw an old quaint house or an odd family interior as faithfully and yet as picturesquely as Balzac, so on the other hand not Balzac himself could analyze and illustrate the weaknesses and foibles of certain types of character with greater subtilty of judgment and force of exposition than Thackeray. Dickens had little or no knowledge of human character, and evidently cared very little about the study. His stories are fairy tales made credible by the masterly realism with which he described all the surroundings and accessories, the costumes, and the ways of his men and women. While we are reading of a man whose odd peculiarities strike us with a sense of reality as if we had observed them for ourselves many a time, while we see him surrounded by streets and houses which seem to us rather more real and a hundred times more interesting than those through which we pass every day, we are not likely to observe very quickly, or to take much heed of the fact when we do observe it, that the man acts on various important occasions of his life as only people in fairy stories ever do act. Thackeray, on the other hand, cared little for descriptions of externals. He left his readers to construct for themselves the greater part of the surroundings of his personages from his description of the characters of the personages themselves. He made us acquainted with the man or woman in his chapters as if we had known him or her all our life; and knowing Pendennis or Becky Sharp we had no difficulty in constructing the surroundings of either for ourselves. Thus it will be seen that these two eminent authors had not only different ideas about life, but absolutely contrasting principles of art. One worked from the externals inward; the other realized the unseen, and left

the externals to grow of themselves. Three great peculiarities, however, they shared. Each lived and wrote of and for London. Dickens created for art the London of the middle and poorer classes; Thackeray did the same for the London of the upper class and for those who strive to imitate their ways. Neither ever even attempted to describe a man kept constantly above and beyond the atmosphere of mere egotism by some sustaining greatness or even intensity of purpose. In Dickens, as in Thackeray, the emotions described are those of conventional life merely. This is not to be said in disparagement of either artist. It is rather a tribute to an artist's knowledge of his own capacity and sphere of work that he only attempts to draw what he thoroughly understands. But it is proper to remark of Dickens and of Thackeray, as of Balzac, that the life they described was after all but the life of a coterie or a quarter, and that there existed side by side with their field of work a whole world of emotion, aspiration, struggle, defeat, and triumph, of which their brightest pages do not give a single suggestion. This is the more curious to observe because of the third peculiarity which Dickens and Thackeray had in common—a love for the purely ideal and romantic in fiction. There are many critics who hold that Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge" and the "Tale of Two Cities," Thackeray in "Esmond," exhibited powers which vindicated for their possessors a very rare infusion of that higher poetic spirit which might have made of both something greater than the painters of the manners of a day and a class. But to paint the manners of a day and a class as Dickens and Thackeray have done is to deserve fame and the gratitude of posterity. The age of Victoria may claim in this respect an equality at least with that of the reign which produced Fielding and Smollett; for if there are some who would demand for Fielding a higher place on the whole than can be given either to Dickens or to Thackeray, there are not many on the other hand who would not say that either Dickens or Thackeray is distinctly superior to Smollett. The age must claim a high place in art which could in one department alone produce two such competitors. Their effect upon their time was something marvelous. People talked Dickens or thought Thackeray.

Passion, it will be seen, counted for little in the works of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens, indeed, could draw a conventionally or dramatically wicked man with much power and impressiveness; and Thackeray could suggest certain forms of vice with wonderful delicacy and yet vividness. But the passions which are common to all human natures in their elementary moods made but little play in the novels of either writ-

er. Both were in this respect, for all their originality and genius in other ways, highly and even exclusively conventional. There was apparently a sort of understanding in the mind of each—indeed, Thackeray has admitted as much in his preface to "Pendennis"—that men and women were not to be drawn as men and women are known to be, but with certain reserves to suit conventional etiquette. It is somewhat curious that the one only novel-writer who during the period we are now considering came into any real rivalry with them, was one who depended on passion altogether for her material and her success. The novels of a young woman, Charlotte Brontë, compelled all English society into a recognition not alone of their own sterling power and genius, but also of the fact that profound and passionate emotion was still the stuff out of which great fiction could be constructed. "Exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind" were taken by Charlotte Brontë as the matter out of which her art was to produce its triumphs. The novels which made her fame, "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," are positively aflame with passion and pain. They have little variety. They make hardly any pretense to accurate drawing of ordinary men and women in ordinary life, or at all events under ordinary conditions. The authoress had little of the gift of the mere story-teller; and her own peculiar powers were exerted sometimes with indifferent success. The familiar on whom she depended for her inspiration would not always come at call. She had little genuine relish for beauty, except the beauty of a weird melancholy and of decay. But when she touched the chord of elementary human emotion with her best skill, then it was impossible for her audience not to feel that they were under the spell of a power rare indeed in our well-ordered days. The absolute sincerity of the author's expression of feeling lent it great part of its strength and charm. Nothing was ever said by her because it seemed to society the right sort of thing to say. She told a friend that she felt sure "Jane Eyre" would have an effect on readers in general because it had so great an effect on herself. It would be possible to argue that the great strength of the books lay in their sincerity alone; that Charlotte Brontë was not so much a woman of extraordinary genius as a woman who looked her own feelings fairly in the face, and painted them as she saw them. But the capacity to do this would surely be something which we could not better describe than by the word genius. Charlotte Brontë was far from being an artist of fulfilled power. She is rather to be regarded as one who gave evidence of extraordinary gifts which might with time and care, and under happier artistic auspices, have been

turned to such account as would have made for her a fame with the very chiefs of her tribe. She died at an age hardly more mature than that at which Thackeray won his first distinct literary success; much earlier than the age at which some of our greatest novelists brought forth their first completed novels. But she left a very deep impression on her time, and the time that has come and is coming after her. No other hand in the age of Queen Victoria has dealt with human emotion so powerfully and so truthfully. Hers are not cheerful novels. A cold, gray, mournful atmosphere hangs over them. One might imagine that the shadow of an early death is forecast on them. They love to linger among the glooms of Nature, to haunt her darkling, wintry twilights, to study her stormy sunsets, to link man's destiny and his hopes, fears, and passions somehow with the glare and gloom of storm and darkness, and to read the symbols of his fate as the foredoomed and passion-wasted Antony did in the cloud-masses that are "black vesper's pageants." The supernatural had a constant vague charm for Charlotte Brontë, as the painful had. Man was to her a being torn between passionate love and the more ignoble impulses and ambitions and common-day occupations of life. Woman was a being of equal passion, still more sternly and cruelly doomed to repression and renunciation. It was a strange fact that in the midst of the splendid material successes and the quietly triumphant intellectual progress of this most prosperous and well-ordered age, when even in its poetry and its romance passion was systematically toned down and put in thrall to good taste and propriety, this young writer should have suddenly come out with her books all thrilling with emotion, and all protesting in the strongest practical manner against the theory that the loves and hates of men and women had been tamed by the process of civilization. Perhaps the very novelty of the apparition was in great measure a part of its success. Charlotte Brontë did not, indeed, influence the general public, or even the literary public, to anything like the same extent that Thackeray and Dickens did. She appeared and passed away almost in a moment. As Miss Martineau said of her, she stole like a shadow into literature and then became a shadow again. But she struck very deeply into the heart of the time. If her writings were only, as has been said of them, a cry of pain, yet they were such a cry as once heard lingers and echoes in the mind for ever after. Godwin declared that he would write in "Caleb Williams" a book which would leave no man who read it the same that he was before. Something not unlike this might be said of "Jane Eyre." No one who read it was exactly the

same that he had been before he opened its weird and wonderful pages.

No man could well have made more of his gifts than Lord Lytton. Before the coming up of Dickens and Thackeray he stood above all living English novelists. Perhaps this is rather to the reproach of the English fiction of the day than to the renown of Lord Lytton. But even after Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë and later and not less powerful and original writers had appeared in the same field, he still held a place of great mark in literature. That he was not a man of genius is, perhaps, conclusively proved by the fact that he was able so readily to change his style to suit the tastes of each day. He began by writing of fops and *roués* of a time now almost forgotten; then he made heroes of highwaymen and murderers; afterward he tried the philosophic and mildly didactic style; then he turned to mysticism and spiritualism; later still he wrote of the French Second Empire. Whatever he tried to do he did well. Besides his novels he wrote plays and poems; and his plays are among the very few modern productions which manage to keep the stage. He played, too, and with much success, at being a statesman and an orator. Not Demosthenes himself had such difficulties of articulation to contend against in the beginning; and Demosthenes conquered his difficulties, while some of those in the way of Lord Lytton proved unconquerable. Yet Lord Lytton did somehow contrive to become a great speaker, and to seem occasionally like a great orator in the House of Commons. He was at the very least a superb phrase-maker; and he could turn to account every scrap of knowledge in literature, art, or science which he happened to possess. His success in the House of Commons was exactly like his success in romance and the drama. He threw himself into competition with men of far higher original gifts, and he made so good a show of contesting with them that in the minds of many the victory was not clearly with his antagonists. There was always, for example, a considerable class, even among educated persons, who maintained that Lytton was in his way quite the peer of Thackeray and Dickens. His plays, or some of them, obtained a popularity only second to those of Shakespeare; and, although nobody cared to read them, yet people were always found to go and look at them. When Lytton went into the House of Commons for the second time he found audiences which were occasionally tempted to regard him as the rival of Gladstone and Bright. Not a few persons saw in all this only a sort of superb *charlatanerie*; and indeed it is certain that no man ever made and kept a genuine success in so many different fields as

those in which Lord Lytton tried and seemed to succeed. But he had splendid qualities; he had everything short of genius. He had indomitable patience, inexhaustible power of self-culture, and a capacity for assimilating the floating ideas of the hour which supplied the place of originality. He borrowed from the poet the knack of poetical expression, and from the dramatist the trick of construction; from the Byronic time its professed scorn for the false gods of the world; and from the more modern period of popular science and sham mysticism its extremes of materialism and magic; and of these and various other borrowings he made up an article which no one else could have constructed out of the same materials. He was not a great author; but he was a great literary man. Mr. Disraeli's novels belong in some measure to the school of "Pelham" and "Godolphin." But it should be said that Mr. Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" was published before "Pelham" made its appearance. In all that belongs to political life Mr. Disraeli's novels are far superior to those of Lord Lytton. We have nothing in our literature to compare with some of the best of Mr. Disraeli's novels for light political satire and for easy, accurate characterization of political cliques and personages. But all else in Disraeli's novels is sham. The sentiment, the poetry, the philosophy—all these are sham. They have not half the appearance of reality about them that Lytton has contrived to give to his efforts of the same kind. In one at least of Disraeli's latest novels the political sketches and satirizing became sham also.

"Alton Locke" was published nearly thirty years ago. Then Charles Kingsley became to most boys in Great Britain who read books at all a sort of living embodiment of chivalry, liberty, and a revolt against the established order of class-oppression in so many spheres of our society. For a long time he continued to be the chosen hero of young men with the youthful spirit of revolt in them, with dreams of republics and ideas about the equality of man. Later on he commanded other admiration for other qualities, for the championship of slave systems, of oppression, and the iron reign of mere force. But though Charles Kingsley always held a high place somewhere in popular estimation, he is not to be rated very highly as an author. He described glowing scenery admirably, and he rang the changes vigorously on his two or three ideas—the muscular Englishman, the glory of the Elizabethan discoveries, and so on. He was a scholar, and he wrote verses which sometimes one is on the point of mistaking for poetry, so much of the poet's feeling have they in them. He did a great many things very cleverly. Perhaps if he had done less he might have done

better. Human capacity is limited. It is not given to mortal to be a great preacher, a great philosopher, a great scholar, a great poet, a great historian, a great novelist, and an indefatigable country parson. Charles Kingsley never seems to have made up his mind for which of these callings to go in especially, and being with all his versatility not at all many-sided, but strictly one-sided and almost one-ideaed, the result was, that while touching success at many points he absolutely mastered it at none. Since his novel "Westward Ho," he never added anything substantial to his reputation. All this acknowledged, however, it must still be owned that failing in this, that, and the other attempt, and never achieving any real and enduring success, Charles Kingsley was an influence and a man of mark in the Victorian age.

Perhaps a word ought to be said of the rattling romances of Irish electioneering, love-making, and fighting which set people reading "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton," even when "Pickwick" was still a novelty. Charles Lever had wonderful animal spirits and a broad, bright humor. He was quite genuine in his way. He afterward changed his style completely, and with much success; and will be found in the later part of the period holding just the same relative place as in the earlier, just behind the foremost men, but in manner so different that he might be a new writer who had never read a line of the roistering adventures of Light Dragoons which were popular when Charles Lever first gave them to the world. There was nothing great about Lever, but the literature of the Victorian period would not be quite all that we know it without him. There were many other popular novelists during the period we have passed over, some in their day more popular than either Thackeray or Charlotte Brontë. Many of us can remember, without being too much ashamed of the fact, that there were early days when Mr. James and his cavaliers and his chivalric adventures gave nearly as much delight as Walter Scott could have given to the youth of a preceding generation. But Walter Scott is with us still, young and old, and poor James is gone. His once famous solitary horseman has ridden away into actual solitude, and the shades of night have gathered over his heroic form.

The founding of "Punch" drew together a host of clever young writers, some of whom made a really deep mark on the literature of their time, and the combined influence of whom in this artistic and literary undertaking was on the whole decidedly healthy. Thackeray was by far the greatest of the regular contributors to "Punch" in its earlier days. But "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in its pages, and some

of the brightest of Douglas Jerrold's writings made their appearance there. "Punch" was a thoroughly English production. It had little or nothing in common with the comic periodicals of Paris. It ignored absolutely and of set purpose the whole class of subjects which make up three fourths of the stock in trade of a French satirist. The escapades of husbands and the infidelities of wives form the theme of by far the greater number of the humorous sketches with pen or pencil in Parisian comicalities. "Punch" kept altogether aloof from such unsavory subjects. It had an advantage, of course, which was habitually denied to the French papers—it had unlimited freedom of political satire and caricature. Politics and the more trivial troubles and trials of social life gave subjects to "Punch." The inequalities of class, and the struggles of ambitious and vain persons to get into circles higher than their own, or at least to imitate their manners—these supplied for "Punch" the place of the class of topics on which French papers relied when they had to deal with the domestic life of the nation. "Punch" started by being somewhat fiercely radical, but gradually toned away into a sort of intelligent and respectable Conservatism. Its artistic sketches were from first to last admirable. Some men of true genius

wrought for it with the pencil as others did with the pen. Doyle, Leech, and Tenniel were men of whom any school of art might well be proud. A remarkable sobriety of style was apparent in all their humors. Of later years caricature has had absolutely no place in the illustrations to "Punch." The satire is quiet, delicate, and no doubt superficial. It is a satire of manners, dress, and social ways altogether. There is justice in the criticism that of late more especially the pages of "Punch" give no idea whatever of the emotions of the English people. There is no suggestion of grievance, of bitterness, of passion or pain. It is all made up of the pleasures and annoyances of the kind of life which is inclosed in a garden party. But it must be said that "Punch" has thus always succeeded in maintaining a good, open, convenient, neutral ground, where young men and maidens, girls and boys, elderly politicians and staid matrons, law, trade, science, all sects and creeds, may safely and pleasantly mingle. It is not so, to be sure, that great satire is wrought. A Swift or a Juvenal is not thus to be brought out. But a votary of the present would have his answer simple and conclusive: "We live in the age of 'Punch'; we do not live in the age of Juvenal or Swift."

THE REACTION OF GENIUS.

I.

GUERNSEY.

"JOHN A. SMITH!"

In slow response to the call, a student ascended the platform of the class-room, and stood at the blackboard, his troubled countenance toward the terrible Professor of Mathematics, awaiting his doom. Long and lean, his ill-fitting clothes, hanging loosely about his awkward limbs—a general yellowishness, too, about the entire man, as well as his face and hands—the poor fellow looked like nothing in the world so much as a stalk of Indian corn upon an autumnal field; the sandy disorder of his lank hair answering wonderfully to the silk of the ripened grains. Against every impulse of his own nature, yielding to the importunity of his friends, he was preparing for the ministry; this being his junior year at the university, with two or three years to follow at the theological seminary after being

graduated. All along he had charged his dullness upon himself as a deadly sin. No soldier of Cæsar's legions had toiled to keep up with his general as he had done while reading the Roman's "Commentaries"—the campaigns of this recruit being of longer duration, as well as more painful. Not a Greek of "Xenophon's Ten Thousand" suffered so much as he from that disastrous retreat, for he moistened every "parasang" with a sweat which gushed from deeper sources than does the blood. But the worst of his incurable wickedness was where mathematics were concerned, as now.

"Mr. Smith," the Professor said to him, as he stood at the board, "please explain to the class the simplest problem of the integral calculus. Given—" and at the wave of his hand the student wrote: " $\frac{dy}{dx} = r'(x)$, to find $r(x)$."

Having written the hieroglyphics, the pupil paused. Arrived at the edge of a precipice, he could go no farther. Before him was the empti-

ness of utter space. For the time his own existence was a blank. The silence as of ages seemed to lapse as he stood.

"You are supposed," the Professor said at last in satirical accents, "to have mastered the differential calculus long ago. You know very well, sir, that it is the object of differentiation to show how to obtain the various differentials of those few simple functions of quantity which are recognized in analysis, whether they are presented singly or in any form of combination. Please invert the process."

Had the Professor spoken in Chaldaic, the other would have understood him just as well. There was not a gleam of pity in the eyes of the Professor. To him the man who could not understand a thing so simple ceased to have the rights of a human being; was merely a mosquito, lower still, a weed. For the time the poor fellow at the board was as bereft of intellect as if he were such. There were some "hard cases" among the hundred students upon the benches, and even they pitied their luckless comrade. The Professor sat perfectly still. With his black eyes half closed, his sarcastic lips curled, he seemed to be feeding upon his helpless prey. Possibly he had forgotten his existence.

Suddenly there was a low cough in the silence. It was as that of a child, but the Professor colored at the sound to the very tips of his ears, well knowing who had coughed, and made conscious, on the instant and by it, of his unkindness.

"Very well, sir," he said, the confusion transferred to himself now; "perhaps I fail to state matters clearly. We will excuse you for to-day." And Mr. J. A. Smith stumbled back to his seat he hardly knew how. There was a pregnant pause. Even a stranger would have felt that there was something in the air. Glancing up and down the list in his hand, merely to give himself time to modulate his voice as he desired, the Professor said:

"Mr. Guernsey!"

A stranger would have been struck with the tones in which it was uttered, with the peculiar stir among the students, but much more with the person who rose in reply, and came limping slowly down the aisle, and then up the steps of the platform. The prompt question of such a stranger would have been, "What has that child to do among these grown men?" For it was seemingly a mere child who now took up the chalk and stood before the instructor at the blackboard. He was not larger than a boy of fourteen years old, his fair and abundant hair curling negligently about his neck and wide and white forehead. The unusual breadth of the shoulders showed that his growth had been arrested in some manner. His cheeks, however,

were as round and plump as those of a cherub, although without a particle of color; the gentleness of the large brown eyes accompanying like music the curve and fullness of the lips. The pallor of the countenance had in it a shadow of brown, adding thereby to the softness of the aspect, which was as open and as simple as that of a babe.

The Professor had roused himself from his lounging posture before calling the name.

"Mr. Guernsey, will you be so kind as to state this problem?" he said; and, as he gave it out, the other wrote it upon the board with the rapidity of perfect familiarity, almost as if in advance of the Professor.

Poor Smith need not have gazed so despairingly upon the characters traced upon the board; they were only a little less bewildering to every student present. In fact, the most difficult of equations had been given, and on the face of the Professor and of the students alike there was the eager enjoyment with which a celebrated racer is watched as it starts on its course.

"If you please," the Professor said, as he ended the statement and closed the book. There was not a breath of pause on the part of the student. He continued writing as if he were still being dictated to. Gently, easily, without anything which resembled boastfulness any more than it did effort, he wrote. Beginning at one end of the blackboard, from as high as he could reach down to the bottom, and then from top to bottom again, moving on toward the other end, he wrote, and wrote, and wrote. No student even tried to follow the calculations, nor did the Professor. It was like witnessing fermentation, crystallization, like watching any one of the processes of nature, processes not more mysterious than they are certain, until at last the student ceased, laid the chalk upon its ledge at the farthest end of the blackboard covered with figures, and brushed his hands quietly together.

"I hope I am—" he began, with that gentleness of tone which always goes with the highest certainty—

"Correct! You are, sir," the Professor said, having listened, so to speak, as if to the perfect performance of a piece of music beyond his own powers, the pleasure being as much more exquisite as the workings of pure intellect are superior to the dexterities of fingers and sounds.

"You had, perhaps, worked it out before?" he asked, with deference.

"No, sir," the other replied, with some surprise in his childish face.

The Professor said nothing, but his silence was itself of the nature of an exclamation. He had read of blind negroes, of idiots, and the like, who were gifted with similar talents for

mathematics, but Guernsey was known to be equally a genius in every branch of knowledge, and without any of the offensive peculiarities of extraordinary talent. He was, therefore, the more surprised as the student proceeded carefully to rub out his work before leaving the platform. There was almost a regret at seeing him do so, it was as if he were destroying a work of art.

"Will you allow me, sir, to ask your assistance?" the student said when he had cleaned the board very thoroughly.

"Certainly, sir," the Professor said, but his face grew still paler as the genius of the university proceeded to write out a brief but terrible problem at the extreme left-hand uppermost corner of the board. Evidently it was something for which the whole surface would be needed. It was an unheard-of thing for a student to do, but then it was Guernsey who did it. There was a certain palpitating color in his cheek as he said, at last:

"A moment before I came up a little problem occurred to me. If you would have the kindness—" and with the utmost modesty he bowed, replaced the chalk, and went to his seat, limping as he always did.

The Professor did not have eyes of such penetrating blackness for nothing. He saw through the device of the spoiled child of nature on the spot. J. A. Smith was, of all men living, the room-mate of Guernsey. If the Professor could indulge in cruelty, the other could in revenge. There was but one way to meet the emergency, that was to solve the problem in a flash. Of course! Only the day before this distinguished instructor, whose mathematical works were textbooks throughout the land, had told his class that not until they could handle the idea of twoness as perfectly as they did that of oneness could they consider themselves as prepared even to enter upon the science of numbers and quantities.

"When you shall have graduated in the higher mathematics, gentlemen—when you shall," he said to them, "have mastered the '*Principia*' of Newton, even then you will have got but the first smattering of this science."

It was imperative, then, that he should solve that little problem on the spot. It was such a small one, too—not two dozen places of quantities in all. Alas, that was the tightness of the knot! It was a very small statement, because it was of the nature of a sublimated essence. No man was quicker of perception than the Professor. He knew perfectly what he should do, but he knew also as perfectly what he *could* do. At a glance he saw through the purpose of Guernsey, but he also saw that he did not see through the problem.

"With pleasure," he said coolly. "I will hand the solution to you in a day or two," and he proceeded to call, "Alexander Starke!"

But Mr. Starke had an easy time of it in comparison with the Professor. The nerves of the entire class had been strung up by all that went before, and they understood the whole thing. To a man they would have died on the spot for Guernsey; meanwhile they were convulsed with laughter, the more so that it had to be suppressed. The unconcern upon the face of the Professor was so desperate, too, as to be comical. Alexander Starke, also, was a chronic sophomore who could not settle down, as he should have done, into a junior. He blundered along at the board upon the problem assigned him, well aware that nobody was following him. In the midst of it, however, the discomfiture of the Professor came to him afresh in a subdued giggle from the class. In trying to suppress his own laughter by pressing his unoccupied hand upon his mouth, it burst out instead through his nose. At the sound the whole class gave way to its mirth, open, unanimous, uproarious.

"It is evident, gentlemen," their instructor said, pale but cool, "that something amuses you. Possibly you may regain your equilibrium by Wednesday afternoon next. You are dismissed."

But the campus rang with their mirth as they emerged from the building. It was not that the joke was at all remarkable. It was Guernsey who had done it! He was always doing wonderful things, but never before anything of *that* sort. Had the victim been any other of the forty professors, it would have created only the laugh of the moment; but in this case it was the professor who had left the scars of his sarcastic severity upon almost every soul in the class. For the first time he had himself been hit where it had hurt most; and it was so unexpected, too!

II.

THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

GENERALLY Guernsey was, as he walked to and from chapel and secret society, refectory and class-room, the soul of an almost adoring group of friends. Wherever he went there were dozens of his friends about him, listening and laughing, proud to repeat afterward his bright sayings as having been said to them in person. With a heart as big and as active as his brain, he always laid affectionate hold, as he limped along, upon the one nearest to him, glancing his eyes merrily up at his companions as he went, and talking with the wit of a man and the artlessness of a child. As the class came out from

recitations on this occasion, however, all held aloof from him, knowing how sensitive he would be in regard to the event of the afternoon; and so he was left to limp along, clinging to the arm of his chum, the J. A. Smith whom he had avenged. It was his exquisite sensitiveness which kept, as all knew, his lightest talk (and he did chatter an amazing quantity of nonsense, genius though he was) from any other than the most respectful joking when a professor was concerned. Not that the learning of the wisest of the faculty hedged him in by its divinity from Guernsey. So slight was the effort with which he mastered every study, that each in turn seemed to him to be as a something of the familiar past, which merely needed to be recalled to mind. That was a reason why he had not an atom of conceit about him; he was unconscious of having done anything in particular. His respect for his instructors was merely that which he had for himself and for everybody; a chastity which seemed to be as inseparable a quality of his genius as purity is of light.

"But we *had* him, didn't we?" Guernsey remarked to his companion, when he had been helped by him up all the stone steps to their room. "I ought not to have done it, Jack, but I was mad at the way he treated you; and it seemed to me on the spot so clearly the thing to do, that I did it before I thought. Things seem so *clear* to me, Jack," he added as gleefully as a child. "There is no more exertion about it than there is in your seeing that chair, and as little merit; and a really good joke is a bit of science. The Professor is such a sharp flint that a little steel makes the fire flash. Did you see his eye when I asked him? The essence of fun, Jack, is surprise; and," Guernsey continued, with the round, full face of a laughing child, "it was fun alive to see— Ah, God!"

As he spoke he fell upon the floor with the sudden age in his white and wilted face of a man of sixty. His room-mate did not show the least surprise; he was too long accustomed to it. Drawing off his outer coat he laid it methodically away; then, kneeling beside his companion, he managed to draw off his overcoat also, with the strength of a man and yet with the tenderness of a woman. Next he locked the door. After that he placed every chair out of reach of the sufferer, who was rolling hither and thither in the agonies of that spinal disease which, as with Robert Hall, was but another name for his genius. Next Smith took from its familiar shelf, and poured into a cup ready for it, an inky narcotic. Seating himself beside the afflicted man, and holding him firmly as he did so, the room-mate held the cup to the lips, blue and writhing with anguish. Half the dose would have killed

any other person; but, watching his friend with the anxiety of a mother, Smith saw that it had no apparent effect in dulling the pain. Getting up, he filled a pipe with strong tobacco, lighted it with a whiff or two, although not without a grimace of disgust, then, seating himself upon the floor, he took the afflicted student between his knees and put the pipe in his eager lips, the sufferer sucking at it with the frantic hunger as of a starving babe at the breast of its mother. His chum held his own eyes closely shut, his face getting more and more yellow with nausea of the smoke in which he was enveloped. Pipe after pipe was tried, but it did no good. Another and larger dose of the medicine followed in vain. Then Guernsey broke away from his friend and rolled hither and thither upon the floor in unendurable anguish. His companion sat and looked at him. The best medical advice in the cities around had been tried; no doctor could do anything. The only known anæsthesia in this case was death.

Years of use had no more hardened Jack Smith to the sight than they had his friend to the endurance of the pain. He stepped into the next room, dropped upon his knees, rose again almost immediately. Alas! prayer no more brought relief to his chum than it did brightness to his own brain. It was not the will of Heaven. Seating himself again by Guernsey, rolling and screaming upon the floor, the room-mate began, in queer variety upon his devotions, to sing "Dandy Jim ob Caroline" in a voice the discord of which was the most comical of all. It did as little good as what went before. In despair of anything else, the good fellow tried "Nelly Bly," eking out his song by dancing a break-down. It was too absurd as he circled about the sufferer upon the floor, his preposterous legs flying wildly about as he waved his long arms over his head, snapping his fingers in time to his song, stamping and wheeling about. There was a religious earnestness in the effort that brought a smile to Guernsey's face, still rolling upon the floor to and fro. Encouraged by this, the other changed his singing to the doleful lament—

Dar was an old nigger,
An' his name was Uncle Ned,
An' he's dead long ago, long ago.

So sepulchral were the tones in which he croaked, and so very copious were the tears which the minstrel affected to shed, using with great effect a night-shirt he had snatched from his bed as a handkerchief, that, as he kept up his dismal chant, the other laughed long and loud. It was merely a variation upon the expression of his anguish, but the laugh seemed to do him

good, the tears running still more freely down his pallid face.

"Once I had an awful toothache, Guernsey," the other said, when he had ceased his lament, "and nothing did me any good until I happened to put my head through a plate-glass window. You see, I thought the window was up, and it cured me like a shot. I'm going to have a big looking-glass handy next time you are taken, or a big pane—"

"That is," the other interrupted him, "a pain driven out by a pane—homeopathy, you know: *similia similibus curantur*, eh? But, where is that—that—" and he glanced about the room as he lay.

"Just at your elbow; and now do be quiet and let a fellow study," his friend said, as he took up one of his detested text-books.

Guernsey was quiet enough. The thing he had asked for apparently was a photograph album. He opened it beside him on the floor, and turned to one picture in it.

"I am undoubtedly the thickest-headed dunce now living," the other said, as he opened his book, and in a way which showed that he had made the remark very often before.

"Would you have what they call my talent at the expense of having my pain, Jack?" Guernsey asked. As he did so he worked himself into a more comfortable position upon the floor, his room-mate bolstering him up with pillows. "Would you, Jack?" His face was all wet with tears, and still more with the perspiration of his paroxysm; he seemed so exhausted that he could hardly handle the photographic album as he asked the question.

"Yes," his gawky companion said, as he seated himself again to his books—"yes, sir, I would. That is, if it would prepare me to preach some day. It is a terribly mean thing, Guernsey, to disappoint one's friends so, a whole church of them; don't you see? And to think of the years I have been hammering at it, and the money I have spent! I sometimes think my conscience hurts me as much as your spine does you. And what is the use? God *won't* make me any smarter, for, if ever a poor fellow has prayed hard to be smart, I have. I thought you were a special providence to help me in my studies. But, smart as you are, you are not smart enough for that. The very desperation of trying to understand what a vanishing fraction is stupefies me. It is like trying to climb into the air, not a thing to hold on to. I can plow, and I can mow, and I can dig potatoes; but," and the poor fellow let his books slide out of his lap as he got up, "I can not study! I will be"—in the extremity of his despair he clutched at the invisible with both hands and yielded to blasphemy, preparing

for the pulpit though he was—"I will be—yes, I don't care if I *do* say it—I will be *doggoned* if I can!"

The other bolstered himself up higher, not even smiling, as his friend, startled at his own wicked language, sunk back into his chair.

"Jack," he said, "you know how clearly my pain makes me see things. Now I see as clearly that you are a fool as I do that—that you are the best fellow that ever lived. Yes, a fool."

"Hadn't you better tell me something I don't know?" said the other.

"Yes, a fool. You are," said his friend, "as big a fool as any old monk that ever scourged himself to death to please God. Your thick-headedness lies in *that*, man. Religion! Your religion, so far as it keeps you trying to do what God never intended you to do, is just as blind and stupid a superstition as that of any Hindoo who swings himself upon hooks in his flesh. Jack!—I say, Jack!"

"Well?" the other said eagerly.

"Listen to the man God has appointed to tell you so. Your field"—and Guernsey said it with the self-evidencing power which always goes with fact—"your field is—the corn-field!"

Jack Smith had listened to his friend with his mouth open as well as his eyes. He had got something. Closing eyes and mouth upon it, he sat, his books lying forgotten at his feet, and he thought and thought. Then he got up and went into his bedroom.

But Guernsey had forgotten his existence for the time. Perhaps it was the strong doses he had taken. Possibly it was the tobacco. It may have been his exhaustion from suffering. In any case, he lay on the floor among his pillows absorbed in the likeness of a young woman which he had turned to in the album. It was merely the fresh face of Mary Gardner, an innocent-looking country girl. Had you come upon it in the album, you would not have glanced at it more than a moment. And yet, to this man who saw as into the inmost essences of things, the sweet and simple countenance was as that of an angel of light. Why it was so happened in this wise:

During their freshman year in the university, Guernsey had formed an absurd friendship for Smith, awkward rustic as he was. There was the working in this of that cunning nature which keeps the world from tumbling to pieces by clasping its extremes together as one does a belt. We all know how much Charles Dickens delighted in such idiots as Barnaby Rudge, Tom Pinch, Joe Gargery, and the like. Visitors at Abbotsford trembled for the sanity of Sir Walter Scott when they saw what pleasure he took in the companionship of a stupid scamp whom he called Riggum-funnidos. Any one can see that Shakespeare

had an enjoyment, shared by none of the uninspired, in such cattle as Launce and Speed, Trinculo and Stephano, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and the rest of the army—worse than Falstaff's recruits—of his clowns. It may be Genius disgusted with itself, Genius reacting against itself—who knows what? In any case, Guernsey had gone with Smith, on their first vacation, to Smith's dull country home at Oak Hollow, for a week's fishing and clouted cream. Being pretty much his own master, Guernsey had staid at Oak Hollow till term time again; and had gone back there almost every vacation for three years now. Jack Smith lived with an uncle, and a Mr. Isaac Gardner was his next neighbor. Mary Gardner was that farmer's daughter. When it is added that she was a sensible girl, rosy-cheeked, although with plenty of freckles; with an unusual supply of silky brown hair, and not the least idea of how to dispose of it; having sincere eyes to match her hair; a pretty mouth, perfect teeth, and a dumpling figure, the whole story is told. They would never have known at Oak Hollow that Guernsey was a genius, had not Jack told them, there not being a dozen books in the house, and certainly no blackboard. They were not aware in Oak Hollow of the existence of the Calculus, except as it affected the kidneys, but they understood pain perfectly, and were very kind to their visitor during his paroxysms. For years, now, he had been almost as one of the Gardner household, in and out during his vacation, whenever he pleased, seeming to them to be a singular sort of grown-up child, pure and gentle, rather than a young man. He said a thousand astonishing things, chattering like a child, laughing and helping himself to whatever he could find that was good to eat in orchard, or cupboard, or kitchen.

That was all. Jack Smith was the dullest man in the university, yet Guernsey cared more for him than for all the rest. In the same way he loved Mary Gardner. He had never hinted it to her or to Jack Smith; but that was the reason why, as he lay among his pillows upon the floor, exhausted, he cared nothing for anything on earth beyond the woman upon whose picture he was gazing. Guernsey rested from his pain upon her likeness as a child does upon its mother; the profound dependence of man upon woman, as woman, was in it. He could write brilliant essays, genuine poetry, in addition to his mastery of many a language as if it were his native tongue, of mathematics as if the brain fed on numbers by a process as natural as the mouth on food. It seems absurd to say it, and yet, when Mary Gardner was in comparison, he did not care the snap of his finger for the university and all it taught. Others climbed up its steepes of knowledge from below—the

climbing being a goodly part of the pleasure. But he did not have to climb; he alighted, somehow, on its summits from above—alighted to find those mountain-heights but bald rock. Others enjoyed the ever-expanding range of vision as they ascended; the one spot in all the landscape to his eye was Oak Hollow. He was tired to death—there was that excuse for him—and in Mary Gardner he found rest. Had she been very beautiful—worse still, had she been as well educated as city-bred girls generally are—he would have cared nothing for her. He loved her because she was one of the simplest of country girls, honest and gentle and good.

III.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

AT the end of the session the room-mates hastened to Oak Hollow. Guernsey had taken a very high grade at examination—had taken it almost as indifferently in leaving as he had taken his hat. Jack Smith took the lowest of grades. Even that was tossed to him as a penny is to a beggar, the faculty having serious scruples as to the morality upon their part of giving him even that. But it was little he cared. His friend had confirmed what had long ago been the teachings of his own good sense, and Smith announced to the church of Oak Hollow that he had given up all further intention of studying for the ministry. The grief of his friends was only less than his own. He, too, half feared, as they did, that, like gambling or drunkenness, his was a form of apostasy. But he was firm. All his purpose now was to earn enough money upon the farm to repay what had been wasted upon his education.

"I declare," Guernsey said to Mary Gardner two months after, "it is hard to believe that Jack is the same man." Mary, with a check apron on, her sleeves rolled up, a white handkerchief tied over her head, was making up, at the kitchen table, when Guernsey said it, the Saturday afternoon's batch of cakes and pies. An unusual supply had to be made, Guernsey ate such a quantity at every meal instead of the pork and greens he should have done, to say nothing of the way in which he helped himself between meals.

"You know what a homely fellow Jack used to be?" Guernsey remarked to Mary.

"No, I didn't; was he?" she replied. The fact that there was a smutch of flour across her wholesome face rather added than otherwise to her looks, her companion thought.

"Of course he was. Jack," Guernsey continued, "was the best fellow in the university and the ugliest. All the world knew that."

The genius of that institution had perched himself upon an edge of the kitchen table, and was as happy as a child, talking eagerly upon whatever came up; the more nonsensical it was, so much the better. He had always brought Mary some valuable present or other when he came. She had never refused to accept his gifts. Though over twenty, he was so small as to size, so much more childlike still in face and in ways, that whatever he did was accepted as the whim of a very lovable and extraordinary child rather even than a boy, let alone a man. This last time he had given Mary a gold watch and chain. She had hesitated a good deal at first to receive it, but he had seemed so hurt and had said, "It is only *me*, you know," that there was nothing to do but to consent. They could not understand at all the awe Jack Smith had for the intellect and acquirements of their guest. He was humored and spoiled for what he was wholly apart from that.

"Look at Jack now. He rises early," Guernsey continued, "works hard, eats heartily, sleeps like a log. I watched him mowing in the meadow yesterday. Those ridiculous legs of his did not seem a bit too long. He puts on airs of superiority toward me—wants to protect *me*!—Give us another cake, Miss Pulcherrima."

"My name is Mary. But why shouldn't he protect you? He is a good deal the big—I mean the strongest," the girl said.

"I didn't know Jack could laugh before. I said something funny, and how he laughed! It was in the meadow, only a mile off," continued Guernsey; "didn't you hear him?" and the mathematician nibbled around the edges of his cake, red-hot from the oven, until it should be cool enough for a contemplated bite into the soft, brown center.

"Do you know what Homeric means?" he asked.

"I know a town named Homer," Mary replied.

"Well, Jack laughs like the people living there. Homeric laughter it is called. His inextinguishable laughter shook the skies.—That's right, have another cake ready, and after that I'll try and wait until supper.—Jack is going back," the epicure added, "to the stone age. He is resuming the freedom and the amplitude of the cosmos."

"What nonsense!" Mary added. "Don't, Mr. Guernsey! What do you mean?" For, as she spoke, her companion had seized with both hands upon her bared arm, and was looking into her eyes with a wild pain as of a hunted animal. The next moment he had seated himself, as by a strong effort, on the wide oaken seat, white and with hands clinched about her wrist.

"Don't call any one, please don't," he said, conquering his pains as by a stern effort. "It is one of my little attacks. Please, please, let there be no one but *you*. It doesn't hurt me *very* much," he continued, setting his teeth, but holding her eyes in his with a grasp like that of his hands. "If I can only have you with me it will pass off."

"But can't I *do* anything?" the frightened girl added. "Isn't there any medicine to get? Mother knows all about pain. Let me call Jack."

"No, no, no!" the other said, framing the words with difficulty. "No medicine can do me any good. Everything fails. Nobody can help me but you—you. Please let me hold your hand for a little while, just a moment—a moment," he panted, the great drops standing upon his forehead, which was so broad and deadly white. "Nobody else," he groaned, "but you. Do I hurt your hand?" for he was holding it in a vise-like grasp. "I won't do so any more. But please bear with me a moment longer."

His head drooped forward as he spoke under the weight of his overmastering agony. The terrified girl managed to seat herself by his side, her hand still held in his, while, with frame rigid with suffering, his head rested upon her shoulder.

"O Mr. Guernsey!" she kept saying, the tears streaming down her face, "if I only knew what to do! I'm so sorry mother is gone out. But there is such a nice pain-killer on that shelf when we scald ourselves! You can take it inside, and you can rub it on outside. It burns, but it don't smell bad one bit. Once I burned myself with a pot-lid. Let go, only one moment, please."

"No, no," her companion said. "Nothing but *you*! It will do no good. The pain will pass off in a—in a little while."

A cry of anguish rang from his lips as he spoke, and the poor girl gave way to a wild weeping.

"Let me get the things out of the oven," she sobbed at last. He did not hear her. His hold never relaxed. Face to face with pain in the worst shape known to men, he endured the flickering heat of the furnace sevenfold heated in which something more lasting than her dainties was being prepared.

With his head still upon her shoulder, his eyes shut, he was murmuring to himself the prayer of Hildebert:

"Tu intrare me non sinas,
Infernales officinas,
Ubi mœror, ubi metus,
Ubi fœtor, ubi fletus,
Ubi tortor semper cadens.

"'Tortor,'" he repeated—"'*tortor*!'"

"O Mr. Guernsey, what nonsense!" the girl exclaimed, trying in vain to gather some meaning out of the words. Her tears were falling fast. She was near him, and yet in a world so far away from his. He seemed soothed by her presence or by his words as he murmured them line after line. "'Me receptet,'" he said at last—

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David urbs tranquilla—"

"Mr. Guernsey," she exclaimed, "I *must* go! Don't you smell them? All the pies and cookies are burning!"

"Are they?" he said. "Don't you remember? No, you don't, but it is a fact:

Cujus Faber Auctor lucis,
Cujus porta signum crucis."

"I *will* go!" his companion said, trying to wring her hand from his—"somebody *must* go for the doctor; it will kill you!"

"Will it? I shall be so glad," he said wearily. "I ought not to have held you so. I did not think. I never had the pain as terribly bad before. It was so bad I had some hope it was finishing me this time. I hoped so. It was a shame to hold you so! But I have got nothing else in the world to hold to, Mary," he added, his pallid face damp with perspiration, panting, barely able to breathe. "Please kiss me," and he closed his eyes.

She was the last as well as the dearest thing left on earth to him, and he clung to her so because he truly supposed himself to be dying. Beyond her pity for him, who can tell what she felt? She did not hesitate a moment, but kissed him tenderly, wiping the moisture from his pallid face with her check apron. Then, as she made another effort to release herself, he said:

"The pain is passing off. It is not all gone yet. But you may go now, Mary."

He had never called her by her name before, and something in his tones made her blush, she knew not why, as she hastened to rescue her burning pastry.

"And you don't think Jack is ugly?" he said, panting. "I am glad he is back on the farm. He will make a splendid farmer. I am getting so much better. You see, I will outgrow it some day. As soon as I leave studying, I intend to be a farmer, too." But he was so shaken from his pain that he had to hold himself up by his chair as he spoke.

Of course Mary Gardner told her wise old mother the whole story as soon as she could, and she told her husband.

"Old man," she added, "do you think Mr. Guernsey act'ally thinks of our Mary?"

"No," the husband exclaimed, "not one bit.

It's only his way. An' what good would *he* be on a farm?"

But they all felt that Guernsey did not care to have his attack alluded to, and they treated him with a new tenderness. In a few days he seemed to be as well as ever—if possible, a great deal livelier than before. He would ask the girl at breakfast, "What are you going to do next?"

"Milk the cows—but what do you want to know for?" she would reply.

"The very thing I was going to do," he would say. "You will have to go with me. I will teach you how to milk. Next thing?"

"Mary, you must pare those apples for drying to-day," her mother would say, looking at him instead over her kindly spectacles.

"Remarkable coincidence!" the genius of the university exclaimed, "the very thing I was going to do. It's a shame the way I've put it off. You must help me. We have some darning to do next, or is it ironing?"

And so he rattled on, laughing, talking, never opening a book, making himself very much at home, happier than any boy on a holiday, all the restless energies of his intellect having their outlet, somehow, through his heart.

Vacation came to an end only too soon, and he went reluctantly to the university, leaving Jack Smith behind him, this time hard at work fencing, plowing, hoeing, hauling. It seemed strange that old Mrs. Gardner did not understand. She was so shrewd, too, in the making of quilts and pickles. Seeing that Mary was their only child, also, she ought to have comprehended matters. Old Mr. Gardner resembled nothing so much as an apple which had clung, yellow and shriveled, to its bough all winter.

"I can't say I altogether make out Mr. Guernsey," he said, the day their boarder left. "That about his having Mary's photograph, for instance, that Jack Smith was telling us about. I do believe he really likes us, and I like him mightily."

"Oh, that is only Mr. Guernsey's nonsense," Mary said; "like his being so fond of our cookies.—Mother, hadn't I better dye that yarn to-day?"

IV.

THE LAW OF FORCES.

JACK SMITH was waiting at the station when his friend came back for his next vacation. Guernsey's face was as full and as smooth as before, his eyes were as bright and confiding, but there was an intensity under it all which Jack Smith had never observed before. Was it the sharp

edge produced by study? by his old pain? Perhaps it was his gladness at getting back, as he called it, to nature. Never had he seemed so overflowing with high spirits, so eager, impatient. He seized upon his solid and stolid friend, and swung him hither and thither in the exuberance of his joy. The wagon was rejected with disdain.

"Put my trunk in it, Jack, and get somebody to drive it to the house. You and I will walk. I'm like a bird out of a cage," he explained. "I can't bear the confinement of a wagon even, I've been so cooped up. But I am done with the university, Jack. I have taken a perfect grade on my whole course, Jack—a round hundred. They are all wild about me. I am to graduate with tremendous honor. The Governor of the State is to be there, the President of the United States, too, with his Cabinet; it is his Alma Mater, you know. I am to make a blazing address to them, old fellow. There are about thirty yards of silk in my commencement gown. They are pressing a professorship on me; funny idea, isn't it? But I came to consult Oak Hollow first."

He said this holding on to his friend as he used to do, laughing gayly, looking up at the other with his happy and birdlike eyes, limping eagerly along. "But, what a fool I am," he continued, "to talk about myself so! How are you coming on?" And he listened with interest, asking incessant questions while his friend told him of his slow but steady progress toward paying off his debts and establishing himself as a farmer.

"Debts be hanged!" he said. "I forgot to tell you that I'm come into my property since I saw you. I have millions of money, and don't know what to do with it. Have some. It will be a favor to me. How would they like me to build a new church for them out here? a five-story schoolhouse? a hospital for infirm farmers or something of the kind? I'm ready!"

To the dull and steady-going young farmer his friend was like a sort of electric storm, clinging so to him, shaking him as they walked; yet almost womanly too in his affection and eager sincerity. And he was so happy, too happy! His gladness was as excessive as were his seasons of suffering. It was impossible for him to be still.

"I got tired of writing ten letters to your one," he said at last. "But I know how it is, of course. You come in of nights tired out with hard work. Naturally you don't feel like writing; and I know how you hated to write when you were in the university. We will talk up arrears, and I will do it for both. I have got something to tell you, Jack—something superlative.

Not just yet. But it almost makes me a poet to think of it—crazy that means, you know. I haven't thought of anything else since I saw you. You know what Juvenal says about the children trooping to school along the streets of Rome to get their shilling's worth of Minerva. I won't bore you with the Latin. Well, I've got all of the old lady they had on hand, and I don't value it a turnip. I've been reading up 'The Bucolics.' I'm going to be a farmer, and live in Oak Hollow. But that isn't my secret, though it is next door to it. How are old Mr. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner? and how is— But I'll ask her myself. Tell a fellow something more about yourself."

"Ahem!" his companion stammered, his face lighting up under the influence of the other as the harvest moon does under the shining of the sun; "I wanted to tell you before I saw you off the last time, but somehow I couldn't. I have written to you about it, dozens of times, but I always tore the letters up. She told me I must tell you to-day."

"She?" his companion asked; and Jack Smith might have observed that the hand of his friend suddenly lay like lead on his arm, if he had not been so much taken up, coloring all over his homely face as he did so, with what he was saying.

"Yes, we've been engaged for a long time," he continued; "but we kept it close to ourselves. It was out of the question for me to think of marrying for years. But that was one reason I couldn't study. I am doing so well paying off the debt to the church people, you see. Mr. Gardner and his wife have found me so handy on the farm, and then they are getting so old. Besides, it *would* come out; she is their only daughter, you know—"

The other hung of a sudden so heavily upon the arm of Jack Smith, his head fallen upon his bosom as he limped along, that the farmer stopped. "You are not going to have your pain, Guernsey?" he asked anxiously.

"No," the other said slowly and in a strange tone; "but let me sit down on this log a moment."

The new-comer had adopted for country wear a felt hat, which was slouched down, now, over his face, and, stooping over as he sat, he seemed to be trying to tie his shoe, but it was with feeble and wandering hands as if he was blind. Jack Smith was absorbed just then in his own matters. Moreover, he had never dreamed of such a thing. To him Guernsey was as much a creature of another grade as if he had been an eagle circling in the sky far above Oak Hollow and all it contained. The visits Guernsey had made there, and the pleasure he had taken in its people, were

to Jack Smith merely whims of genius; only the freaks of a loving but eccentric nature. The countryman stood looking down at his friend, wondering what new whim this was. His companion seemed to be suddenly drawn up upon himself, more like a wounded worm than an eagle.

"You had better let me hurry home and get your medicine, Guernsey," he said. "Let me have the key of your trunk."

"There it is," the other said, producing the key with some difficulty, and handing it to him without looking up. "By the by," he added slowly, "there are some little things in the trunk for the old people, and for Mary—for Miss Gardner. Please tell her to take them out."

"Plenty of time for that—but," the other added, lingering, "I hate to leave you. I'll hurry back with the wagon as soon as I can. How is the pain now?"

"It isn't the pain," the stricken man replied. "I want to go back to the depot. I've lost something. Go!" he added with a gesture, trying to lift up his head—"go!"

Jack Smith had become used to obeying every caprice of his friend, and he started off. "I wonder," he said to himself, as he struck into his usual gait for a long walk, "what Guernsey is up to now? I wouldn't be surprised if those are wedding presents he has brought for Mary. He is so sharp, of course he knew it." He stopped when he had got to the bend of the road, and looked back. Guernsey was still seated upon the wayside log, coiled up upon it as it were. "He's in terrible pain, I guess," said Jack Smith; "I'll make haste."

Mary Gardner was waiting upon the old, unpainted porch when Smith got to her house. The wagon was standing there, the trunk still in it, waiting till Jack should come to take it out.

"I'll drive back with it," Jack said, when he had explained the circumstances; "he can lay his hand on his things right off. Jump in and ride back with me, Mary. You know he always thought the world of you."

"Did you tell him, Jack?" she asked, holding back. She was a good deal browner and plumper than she had been, and was quite dressed up in honor of Mr. Guernsey's coming.

"Oh, yes, I told him," her lover said. "In with you, Mary—how pretty you do look!"

"That's because I've been baking cookies all the morning for Mr. Guernsey.—Don't, Jack!" she added, as they drove off. "Not till we get out of sight of the house anyhow. Him suffering so, too. Be-have yourself, Jack!"

They did not think of Mr. Guernsey again until they had made the turn of the forest-road which brought them in sight of the railroad

bridge. The bridge for wagons and foot-passengers was not a dozen yards down to the right hand, but outside of the heavy framework of the railroad crossing of the river was a narrow ledge for the convenience of the hands upon the road—a ledge which was the dread of the mother of every child in Oak Hollow—the boys at least *would* use it.

"I told him to wait. But it's just like him!" Jack Smith exclaimed, as he came in full view of this ledge, which was on the side of the bridge toward them.

Guernsey was in the act of crossing upon it, the river flowing underneath, narrow, swift, and black as ink from the saw-mills above.

"Take the reins, Mary. I'll make him stop," Jack Smith said; and, putting the tips of two of his fingers in his mouth, as when he called his dog from a distance, he gave a shrill whistle. Sure enough, his friend heard. He looked up and saw the farmer and the woman he was to marry seated beside him. It was a pity. Perhaps Guernsey missed his footing as he looked up, for he always walked with difficulty. Possibly he was seized just then with his terrible pain.

"Oh, catch him!" Mary Gardner shrieked, springing to her feet in the wagon and grasping toward him with her hands, for, on the instant, Guernsey fell headlong into the river!

It was more than a year after this that a tall, severe-faced gentleman called at the Gardners'. Nobody was at home but Mary, now Mrs. Smith. She had never been anything more than a plain country girl, and she was even plainer now as a married woman, what was plump having become portly. Although the visitor seemed to know everything about Guernsey already, he asked many questions, looking curiously at her as he did so. This sharp-featured stranger had felt for years the deepest interest in Guernsey. After the death of the genius of the university he had proposed the case to himself as a problem of the highest of all possible mathematics, had taken the necessary steps to that end, and had solved it!

"It was ever so long," Mrs. Smith told him, "before we got the body. We put off our wedding a whole month. My husband was with him where they studied," she continued, "and says he was one of the smartest men in the world. I don't know as to that, I'm sure. But he was so good, so fond of us all, and so fond of his fun, too! I never bake cookies Saturdays without thinking of him. He was a nice man. We all liked him ever so much. Why, sir, my husband he wanted dreadfully to name our baby there after him. But pa wouldn't have liked it, so we call baby Ebenezer, after *him*. But," the good

woman added, "we all liked Mr. Guernsey *so* much—we thought the world of him!"

"Reaction," her visitor said, looking at her as if he did not see her, "is always equal to action. If he had been less of a genius, the reaction would not have been so dreadful. But it was best," the visitor added, as he rose to leave, although not addressing the woman, "that he should have died in *that* manner; it was swifter than if he had had his foolish way.—Good day, madam."

"I didn't like him at all," Mrs. Smith said to her husband when he came in at night. "He never looked at the baby once, and he kept looking at me as if I was a kind of—of bug. Who could it have been, Jack? He barely bowed to me as he went out, and he never asked after you once. Who *could* it have been?"

"I know who it was," her husband said very thoughtfully. "It was our Professor of Mathematics!"

W. M. BAKER.

L A S C A S A S . *

THE period which embraces the life of this extraordinary priest is a creative period. The latter half of the fifteenth century, and the former half of the sixteenth, have such virtue for the production of great men that the human race seems of superior origin, almost angelic. Never have the presages of time beheld stars of the first magnitude such as appeared in this dazzling age. It might be said that the modern spirit, in forming itself, emitted from itself, like magic scintillations, souls illumined and fired with the passion of celestial inspirations. All things flourished in those days, from the material earth which we tread with our feet of clay, to the impalpable spirit whose faculties unite us to God with their ideas of light. Would that we might have beheld that crepuscle, in which the Gothic element bloomed only to die, and the triumphal arches of the Renaissance arose to wait for liberty; in which legions of statuesque forms, animated by a breath of the new life, and beautified by new graces, sprang from the roseate Gothics, whose brightness was as that of the setting sun; in which

classic antiquity transmitted, by the coming of the Hellenes to our Western world, all the treasure of its sciences, and by the Roman excavations opened all the treasure of its arts; in which the painters, divinely inspired, instilled the ideas of Christianity with all its mysticism into Greek beauty with all its harmony; in which even the Pontificate from the height of the Vatican invoked all the dioceses, conjuring them to revive the state in all its ancient splendor, while the bold reformers lifted above the exuberant paganism the disk of human conscience and its immaculate purity; in which there in heaven was fixed the sun, heretofore regarded as a satellite of earth, now as the center of the planets, while here on earth was discovered a New World, so beautiful that it seemed to offer to the human race, revindicating its liberty, an immaculate paradise for expansion and enjoyment.

Those days beheld Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Gonzalez de Cordoba, Columbus, Luther, Copernicus, Savonarola, Machiavelli, Charles V., Titian, the greatest men perhaps of modern times. Much glory should he have who shone in those heavens and amid those spheres. And with true glory shone Fray BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS, whose voice obtained a hearing in a choir of voices so divine, and whose figure stood forth amid a legion of shapes so gigantic. It is true that to reach this he was born with two splendid virtues—the virtue of believing, and the virtue of feeling what he believed. In the soul, intelligence is the ethereal light which illumines, and sensibility is the vivid heat which fecundates.

Without ideas one is as though blind, and without sentiment as though dead. Thought is the exercise of a spirit so divine that it exceeds the limits of our nature; and feeling what we think, diffusing it, embodying it in a living reality, is human ministry *par excellence*. Therefore

* This essay, by the renowned Spanish orator and statesman, Emilio Castelar, was published in "La Epoca," a daily political journal of Madrid, January 30, 1879, and was suggested by a recent literary production on the same subject by Carlos Gutierrez. Few writers are more difficult to translate than Castelar, both because of the habitual lengthiness of Spanish phrasing, which is hardly elegant in English, and because of the characteristic floweriness and delicate imagery of his language. Perhaps, in order to convey his words more literally, I have sometimes, in my translation, sacrificed the smoothness of the English. All who have listened to Castelar himself know, however, that his written essays are but poor shadows of his spoken orations: his words fall unhesitatingly from his impassioned lips—or, to speak more comprehensively, from his animated being—like a sun-reflecting cascade, never tiring, never repeating, and with all its varied and subtle changes of color and phase.

—TRANSLATOR.

universal gratitude withdraws itself from those solitary thinkers, rigid as statues, with a pale star upon their brows, in inaccessible regions; while it bows before him who will struggle with courage and die in the sacrifice, giving his heart to the people. Plato will have disciples, but Socrates will have adorers, because, if the one knew how to think, the other knew how to die. Las Casas thought first, like the recluses of his time, given up to religion and science; and afterward he felt with keen sensibility that which he thought. This exercise of sensibility and intelligence, this harmony of idea and action, these multiplied vocations which made of him an apostle and a warrior, a philosopher and a martyr—all these qualities gave him the truly extraordinary characteristics which elevated him to an ideal place in history.

Las Casas did not fix his inclinations in the early days of his life. On the contrary, at the beginning he seemed to have vocations quite opposed to those which were afterward his torment and his glory. Descended from those French crusaders who came to the Occident to the rescue of Toledo and Seville, as well as went to the Orient to deliver Jerusalem and Constantinople, his blood inherited the ardor, his nerves the restlessness, his character the force, his muscles the energy, his nature all the innate daring, of those destined in the continuous dramas of history by the designs of Providence to live and die in strife. The son of a navigator who accompanied the discoverer of the New World on his first voyages, he was tempted to try the adventures, the navigations, the conflicts with the fury of the elements and the passions of men, the marvelous undertakings, the overcoming of great obstacles, thinking to gain for himself power and renown. He who had seen the author of his days fade from view on the unexplored ocean, and bring again a new creation from the immense abyss, might well believe all the barriers obliterated which separate desire from its object, hope from its consummation, idea from its realization, and phantasy from its sad social realities.

The son of one of the discoverers of the New World might, with sufficient reason, believe himself born to redeem the inhabitants of that world. Also the city of Seville, his birthplace, was one to move the imagination to daring speculations and the enterprise of hazardous schemes. Its brilliant sky, of hues so varied, elevates the mind to the spiritual realms of multitudinous ideas; its river, of whose perfumed waters sang the first poets of the world, murmurs as an eternal accompaniment to the cantos of an eternal epic. Its towers, upon whose summits one looks to discern still the white figures of the Arab astronomers; its gardens, among whose paths resound the echoes of the *guzlas* and the romances, mingled

with the din of arms; the orange-groves which shade us and delight us with their aromas; from the sails floating on the Guadalquivir, to the palms waving in the forest; from the stars sown in its nightly heavens, to the lustrous eyes of its women—all things provoke one, not only to the conception of many ideas, and the *fantasia* of many dreams, but also to their realization and completion.

To see what were the men of that age one has only to enter the nave of the cathedral, erected on so grand a scale that posterity declares its constructors to have been mad; beneath its vaults one glides, as though impelled by a celestial breeze, in immeasurable spaces and cerulean depths of ether divine. Would it not seem that race, origin, blood, cradle, education, all that belonged to him and all that environed him, might move Fray Bartolomé de las Casas to great enterprises?

And yet late—very late—he fixed upon the vocation which, like his firmness and his intensity, may be said to have been congenital with the heat of his life, and stirred with the first movement of his will and of his spirit. There are other examples of this in history. No one would discover the first writer of the eighteenth century, Rousseau, in the musician who composed inharmonious symphonies and mediocre operas, as no one would discover the saint who would renew the wounds of Christ, Francis of Assisi, in the youth crowned with flowers, king of festivities, who sang serenades on dark nights, and made love in extravagant language to all the girls of his village. But it can not be doubted that these late vocations are decisive.

It is not in our (Spanish) national character and disposition to write memoirs. The pudicity which hides good actions is as strong as the shame which conceals bad ones. We think that neither our virtues nor our vices are of importance to others. A certain native pride, a certain lofty self-sufficiency, a certain reliance upon our internal law, a certain individualism somewhat excessive, bring us to this indifference to foreign opinion, although it may have the universality and importance of historical judgment—an indifference which never is understood by those people who, like the French, for example, eminently sociable, are therefore easily intimidated before the tribunal of history; and for the same reason they endeavor to deserve well of their contemporaries, and of posterity also, by defenses, allegations, histories, and autobiographies. We, on the contrary, judge ourselves well enough repaid by appearing well to ourselves alone.

Thus it is that in all Spanish literature there does not exist a book like the "Confessions" of St. Augustine or the "Confessions" of Rous-

seau; and, because of this indisposition, we ignore the private life of our great men, which would perhaps explain entire phases of their public life. Concerning the youth of Las Casas, we ought to say that this theologian of the Dominican Order, called "Jauria de Dios," was a professor of jurisprudence; that this strenuous defender of the Indians held an Indian slave in Salamanca; that this reformer, whose invectives were hurled against the appropriation of fellow men, began his life in that New World with *ranchos* and rations; that this bishop, shod with sandals, girded with sackcloth, with the crucifix in his hands and mystic ardor in his eyes, landed on the shores of America like the most vulgar adventurer stung by the most ordinary appetite, the thirst for gold. How, for what cause, from what motive, by what impulse of intelligence, for what affection, did he change his vocation? Mysteries of history! The certainty is that the lawyer of Seville, the master of an Indian slave, the searcher for riches, was converted into a missionary, a redeemer of serfs, a priest of God and of liberty.

Arrived at a certain period of his life, an evangelical idea took complete possession of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas—the idea of equality among men. And idea works upon the will as the *motor in movit* of Aristotle upon universal motion. As in all applied force there is something of cosmic force, in every concrete action there are general motives, and in every motive, general or particular, there are pure ideas. The very soul of Las Casas was in his sentiment of natural equality, and the motive of motives in his friendship toward the Indians. Almost all the natural inclinations of humanity are found united fundamentally in each individual. The generative cause of genius is non-equilibrium, which gives to some faculties the exclusive predominance over all the others conjoined, and with this predominance supersalient aptitudes meriting supersalient glory. It happens with human motives as with human tastes. The aliment that to some savors with pleasure produces nausea in others; the melody which charms a refined ear is lost upon a coarser one; the incentive which moves some to well-doing and love to their neighbor moves others to evil, and at times even to the destruction of themselves.

The limit with which exterior deeds curb every action disconcerts the weak and fortifies the strong. Fray Bartolomé de las Casas would not have struggled with so much tenacity had he not encountered so many and so diverse oppositions in his way. Such historical phenomena are often repeated in the world. Every redeemer must pass through his passion. Doubts assail him, sorrows discourage him, friends betray him,

error or evil report calumniates him, the most beloved disciples abandon him, and at last come the stake, the hemlock, the crucifixion, the death in despair and anguish. But, as fatality reigns in nature, so liberty reigns in history. While we do not ask the stone the reason of its falling, we ask it of man. The fatalism of brute nature has nothing to do with morality, and our actions are essentially moral. Therefore goodness, truth, an upright action, a work of charity, an effort in behalf of the oppressed, light carried to the conscience of the ignorant, combat for justice and right, may fail transitorily; but in the general movement of humanity they achieve sooner or later, surely, a grand and definite success. Those who were defended with so much eagerness by Las Casas inhabit to-day the land of democracy, of liberty, and of republicanism.

The New World was discovered at the end of the middle ages, but under the ideas of the middle ages. Although its appearance, expanding the planet, should have expanded the spirit of the age, yet the effects of the so sudden revolution were not recognizable until manifested by the impulses of the times and the natural development of events. The discoverers were guided by the ancient idea that all that is conquered is naturally captive, and all that is captive is naturally enslaved. The appropriation of man by man still obtained throughout the world because the idea of the inequality of men still reigned in the conscience. Even Columbus, that prophet of nature, that seer of earth, that martyr to his own genius, immortal, like all redeemers, for his ideas and misfortunes, brought as a present, on his return from his first voyage, besides the products of the soil and the riches of the earth, several groups of Indians, as he would bring several head of cattle. One of these Indians Las Casas drew as a prize in a lottery, whom, in the thoughtlessness of his youth, he reserved for his house, and held enslaved in his service until a royal mandate deprived him of such property.

Doubtless some movement of his heart, like that of Paul on the way to Damascus; some revelation of his conscience, like that of Loyola on his couch of suffering—transformed that artificial nature which, through education or custom, overgrew his natural disposition, and moved him to seek, submerged within himself in those unfathomable depths which every soul conceals, those treasuries of piety, those bursts of passion, those ideas of right, which elevated him to an immense height among the conquerors and the conquered; that he might defend innocence with full sacrifice of his tranquillity and continual risk of his life, developing passions like a sword of fire which flamed in his hands, and ideas like words of redemption which fell as though in-

spired by the Divine Spirit upon the aching wounds of misery. It is certain that in that society dominated by the conquest, and just subjected to the yoke of absolutism, Las Casas saw in the conquered the brothers of the conquerors; in that universal intolerance, when the Catholic kings expelled the Jews, when Torquemada set fire to the Inquisition, when Cisneros poured holy water over the flesh of the Moors who cried out as though sprinkled with molten lead, even then Las Casas called the idolaters to the bosom of the Church by charity and not by violence, in that perversion of thought which even from the pulpit launched Aristotle's apothegms upon the natural destiny of certain men to vassalage and the natural destiny of other men to the domination of empires. Las Casas felt as a divination the claims based upon human equality; face to face with the powers that were every day more and more puffed up with their authority and more tempted to confound themselves with God, Las Casas maintained that we can not dispose of men contrary to their choice, nor govern a people against its sovereign will.

We do not deny, else were we blind, that in this work he was inflamed, sustained, drawn on, by exaggerated passions. Las Casas, from the beginning to the end of his life, was, before all, a man of passion; and, being impassioned, was given to violence in his proceedings and brusqueness in his language.

Without this fervor, which believed all things possible, he could not have striven as he did, nor endured as he did; yet none the less could he have enlarged as he did in his conception of humanity and in the gratitude of history. As all his most valuable qualities were accompanied with the most extraordinary defects, according as his nature was excited he was proportionally ineffective and incautious. But can we ask genius to shine without this inequilibrium of faculties and virtues? One can not put into the apostle the cold reasoning of the statesman, nor into the prophet the exact calculation of the mathematician, nor into the martyr the instincts of self-preservation by which the egoist lives to grow old. The generosity of Las Casas might have been native or acquired, the result of his heart's impulses or of the habits of his life; but he possessed characteristics truly marvelous, and an incredible fecundity of heroic actions. Thus, to the vehement desire for good was united the sure hope of realizing and accomplishing it. This hope spurred him to action and freed him from irresolution, because neither his understanding admitted doubts nor his will allowed weakness or discouragement. Gifted with true courage, he engaged in dubious enterprises, although he often fell into that temerity which aspires to

the impossible. Sound of body and mind, he was not touched by the irony which usually tempts the feeble and infirm; robust morally and physically, he never desponded like the weak and cowardly; compassionate, he suffered with all who suffered, and wept with all who wept; capable of deep resentment, keenly alive to injustice, he hated oppressors as he loved the oppressed; subject to a fever of continual ecstasy, he reached even fanaticism in fury, but it was the fury of those whom philosophy denominated as fired with enthusiasm and not pale and green with envy. Thus he had in his trials the greatest of internal consolations, the certainty of having done well, and against all insults and maledictions the surest refuge, the satisfaction and contentment with himself—uniting in truth, like few men, the idea and the action.

During a certain period of his life he was carried along by vulgar motives; he speculated, he traded, he grew rich by appropriation of his neighbors' goods; what horror, what bitter pain must this have caused later to his penitent heart!

The strength of his remorse ruled his conscience to retrieve his faults; and the sight of a massacre of the Indians stirred his feelings to the point of concentrating all his faculties in the one supreme purpose of dedicating himself exclusively to the relief and cure of so much and so terrible misery. The better to accomplish this, he became a priest. In fact, the renunciation of all family except that of the disinherited and the oppressed; the exclusive love and eternal marriage to his idea of justice; the temple for a home; the altars of sacrifice whereon to burn his life; the daily communion with Heaven by the sacraments; succor to all distress and consolation to all pain, offered as a strict observance of the most rudimentary duties; aid to the dying and prayers for the dead—all these exercises, while they drew him nearer to God, moved him also to serve and to honor humanity. Surrounded by Indians newly converted to religion, and by conquerors whom he proposed to convert to charity; in presence of those seas but lately disturbed by our keels; in the shade of those gigantic forests among whose foliage rustled the already vivifying breath of creation—he said the first mass, in which perhaps he had no wine, as though chance had designed that of the New World should be all the offerings which should direct all the thoughts of the exalted priest toward the New World. And from this point began his career, so rich in incidents: the emancipation of his own slaves, thereby despoiling a very large fortune; preaching in the open air with evangelical zeal for the liberty of those reduced to servitude; perilous journeys from Santo Domingo to Cuba, and from Cuba to Spain, in

search of the consummation and realization of his ideal; praying constantly upon the deck of his ship, in the presence of infinity, that the Divine Spirit would assist him and further him in his enterprise; conferences with the astute Catholic King Ferdinand, with the ardent Cardinal Cisneros, with the pious Adrian of Utrecht, and with the ministers of Charles V.; engaging in disputes and even waging war with the avaricious prelate of Burgos and the covetous monks of St. Jerome; bitterness, swallowed with resignation but without disheartenment, caused by the ingratitude and betrayal of those to whom he confided his undertaking and to whom he intrusted his representation and his name; trying to exact settlements from prevaricating judges who received beneficent laws and excused themselves from compliance therewith; stormy debates in the royal chamber and with the august councilors of state; tedious voyages; beneficent plans utterly frustrated by the intrigues of court; hazardous intercession between the Spaniards and the Indians; solitude in the wildernesses of the New World, subject to double danger from the elements and the savages; incredible disappointments with the colonists brought from Spain to aid in his work in the wilds of America; immense difficulties as well from the massacres of the Indians as of the Spaniards; the refusal of absolution to those who held in bondage their brothers in God, their equals by nature and rights; missions, like the apostolic voyages, from the Antilles to Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Nicaragua, and to Spain, challenging all the rigors of nature and all the ire of men; conflicts, like a warrior, with the faithful of his own bishopric moved to rebellion by his zeal in sustaining his excommunication of the cruel and tyrannical; his final renunciation of his ministry, and his seclusion in the convents of Spain; and as a termination of the whole, his most powerful influence on the maxims and on the humane tendency of the laws toward the Indians, a recompense certainly due to the fervor of his creed and the exaltation of his zeal.

Two grave accusations have been directed toward the Padre Las Casas: first, that in his enthusiasm for the emancipation of the Indians he contributed toward the slavery of the negroes; and, second, that in his zeal for the native races of the New World he came, if not to deny the right of our domination as necessary at the moment of his apostolate, at least to accuse it of being the most cruel of those which obtained the rights consequent to conquest. The first accusation seems to me victoriously refuted and even vanished, considering only that the expeditions for the blacks turn out to have been much anterior to the preaching of Las Casas, and were

moved and promoted more by the general tendency of the times than by the particular counsel of our apostle. As to the second charge, it appears much more difficult to excuse, although easy to comprehend and explain by the ardent heat of his combats and the vehement love of goodness, the indignation toward violence, and the force given to argument—the natural blindness, amid the dense smoke of a war which, notwithstanding its religious nature, was none the less always painful, and at times even cruel and sanguinary.

There is no doubt that historic sentiment has long considered the conquest of America as the most cruel of all conquests. And this sentiment has passed into general opinion so entirely that it has been unanimously adopted by the descendants of those same discoverers—without realizing that, in insulting their forefathers, they insult themselves, and, suicides that they are, they ignore in the face of the world the most glorious achievements of their race! I do not for love of my country excuse the crimes committed in America, as I do not for love of my liberty excuse those committed therefor in terror. I declare rather that America has obtained modern civilization certainly at a much less price than Europe. All the peoples guard the memory of a dolorous exit from paradise, in appearance a religious tradition, in reality a poetical teaching of the change from innocence and life in the bosom of nature to the horrors of combat and the hardships of labor, which vex, which afflict, which dismay, though they at the same time prepare man for great progress and for dominion over the planet, and for the foundation of a society based upon laws of justice.

No race has ever rent this veil of nature without cleaving the earth which bears it; as no fœtus ever comes forth to light and air without opening the womb which carried it. The guilt of knowledge, the fatigue of advancing, the effort of inquiry, toil in all its phases and aspects, is not initiated into human societies but by means of dolorous and incessant sacrifices. The civilization which we carried to the New World we did not acquire at small cost. The fatherland is soaked with blood, covered with bones, converted into a vast cemetery for conquerors and conquered, for vanquishers and vanquished. The irruptions of Celts, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Latins, Vandals, Arabs, Africans, these were much more cruel than the Spanish invasion of the New World. Upon that soil which was strongly impressed by nature, we planted the religion of the Spirit.

We showed them one of the marvels of the world, the richest and most harmonious language which men have spoken in modern times; we

gave them arts which were resplendent almost equally with the arts of Italy; we founded cities superior to those of our own peninsula. Instead of exterminating the Indians, or of banishing them to the wilderness, as did our haughty Saxon rivals, we admitted them to our communities. The laws, civil as well as ecclesiastic, favored them more than ourselves. And on our separation from America to give place to so many independent republics, destined to shine on earth as do the stars in heaven, if we left them but little aptitude for governing themselves (because the absolutism into which each and all had fallen rendered it impossible), on the other hand, we bequeathed to them a social state so progressive that they could abolish slavery without passing through the tremendous war in which the Great Republic almost met its ruin.

In cursing us, our offspring must curse the sublime discoverer who foresaw them when they were yet hidden in their motionless innocence; the explorers who vanquished the mysteries of their forests, and scaled the heights of their Andes, and followed their coasts and rivers; the missionaries who taught them the religion of the Spirit, the religion of liberty; the legislators who gave them laws and institutions under which they still live and progress.

The United States of North America have most justly placed in the Capitol at Washington, by the side of the names and effigies of the apostles of their own republic, the names and effigies

of the Spaniards who discovered the most beautiful forests and traced for the first time the most abundant rivers of their tremendous territory.

Señor Gutierrez has written the life of his hero under the influence of two sentiments much allied to those which animated Las Casas—the religious feeling, and the spirit of liberality. In reading this work one is present in the times of the apostolate, and one knows the life of the apostle. Many points are treated with veritable profundness, as for instance the conversion of a life in which predominated a great covetousness of riches, to a life ruled by charity and self-sacrifice. In his analysis it appears that Las Casas had, with a certain presentiment of natural rights, a certain profound conviction of social sovereignty. Nothing is more probable in one who, on the one hand, recognized human equality, and, on the other hand, the right of the people to govern themselves, and to interpose in the vote and the impost of taxes. It would be worthy of study to see how the democratic current which the monastic orders brought with them, and which produced Francis of Assisi in Umbria, Jerome Savonarola in Tuscany, and Las Casas in America, was not arrested until, in an evil hour, the rule of the Jesuit reaction came to interrupt it.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

A CHAPTER FROM FROUDE'S "CÆSAR."*

IT remains to offer a few general remarks on the person whose life and actions I have endeavored to describe in the preceding pages.

In all conditions of human society distinguished men are the subjects of legend; but the character of the legend varies with the disposition of the time. In ages which we call heroic the saint works miracles, the warrior performs exploits beyond the strength of natural man. In ages less visionary which are given to ease and enjoyment, the tendency is to bring a great man down to the common level, and to discover or invent faults which shall show that he is or was but a little man, after all. Our vanity is soothed by evidence that those who have eclipsed us in the race of life are no better than ourselves, or in

some respects are worse than ourselves; and if to these general impulses be added political or personal animosity, accusations of depravity are circulated as surely about such men, and are credited as readily, as under other influences are the marvelous achievements of a Cid or a St. Francis. In the present day we reject miracles and prodigies, we are on our guard against the mythology of hero-worship, just as we disbelieve in the eminent superiority of any one of our contemporaries to another. We look less curiously into the mythology of scandal, we accept easily and willingly stories disparaging to illustrious persons in history, because similar stories are told and retold with so much confidence and fluency among the political adversaries of those who have the misfortune to be their successful rivals. The absurdity of a calumny may be as evident as the absurdity of a miracle; the ground for belief may

* *Cæsar*: A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1879.

be no more than a lightness of mind, and a less pardonable wish that it may be true. But the idle tale floats in society, and by and by is written down in books and passes into the region of established realities.

The tendency to idolize great men and the tendency to depreciate them arises alike in emotion; but the slanders of disparagement are as truly legends as the wonder-tales of saints and warriors; and anecdotes related of Cæsar at patrician dinner-parties at Rome as little deserve attention as the information so freely given upon the habits of modern statesmen in the *salons* of London and Paris. They are read now by us in classic Latin, but they were recorded by men who hated Cæsar, and hated all that he had done; and that a poem has survived for two thousand years is no evidence that the author of it, even though he might be a Catullus, was uninfluenced by the common passions of humanity.

Cæsar, it is allowed, had extraordinary talents, extraordinary energy, and some commendable qualities; but he was, as the elder Curio said, "omnium mulierum vir et omnium virorum mulier"; he had mistresses in every country which he visited, and he had *liaisons* with half the ladies in Rome. That Cæsar's morality was altogether superior to that of the average of his contemporaries is in a high degree improbable. He was a man of the world, peculiarly attractive to women, and likely to have been attracted by them. On the other hand, the indiscriminating looseness attributed to him would have been peculiarly degrading in a man whose passions were so eminently under control, whose calmness was never known to be discomposed, and who, in everything which he did, acted always with deliberate will. Still worse would it be if, by his example, he made ridiculous his own laws against adultery and indulged himself in vices which he punished in others. What, then, is the evidence? The story of Nicomedes may be passed over. All that is required on that subject has been already said. It was never heard of before Cæsar's consulship, and the proofs are no more than the libels of Bibulus, the satire of Catullus, and certain letters of Cicero's which were never published, but were circulated privately in Roman aristocratic society.* A story is suspicious which is first produced after twenty years in a moment of political excitement. Cæsar spoke of it with stern disgust. He replied to Catullus under an invitation to dinner; otherwise he passed it over in silence—the only answer which an honorable man could give. Suetonius quotes a loose song sung by Cæsar's soldiers at his triumph. We know in what terms British

sailors often speak of their favorite commanders. Affection, when it expresses itself most emphatically, borrows the language of its opposites. Who would dream of introducing into a serious life of Nelson catches chanted in the fore-castle of the Victory? But which of the soldiers sang these verses? Does Suetonius mean that the army sang them in chorus as they marched in procession? The very notion is preposterous. It is proved that during Cæsar's lifetime scandal was busy with his name; and that it would be so busy, whether justified or not, is certain from the nature of things. Cicero says that no public man in Rome escaped from such imputations. He himself flung them broadcast, and they were equally returned upon himself. The surprise is rather that Cæsar's name should have suffered so little, and that he should have been admitted on reflection by Suetonius to have been comparatively free from the abominable form of vice which was then so common.

As to his *liaisons* with women, the handsome, brilliant Cæsar, surrounded by a halo of military glory, must have been a Paladin of romance to any woman who had a capacity of admiration in her. His own distaste for gluttony and hard drinking, and for the savage amusements in which the male Romans so much delighted, may have made the society of cultivated ladies more agreeable to him than that of men, and if he showed any such preference the coarsest interpretation would be inevitably placed upon it. These relations, perhaps, in so loose an age assumed occasionally a more intimate form; but it is to be observed that the first public act recorded of Cæsar was his refusal to divorce his wife at Sylla's bidding; that he was passionately attached to his sister; that his mother, Aurelia, lived with him till she died, and that this mother was a Roman matron of the strictest and severest type. Many names were mentioned in connection with him, yet there is no record of any natural child save Brutus, and one other whose claims were denied and disproved.

Two intrigues, it may be said, are beyond dispute. His connection with the mother of Brutus was notorious. Cleopatra, in spite of Oppius, was living with him in his house at the time of his murder. That it was so believed a hundred years after his death is, of course, indisputable; but in both these cases the story is entangled with legends which show how busily imagination had been at work. Brutus was said to be Cæsar's son, though Cæsar was but fifteen when he was born; and Brutus, though he had the temper of an Orestes, was devotedly attached to his mother in spite of the supposed adultery, and professed to have loved Cæsar when he offered him as a sacrifice to his country's liberty.

* Suetonius, "Julius Cæsar," 49.

Cleopatra is said to have joined Cæsar at Rome after his return from Spain, and to have resided openly with him as his mistress. Supposing that she did come to Rome, it is still certain that Calpurnia was in Cæsar's house when he was killed. Cleopatra must have been Calpurnia's guest as well as her husband's; and her presence, however commented upon in society, could not possibly have borne the avowed complexion which tradition assigned to it. On the other hand, it is quite intelligible that the young Queen of Egypt, who owed her position, to Cæsar, might have come, as other princes came, on a visit of courtesy, and that Cæsar after their acquaintance at Alexandria should have invited her to stay with him. But was Cleopatra at Rome at all? The only real evidence for her presence there is to be found in a few words of Cicero: "*Reginæ fuga mihi non molesta*" ("I am not sorry to hear of the flight of the queen").* There is nothing to show that the "queen" was the Egyptian queen. Granting that the word Egyptian is to be understood, Cicero may have referred to Arsinoë, who was called Queen as well as her sister, and had been sent to Rome to be shown at Cæsar's triumph.

But enough and too much on this miserable subject. Men will continue to form their opinions about it, not upon the evidence, but according to their preconceived notions of what is probable or improbable. Ages of progress and equality are as credulous of evil as ages of faith are credulous of good, and reason will not modify convictions which do not originate in reason.

Let us pass on to surer ground.

In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark-gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul, as has been said already, he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let

no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

In his public character he may be regarded under three aspects, as a politician, a soldier, and a man of letters.

Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. He belonged by birth to the popular party, but he showed no disposition, like the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were practical. He made war only upon injustice and oppression; and when he commenced as a pleader he was noted for the energy with which he protected a client whom he believed to have been wronged. At a later period, before he was prætor, he was engaged in defending Masintha, a young Numidian prince, who had suffered some injury from Hiempsal, the father of Juba. Juba himself came to Rome on the occasion, bringing with him the means of influencing the judges which Jugurtha had found so effective. Cæsar in his indignation seized Juba by the beard in the court; and when Masintha was sentenced to some unjust penalty Cæsar carried him off, concealed him in his house, and took him to Spain in his carriage. When he rose into the Senate, his powers as a speaker became strikingly remarkable. Cicero, who often heard him, and was not a favorable judge, said that there was a pregnancy in his sentences and a dignity in his manner which no orator in Rome could approach. But he never spoke to court popularity; his aim from first to last was better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some portion of the public land which the rich were stealing. The Julian laws, which excited the indignation of the aristocracy, had no other objects than these; and had they been observed they would have saved the Constitution. The obstinacy of faction and the civil war which grew out of it obliged him to extend his horizon, to contemplate more radical reforms—a large extension of the privileges of citizenship, with the introduction of the provincial nobility into the Senate, and the transfer of the administration from the Senate and annually elected magistrates to the permanent chief of the army. But his objects

* To Atticus, xiv., 8.

throughout were purely practical. The purpose of government he conceived to be the execution of justice; and a constitutional liberty under which justice was made impossible did not appear to him to be liberty at all.

The practicality which showed itself in his general aims appeared also in his mode of working. Cæsar, it was observed, when anything was to be done, selected the man who was best able to do it, not caring particularly who or what he might be in other respects. To this faculty of discerning and choosing fit persons to execute his orders may be ascribed the extraordinary success of his own provincial administration, the enthusiasm which was felt for him in the north of Italy, and the perfect quiet of Gaul after the completion of the conquest. Cæsar did not crush the Gauls under the weight of Italy. He took the best of them into the Roman service, promoted them, led them to associate the interests of the empire with their personal advancement and the prosperity of their own people. No act of Cæsar's showed more sagacity than the introduction of Gallic nobles into the Senate; none was more bitter to the Scipios and Metelli, who were compelled to share their august privileges with these despised barbarians.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials. Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander. Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be

heard of. Yet Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Durazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Ædui; and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories. He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He traveled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate. In Africa, before Thapsus, when his officers were nervous at the reported approach of Juba, he called them together and said briefly, "You will understand that within a day King Juba will be here with ten legions, thirty thousand horse, a hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it. If any of you are alarmed, I shall send you home."

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family. When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment. Mutiny and

desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent Tenth Legion into submission by a single word. When the civil war began and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

Suetonius says that he was rapacious, that he plundered tribes in Spain who were allies of Rome, that he pillaged shrines and temples in Gaul, and destroyed cities merely for spoil. He adds a story which Cicero would not have left untold and uncommented on if he had been so fortunate as to hear of it: that Cæsar when first consul took three thousand pounds weight of gold out of the Capitol and replaced it with gilded brass. A similar story is told of the Cid and of other heroes of fiction. How came Cicero to be ignorant of an act which, if done at all, was done under his own eyes? When prætor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends: therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the civil war is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquests in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave-merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

His leniency to the Pompeian faction has already been spoken of sufficiently. It may have been politic, but it arose also from the disposition of the man. Cruelty originates in fear, and Cæsar was too indifferent to death to fear anything. So far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature.

Cicero has said of Cæsar's oratory that he

surpassed those who had practiced no other art. His praise of him as a man of letters is yet more delicately and gracefully emphatic. Most of his writings are lost; but there remain seven books of commentaries on the wars in Gaul (the eighth was added by another hand), and three books upon the civil war, containing an account of its causes and history. Of these it was that Cicero said, in an admirable image, that fools might think to improve on them, but that no wise man would try it; they were *nudi omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste detracta*—bare of ornament, the dress of style dispensed with, like an undraped human figure perfect in all its lines as nature made it. In his composition, as in his actions, Cæsar is entirely simple. He indulges in no images, no labored descriptions, no conventional reflections. His art is unconscious, as the highest art always is. The actual fact of things stands out as it really was, not as mechanically photographed, but interpreted by the calmest intelligence, and described with unexaggerated feeling. No military narrative has approached the excellence of the history of the war in Gaul. Nothing is written down which could be dispensed with; nothing important is left untold; while the incidents themselves are set off by delicate and just observations on human character. The story is rendered attractive by complimentary anecdotes of persons; while details of the character and customs of an unknown and remarkable people show the attention which Cæsar was always at leisure to bestow on anything which was worthy of interest, even when he was surrounded with danger and difficulty. The books on the civil war have the same simplicity and clearness, but a vein runs through them of strong if subdued emotion. They contain the history of a great revolution related by the principal actor in it; but no effort can be traced to set his own side in a favorable light, or to abuse or depreciate his adversaries. The coarse invectives which Cicero poured so freely upon those who differed from him are conspicuously absent. Cæsar does not exult over his triumphs or parade the honesty of his motives. The facts are left to tell their own story; and the gallantry and endurance of his own troops are not related with more feeling than the contrast between the confident hopes of the patrician leaders at Pharsalia and the luxury of their camp with the overwhelming disaster which fell upon them. About himself and his own exploits there is not one word of self-complacency or self-admiration. In his writings, as in his life, Cæsar is always the same—direct, straightforward, unmoved save by occasional tenderness, describing with unconscious simplicity how the work which had been forced upon him was accomplished. He wrote with ex-

trema rapidity in the intervals of other labor; yet there is not a word misplaced, not a sign of haste anywhere, save that the conclusion of the Gallic war was left to be supplied by a weaker hand. The "Commentaries," as an historical narrative, are as far superior to any other Latin composition of the kind as the person of Cæsar himself stands out among the rest of his contemporaries.

His other compositions have perished, in consequence, perhaps, of the unforgiving republican sentiment which revived among men of letters after the death of Augustus—which rose to a height in the "Pharsalia" of Lucan—and which leaves so visible a mark in the writings of Tacitus and Suetonius. There was a book, "De Analogiâ," written by Cæsar after the conference at Lucca, during the passage of the Alps. There was a book on the Auspices, which, coming from the head of the Roman religion, would have thrown a light much to be desired on this curious subject. In practice Cæsar treated the auguries with contempt. He carried his laws in open disregard of them. He fought his battles careless whether the sacred chickens would eat or the calves' livers were of the proper color. His own account of such things in his capacity of Pontifex would have had a singular interest.

From the time of his boyhood he kept a commonplace-book, in which he entered down any valuable or witty sayings, inquiring carefully, as Cicero takes pains to tell us, after any smart observation of his own. Niebuhr remarks that no pointed sentences of Cæsar's can have come down to us. Perhaps he had no gift that way, and admired in others what he did not possess.

He left in verse "an account of the stars"—some practical almanac, probably, in a shape to be easily remembered; and there was a journal in verse also, written on the return from Munda. Of all the lost writings, however, the most to be regretted is the "Anti-Cato." After Cato's death Cicero published a panegyric upon him. To praise Cato was to condemn Cæsar; and Cæsar replied with a sketch of the Martyr of Utica as he had himself known him. The pamphlet, had it survived, would have shown how far Cæsar was able to extend the forbearance so conspicuous in his other writings to the most respectable and the most inveterate of his enemies. The verdict of fact and the verdict of literature on the great controversy between them have been summed up in the memorable line of Lucan:

"Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

Was Cato right, or were the gods right? Perhaps both. There is a legend that at the death of Charles V. the accusing angel appeared in heaven with a catalogue of deeds which no advocate could palliate—countries laid desolate,

cities sacked and burned, lists of hundreds of thousands of widows and children brought to misery by the political ambition of a single man. The evil spirit demanded the offender's soul, and it seemed as if mercy itself could not refuse him the award. But at the last moment the Supreme Judge interfered. The Emperor, he said, had been sent into the world at a peculiar time, for a peculiar purpose, and was not to be tried by the ordinary rules. Titian has painted the scene: Charles kneeling before the throne, with the consciousness, as became him, of human infirmities, written upon his countenance, yet neither afraid nor abject, relying in absolute faith that the Judge of all mankind would do right.

Of Cæsar too it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last for ever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry, and faith, and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the Kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the Empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silver-smiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.

And this spirit, which confined government

to its simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Cæsar himself. From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality. He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and, as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave, he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman state as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles. But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on

his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order "Te Deums" to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

Strange and startling resemblance between the fate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and of the Founder of the kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was denounced for making himself a king. Each was maligned as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Cæsar also was believed to have risen again and ascended into heaven and become a divine being.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE PARTY BROKE UP.

ANTHONY HAMBLIN closed the door and sought the study again; he stood there before the fire, all the sunshine gone from his face, and sought to put the situation into words. "Nothing like words," he said to himself, with a wintry smile, "for presenting the real facts, the whole truth."

On the table lay the journal of the woman, dead twenty years ago. His hand trembled as he laid it in a drawer and locked it up, for greater safety.

"Now I must put on a bold front," he said, "and face them all, Stephen among the number, who know nothing and suspect nothing. How to break the thing to Alison?—with what words can I go to her and say, 'Your—' I can not do it. And it must all come out, the shameful story—it must be published in the papers; she must learn what all the rest of the world will learn. Poor Alison! poor girl!"

The odd thing was, as Miss Nethersole had observed, connecting the fact naturally with an obdurate and unrepentant heart, that Anthony

Hamblin spoke as if this thing was only to be regretted because some third person would be affected by it. Therefore the good lady went away with an uncomfortable feeling; much as if, being an Instrument of Heaven, she had made the mistake of sticking the knife into somebody else, not the victim ordained.

The surprise and disgust of an exposed criminal she had marked in the countenance. So far that was satisfactory; but she could not observe the slightest trace of terror or remorse. The criminal looked at the crime and its consequences from an outside point of view, and dared to discuss it with her, as if it concerned some one else. This unexpected way of receiving her intelligence was exasperating. It made the Instrument the more resolved upon carrying out her revenge to the utmost extent permitted in a truly Christian land. No lamentation at all—no repentance—no terror. Why, it was as if a murderer on the way to Tyburn Tree were openly to lament the lot of another unfortunate going to be hanged beside him for the same crime.

In his study, Anthony Hamblin reflected on a new aspect of the case. There were others to consider besides Alison; there was the respectability of the family. The parent trunk had many

branches, and there was not one rotten bough among them. Disgrace and shame would fall upon the name for the first time, the unhappy man reflected, through the main branch, the most respected of all, and there was no hope of averting the blow: the hard and determined face of the woman, triumphant in the prospect of her revenge, forbade that hope. The blow would fall, as she promised, on the Monday following.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door. He started, as if it was the knock of a police-constable already arrived with a warrant for his arrest, and handcuffs.

It was Alison herself; she had grown anxious about the protracted absence of her father.

"What is it, papa dear?" she asked. "Has anything happened? See, you dropped the card of your visitor, and I picked it up—'Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge.' Who is Rachel Nethersole, papa? and where is Olivet Lodge?"

This is one of those critical moments which abound in life, but which we at the time so little heed. Had he taken the girl in his arms and told her everything—hiding nothing—the future misery might yet have been spared. But he did not. It was in the nature of Anthony Hamblin to avoid the infliction of pain, even when it was most necessary and just that pain should be inflicted. He missed this opportunity.

"Miss Nethersole, Alison, is a lady whom I once knew intimately. I have not seen her for many years. She revived the memory of a very painful business which happened before ever you were born. Let us forget it and go up stairs."

The young men and maidens were dancing another waltz. They always do drop into continuous waltzing, these young people of the present day, unless restrained by the severer sense of their elders. Mr. Stephen Hamblin, upon whom his brother's eyes fell with a strange expression, was standing by the fire, looking into it with a dark and dour gaze, as if to justify his epithet among the ladies of the Hamblin cousinhood, the "Black" Hamblin. Near him stood Mr. Alderney Codd, talking to one of the partners. His animated face still reflected the consciousness of wealth. This, to a man of imagination, was difficult to avoid in a house which breathed of wealth.

"All this is nothing, Augustus," he was saying airily. "We who wish to increase our wealth have but to look round us, and the opportunities come of themselves. How many good things have I not chanced upon, for instance!"

Augustus Hamblin glanced involuntarily at the frayed shirt-cuffs and ragged collar of the speaker. Did he really mean it? But no one was ignorant of Alderney Codd's actual poverty.

"I look round," he continued cheerily, "and watch the market. I see my opening. It may

be a modest ten thousand, worth the picking up; it may be a colossal fortune, which wants nothing but capital to start it and intelligence to direct it."

"Ah, yes. Very true, indeed. But you must persuade your capitalist, Alderney, and you must find your intelligence."

"The intelligence," said Alderney, tapping his bosom, "is here. The capitalist—" Just then Anthony came back with Alison. "The capitalist, Cousin Augustus—" he gently raised his voice.

"Another scheme, Alderney?" said Anthony, forcing a smile. "Let us consider it in the morning."

And then a constraint fell upon the party. Everybody saw that Anthony Hamblin, the giver of the feast, was nervous and agitated. He spoke fast, but he did not talk well. Alison watched him furtively. The mirth went out of the party, even down to the boys, who yawned and wished it was supper-time. The dancing languished, the laughter was forced, the singing lost its freshness. When supper-time came, everybody was relieved.

Two or three days later, Augustus Hamblin, talking over the event that had just happened, remarked that it seemed that night as if the shadow of Fate was upon his unfortunate cousin.

"I almost begin," he said, "to believe in prognostics, second-sight, all that sort of thing. Poor Anthony became melancholy in a sudden way that night, and he never rallied. He forced himself to talk, he drank a great deal of champagne, he made a little speech; but it was impossible not to feel that there was something wrong with him. It was the impending sword, and he saw its shadow before him. At least, that is what my wife says."

The hour for separation arrived; the guests were departing. In the conservatory still lingered a couple alone—the young man who had been hovering about Alison all the evening, and Alison herself. He was holding her hand, and his eyes, falling on the graceful head of the girl, were full of the tenderness of love newly awakened.

"Alison," he whispered, "my darling, my own!"

She was silent, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"To-morrow," he went on, "I shall see your father. He is the kindest-hearted of men. He will not refuse his consent. Good night."

He pressed his lips upon her forehead hurriedly and was gone. The host was in the hall exchanging farewells with his guests, most of whom were already gone. Gilbert Yorke waited about until there were only three left—himself, Mr. Alderney Codd, and Stephen Hamblin.

"I want to see you to-morrow," said Anthony sharply to his brother. Gilbert Yorke noticed how his fingers nervously plucked at the kid glove he had taken off. "I want to see you very particularly."

"On business?" asked Stephen, looking at him suspiciously. "What business?"

The only business he could think of between himself and his brother was that of borrowing money. Did Anthony propose to lend him more, and without being asked, or was he going to be mean and say ungenerous things? That, however, was unlike Anthony.

"I will call at your chambers to-morrow at three. It is most important that you should be alone."

"Very well," said Stephen; "you will find me there. Good night." He held out his hand, but his brother turned as if he had not seen the proffered hand. Gilbert saw the action and wondered what was meant. Everybody knew very well that the only member of the family who kept up friendly relations with Stephen was his brother.

Stephen buttoned up his coat, drew on his gloves, and stepped out into the night without a word.

There were then left only Mr. Alderney Codd and Gilbert Yorke.

"Dear me!" said Alderney, who had been looking among the coats, "is Stephen gone? I depended upon him for a lift." He was very thinly clad with an overcoat which would have been insufficient even for an April night. "Which is your way, Mr. Yorke?"

"I am afraid not yours. I am going to stay at the hotel over the Common."

"Ah, well, it is a fine night, though cold. I shall walk." He laughed airily. He would have liked to go to the hotel too, but there were reasons why that could not be. It was unfortunate that it was only a week since he had borrowed five pounds of Anthony. "After all," he went on, "a walk in this crisp and bracing air will do one good."

Anthony interposed: "With thin boots, Alderney? You must do nothing of the kind. Go over to the hotel with Yorke. You are both my guests, tell the landlord. And you can not go into the cold with that ridiculous thing. Call that an overcoat?"

"I warm myself inside with good old port," said Alderney, the rich but eccentric.

"Anyhow," said Anthony, "borrow this." He took down an ample and magnificent garment, lined with costly fur. "You can send it back to me at the office."

Alderney put it on, and at once became a rich man. No one but a rich man could possibly walk in such a coat.

"Take a cigar, Alderney, and a glass of brandy-and-water before you go."

Alderney found both cigars and brandy in the study. He helped himself to a handful of Anthony's choicest, and a glass of stiff brandy-and-water, while Gilbert Yorke staid to say a few words to Mr. Hamblin.

The brandy-and-water dispatched—he had already got through a couple of bottles of champagne with the supper—Alderney Codd announced himself ready to go.

"An excellent coat," he said, with warm approbation, while he buttoned it up. "I shall get one exactly like it for my own use"—it only cost about a hundred and fifty guineas, being lined with the very best of skins—"black, too, in case of sudden mourning."

Ominous words, he recollected afterward.

Meanwhile Gilbert Yorke had timidly taken the first step of the accepted lover.

"May I see you, Mr. Hamblin," he stammered, "about—a—a matter most important to myself?"

Anthony smiled. Then, as if a painful thought had struck him, his face suddenly became overcast.

"Come on Sunday," he said. "No—no—make it Tuesday, if you still feel inclined to say what I suppose you wish to say."

"Your words, sir, give me hope." The words might be hopeful, but the face was very far from showing any of the cheerfulness we associate with the emotion of hope.

"Hope?" he echoed. "Yes, have hope. Everybody may have hope—except myself."

What could he mean?

The door closed upon the last two guests.

Mr. Hamblin stood irresolutely in the hall.

Then he became aware that young Nick was there too, looking attentively at him from his white lashes and pink eyes.

"You not gone to bed, boy?" he asked, with a guilty feeling that this boy too must learn the dreadful story.

"No, uncle; I wished to see you before I went to bed. You're not well. You've got something wrong somewhere. Confide in me. Let me advise."

"Nonsense, boy!" said Anthony, smiling. "Go to bed at once."

"If there is to be no confidence, as between man and man," said young Nick grandly, "there is no more to be said. Remember, however, that I offered my advice. It's no fault of mine if you won't take it."

Mr. Hamblin retreated to his study. The footman turned down the lights in the hall, and the house was silent. But there was one more interruption. It was Alison. She had on a long

white dressing-gown; her bare feet were thrust into slippers, worked in some soft woolen stuff; her long black hair was hanging over her shoulders: she looked like the dream of some great painter—a perfect maiden.

"Papa," she said, throwing her arms round his neck, "I can not sleep, and I have come to tell you—"

"What, my dear? Suppose I guess already." He drew her more closely to him, and kissed her forehead.

She burst into tears.

"Why, Alison, why?"

"It is happiness, papa. I am too happy, to have so much love. Good night again, dear."

Ominous tears, she thought afterward.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNAL, OF A DESERTED WIFE.

ANTHONY HAMBLIN was left alone with the manuscript.

He sat down in his easy-chair, and, from force of habit, took a cigar from a box which contained many kinds of cigars. But he did not light it. Instead, he took the manuscript in his hand and held it irresolutely, as if he was afraid of it.

In fact, he was afraid of it. He was about to reopen a chapter in his life which he fondly hoped, and had hoped for twenty years, was closed for ever.

There hung over the mantel-shelf the portrait of a lady. It was the same lady whose effigies, taken in her younger days, we have seen in Alison's room, the Señora; but this portrait figured her in her later years, when trouble had fallen upon her. The black eyes, the black hair, was with her still; but the look of confidence was gone: and in place of the possibilities of love, passion, jealousy, tenderness, wrath, in the portrait of her younger days, there was seen an expression of sadness, wonder, and resignation. The deep black eyes of the portrait met those of her son Anthony; and, as he looked into them, their sadness grew deeper, their wonder more marked, their resignation more troubled.

As the chief of the house of Hamblin sat there, looking in that face, there passed across his brain in a few moments, as happens in great crises of life, the events belonging to many generations and many years.

There was once a certain Anthony Hamblin who, in the seventeenth century, when Englishmen first began to trade with the marvelous East, was sent out to India on board a merchantman as supercargo. In this capacity he made several

voyages and no little money; when he had made enough money and plenty of friends, he established himself in London as an indigo merchant. He prospered greatly. His son, Anthony the second, equally prudent and equally able, prospered also; his grandson, Anthony the third, prospered. The house grew and increased continually. The eldest son, Anthony, always succeeded as principal partner; the junior partners were taken from the cousins; the younger sons sought their fortunes elsewhere. Some of them succeeded, and some failed. Whether in success or failure, they were proud of their race. The poorer branches, especially, regarded the regnant Anthony in the light of Providence, as much to be approached by prayer and as uncertain. When their case was decided on its actual merits, they were wont to curse him altogether.

If Anthony Hamblin thought of the origin, the respectability, and the position of the house, it was in contrast with this danger of disgrace which now threatened it. And thus his thoughts carried him to scenes of his own life. Far back first, to the time when he was a boy of ten.

A day in summer; a garden—the very garden on which his study-windows looked; a lady leading by the hand a little child of two.

"You must never forget, Anthony," said the lady—his heart sank as he recalled the sweet foreign accent and the soft voice in which his mother spoke—"you must never forget that little Stephen is your younger brother. He will look to you for an example. No one lives for himself alone. As the elder brother governs himself, so will the younger imitate him."

The little child, a dark, almost a swarthy child, held up both his arms; and Anthony carried him, running and singing, round and round the garden.

Or, ten years later. He was twenty years of age, and already in the House, learning by slow degrees to get a grasp over the working of a great firm. His father one morning received a letter addressed to him in the City, which agitated and distressed him. He sent for Anthony, and showed it to him.

"Go, Anthony," he said, "take the boy away; remove him at once to another school. But never let his mother know why he was taken away." He remembered how reports followed each other of his brother's misconduct at the new school. He was the model bad boy, the awful example. He never learned anything, never showed himself open to the influences of emulation, admonition, or example. Anthony kept back what he could from his father, and everything from his mother. The worst part of the business was that Stephen was unpopular among the boys themselves. Now boys are always ready to admire a plucky breaker

of rules; so that there must have been something which did not appear in school-reports.

His father died while Stephen was still at school.

Then Anthony remembered another and a more touching death-bed, when the mother, clinging to him, implored him with tears never to desert his brother; always, whatever he did, to pardon him; always to help him.

"I have known more than you thought, my dear," she said. "You hid things from me which others told. He has begun badly—oh, very badly! But he is young, O son of mine who never gave my heart a stab—God bless you! He is young, and may reform."

Then Anthony remembered the promise, sacred by the memory of his mother's last tears, which he solemnly pronounced.

There was another scene. It was in the house in Great St. Simon Apostle. His partners came to him one morning. They were grave and embarrassed. One of them, with words of hesitation, told him a story. The elder brother, left alone, sent for the younger.

"You must leave the house," he said. "After what has been done you can look for no employment from my partners. All that can be done is for you to go away, knowing that silence will be kept. Take money; and when I see you again, in a month's time, tell me what you propose to do."

He was getting nearer to the present.

He remembered then how Stephen, who had become nominally an indigo broker, received on obtaining his majority his portion, and how this provision, ample for a younger brother, vanished in two or three years, so that he presently returned to his elder brother and to his profession.

And then his thoughts leaped over ten years, and he saw himself—whom all the world considered a bachelor, and confirmed in that happy condition of life—bringing home a girl of ten, and confessing that the world had been deceived, for lo! he was a widower, and this was his daughter Alison, whose mother had died in childbirth. He smiled as he thought of the mystery with which the cousinhood surrounded the affair, and talked for days, even nine times nine, about it; how they came and petted little Alison, and tried to pump her; and how Stephen's face dropped and his dark eyes glowered when he heard the news, because he was no longer heir.

"That was something like a surprise," thought Anthony, "the mystery of the good boy. Had it been Stephen, no one would have wondered. But for the good boy of the family! And here"—he opened the manuscript—"here awaits a greater surprise still. Cousins mine, how *will* you look on Monday evening, when the paper

reports Rachel Nethersole's application for a warrant?"

He spoke bitterly, but there was still a marked absence of what the good Rachel so much wished to see—terror.

The manuscript was not very bulky, and it was written all in one hand—a woman's hand of the Italian style. He knew it for the writing of Rachel Nethersole, and groaned as he looked at it.

"To think that she once thought I was in love with her—with her!" he said, smiling; "why, she was always as grim and as repulsive as she is now, or very nearly; nobody *could* fall in love with such a woman. Poor Rachel! she is happy; she is going to have her revenge."

He lighted the cigar which had been lying on the table, and sat down to what seemed a philosophic endurance of the revenge.

The manuscript was headed with the words, "My Story."

"It is right," the paper began, "that you should know how I found out the exact date and the circumstances attendant on the death of my murdered sister—by what providential guidance I was led to the discovery, and so have been enabled to put together, piece by piece, the indictment which will be the means of your punishment upon this earth."

Mr. Hamblin nodded his head, took the cigar out of his mouth, and leaned back, considering. Presently he went on with the reading.

"In October last I was laid up, having been all my life singularly strong and healthy, with a severe cold, which gradually took the form of some pulmonary complaint, the nature of which concerns you not at all."

"What I dislike about this style," said Anthony to himself, "is that it takes such a devil of a lot of words. Why couldn't she begin by saying that she had a bad cough?"

"After many visits from my medical adviser, and much fruitless expense, I was advised to try a visit to a southern seaside place, where I was to pass the winter.

"It is not my custom to travel from place to place, especially when the pulpit privileges are uncertain. I therefore took counsel of my pastoral guide before deciding on the place where I was to seek bodily health.

"We discussed several places. Brighton, which was proposed by the doctor, was immediately rejected as too worldly. St. Leonards and Hastings, Worthing and Southsea, for the same valid reason, were also rejected; Torquay, which in respect of climate seemed to offer exceptional advantages, proved unworthy on closer investigation. It seemed as if I should be unable to leave my own home without peril to higher considera-

tions than those of mere health. At last, however, my adviser recommended me to think of Bournemouth. You understand that the place was not suggested by myself at all. The suggestion *came to me* from the outside. This was the first link in the chain of evidence which proves that I am an Instrument.

"Accordingly I went to Bournemouth.

"Before going I wrote to a house-agent, to whom I had been recommended (this is link number two); and received from him a choice of lodgings, any one of which, he said, would seem to suit me well. Observe that I took no personal action in the matter. I was driven to Bournemouth; I was led to this house-agent; I was guided to my lodgings.

"Those that I selected were a first-floor front and back for myself, and a second-floor back for Jane, whom you may or may not remember. It is Jane's privilege to consider herself working under me as also an Instrument. Why should not servants be chosen as well as mistresses? The rooms were kept by a Mrs. Peglar, a church member in the Baptist connection, who, though exorbitant in her charges, appeared to be clean and respectable.

"Bournemouth is a dull place, especially when one can not go outside the door in rainy weather. It rained every day, and in consequence I was compelled to remain in the house. As I was never given to the frivolous and vain fashion of reading novels to pass the time, holding, as I do, the opinion that one's own responsibilities are quite enough to occupy one's whole attention without engaging upon those of others, I found the hours between breakfast and dinner, dinner and tea, tea and supper, sufficiently long. Jane is never good at conversation, and, besides, was now torn from all those scenes which in Newbury furnished her with subjects of thought and topics of talk; because, if she looked out of doors, she knew nobody, not even the butcher's boy or the milkman, with whom she could exchange a word of news. I therefore fell back upon Mrs. Peglar and her experiences.

"These, spiritually, were interesting, as such experiences usually are. I imparted mine to her, and we communicated to each other certain tracts, which seemed to each to suit the case of the other. I may say that mine, which bore upon the honesty due by Christians to those of the household, produced no effect upon the next week's bill, in which the overcharge for coals, candles, firewood, and such trifles as salt and pepper, was unworthy of a professed church member. However, this, to a man of your spendthrift habits, will appear irrelevant."

"Dear me!" sighed Anthony, laying down the paper. "This is very dreary reading."

"Having exchanged spiritual experiences, we proceeded to talk about things temporal. Mrs. Peglar has had trials out of the common. It is nothing in Bournemouth for lodgers to die, because most of them go there for that purpose; and when (speaking as a lodging-house-keeper) you have got a good invalid in the place, one who pays his way without too many questions and lasts a long time, you are much better off than when you get a mere healthy family down for the summer holidays. 'Give me,' said Mrs. Peglar very justly, 'give me a good long consumption.' She was good enough, it is true, to make an exception in favor of persons like myself, which may have been sincere, as between church members, or may not.

"We talked a good deal, having nothing better to do, over the stories of these lodgers. Mrs. Peglar's experience in the last days and weeks of dying people is very great. Her manner of describing them is powerful; if she seems sometimes to lack sympathy, it must be remembered that, like the doctor, her interests are concerned in keeping them alive. And I confess to sympathizing with Mrs. Peglar, when she declared to me that most of the lodgers who died in her rooms did so from sheer cowardice and want of determination. 'I said to them,' she declared to me—'I told them every day that what they wanted was to pluck up—to have a good heart; oysters and a good heart. None ever died of consumption and decline yet, till they got tired of fighting.' She considers that this lack of courage, which might be remedied by careful education, has cost her hundreds of pounds already. And she rightly pointed out what a dreadful loss this makes in the aggregate every year, 'when you come to consider what a many lodging-house-keepers there are in the different watering-places in England.'

"Thus tales of her defunct lodgers occupied all our evenings; and at night my mind used to run upon the memories of the poor creatures who had died in the bed in which I lay, so that at last I was obliged to have a bedroom candle alight all night; while Jane grew nervous to such a degree—thinking of ghosts while I thought of souls—that nothing would do but the maid-of-all-work was to sleep with her as a protection.

"Naturally, Mrs. Peglar's reminiscences began with last year, and went back year by year, until we arrived at a period twenty years ago. And one morning she said to me:

"'And now I have got to tell you about my beautifullest patient of all—the poor young lady that died in your very bed one-and-twenty years ago.'

"I had by this time heard so many stories of dying lodgers that the announcement did not at

the moment awaken any sympathy. You will perceive, in a moment, how much it interested me after a while. She told me—I spare you her own account, which was lengthy and full of digressions—that exactly twenty years before last October, as near as she could recollect, a young lady, looking not more than twenty-two or so, was brought to her house by a gentleman. The lady, who wore a wedding ring, called the gentleman Anthony, or dear Anthony. He called her Dora, or dear Dora. Their name was Hamblin. She was very weak, and unable to speak much or to sit up. The gentleman was unremitting in his attentions, watched by her side all the day, left her only at night, and anticipated all her wants. Her face was shrunk (Mrs. Peglar said), as if she had suffered a good deal: and her mind was wandering. She could not recollect what had happened the day before, but talked a good deal about things that had happened long ago. Her talk was rambling, but it was full of Rachel, Stephen, and Anthony. Sometimes she would look wildly about the room, and cry, ‘Oh, where is he! where is he! What have I done that he does not come to me?’ And then the gentleman would take her hand and soothe her, and say, ‘Hush, Dora dear; I am here—I am here.’ Then she would lay back her poor head on the pillow and go to sleep.

“Recall the memory of that time, and of your victim, and let it be upon your conscience as a red-hot iron upon the flesh.

“Mrs. Peglar, seeing that I was interested, went on to tell me what you know: how there was no chance from the beginning; how her head never grew quite right, but kept wandering as if her husband was away from her, while he—meaning you, Anthony Hamblin—was by her bedside. For three weeks she lay on her bed of death; and one morning, being still in the same brain-cloud, still wondering why her husband did not come to her, still hoping to see him once more before she died, if only to say that she forgave him and prayed God to forgive him, she suddenly and unexpectedly passed away.

“Mrs. Peglar said that Mr. Hamblin behaved in a most liberal and generous manner. He gave her everything that the deceased possessed, except a ring and a bundle of letters. She was buried in Bournemouth churchyard, where a marble cross, with her initials and the date of her death, was put up by his orders to mark her grave.

“While Mrs. Peglar continued her narrative I said nothing, except to ask a question or two by way of keeping her to the point, and preventing her from mixing up one deceased lodger with another, as one is naturally apt to do who has to look after a succession of consumptives.

“At this point, however, I interrupted her, and asked what the deceased lady had left behind her, and if Mrs. Peglar had any of the things still in her possession. She said that they were principally clothes, long since worn out; but that there was a small desk, in which were a watch and chain, a locket, a bracelet, and a few other gauds of like nature, with some sort of a journal or diary. She had kept the jewelry, she said, intending to sell it when she might be in want of the money. The rainy day had never yet arrived, and the things were with her still. Mark the hand of Providence. The prosperity of Mrs. Peglar was continued in order that I might bring this sin home to you.

“I asked her to let me see the things. She went away, and presently returned with a little writing-desk. Of course I knew already who the dead woman was, but I preserved my calmness. I confess, however, that the sight of the writing-desk gave me a shock. It was one I had presented to Dora years before, as a reward for some schoolgirl successes; a little desk in rosewood, with velvet face when you opened it. As I took it in my hands, the memory of the past came back to me in a full flood, so that for a space I could not speak.

“Within the desk were the things of which she had told me. The watch and chain had also been a present from myself. The bracelet and locket, I suppose, were from you. There was a packet of papers tied round with green ribbon. ‘It is her journal, poor soul!’ said Mrs. Peglar. There was, I knew, a little secret drawer in the desk—there generally is in these things. I pressed a spring and it came out. Within were two portraits, one of myself, and the other—not of you, as I expected. I took that of myself, and showed it to Mrs. Peglar. It was a small portrait in water-color, at least five-and-twenty years old, taken when the cares of this life had not yet hardened my features. ‘Of whom does this remind you, Mrs. Peglar?’ I asked, holding it up. She recognized it immediately, and cried out that it was the very image of me; adding expressions of wonder and astonishment natural to the situation, and clothed in language common among people of her rank in life. ‘It is a likeness of myself, Mrs. Peglar,’ I said. ‘That unfortunate young lady was my sister; that wretch who hung over her deathbed was her husband, the man who induced her to leave her happy and Christian home to become the wife of a worldling.’ She stared at me in amazement. Presently she remarked that if I pleased I was quite welcome to the portraits and to the papers; but as to the jewelry, that was all her own, given to her by the husband of the poor lady. I reassured her on this point. I even offered to buy the watch and

chain and the desk, leaving her the things which came from you.

"My own astonishment was so great that for some time I did not realize the deception which had been practiced upon me. Nor was it until next day, when I stood in the cemetery beside her grave, and read the date of her death, that it suddenly came upon me, like a thunder-clap, that I had been robbed, for six long years, of a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

Here Anthony Hamblin laid down the paper, and stroked his beard.

"Ay," he murmured. "There is the rub. We might get over most things, but forgery—forgery is a deuced awkward matter. You *can't* get over forgery."

Then he resumed his reading.

"I think there is nothing more left to tell you," the manuscript went on.

"The moment I realized this robbery, I perceived, being at that moment by the grave of my sister, that I was clearly pointed out and selected to be the Instrument of wrath. Because I had in my safe at home every one of those receipts for a hundred and fifty pounds each, with poor Dora's signature forged on seven of them. There was a clear road open to me, a road which led me directly and without trouble to the punishment of evil-doers and the retribution due to myself and the memory of my sister. Standing beside that grave, I firmly resolved that nothing—no tears, no repentance, no protestation—should stay my purpose. It was not revenge that I sought; it was the execution of a punishment in which I was to be the chief Instrument.

"Having read so far, you may now, Anthony Hamblin, read the journal of your victim. It is a copy of the original, which is reserved to be read aloud in public, and to be quoted in all the papers at your trial."

"I wonder," said Anthony irrelevantly, "that she did not consult the register of deaths. I rather wish, on the whole, that she had."

He laid down the manuscript, and fell a-thinking.

After a space, he took it up again and resumed his reading. The house—it was two o'clock in the morning—was so quiet that he could hear the clock in the hall, and its steady ticking jarred upon his ears. Outside, the wind had risen, and whistled among the branches in the trees. He looked about him nervously, as if the room was haunted.

Then he began to read the second part of the manuscript. It was a copy, still in the same Italian hand, and a less voluminous document than the first.

It was headed, "Fragments of a Journal found among my sister's papers."

"I wonder," said Anthony, "what the poor girl found to write about, and how I came to leave the papers behind?"

There were no dates at all; and the journal, such as it was, ran on in unconnected paragraphs.

"It is very lonely here," it began; "I sit, or walk, or read, chiefly by myself. The daughter of the lodging-house-keeper, a girl about my own age, is kind, and sometimes bears me company. But for her I think I should go mad.

"My husband wrote to me yesterday. He is still in London, and says that his affairs keep him there. Why can not I too go to London, and stay with him?"

"I have been sitting on the shingle at the bottom of Stair Hole all the morning. The wind was high outside the rock, and the waves came tearing through the vaulted passage between the cove and the sea as if they were mad to tear down the rock and to get at me. I was frightened at last, and went back home, where Eliza was waiting for me with dinner.

"It is nearly the end of my second year of married life. What life! He never comes now; he has not seen me for six months; he says nothing about coming any more. Always business—always some excuse. If it were not for one thing I should go mad.

"I have written again, and asked, for the ninth time, why I can not go to London and live hidden there, if I must be hidden. Why should I be hidden? why should my husband be ashamed of me? Yet he replies that family reasons prevent him from acknowledging his marriage; that he has to consider his brother, who must not know anything about it, and his mother, who has other views for him. I suppose that the daughter of a dissenting tradesman would not please Mrs. Hamblin for her son's wife. Yet I think I could overcome even that prejudice if I had a fair trial. I suppose I must have patience. But why does he not come down to see me? It is only four hours from London. He might come, if he cared for me, if but from Saturday to Monday.

"But he does not care for me any longer. Each letter is colder and harder. If I think of it, I seem to remember that every day, while we were together, saw him become colder and more indifferent. Did he ever love me at all?"

"It is now five months since he has seen me, and three weeks since he has written to me. I have not told him—I do not dare to tell him—what is going to happen. I dread to think of what he will say. Already he says he must re-

duce the allowance of three guineas a week to two, and that I had better content myself with one room instead of having both a bedroom and a sitting-room. Was it for this that I gave up my home, and ran away from Rachel?

"I have been ill, and have consulted the doctor. He says that I live too much alone, and that my nerves are giving way. He has prescribed iron, but says that my husband ought to come down and see me oftener. I was afraid to tell him that he has not seen me for six months. I have written to him, and told him what the doctor says. But I have not told him—what I have kept a secret. That shall be a surprise for him. If he is pleased, I shall be happy. If he is angry and discontented, I have made up my mind what to do—I will go back to Rachel, and tell her all. She will forgive me, in spite of what she wrote.

"My husband has written me another letter, colder and more cruel than any he has ever sent me before. He upbraids me with bringing him into poverty, says that he can not any longer support the expenses of a wife, and tells me that I must look about for work of some kind to do. Work!

"If only he knew what chance there is of my being able to do any work! Has he a heart at all, this man, whom once I loved? Does he remember? Do men's words and promises mean nothing at all? Do they think that women can be taken up, petted for a week, and then thrown aside? If I dared, I would go to Rachel at once. But I do not dare. Let me wait, if I can, for a few weeks yet—till my story is complete.

"I have been very ill indeed, they tell me. My husband has written me another cruel and peremptory letter. He can no longer afford me more than a guinea a week, and I am in debt already to doctor and to landlady. What shall I do? What shall I do?

"Anthony has come. It was a thought inspired surely by my heavenly Father which prompted me to ask him to forgive all—to forget it, if he could, and to come to my help. He has come. He forgives me everything. Oh, how have I sinned toward him! and yet I hardly knew it in my blind infatuation. He has come—come like an angel from heaven, bringing gifts of love and forgiveness with him. I am almost happy. I shall never want for sympathy and love any more, now that I have Anthony to take care of me.

"I am moved out of the one room in which I had taken refuge. I am lying on a sofa in the best room of the house. Anthony is inexpressibly

sibly thoughtful and kind to me. There is nothing for me to do now but to wait in patience. He reads to me; anticipates my smallest wish; calls for me; treats me just as he used to in the dear old days, like a little child whose moods are of no account except as an amusement. How sweet it is! The time slips backward, and sometimes I think I am still at Olivet Lodge, playing, in too much happiness, sometimes with Anthony and sometimes with Stephen, and waiting for Rachel to come and scold me for laughing. Poor Rachel! She thinks that all laughter must be turned into mourning."

This was the last, the very last, of the entries.

When Anthony Hamblin laid down the paper, his tears were flowing freely. He sat gazing into the decaying embers, while he cried like a girl.

"Poor Dora!" he said. "Poor, neglected flower! It was right that a time should come for punishment, I confess it. And yet, for Alison's sake, that punishment should be averted. Thank Heaven! I have still time. I have Saturday and Sunday before me; a great deal may be done in forty-eight hours.—Rachel, I think your victim will escape you yet!"

CHAPTER VI.

TO HIS RUIN OR HIS DEATH.

WHEN, next morning, Anthony Hamblin appeared in the breakfast-room, his daughter, for the first time in her life, realized that her father might some day grow old. For he looked already ten years older.

A single sleepless night, the trouble into which he had fallen, the memory of that tearful journal, the revival of so sad and terrible a deathbed, had already stamped his eyes with crow's-feet and drawn a line across his forehead.

"My dear," cried the girl, "are you ill? Is it still the trouble of last night?"

"Always the trouble of last night," he said, kissing her. "Give me a day or two to shake it off, if ever I can."

She poured out tea for him, and he made a pretense at breakfast, but his hand shook and his appetite failed.

Presently he rose abruptly and went into his study; here he sat down, and took up the thread of his thought at the point where dressing and breakfast had interrupted him.

He was to see his brother at three; before then—or should it be after? perhaps better before—he would see his lawyers. Yes, better be-

fore. Then he could go to his brother with that sense of strength, consolation, or hope which a talk with a lawyer always confers upon a man.

Then he thought of that woman with hard face and revengeful eyes. Was the spirit of wrath in her wholly due to her sister's wrongs, and not at all to the memory of that unlucky mistake when she took his pleadings on behalf of Dora for honest wooing addressed to herself? Perhaps, he thought, with a smile, there was something of the *spretæ injuria formæ*. He pictured to himself the application before the magistrate, the charge, the trial, the excitement among his acquaintances, the consternation of his friends, and lastly, the sorrow, shame, and agony of Alison.

"It was for this," he said, "that I brought her up in ignorance and in happiness. Now she must learn all; and who will tell her, and in what language will it be told?"

Alison would not leave him long undisturbed. She broke in upon his study, and tried to lead his thoughts in a happier direction. She was so happy herself in the conscious possession of her new secret—shared at present with no other than Gilbert himself—that her father's disquietude jarred upon her.

"Papa," she said, standing before him just as, long before, she used to stand and repeat poetry, with her hands behind her, and depths of wisdom in her steadfast eyes, "papa, can you say, Begone, dull Care, for a little half-hour, and let me talk to you?"

"Talk, my dear," said her father; "give me your hands—both of them"—he took one in each of his, in his fond, caressing way. "Talk to me till dull Care flies away of her own accord. If you can not drive her away, no one can. Forgive me that I am so moody. Now tell me, did you have a pleasant party last night?"

She shook her head and turned rosy red.

"I do not want to talk about the party, but about something else. Papa, did—did Mr. Yorke speak to you last night?"

Anthony Hamblin remembered.

"He is to speak to me to-morrow, after church—no, on Tuesday."

She threw her arms round his neck, and sat upon his knees, whispering:

"It is—about me, papa."

He kissed her, and said nothing for a while.

"Gilbert Yorke is so old a friend, my dear, that you know what I think. Tell me of yourself: do you think that you can love him—quite in the right way, I mean—with respect and admiration?"

"I am sure I can, papa."

"His people are proud of their family: if they should object—should anything be discovered—"

What did he mean, as he spoke in a disconnected way? What were his thoughts?

"Why, dear," said Alison, laughing, "our family is as good as Gilbert's, I should think. Are we beginning to be ashamed of old Anthony Hamblin's first indigo venture?"

Her father recovered himself.

"Why, no," he replied. "It was not of that I was thinking—not at all. Well, Alison child, you will have your own way, I hope, though at present I don't see how. But what shall I do without you? I think I shall give you up this house to yourselves, and ask for a couple of rooms at the top, where I can stay and watch you."

More they talked in this same light fashion, behind which lay those depths of affection and feeling which we English people love to keep hidden, happy in knowing that each by each they are divined and known, and account is taken. Pass it over; remember only that every word spoken by the girl sank deep into the heart of the father.

This talk lightened for a while the trouble which lay at the man's heart. He half forgot the interview which he was to have with his solicitor at two, his brother at three, and the magistrate on Monday morning. He was a man who could easily forget. Those who suffer greatly and quickly, through the ill deeds of themselves or others, have not uncommonly this compensating gift of forgetfulness.

The girl grew happier in seeing the cloud roll away from her father's face. It was, to be sure, a most unaccustomed cloud—almost the first she had ever seen upon that contented brow. Not quite the first, because Uncle Stephen had more than once occasioned an evening of gloom.

Then that unlucky inspiration, which some philosophers call the Devil, entered into Alison's mind. She should have staid with her father; she should have watched beside him, chased the spirit of gloom from his mind, enabled him to look things in the face, and confront the inevitable with courage. Unluckily she thought that exercise would do him good, and ordered him to go out.

"Take your skates," she said, in her peremptory way, "and go on to the Mount Pond. I will come after you presently, and we will skate all the morning."

He obeyed, and left the house with the usual smile on his lips and in his kindly eyes. Alison watched him as he crossed the lawn, walking, in spite of his fifty years, with the elasticity and spring of youth.

"Why," sighed Alison, "should there not be a country where we could send such relations as Uncle Stephen into distant exile, with plenty to

eat and nothing to do? It should be called Prodigal Son Land."

Then her eyes fell upon the manuscript which her father had left upon the table. On the right-hand corner were written the words "Private and confidential." She rolled it up, and took it into her own room, where she locked it in a drawer.

It was not much that Alison knew of the wickedness of the world, but that little she had accustomed herself, somehow, to connect with her uncle Stephen. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, the pride of the eye, and all the rest of it, were mere phrases of empty sound to this innocent and simple girl—represented something outside her own world, in which her father had no part or share. As whatever vexation came to the house seemed caused by her uncle, it was not unnatural that he should become her ideal of the wicked man who turneth not away from his wickedness; and therefore, on this occasion, she assumed, without right or reason, that Uncle Stephen had been doing something more than usually wicked.

Outside the house, Anthony Hamblin set off at a brisk walk to the Mount Pond, where he was to be joined by his daughter. The Common was covered with snow, and the turf was crisp and hard. The furze-bushes seemed to be huddling together, in spite of their prickles, for warmth beneath their white covering. The sky was clear and bright overhead, but in the south there was mist, and the sun shone like a burnished disk. The snow rounded off the roughness of the old Common.

Anthony walked on cheerfully, brushing away the snow and swinging his skates as he went. For the moment he had forgotten the dreaded appointment with his brother. He would spend the morning on the ice, and strengthen his nerves with exercise. He came to the Mount Pond, crowded with skaters, and stood there awhile watching. Suddenly his cheerfulness vanished, and his heart sank within him. He remembered a day—long ago, thirty years ago—when he had stood, then still a youth, beside his mother, and watched one boy skating among the rest, the handsomest of them all. He remembered the mother's pride; he remembered how she pressed his arm, and whispered that she thanked God for both her sons. Then he could bear the place no longer, but turned away, sad and sorry, and walked from the pond and the Common, still carrying his skates.

He forgot that Alison was coming to skate with him; he forgot everything except that he had to see his solicitor, and reveal things to him which would cover himself with shame and that respectable adviser with astonishment. He did

not look about him, but wandered mechanically along roads and streets.

Presently he remembered that time must be getting on: he looked at his watch—it was only half-past eleven. Yet, in his thoughts, he had lived over again every year of his life since he left the Common. Half-past eleven—what could he do to pass the time before two?

He looked around him: he was at Victoria; he had walked all the way from Clapham Common to Victoria without knowing it; he could not even remember by what streets he had come.

"After all," he said, "perhaps I am a fool to distress myself so much. We shall manage to square it."

A strange thing to say, considering what it was that was hanging over his head. Then he pulled himself upright and walked along with a brighter air. Presently he found himself at Hyde Park Corner, and followed in the stream of people which was pouring into the Park, most of them carrying skates.

"Alison said I was to skate," he murmured; "I will, though on the Serpentine instead of Clapham Common."

The Long Water and the Serpentine were crowded. There were skaters who plunged and struck out, and splashed about with arms and legs, bending low forward and making little headway; there were men who wore the old-fashioned skate with projecting curve and straight heel, the Dutch skate—these men, with long stroke and easy roll of the body, swung swiftly down one side of the water, and returned in the same way up the other; there was the skater who could do anything on the ice that science can teach or skill contrive; there was the young fellow who imitated him, but failed to catch his ease and missed his grace; there were the girls who were learning, trying not to fall, and burning to move easily and gracefully; there was the girl who really could skate, and looked like enjoying it; there were her young sisters taking first lessons, and tumbling about like little kittens; there was the rough with his pals, uneasily conscious that the eyes of many policemen were about; there were shoals of schoolboys, and thousands of those men and women of the lower classes who never seem to have anything to do—who crowd the parks with equal readiness for a parade, a drawing-room, a review, the arrival of a distinguished visitor, or the rare occasion of the ice proving strong enough to bear. A mighty mob it was, but a good-humored mob. And the banks were as crowded as the ice. All along the edge were rows of the men who turned the nimble penny by screwing on skates, lending chairs, and other useful arts. Then there were the men of the Royal Humane Society, ready with boats, ladders, and drags:

they had a tent in one place with a fire in it, and crafty restoratives for those who might have the ill-hap to tumble in. Standing before this tent was a man known to Anthony. He was neatly and serviceably dressed, in boots up to his hips, and a beautiful doublet or overcoat of cork.

"Good morning, sir," he said, touching his hat. "Going on, like the rest of 'em?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Hamblin.

"Better have a spin, sir," said the man; "the weather is on the turn. This is the last day, believe. Give me your heavy coat; I will take care of it for you. There's no wind, and you'll be all the better without it."

Anthony complied. He took off the heavy overcoat, and gave it to the man, who laid it over a chair at the door of the tent.

"There, sir; it's quite safe with me. You'll find me here when you come off."

Anthony Hamblin left him and strolled down to the water's edge. Again another sinking of the heart, another strange fit of irresolution and fear. He *could* not go on the ice. He could do nothing except think.

"Poor Alison!" he said, for the fiftieth time. "That which she thought would be her happiness will only bring her greater misery. How shall she escape? What can I do to save her from this blow? Any way, any way," he repeated, drearily. "Because, whatever I do, whether I speak, or whether I hold my tongue, that woman means to go on. She intends revenge. And her revenge means unhappiness to Alison. How if I were to write and tell the poor girl all? But that would only precipitate things. No; there is nothing left but to go to Stephen—he must know—tell him who has called upon me and for what; and trust to forty-eight hours' start—and flight."

Here his meditations were disturbed. Right in front of him, in the middle of the Serpentine, where the stream was deepest and yet the crowd thickest, there was a sudden report like the discharge of a cannon, followed by the scattering of the crowd in all directions; while everywhere the treacherous ice broke beneath the flying feet, and plunged them in the cold water below. Was it possible? Where the people had been crowded, skating and running, Anthony gazed upon a great open space, in which a hundred and fifty people were struggling in the water among the broken blocks of ice for very life, amid the shrieks and cries of spectators helpless to do anything.

In a moment the Society's men were out upon their ladders, and ready with their boats, their ropes, and their life-belts. Dripping forms of men and women were dragged from death, and hurried across to warm fires and dry towels. The crowd surged down to the edge of the water with cries and shouts, as eager to watch the fight

for life as if it were a show of gladiators. Anthony felt his own pulses quicken, and the blood flow swiftly as one after the other the victims were rescued. He was rudely torn from his own troubles, and, for the moment, forgot them. When it was all over, when it seemed as if the men in the boat with the drags had nothing more to do, he bethought him of his coat, and that it was getting cold. He left the shore and went back to the hut.

His friend, the man with the corks, was gone. Doubtless he was one of those with the ladders. A policeman was left in charge. He was talking to a girl of his acquaintance.

"It isn't them as is drowned," he was saying, "that the crowd cares about—they go down quick, and they don't come up no more. It's them as is saved."

"How many should you think is drowned?" asked the girl.

The man shook his head.

"Who can tell? We shall go on fishing of them up one by one. In the summer, perhaps, if they let the water down, we shall find a body or two we never suspected. And for the next month or so, if a young fellow has bolted or a girl has run away, they will make inquiries here, and say he was drowned on the ice. Lord bless you! it's a regular godsend to bolters and run-aways, is an accident like this."

"Ah!" replied the girl, ruminating over this statement. "Here's a coat, now," she said presently, taking up Anthony Hamblin's overcoat; "I suppose that belongs to a skater."

"Yes, it does. Harris told me he was taking care of it for a gentleman he knew, who had gone on the ice."

"I wonder if he's one of them as went *in* the ice?" said the girl. "Shall I look to see if he has left a name? No; you look."

The policeman put his hand in the pocket and drew out a pocket-book full of letters.

"Here we are, sure enough. Letters addressed to Anthony Hamblin—Anthony Hamblin—cards—Anthony Hamblin. You are all right, Mr. Anthony Hamblin, Clapham Common. If you *are* drowned, all we have got to do is to carry this coat home to your family, and it will break the news for us a deal better than we can do it for ourselves."

"Lor!" cried the girl, "ain't it horrible? And do you really think that the coat belongs to a—that poor Mr. Hamblin is actually drowned? Good gracious! Why, I couldn't never touch the coat again."

"Silly!" said the guardian of the peace. "How do I know if he's drowned or not? If he is, he will never come and ask for his coat. If he is not, why, then he will be round here in a

minute or two with a shilling for Harris for taking care of it. Don't you fill your head with nonsense."

The man listening to this talk, the real owner of the coat, was trembling, as if with cold. It was not the cold, however, but the eagerness of his thoughts which agitated him. The words of the policeman had inspired him with a sudden idea.

He saw a way of escape.

He had been praying in a despairing mood for a way—any way. Here was one suddenly, unexpectedly offering itself.

He said, in his mind: "She would pursue me to ruin or to death. What if I were dead?"

(To be continued.)

Then nothing would ever be investigated; nothing would ever be found out. Alison would shed a few tears, it is true, but she would dry them soon; she would marry. A few years more, and Rachel Nethersole would be dead, and with her all memory of this thing. Her revenge would be ended, because death brings an end to all. The honor of the House would be saved. Alison would be saved. Why, it seems no sacrifice at all, considering what there is at stake."

He turned from the Serpentine, and walked resolutely straight across the Park toward the east.

"She said, to my ruin or my death. Very well, then, I am DEAD."

SOME ASPECTS OF THE PRESENT FRENCH REPUBLIC.

LARGELY as the various recent Governments of France have been abused during their brief lifetimes, it has never been till after their decease that the true, full, thorough vastness of the hate provoked by each of them has been clearly demonstrated. The alluring but puzzling principle that "no man should be called happy till he dies," is manifestly inapplicable to them, for they have all passed through such a terribly bad time after death, that if any one of them was ever really "happy" at all, it could, clearly, have only been while it was still alive. Judging from this frequently renewed experience, we may fairly take it as probable that the actual republic offers an infinitely less unattractive picture at this moment than it can possibly present after it has been destroyed. Consequently, as the duration of its existence is eminently uncertain, as it may, perhaps, like some of its predecessors, grow uglier with years, and as we may feel unhesitatingly confident that it will become absolutely hideous in the eyes of the French themselves directly it has a successor, there is every advantage in contemplating it while it still breathes, acts, and is. It has not yet had time to become much disfigured by age, excesses, or disease, and is probably as little ugly just now as it is ever likely to be; indeed, for anything we know to the contrary, this is perhaps the precise moment of its extremest loveliness, the exact instant at which it is looking its utmost best, at which it will be most courteous and most flattering to it to sketch its portrait. So as, for those reasons, we are sure we can not be unjust to it in noting its features

and expression now, let us see what it looks like to us. We will be generous enough to give the front place to what can be said against it; the arguments in its favor—which we will carefully enumerate—will produce more effect if they are brought forward last.

Without counting the smaller indictments, four principal accusations are laid by a good many of the French at the door of their present republic: they reproach it for its origin, for its radical tendencies, for the persistent mediocrity of its representatives, for its want of external dignity. Let us look at these charges successively.

First, as to its birth—about which many nasty things have been said. It is true that there was a good deal of apparent irregularity around its cradle; it is true that the child saw the light in the gutter, in the midst of riot and violence, and that its father was never identified. But, after all, those facts supply no conclusive proof that its parents were not reputable persons, with an avowable position in the world. Its mother, at all events, was perfectly well known; she was one of those stern females whose rugged virtue crushes all imputation, the whisper of whose name suffices alone to silence scandal. Her resolute, uncompromising morality bestowed unquestionable legitimacy on her offspring; she was exactly the sort of progenitor required for a republic; she was—Necessity.

But though it is just to cordially acknowledge that the babe was born of what looks like an unimpeachable stock, it is not possible to deny that its early advantages all ended there, and that the

other beginnings of its existence were singularly unsatisfactory. As soon as its rigid mother had performed the dry duty of "recognizing" it, according to French law, she seemed to immediately forget it. So, as the poor creature had no other relative—not even an aunt—it was left to run about the streets, with no schooling, no manners, and scarcely any clothes. It was indeed so utterly neglected that it was positively not baptized till it was more than four years old! It never possessed a name that it could legally call its own during the entire period between its birth, on 4th September, 1870, and its formal registration as a French citizen on 25th February, 1875. It was, in fact, throughout that time an outcast, just as Moses, Romulus, and Cyrus had been in their childhood; and it had countless enemies who tried with all their might to murder it. It stuck to life, however, and at last its mother, having vainly sought to discover any other heir that she could set in its place, began to feel a call to behave maternally, for the moment at least, toward the young vagabond. So she picked it up out of the misery in which she had left it at its birth, washed it, put clean clothes upon it, made it as smart as her means allowed, had it christened, began its education, and did, in a rough, half-unwilling fashion, what she could to give it a chance of making its way.

But though, at that date, the child became responsible and began to count in life—though its character and its features grew into form, the change in its position did not immediately render its existence much more secure than it was before. The attempts to assassinate it were not abandoned; on the contrary, they became more resolute than ever: they culminated on the 16th May, 1877, in the outburst of the most desperate conspiracy which our generation has witnessed. The plot failed, but its promoters succeeded in getting the young republic into their hands for six months, and they pummeled it while they held its head under their arm with a ferocity which would assuredly have terminated the days of any less vigorously healthy victim. At last, on 30th January of the present year, it seemed to have really reached a temporary resting-place, for on that day the care of its interests was officially transferred to a guardian who was supposed to possess all the qualities required to successfully bring up a young republic. Yet this was only another deception, for a fresh class of troubles then got in the way of the poor worried stripling; its own supporters began to squabble between themselves and to pile up their quarrels on the back of their already overloaded *protégé*. Its situation at that moment was defined by the phrase—"Les périls sont terminés, les difficultés commencent."

Yet, though it has never ceased to be exposed to trials, inside and outside, and though, at this moment, its "difficulties" seem to be increasing, the republic was incontestably converted, by the Constitution of 25th February, 1875, from a vagrant into a government. It has been, since that date, a thing, a reality, an *être moral*. The sin of its birth, if the sin had really existed, was condoned. But then it was, three years ago, that the Radicals began to talk a shade more loudly, to attract attention to themselves and their projects, and to rouse up the feeling that the republic would fall some day into their hands, become their exclusive property, and grow into a danger for the land. This notion did not seem at first, however, to be justified by events. It is only this year that the action of the Radicals has given a serious confirmation to it. In 1875 the young republic behaved delightfully; it kept its more dangerous acquaintances at a distance; it rid itself of many of its precious practices; it shook off the *nostalgie de la boue*, and became, if not a graceful member of the family of governments, at all events a rough and ready sort of holder of the situation to which, in the absence of competitors, it had been forcedly promoted. The world recognized that, with the singular capacity of adaptation which is special to the French, the new institution did, for a time at least, present a reassuring aspect; that it took its place, without much awkwardness or timidity, among its fellows; that it pleasantly invited the rest of the earth to come to see it at the Champ de Mars; that, later on, it occupied an arm-chair at Berlin, calmly, as if it had never played at pitch and toss in the mud—as if it had never done anything else in its life but sit majestically at congresses; that it certainly made friends, and that—as certainly—it discouraged enemies. It acted in all this with undeniable cleverness, and it attained a more rapid and a more real success—so far as appearances were concerned—than is usually achieved by a *parvenu*.

The new-comer ceased, therefore, to be a simple adventurer. It was no longer a casual product of a passing need; it got into the groove of life; it grew into an acknowledged force; and—especially, particularly, and above all—it asserted itself, in its young vigor, as the freshest thing in governments, as the sole remedy (so far as political therapeutics have yet been carried) for the social maladies of our time. The more earnest of its supporters implored us to regard it as a salutary, lenitive, depuratory elixir; they assured us, with an intensity of earnestness which made them almost look as if they really believed what they said, that we had before us at last the means of solving, to everybody's satisfaction (notably to their own), all the class problems that worry

statesmen; and that if only, in each country, the people could acquire and exercise the right of governing itself, without interference from monarchs or upper strata, the earth would immediately become a happy fold, in which all enmities would disappear, in which the lion would lie down with the lamb, in which all would be delight and tenderness—because the sovereign people would be content. These picturesque colorings bestowed upon the French republic a particular character, and excited in beholders an interest and a curiosity which the operations of older and more familiar undertakings no longer provoked. The world would, indeed, have had cause to thank the republic if it could have brought about a state in which the jaguar of democracy would whisper sweet nothings to the antelope of aristocracy, in which the rabbit of labor would toy gleefully with the boa-constrictor of capital, in which the little negro of poverty would seek sweet slumber in the embrace of the shark of property. If only we Europeans could have felt sure that all these beautiful spectacles would be a necessary consequence of a universal application of the republic, if only we had been quite certain that we should contemplate them in all their loveliness as soon as “the United States of Europe” had been set up, it is probable that most of us would have immediately petitioned our respective Parliaments for a modification of the local Constitution. It is true that, so far as actual information goes, there would always remain one exception in this charming brotherhood of foes; it is presumable that even the republic would be unable to induce the pert sparrow of free-thought to nestle between the claws of the vulture of Vaticanism, and that, all-healing and all-propitiating as democracy is said to be, its adherents would continue all the same to indignantly exclaim, “*Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*” But, even with this restriction, the sketch of the potentialities of the republic was so pretty to look at that it really was a lamentable pity that other people were unable to recognize in it a correct portrait. It did present, it is true, a vague, faint resemblance to certain points and features of the position in which the young republic had placed itself, and it is honest to avow and proclaim that the picture was not exclusively composed of pure imagination. It did seem to be a fact, judging from the experience obtained, that the French were quieter under this republic than they had been under any of their preceding forms of government. It did seem to be a fact that Socialism had almost disappeared, so far, at least, as any public advocacy of it was concerned. It did seem to be a fact that, generally, the disturbing classes were less inclined to disturb, and that the satisfaction which had been given to the Demo-

cratic party by the suppression of monarchy had materially diminished the tendency of that party to get up revolutions. So far, and within those clearly defined limits, the republic had manifestly acted as a soother, and everybody might admit without hesitation that the Democrats (who had gained by it) were justified in depicting it as an admirable institution in which—so long as they did not quarrel too violently between themselves—they had found an unwonted peace and a satisfaction of the earlier portion of their longings. But at that point resemblance stopped and invention began—all because of the Radicals.

It can scarcely be denied that there are in France some persons who are not Radicals, who have indeed a considerable horror of Radicals, and to whom the notion of lying down with them as a united, happy family has always been particularly repulsive. These persons have not profited (as the Radicals have done already, and evidently hope to do much more) by the establishment of the republic. They have endured it, more or less impatiently, because, for the moment, they can not get away from it; but there is no present probability that they are likely to regard it as the universal curer. They say that the democratic picture exhibits it in a fancy dress which neither belongs to it nor fits it; that it is not a doctor, but a quack; and that, even if it were a doctor, they would not follow its prescriptions. To them the republic is not, as M. Thiers called it, “*Le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins,*” it is simply a momentarily inevitable evil from which they long to escape. To the eyes of the Radicals, on the contrary, it possesses all the virtues. They speak of it as Plato did of love, as “the wonder of the wise, the amazement of the gods; desired by those who have no part in it, and precious to those who have the better part in it.” And it is precisely because they have “the better part in it” that they invite the world to share it with them—on condition of continuing to do as they like in it.

Now the world, taken generally, has not yet seemed disposed to accept the invitation. It has said that republics, like many other things, are dependent for their value on the point of view from which they are contemplated; and that their worth is not, as the Radicals beg us to believe, inherent, inborn, and intrinsic, but is merely relative and subjective. So the world, exercising its judgment, has hesitated to attach too high a price to the republic, because it has mistrusted its tendencies, and has had scant confidence in its future. The world imagines, especially since last February, that this French sample of a republic is not independent, that Radicalism is seizing hold of it as a tool, and that, instead of preserving its original attitude of neu-

trality among all parties, it is becoming the slave of one single party, and that one the most dangerous of all. Of course this view may be erroneous; of course events may prove that Radicals are the most magnanimous and the most generous of men, that they have never cast one passing glance toward the thought of using the republic for themselves alone, and that their absorbing longing is to share it self-denyingly with all the rest of the nation. But, erroneous or not, the view is largely held; and though it is altogether manifest that, as M. Littré says, "the republic has at its disposal two forms of action—Opportunism or Radicalism," it would be difficult to efface the prevalent impression that in the latter, not in the former, lies the inevitable procedure of the future. Of course it is not impossible that the republic may march on carefully, warily, slowly; awaiting events—not anticipating them; evading difficulties—not inflaming them; profiting by occasions—not provoking them; conciliating antagonisms—not stimulating them; striving to belie its ugly reputation—not confirming that reputation by conduct which would render it more ugly still. But it is equally possible that it may dash straight at its utmost ends, with its fingers clutched, its arms outstretched, and a howl on its lips, regardless of peace, policy, or prudence, and animated only by the lust of instant possession. Of course it is possible that the republic may remain the *république conservatrice* of M. Thiers, but it is equally possible that it may become the *république sociale et démocratique* of the Intransigeants. And most people expect that it will be the latter.

And, honestly, most people have some reason for the fear. If this republic is an object of suspicion and doubt, if it has to fight its way against skepticism and prejudice, whose fault is that? It is not suspected simply because it is a republic, for there are in the world republics which are esteemed and trusted. It is suspected for motives which are special, not general. The antecedents of the French branch of its family, and its own recent conduct, have been the main sources of the mistrust which surrounds it. Its partisans know this so well that they never attempt to protect themselves by any vindication of principles; they carefully limit their defense to protestations that they in no way intend to imitate the faults and the crimes of their predecessors—to perpetually renewed assertions that the accusations which are advanced against their present attitude are unfounded and unfair, and to reiterated declarations that Radicalism is the very last thought in their heads. Yet nobody believes them.

If the Republican party were suddenly to become composed exclusively of ordinary Repub-

licans—that is to say, if all its members were to turn moderate in the measures which they propose; if the party contained no Radicals at all—ah! then we should see an instant change in the opinion of the world. But it is not to be expected that Radicals will render to the republic the immense service of abandoning it; never will they become Imperialists or Legitimists; their sole chance of power is to keep out emperors and kings. So they take the republic under their particular protection, and damage it accordingly. Abstractly, there is no reason whatever why a republic without Radicals should not be a very excellent form of government—for those who like it; it is the Radical connection alone which bespatters and begrimes it. This fact seems self-evident, yet the Radicals do not perceive it; so blind, indeed, are they to it that they evidently consider they are bestowing additional beauty on the republic by their fashion of dressing it. Down to the end of last year they were relatively quiet; it is since January, since the senatorial elections and the nomination of the new President of the republic, that they have come blusteringly to the front. They have proclaimed since then that because France has shown herself, for a moment, to be unmistakably republican, the time has therefore come for the adoption of Radical measures. For them Republicanism and Radicalism ought to be synonymous, and they have gone to work with a rush to prove that they really have become so. They have carried an amnesty for the Commune; they are proposing the suppression of the greater part of the schools kept by the religious orders; they are talking of suspending the irremovability of the judges. Some of them are suggesting that all public functionaries whatever, including cabmen, stockbrokers, judges, officers of the army and navy, policemen, prefects, and professors, shall be chosen by election, and shall only remain in office so long as universal suffrage may please to leave them there. A good many of them call urgently for the suppression of jails, standing armies, marriages, titles, and priests.

Now schemes of this sort frighten fathers of families, and incline mothers to shrink rather nervously from the people who advocate them. So the Radicals, afflicted at being shrunk from, and seeking hungrily for unsuspecting friends and voters, assert of course that if ever innocence was persecuted theirs is, and implore the population to regard them merely as cautious and most trustworthy Liberals with nothing subversive about them. But somehow, in spite of their protestations, they do not manage to inspire confidence; and, since they laid hold of the young republic, such good repute as was beginning to grow up around it is sensibly diminishing. Of

course this is rather hard on the republic; but it will not get much sympathy in its sorrows. It will simply be told to keep better company, if it can—or else to take the consequences.

The strange mediocrity of the representatives of the republic comes next in the list of the reproaches addressed to it. With the exception of Gambetta, not one single man of real political capacity has brought himself to the front since 1870. An institution which professes to appeal to all the talents—which declares not only that it excludes nobody from its ranks, but which entreats the whole thirty-six millions of French people to rush into them—has discovered just one recruit of ability. Some of its public men are violent and some are quiet; some of them are laborious and some are indolent; some of them are ambitious and some are indifferent; most of them are respectable; but not one of them—excepting Gambetta—is a statesman. Never was there a more tempting opportunity, yet there is no one to profit by it; never was there a surer chance of place and fame, yet no one seizes it. Gambetta is the holder of an unassailed monopoly. And the situation is getting worse rather than better; the candidates for office seem to be growing less and less able in proportion as they become more and more numerous. So evident is this, that when, last February, M. Lepère was made Minister of the Interior in the place of M. de Marcère, one of the most influential members of the Left observed, with a sigh, “*Nous descendons l'échelle des médiocrités; Lepère est un sous de Marcère, et de Marcère était déjà un sous-Ministre de l'Intérieur.*” Of course they all have the best intentions; of course they are all excellent husbands and fathers: but their very goodness is an additional weakness, for it indisposes them to turn resolutely against their Radical colleagues, who, though only a minority, are now struggling to take the lead among them.

Now, what is the reason of this mediocrity? How is it that Gambetta stands out alone, above and beyond the crowd, as single in his force as a ship is single on the sea, so strong and vast in comparison with all his neighbors that they look like flies on the flanks of an elephant? Why is this republic so utterly poor in men that it can not even be suspected of possessing unrewarded talents, that it can not even be said of any one of its agents, as it was of Monseigneur Dupanloup, that he is “*un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas*”? The republic has plenty of members “*qui n'arrivent pas*,” but why does it not produce even some “*passants remarquables*”?

The answers to these questions are not difficult to find, and they are all of the same kind.

Nature proceeds in everything by compensation. Great men, like rain, insurance risks, or crops, are mere matters of average. When the supply of genius has been excessive for a while, it stops; nature takes a rest, as a calm comes after a storm. France is now passing through a period of general repose in intellectual productivity. It is not only in politics that she is childless; she has, at this present time, neither a great soldier, nor a great artist, nor a great writer, nor a great thinker. Just as Prussia is in an epoch of puissant generativeness, so is France enduring a term of impotence. It is not the republic which has paralyzed her procreation of real men; the sterility which now weighs upon her was perceptible before 1870, before 1848, and almost before 1830. It is a reaction from the superb fertility of the revolutionary and Napoleonic times; it is the exhaustion consequent upon over-fecundity; it is the halt of nature after an effort. France stood high in men some eighty years ago; she stands low now. The present republic is not responsible for that; but it suffers vastly by it, and is told with scorn, every day, that the one outcome of its brain is—Gambetta.

Now Gambetta is, undeniably, a great man; great in himself, but great especially because he has no rivals. It is true also that he is not a Radical—now. It is true that he proclaims himself to be an “Opportunist”; that, compared with a Radical, an “Opportunist” is a sort of Conservative; and that, consequently, he may be regarded as representing the double force of intellect and of prudence combined. Yet, great as he is, he can scarcely be considered as sufficing, in his person alone, to constitute the whole associated capacity of a party which claims to govern France. The republic, in his hands, is “a one-horse concern”—he is first, and the rest nowhere. And though that may be a very satisfactory position for Gambetta, it is certain that neither the republic nor the country is gaining by it. However, there is no present prospect of any change in it; no coming man is visible; even the “young man from the country,” who has occasionally aroused illusory hopes in England, is undiscoverable in France. The republic has to get on with what she has—she must choose between nothingness and Gambetta. Under such conditions, it is not improbable that the dictatorship of Tours will some day be reestablished in Paris. But, whatever be the result, the cause remains: the republic has no men. All the worse for the republic.

Finally, the republic has to contend against its own insufficiency of dignity in bearing, in manners, in ceremonial. “Spartan simplicity” does not fit in at all, either with life in Paris, or with the habits of the French, or with their no-

tions of a strong government. And when "Spartan simplicity" is accompanied by a good deal of roughness and ugliness, it becomes still less suited to its place. To assert that the republic is prospectively dangerous is not more damaging to it in certain French eyes than to say that it is immediately vulgar; and vulgar it unfortunately is in many of its smaller doings. A functionary who cleans his nails with a penknife in public may possibly be an ardent patriot and an able servant of his country, but his ways bestow no grandeur on his office. And there is more in the matter than accidental nails and penknives; there is incontestably, under this republic, a rather general absence of some of the personal forms and usages to which educated Europe is accustomed. The republic is not fortunate in possessing so many adherents who roar and roll about as if they were buffaloes or bulls of Bashan. The rapid substitution of the *nouvelles couches* for the former "governing classes" is in no way adding to the external charm of the French commonwealth; and however little importance certain Republicans may be disposed to attach to grace, to good taste, and to mere details of behavior, of demeanor, and of refinement, it is not possible to deny that the stateliness, the majesty, and the luster of a government, and of the institutions which it represents, are in some degree dependent precisely on those very details. Democracy may become altogether fascinating in time, but it is not so yet; we are still beholding it in an unpolished phase. And, honestly as we may struggle against our own prejudices, generously as we may make allowances for the uncultured and the untrained, we can not help observing the fact that this republic is sometimes somewhat uncouth and rude, and that the accusations made against it, in that sense, by its French opponents are thoroughly well founded. The republic may imagine, perhaps, that it does not suffer any political injury from this cause; but foreign lookers-on can see that its exterior dignity is impaired by it, both at home and abroad, and that a little more pomp at the Elysée, and a little less roughness at Versailles, would assist the Government to obtain a prestige which it has never yet won, and which the French, above all people in the world, will never forgive their Government for not acquiring.

And that is about all that can be seriously urged against the republic. It has been thrust down the throats of the people whether they liked it or not. It seems to be drifting into the hands of destructive Radicals. It can not show two men of talent. It is abundantly bad-mannered. Well, after all, worse charges than these have been poured out against other governments that France has had, and in balance with them

must be set forth the considerations that are advanced by the other side. Let us now turn our ears that way and listen to what is said in support of the republic.

At the general election of October, 1877, about three fifths of the suffrages polled were in favor of the Republican candidates; and when, three months ago, the partial renewal of the Senate was effected, about five sixths of the electors voted in the same direction. The country has consequently expressed, in its two most recent manifestations of opinion, a distinct wish to retain the republic. Here lies the first and the strongest argument in its favor. It is able to declare with truth that, for the moment, the majority of French people want it, are content with it, and desire nothing but it. That a large minority of the same people do not want it, are not content with it, and do desire something else, is a detail of no value in its eyes, the function of minorities being to support the will of others, particularly in republics, as we see gloriously demonstrated in the United States. And really, in cases where a nation is divided against itself as to the choice of a form of government, it is difficult to see how any government whatever can be maintained unless the majority is to have its own way about it. Besides, in France just now, the minority is not only a minority, but is—to weaken it still further toward the majority—made up of the advocates of three conflicting opinions. So the republic is justified in asserting, not only that the greater part of the population is with it, but also that the lesser part, which is against it, is itself divided into elements each one of which is as hostile to the others as it is to the republic. Now this is undeniably a strong position; and, as long as it lasts, the republic has the best of all good rights to declare that it is a more national government than any other that can be set up in opposition to it, and that it faithfully represents the larger portion of the popular will.

An argument such as this needs no development; it is conclusive as it stands. Even if the republic were the worst of governments, even if the dangers which it may possibly entail were graver than they yet look to be in the present case, all that would not suffice to authorize foreign spectators to call for its suppression so long as the French themselves—who, when they have had enough of it, can upset it by their own votes—continue to support it. If they choose to retain it, we have no right to object.

But still there is, all the same, something more to be said. It can not be denied that the present preference for it is based on something more than a careless, unreasoning acceptance of what is simply because it is, on something more than a mere shrinking from change because

change may do more harm than good, on something more than a recognition of the beggarly helplessness just now of all chances of anything else. It stands, more solidly, on an evident conviction that, with the past experience and under the present circumstances of the country, the republic is, after all, and in most ways, more advantageous to it than any form of monarchy would be. The majority of the nation really want the republic, for the moment, not only because there is practically nothing else for them to take, but also because, by the force of events, they have become convinced that they positively gain by the adoption of a republic. How they gain is a separate matter; we shall see that next. That they really believe they gain is beyond doubt; they are maintaining the republic because they think it does them good.

We get on next to the causes of this belief. And here we may leave aside the notion that republican institutions are the only ones worthy of free men. We may put out of the account all the swagger about the dignity of self-government, and all the twaddle about "immortal principles." We can well afford to exclude big talk of this sort, because we recognize the existence of a solid material proof that the republic has done good. It has brought more quiet into France than was discoverable there under any anterior *régime*. And in that single fact lies a grander and a more unanswerable testimony in its favor than all the theories and all the dreams of '89 piled up together could anyhow supply. A passing allusion has been already made to this element of the question; but now we have got it in its proper place, and can give to it the attention which it merits.

On the appearance of the republic in 1870, the Radicals all over France felt like Sindbad when he had shaken the old man off his shoulders. After being oppressed by a master for eighteen years, they suddenly found themselves without any master at all; and this inrushing freedom burst upon them at a moment of intense political excitement, in the midst of war and of passionate emotions. The Commune of Paris and the disorders of Lyons and Marseilles were the outcome of this situation. They came and went, and with them ended rioting. The monarchists endeavored afterward to upset the republic; but its own supporters have ceased entirely since 1871 to try to revolutionize it. The consequence is that, as the Republicans, and the Republicans alone, kept up political agitation in France in former times—as they used to be the exclusive promoters of *émeutes* and barricades—as they have now obtained their ends and have nothing more to win by force, it follows, naturally enough, that (unless the Conservatives take to street fighting)

we are not likely to see any more insurrections in France so long as the republic lasts. Even the most advanced of the Radicals have no motive just now for resorting to arms. They proclaim, indeed, that their present objects are to act by public opinion and not by cartridges—to get the country with them by degrees, and then to "legalize radicalism by legislation"—to carry their measures by votes, and not by battle. Whether they will go back again to guns hereafter when they have found out that public opinion is not to be gained over by their blandishments remains to be seen. All that we can consider to-day is the condition of to-day; and it is a condition of deeper public tranquillity than France has known for a century. It can no longer be pretended that "if France is content Europe is calm"; but it is manifestly more true than ever that when French Republicans are content France is calm. They alone constitute an eruptive force; but now that all the vents are open before them, they have nothing to explode.

The minority, of course, is anything but calm; it subsists in a state of permanent indignation. But what does that matter? The minority is the most divided, the least intelligent, the most helpless of parties. It is so resolutely foolish, so willfully powerless, that nobody outside its own ranks particularly cares whether it is content or not. How is it possible to keep up interest in the fate of so-called Conservatives, who lie down and shriek and let themselves be trampled on? There is not now in the whole world a political spectacle more saddening than that which is offered by the non-Republican groups in France. Those who live among them, those who listen to the unproductive bitterness of their daily talk and watch the unfruitful indolence of their daily occupations, can alone measure either the intensity of their rage or the utterness of their abdication. They have given up all pretense of combat, and are looking on at the republic with spiteful inertness, just as the unoccupied soldier with his hands in his pockets looks on at the Prussians in the picture of the "*Dernière Cartouche*." If ever people deserved their fate, these French Conservatives do; for, though they howl at it, they sit down under it and bear it without making an effort to change it. Of course their situation is difficult, but it is no way hopeless. Some day their turn will come again; meanwhile they are not making the slightest attempt to hurry it on. The varied and energetic forms of action which the English so unceasingly employ in order to maintain their local influence and position are all unknown to them. They call the others *canaille* all day long, and then go to dinner with the sweet conviction that by doing so they have performed their entire duty to God and man, and that there

is absolutely nothing more for them to attempt. Their chiefs did try, it is true, the mad adventure of the 16th of May; but even then the conservative masses did not rush out of their apathy and grapple. That impotent absurdity only proved once more how unfit the French Conservatives have become either to think or to act.

So the majority has everything its own way, and can fairly claim to be doing good to France by the internal peace which it has produced. It is true that it is itself split up into groups, but the divergences between those groups are not yet marked enough to weaken the general cohesion or the general calm. In numbers, in reason, in vigor, in the results they have induced, the Republicans are the masters; their assertion that they have quieted France is founded on those four floors; and their force rests not only on the power of their own party, but also on the weakness of their adversaries. The tranquillity which they have engendered is a product of the same two causes.

Furthermore, this improvement in the general position of the country is not limited to the interior. France has also gained largely abroad in strength, in influence, in honor; and from that fact springs the third argument invoked by the Republicans in favor of the republic. During the last eight years the foreign relations of France have traversed three distinct epochs—under the successive direction of Thiers, Decazes, and Waddington. The first epoch was passed in getting rid of Germany; the second in preventing Germany from coming back; it has only been during the third period that France has been free enough to hold her head up. M. Thiers was “the liberator of the territory”; circumstances prevented him from being anything else or more. When the Duke Decazes took the *Affaires Etrangères* the Germans were all gone; the question was no longer how to turn them out, but how to keep them from returning. For this task the Duke possessed the rarest qualifications; his suppleness, his inventivity, his faculty of resource, are altogether special to himself; no other living diplomatist can be compared to him in the property of twisting out of a difficulty. Even his enemies (and he has made more of them than most men are able to create) admit that his mind is fertile and adroit. The services which he rendered will, in all probability, never be rightly known, for the story of the perpetually renewed difficulties between Berlin and Paris with which he had to deal is not likely to be told either by himself or by anybody else; but the few who are acquainted with the truth will always proclaim that the Duke Decazes by sheer dexterity saved France ten times over from the bitterest humiliations. He acted throughout his

four years of office with combined prudence and address; he kept his country out of messes with the rarest success. But he did absolutely nothing to lift her up in the world. He left her in November, 1877, exactly where he found her in October, 1873—low down among her neighbors. Then appeared M. Waddington, and with him came what the French call a *changement à vue*. France rose instantly; Germany smiled graciously at her; England became as civil to her as she ever is to anybody (which is not saying much); all the world grew suddenly polite to her. Why? Simply because M. Waddington, speaking in the name of the consolidated republic, inaugurated a policy of simplicity. He had none of the cleverness of his predecessor, and he possessed no diplomatic training, but he brought with him to the Quai d’Orsay a personal reputation of honesty and straightforwardness which instantly gained confidence for him throughout Europe. The Duke Decazes had vainly struggled to bring about an alliance between France and Russia, and had thereby sorely offended Germany. M. Waddington, on the contrary, turned his back on Russia and held out his hand to England, the one power with which France can permit herself to coquet without arousing irritation at Berlin. He did more; he said to his friends, “If I do not represent an alliance with England, I represent nothing.” The fruits of this new attitude ripened so fast that the republic has already begun to eat them with pride and appetite. M. Waddington has set before it a repast of which it had not seen the like before, so it is of course recompensing him by scheming to turn him out.

Gratitude, however, has nothing to do with the facts of the case. The republic is at this moment partially trusted and temporarily believed in by Europe; and, as that is a situation in which the Empire never once found itself during its eighteen years of existence, the Republicans have a fair right to argue that their government is now better liked in Europe than the Empire ever was. And they go further still. Not only do they assert that the republic has positively attained this most unexpected position, but they add, with a confidence in themselves which other people may perhaps regard as slightly exaggerated, that the republic will necessarily remain in that position. They say this because they imagine they have just discovered a new system of medication for their dealings with other countries. They are so struck by what seems to be at this instant the result of the union of honesty and republicanism, that they are applying it with the tingling eagerness of inventors. They are appointing honest Republicans as ambassadors all over Europe; they are writing republican articles in praise of honesty; they are

making speeches to prove that honesty and republicanism are synonymous. And all this because Waddington the Honest has reigned for a while at the Quai d'Orsay! As he is the first Englishman who has been a Minister in France, we may perhaps be allowed to feel pleased at the sight.

This is not quite all, however. There is something more than a mere sudden love of truth and sincerity in the recent protestations of the French Republicans, that they have laid their hands on a success and are going to stick to it. There is a policy behind it—a policy which the one real man in France—Gambetta—approves, supports, and will set to work when his own turn comes to rule. That policy is warm friendship toward England, courteous cordiality toward Germany, liberal tariffs, and resolute opposition to the Roman Curia. Those four conditions sum up the principles of action outside France, which the future Dictator, M. Gambetta, will apply (unless he alters his mind); and—with the exception of the last one—they are wise enough, and practical enough, to justify the hope of the Republicans that, so long as they maintain them, they will preserve agreeable relations with their neighbors. But the fourth condition is a product of passion, not of policy. The establishment of the *Kulturkampf* in France would inevitably alienate from the republic a large number of the moderate Republicans. In the savageness of their hate against Clericalism the Gambettists are forgetting that the majority of French electors are, at the bottom of their hearts, Catholics. They may be indifferent to Catholic forms, they may be irritated against priests; but they will never consent to any interference with freedom of worship. The elections would change their present color, and would become conservative, if any future minister should commit the folly which is implied in the fourth article of the programme of foreign policy which is attributed to M. Gambetta.

But that folly would produce its effects in France itself; the position of the republic abroad would not be affected by it. Consequently, as regards relations with other governments, the promised programme may be considered as offering fair promise of duration for the position into which France has now climbed, and as justifying the prophecies which are based upon it. But will it be maintained unchanged? Can anything be maintained unchanged in France?

Lastly, the friends of the republic assert that it has shed over France a liberty which has hitherto been unknown there, and which would be unattainable under any other form of government. They pretend that it alone can establish freedom, because it alone has no object in suppressing it. Now we have not urged any strong objections to

the various merits which we have thus far set forth as claimed by the Republicans—on the contrary, we have recognized their general truth and value; but, this time, there are protests to be made. That the republic should profess to hold a monopoly of some particular virtue is natural enough, for each of the various governments which preceded it did exactly the same. The First Empire bragged of its glory, the Restoration of its dignity, Orleanism of its constitutionality, and the Second Empire of its prosperity. So this present arrangement vaunts its liberty. But liberty is a result more difficult to realize than either prosperity, or constitutionality, or dignity, or glory; it is indeed, of all political conditions, the least easy to attain. It has, however, the seductive quality of allowing itself to be talked about with delightful facility. Regarded as a subject for speech-making, as a text for proclamations, as a basis for programmes and platforms, it offers all the enticements, all the flexibilities, and all the capabilities; it is only when it has to be set into the shape of an applied fact that its inherent intricacy comes out. Forgetting the almost insurmountable obstacles which attend its fulfillment, lured on by its superb name, and by the temptation which that name offers to all popular governments, the Republicans took it up as if they had invented it, and, of course, destroyed it the moment they pretended to apply it. Their conception of liberty is a very old one; there is absolutely nothing new about it. The formula, "I permit you to do what I like," was not first imagined by them, but it is being rather vigorously worked out by them, and that is why they are not perhaps quite accurate in proclaiming that they have bestowed on France true freedom.

Like most other masters, the republic imposes its own will; and the moment anybody enforces a will, somebody else must give in to that will. Here again, however, we have a very old notion before us: it was long ago found out that the greatest possible liberty is only a diminution of slavery; but still, if the republic imposed its will equally upon all Frenchmen, the diminution of slavery, which it would call liberty, would be a verity as between each citizen and the Government. It is because that will is being enforced unequally on the people—because some of them are being treated more harshly than others—that the pretension of the republic to be a distributor of liberty is a sham and a deceit. Paley has said somewhere that "doing what we like is natural liberty; and doing it within limits which prevent it from causing any damage to others is civil liberty." Now this republic (like a good many other governments) does not hesitate at damage; it proclaims that certain of its subjects—the active Catholics—ought to be made to suffer in their

civil rights, because they are supposed to be its enemies. With this object its supporters have been suggesting more or less seriously for some time past that a variety of offensive measures should be adopted against these Catholics; and at last the Government itself has come forward with the proposal that the members of most of the religious orders, whose special function is to teach, shall be prohibited from teaching. Now the persons affected by this proposal are French citizens, and, whatever be the objections to their opinions or their views—whatever be the dislike provoked by their persons or their ways—they are entitled, if there be any liberty at all, to precisely the same rights and faculties as any one else in the land. But the Republicans say that these men shall no longer possess these rights; they intend, if they can, to take away from them the faculty of keeping schools, which is accorded to everybody else. The noble principle that “liberty is the power of doing anything which does not prevent others from being free” is not applied by them; on the contrary, their notion of liberty is, that the majority has the right to prevent certain members of the minority from being free. They imitate the Empire by attacking the liberty of their adversaries—they refuse to employ toleration to protect the intolerant; they reject it as “the sole known remedy for diversity of opinion”; they forget that, as Napoleon said, “fanaticism is always produced by persecution”; and they persecute. But yet they coolly assure us that they have instituted liberty in France.

To answer all this by the argument that one swallow does not make summer, that one example of persecution does not lift up persecution to the height of an adopted principle of action, is to make no answer whatever. People who profess to have introduced liberty into their country have no right to persecute at all; if they do so even once—once only—they forfeit all right to talk of liberty. The form and the objects of the persecution lie outside the question; to-day priests and monks are the victims; to-morrow it may be generals and stay-makers; the day after to-morrow it may be wet-nurses and bankers: all that has nothing to do with the unvarying truth that civil liberty does not and can not exist unless it is equal for all, and that the creation of one single exception in its application destroys the entire fabric. Just as religion consists in resignation, so does liberty consist in equality; the slightest difference in its application puts an end to it. When, therefore, the Republicans imagine that, while they chuckle about liberty, they can simultaneously bestow it on their friends and withdraw it from their foes, they perpetrate one of those grotesque lies which sometimes render an otherwise good cause both ridiculous and

false. So far from being a merit of the republic, this pretended exercise of liberty is a stumbling-block in its road, for the shouting about it only serves to attract attention to the fact that true liberty is just as absent under the present Government as it was under the Empire. Even if the proposed measures are not voted by the Chambers, that result will not affect the question. The Cabinet has officially asked the Parliament to enact laws of exception and prescription; and, whatever be the fate of the proposal, the phenomenon will remain that such laws were considered to be legitimate under a republic by a ministry which represents the relatively moderate elements of its party. For these reasons liberty must be struck out of the list of the advantages offered to France by its actual *régime*.

And there are no other advantages to be computed. There ends the catalogue. But, before we try to strike a balance between the two sides of the evidence, and to see which way the scales incline, there is one other element of the question at which it is essential to cast a glance. That element does not yet form a recognized part of the considerations put forward by the French themselves for or against their republic, but a good many of them are beginning to feel anxiously over it, and it is particularly striking to such foreigners as happen to look closely at the present condition of France. Indeed, it is natural that foreigners should observe it, for the moment, more attentively than the French do, for the reason that it is social, not political; and that in times of excitement, the inhabitants of a country are usually so absorbed by the noisy public accidents which are occurring every day, that they have no time to think of any comparatively unapparent movements which may be at work more or less silently around them. Foreigners, on the other hand, are naturally somewhat indifferent to political agitations which have no direct action upon their own lives, and incline to turn their watchfulness toward questions which have something in common with the thoughts that interest them at home, toward class influences and social forces, toward the nature of the relationship between the various strata of the nation, toward all that constitutes the internal life of a country. And when foreigners do look in these directions, they see more clearly, perhaps, than the French themselves, how grave the situation of the upper classes has become. The republic has wrought a change so great in their position and their prospects that no other consequence yet produced by the new Government can be compared with it. The *nouvelles couches* have dashed to the front, and have not only seized rights and power and station, but, in addition, have positively suppressed society. In the sudden destruc-

tion of all social domination lies the remaining element of the case which we have still to look at. During the last eight years the upper classes of France have progressively and unceasingly lost place—not only political place, but social place as well. Partly by their own abdication, partly by the indifference of the nation, partly by the thrusting of the new candidates for authority, their situation has been rapidly sapped, and is now demolished. And this result has been brought about since 1871. It is true that one section of society—that one which includes the Legitimist families—had withdrawn after 1830 from contact with either the Court or the official world, or the public life of the country: but that section was a small one; it was limited in all its aspects—in numbers, in credit, in strength. What is happening now presents another character, for the actual movement is not circumscribed, it is general; it does not touch one opinion alone, it affects almost the whole of that portion of the population which is generically described by the denomination of “society.” The republic and “society” have turned their backs on each other with mutual suspicion and contempt. So far they have both behaved alike; but there, alas! ends all resemblance between the forms of action which they adopt. The republic is trying energetically to show France by every means at its disposal that it can do without the classes which compose society; that those classes are of no use to it; that they are unproductive and untrustworthy; and that the best thing the nation can do is to forget their presence, and to march on as if they did not exist. Society, on the contrary, is, as was said just now, sitting idle in the sulks; it is not making the faintest effort to retain its ground. Each year that passes still further weakens its connection with the country. Yet society is composed essentially of what used to be called, in France as elsewhere, the governing classes. So that the disappearance of society as the expression of a recognized public and national force, implies necessarily the simultaneous extinction of the political chieftainship which, when there was a society in France, was supposed to be the proudest birthright and highest function of its members. And there precisely lies the explanation of the motives which are prompting the republic to make such bitter war against society. The *nouvelles couches* have detected with alacrity, and have measured with precision, the vast advantage that would accrue to their cause from the disorganization of the hostile camp which hitherto has been occupied by society, and has supplied leaders for France. So they invested it, besieged it, cut off its water and provisions, and have now forced its garrison to retreat defeated. But they never would have succeeded

in attaining this result, or, at all events, they would not have attained it so rapidly, if the garrison had defended itself: its own negligence, its own cowardice, quite as much as the skill of the enemy, have reduced it to its present vanquished condition. Society has ceased to be all that it once was: it is no longer an acknowledged sovereign; it is no longer a dominating force; it is no longer a productive union; it is no longer a fecundating agency; it is no longer a representative principle; it is no longer a source, an origin, a creator: all these attributes have passed from its hands. The republic has dwindled it to a mere series of personal associations without any constitutive object or general bond: its national brilliancy had already vanished; its national usefulness is gone now.

But the *nouvelles couches* have been too clever, thus far, to try to build it up again for their own use. They have destroyed it; they are satisfied for the moment. Society is now out of their way, and they show no signs of any wish to put themselves into its place. Some few of them, it is true, are beginning to appear occasionally in official drawing-rooms; but they do not quite seem to be in their element there. And furthermore, they must necessarily feel that it would be absurd for them to establish *salons* after demonstrating so clearly to the French people that *salons* are quite useless. Besides which, *salons* can scarcely be composed of men alone—women, too, are wanted in them; and, judging from what is to be now contemplated in Paris, the republic is not wealthy in the latter product. So, for all these reasons, the gap dug out by the retirement of what used to be society will probably continue unfilled until the turn of society comes round again hereafter. We need not fear that it is abolished for ever—it is too hard-lived for that; but it is humiliating for its friends to have to stand by and look on at its present ridiculous discomfiture. The Government of the country has been snatched clean away from the well-born, the well-thinking, and the well-dressed; a social organization which Europe conceived to be almost an inherent part of the usages, the sympathies, and the prejudices of France, has been blown into shreds by a storm; the elegance, the refinement, the brightness, which were once supposed to be among the highest of French qualities, have lost their potency—Democracy has swept them out of sight. Common people, with no names and with badly constructed coats, have proved that France can do without the upper classes. This is clearly a case in which a Californian would exclaim, “Thunder!” So houses are shut up, and pleasantnesses fade, and once-laughing women pout, and there are no echoes of talk, and tongues are rusting. Society

is becoming a forgotten idea ; the functions which it once discharged in France, and the might it once wielded there, are more forgotten still. And all this has been brought about by the swelling upward of democracy. Never was the request "Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette" more vigorously expressed or more feebly resisted. Decidedly the republic is a great worker among men.

And now let us cast up the calculations we have been making, and see, if we can, how our total comes out.

Here is an institution which professes to show the world what France now is and wants. Well, our impression of it is, that if this is really what France wants, she has come down to the level of the United States. Other and higher results are to be got out of national life than those which this republic is evolving. We have endeavored to show impartially what its operations are, and nobody can pretend that, taken as a whole, they are of an elevated or elevating order. The republic keeps down barricades because it contents the very people who habitually compose those constructions. It is backed up by a majority of the population. It has amended recently the feeling with which France is regarded beyond her frontier. But it no more practices liberty than Louis XIV. did ; on the contrary, it seems to be drifting toward the tyrannies of Radicalism. It has produced but one single Republican who is worthy of a place in history ; and it is suffocating the grace, the brilliancy, and the charm which once were counted among the glories of France. Yet it is not a bad specimen of a republic—as republics go. That a good many of the French like it is undeniable.

What are their prospects of keeping it ?

Prophesying is a risky process in France, for the odds there are always against probabilities and in favor of impossibilities. But, even after allowing largely for the latter, there is no great danger in expressing the opinion that the republic looks like lasting. Let us suppose the very worst that can happen to it. Let us conceive that it commits follies enough to disgust all France. Let us imagine that the Radicals get hold of power, and that they proceed to suppress God by a proclamation, and marriage by a law ; that they render all public functions elective ; that they make taxes payable by the rich alone, in proportion to their riches ; that they convert the army into a national guard ; and that, generally, they enforce abundantly the "subversive mea-

sures" which the Conservatives assure us are impending. What then ? Will all that be capable of killing the republic and of putting a monarchy into its place ?

No—unless, indeed, those impossibilities, to which we have just alluded, behave as they did on the 18th Brumaire. Unless a soldier upsets the republic by force, even its own worst madresses can not be expected to have strength enough to stifle it. The country may get frightened ; it may turn right round and vote for the other side ; the Republicans may find themselves in a minority in the Chamber ; Broglie and Fourtou may perhaps become Ministers once more ; but, unless a general succeeds in a *pronunciamiento*, all that will leave the republic where it is, for the reason that, even if these odd things happened, no one would agree with any one else as to what should be put in its place. It would cast aside the Radicals (who, presumably, would then incline to barricades again) ; it would become gentle and well-behaved ; it would beg everybody's pardon, and promise never to do it any more ; but it would remain the republic, and Gambetta would perhaps become dictator, as chief of the Conservatives and savior of society, and would represent the monarch that the Monarchists could not persuade each other to appoint.

And really this is not a too fantastic dream. It may all come true. It is just as likely as anything else, and more likely than most other things. And though, as has been already said, its very likelihood is an argument against its fulfillment, it may be that—to complete the catalogue of surprises—France is about to astonish the world by acting for once in simple conformity with probabilities. Besides, what is there athwart it ? It is easy to assert that this republic can not last ; that the French have only accepted it from necessity, and have no sympathy for it ; that it is a mere superficial Government ; that it has scarcely any roots in the deep earth, and that its main holdings are on the surface. All that may be absolutely true ; and it may be equally true that, if there were but one pretender to the throne, he would long ago have put on his crown. But, however true it be, it only proves more and more distinctly how difficult it is to put another system into the place of the present one. Things will forcedly go on as they are (unless a soldier smashes them) from sheer impossibility of selecting anything else. In the multitude of pretenders there is republic.

ON CHINESE FANS.

IN China, just as the dragon is the symbol of power and the national emblem of the Chinese people, so is the fan the characteristic accompaniment to the every-day life of the ordinary Chinaman. It is, therefore, possible that a few remarks from a purely Chinese standpoint may not be wholly out of place. For even in these days of advanced globe-trotting it is not every man's luck to get either to Corinth or to Peking; and the topic is one, moreover, to which the writer has personally devoted some attention. In his new "Dictionary of the English Language" Dr. Latham has ventured to define a fan as an "instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves," a definition which is clearly bounded by the four walls of a European ball-room. All over the Asiatic Continent fans are as much in use among men as among women; and in China, to which the following paper will be confined, a fan of some sort or other is part and parcel of every man's summer equipment. The term "fan" is expressed in the Chinese language by a single and unchangeable character, which in Mandarin is pronounced *shan*, the *a* having almost exactly the value of the *a* in "can't." This character is a compound of two others—namely, *hu* (or *hoo*), "a door," and *yü*, "feathers." These characters in their modern style are said to be a gradual modification from the ancient hieroglyphs, under which form this same *hu* is believed actually to stand for the picture of one leaf of a door, and *yü* for that of the feathers or wings of a bird. From the conjunction of the two hieroglyphs we obtain, not a third hieroglyph—for no one pretends that any form of *shan*, ancient or modern, in any way resembles a fan—but an ideographic combination, analysis of which guides by association to the sense. Feathers beneath a door, door standing by synecdoche for a house; that which, made of feathers, is used within doors—*scilicet*, a fan. Such is a fair specimen of the process by which the ideographic nature of modern Chinese writing is worked out. Whether this process can or can not be held to fulfill the conditions of sound scientific investigation, and whether even the hieroglyphic value attributed to the original elements of such ideographs has or has not been seriously overrated by philologists, these are open questions; at the same time it is admitted on all sides that similar analyses, wherever feasible, afford great assistance to the student, and enable him to retain in the memory such a number of complex characters as would be perfectly impos-

sible were each to be regarded as a tangled con-course of strokes, brought together without rhyme or reason at the sweet will of the Cadmus of China.

Another, and in the written language equally common term for a fan is *sha* (or *shah*), compounded of the same word *yü*, "feathers," placed above the character—also an ideograph—which stands for "a female companion"—in other words, a woman fanning her lord, such indeed being one of the daily duties of the denizens of a Chinese harem. With regard to the constant use of the word "feathers" in these combinations it would appear from Chinese authorities that wings of birds and leaves of trees dispute, if not divide, the honor of having furnished the first fans to mankind. But Chinese authorities are eminently unreliable on most points, and the invention of the fan has been variously attributed to different heroes of antiquity according to the fancy of each particular writer. For instance, the "Yu-hsüo," or "Child's Guide to Knowledge," tells us that to the Emperor Hsien Yüan, who came to the throne B. C. 2697, we are indebted for this boon to suffering humanity; while the "Kuang-shih-lei-fu," a well-known cyclopædia of antitheses, defers the invention to the reign of Wu-wang, the first ruler of the Chow dynasty, or more than a thousand years later. Other authorities declare for the Emperor Shun, B. C. 2255, with whose honored name tradition has lovingly coupled more than one similar achievement designed to promote the welfare and happiness of his children. Of the history of fans in China, and their gradual development from the primitive bird's wing or unelaborated leaf, there is positively nothing to record, unless perhaps it be the publication by the Emperor Ngan Ti, of the Chin dynasty (A. D. 405),* of a strange enactment against the use of silk in the manufacture of these articles. It was apparently a mere sumptuary law, having for its object the protection of silk, the material which, according to a very ancient belief still prevalent in China, can alone give warmth to the aged. In one of his dissertations on political economy Mencius observed: "At fifty, without silk no warmth; at seventy, without meat no satiety." The sage had been advocating a more extensive cultivation of the mulberry-tree with a view to

* Hsieh Ling-Yün credits this enactment to the Emperor Hsiao Wu, of the same dynasty, who reigned from 373 to 397 A. D. The date given in the text is taken from the "Kuang-shih-lei-fu."

provide an adequate source of food for the silk-worm; and in the present instance it is most probable that the imperial edict was directed against the indiscriminate waste of silk for purposes of mere luxury; but, like all similar enactments, this one fell speedily into desuetude.

Almost every large city in China, and certainly every important division of the empire, has its own characteristic fan, or else there is something peculiar in the make, color, or ornamentation of the common "folding" fan as seen in that particular district, by which it may be distinguished from its ubiquitous congener. For the folding fan, as the Chinese call it, is the fan *par excellence*; and all that ingenuity of design has hitherto accomplished has not succeeded in displacing this convenient form from the affections of the people at large. The large palm-leaf, with its strongly bound edges and natural handle, large quantities of which are exported annually from Canton and elsewhere, may possibly be the cheapest and most breeze-compelling of all kinds; but it is not very portable, and can not readily be stowed away about the person, or stored so as to last into a second summer. It finds favor in the eyes of tea-shop and public eating-house keepers, and is always to be seen in the guest-chambers, whether of guilds, monasteries, or private establishments. The folding fan, on the other hand, occupies but little space, and when not in use may be stuck in the high boot of the full-dressed Chinese gentleman, or at the back of the neck in the loose collarless jacket which, with the addition of a curt *caleçon*, constitutes the entire toilet of a Chinese cooly. Besides, the folding fan opens into a tolerably smooth surface, fairly well adapted for the painter's art; and even the dirtiest specimen of Chinese vagabondage loves to rest his eye upon some gayly painted flower or a spray or two of the much-prized bamboo. Consequently, the folding fan obtains all over the eighteen provinces of China proper and beyond, far away across the Great Wall, over the steppes of Mongolia and the mountains of Thibet. Of the more elaborate kinds, produced at Canton for export to Europe, with their exquisitely carved or perforated ivory handles, etc., it will suffice to say that such are quite unknown even in the highest and wealthiest circles of Chinese society, the folding fan being rarely the vehicle of extravagant expenditure in this respect. It may be made, indeed, either of paper or of silk. For handle, ivory or sandal-wood may be used; but even then the general get-up is as a rule plain, while for the common folding fan of the empire bamboo is the material most extensively employed, being at once the cheapest and most durable of all woods. Pendants of amber, jade, ivory, carnelian, and other substances are

also affected by the more refined, and a fan-case beautifully embroidered in some quaint pattern, accompanied perhaps by some appropriate classical allusion, is a very ordinary birthday present from a sister to her brother or from a wife to her husband. The number of "bones" * or ribs to a folding fan is a matter which is by no means left to chance. Sixteen, including the two outer pieces, may be quoted as the standard; but fans made in certain localities have more—as many as thirty-two, and sometimes even thirty-six. The reason why the number sixteen is preferred is that such a fan opens into a convenient number of spaces to receive the poetical inscription which custom has almost, but not altogether, tied down to a given number of lines.

Irregular inscriptions are, however, not uncommon. The Hangchow fan has a great many bones. It is a very strongly made article; and, though only of paper, prepared in some way with oil, may remain plunged in water (it is said) for twenty-four hours without injury. But this fan finds no favor with those who can afford to pick and choose, and for a rather singular reason. Just as with the Chinese white is the emblem of death and mourning, so black is regarded as typical of moral impurity, and black things are consequently avoided on the strength of the proverb, "Proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black." Now the Hangchow fan is, with the exception of a sprinkling of gold or silver on the face, as black as it well could be; and it is therefore at a discount even among those by whom the most trifling form of economy can not be satisfactorily ignored.† Chair-coolies, everywhere a degraded class, invest their money in these fans without hesitation, doubtless feeling themselves beyond the reach of such influences as these. Old men, too, may use black fans without scruple. Their age is held to have placed them on a vantage-ground in this as in all other respects; for, as Confucius observed, "That which is really white may be in the darkest dye without being made black";‡ and a man who has led for years a spotless life is unlikely to be influenced for the bad by mere contact with a fan. Black fans, with black lacquer handles, are made in Canton for sale to the outer barbarian, the hated foreigner, whose moral obliquity is regarded by the masses of China as more *prononcé* than that of the lowest of their low.

Besides the large non-folding feather fan, generally looked upon in Europe as a hand screen

* A translation of the Chinese term.

† So punctilious indeed is a respectable Chinaman in the case of mourning, that he will even abstain from chewing betel-nut, because it would make his lips red, and red is emblematical of joy.

‡ See the "Lun-yü," book xvii., chap. 7.

for the fire, some beautiful specimens of the folding fan are also to be seen in feathers, which show, on being opened, beautifully painted bouquets of flowers, butterflies, birds, etc., etc. Kingfishers' feathers and beetles' wings are also largely employed in the manufacture of fans and screens, and tortoise-shell and jade are occasionally used in elaborating the handles of the more expensive kinds. White silk, stretched tightly over both sides of a narrow frame, round, octagonal, sexagonal, or polygonal, as the case may be, forms what is considered in the higher circles of Chinese society the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and refinement; especially so when some charming study in flower or landscape painting on the obverse is accompanied by a sparkling stanza on the reverse, signed by the writer and addressed to the friend for whose delectation it is intended. This is a very favorite present among the Chinese; and as poets and painters are but a small minority in China, as elsewhere, it follows that any man who is sufficiently an artist to supply either the verses or the design need never starve for want of occupation. One of the highest officials and most renowned calligraphists in the Chinese Empire at the present moment, when formerly a struggling student at Foochow, eked out a scanty livelihood by writing inscriptions for fans in all kinds of styles, ancient and modern, at about one shilling and eightpence per fan. Outside his door was a notice calling the attention of the public to the above fact, and the fancy name he gave to his studio was "Laugh, but Buy."

That kind known as the "Swatow" fan is for a non-folding fan perhaps the most serviceable of all, as for lightness and durability combined it is certainly without a rival. It is formed from a piece of bamboo, about a foot and a half in length and half an inch in diameter, split two thirds of the way down into a number of slips, each very thin and apparently fragile, while really possessed of its full share of the strength and flexibility of the parent stem. These slips are spread out in the same plane, with their tips slightly bent over, somewhat like a mustard- spoon; and then strong paper is pasted over the whole as far down as the splits extend, the remaining unsplit half serving as handle. This fan is said to be actually made near Amoy, probably near Chang-chow, and to be sent to Swatow only to be painted; but to foreigners resident in China it is universally known as the "Swatow" fan. Of all fancy fans there is none so curious as what is commonly termed the "broken fan," which at first sight would appear to be a simple folding fan, and on being opened from left to right as usual discloses nothing to distinguish it from the most ordinary kind. Opened, however,

the reverse way, from right to left, the whole fan seems to have fallen to pieces, each bone, with the part attached to it, being separated from all the others, as if the connecting strings were broken. This arrangement is of course simple enough, but at first sight the effect, as a trick, is remarkably good. From the broken it is an easy transition to the secret or *double-entendre* fan, which opened one way shows a flower or similarly harmless design; the other, some ribald sketch which with us would entail severe penalties on maker, publisher, and all concerned. It is only fair, however, to the administration of China to state that, theoretically speaking, the same penalties would be incurred, though practically they are seldom if ever enforced. In the Peking form of this fan there are always two such pictures to each. These are not seen when the fan is opened out, and it will only open one way; but are disclosed by turning back the two end ribs or "bones." A far more creditable and more useful *compagnon de voyage* is the map fan, which gives the plan of some such great city as Peking or Canton, with the names of the streets and public buildings marked in characters of medium legibility. Sometimes whole districts are included on the surface of a fan; and as the distances from place to place are given with considerable accuracy, travelers not unusually invest the small sums required for the purchase of these topographical guides. So, too, any great national event may be circulated over the empire by means of fans, precisely as penny books of the Lord Mayor's Show are still sold in Fleet Street on every November 9th. The Tientsin massacre, for instance, brought forth a hideous specimen, with horrid details of the hacking to pieces of Roman Catholic priests and sisters, the burning of the cathedral and of the French consulate, the murder of the French consul and his *chancelier*. The sale of these fans was almost immediately prohibited by the Chinese authorities, and they are now very rare.

Some "fans" are not fans at all. The "steel fan" is simply a bar of metal, shaped and painted to resemble an ordinary closed fan, and carried sometimes as a life-preserver, sometimes by the swell mobsmen and rowdies of China, to be used at close quarters with murderous effect. Of the same species is the well-known "dagger fan," which consists of an elegant imitation in lacquer of a common folding fan, but is really a sheath containing within its fair exterior a deadly blade, short and sharp, like a small Malay *kris*. This dagger fan was invented by the Japanese, and its importation into China has always been strictly forbidden. Great numbers have, however, been successfully introduced into Canton, Foochow, and other large maritime cities, and they

are now even manufactured by the enterprising natives of the first-mentioned port.

A curious specimen of the fan is produced in Formosa, consisting of a thick, pithy leaf, shaped like a cone with the apex chopped off, and a short handle fitted to the line of severance, and bearing upon its face a landscape or group of figures burned in with a hot iron. It was the invention of a needy scholar of Taiwan Fu, the capital city of Formosa, who being in distressed circumstances hit upon the above novelty as a means of replenishing his empty purse. The fan took immensely for a time, long enough in fact to make the fortune of the inventor, who for a considerable period was at his wits' end to meet the demand. The rage for them has been now for some time spent, and they are only made in small quantities, for sale more as curiosities than anything else. For there are fashions in fans as in other articles of human luxury in China as elsewhere. Every year sees some fresh variety, differing perhaps imperceptibly to the European eye from the favorite of the preceding season, but still sufficiently so to constitute a novelty, a new fashion for the wealthy Chinese exquisite. A foreigner may live for years among the Chinese and never notice any change to relieve the monotony of their dress. Yet, as a matter of fact, some variety, even of hat or shoes, is introduced almost annually. The fashionable cap is squarer or rounder at the top as the case may be; the shoes more or less pointed, or ornamented after some novel design. And so it is with fans, which are made of different material and of different sizes for different seasons of the year in proportion to the quantity of breeze required. In the "Miscellanies of the Western Capital"* we read: "The fans of the Son of Heaven are, for the summer, of feathers; for the winter, of silk"; and in a poem by Ow-yang Hisu occurs this line:

"In the tenth moon the people of the capital turned to their warm fans."

At the present day the distinction between warm and cold fans can hardly be said to exist. Those for spring and autumn are smaller than those used in summer, reminding one of the old Roman luxury of summer and winter rings. It is also *mauvais ton* to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the year. There are indeed no days absolutely fixed for the beginning and end of the fan season, as in the case of the summer and winter hats worn by all employees of the Government, and which are supposed to be changed simultaneously all over the empire; but Chinese custom has made it as ridiculous for a man to carry a fan before or after a certain con-

ventional date as it would be with us to wear a white waistcoat in March or November.

During the summer months a bird's-eye view of China would disclose a perfect flutter of fans from one confine to the other. Punkahs are unknown to the Chinese, except as an innovation of the foreigner; and it has been necessary to coin a term expressly for them. Occasionally they may be seen in the house of some wealthy Chinese merchant, as, for instance, in the establishment of the celebrated Howqua family at Canton; but even then they are regarded more as a curiosity than as appliances of every-day use. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that the idea of a general fan or punkah has escaped the searching ingenuity of the Chinese; for in the work last quoted we are informed that "under the Han dynasty [between sixteen hundred and two thousand years ago] there lived at Ch'ang-an a very skillful workman, named Ting Huan, who made a seven-wheel fan. This consisted of seven large wheels, ten feet in diameter, joined together, the whole being turned by a single man, and keeping the place quite cool during the summer months." This description is a trifle too meager to enable us to state with certainty the exact shape of the machine in question. The paddle-wheel of a steamer seems to come the nearest to it; and from the loftiness of Chinese halls and reception-rooms in general, both official and private, no objection could be offered on the score of height. Be this as it may, such a machine would at any rate be free from what is in Chinese eyes the weak point of a punkah—namely, its position with regard to the person operated upon. A Chinaman fans his face, arms, legs, chest, and even back, as he may feel disposed at the moment; but he objects strongly to a draught of air falling on the top of his head, and avoids it as much as possible. At meals, during the very hot weather, servants usually stand behind their masters and slowly but steadily ply the large feather fan, originally made from the feathers of a pheasant's tail, because the Emperor Kao Tsung of the Yin* dynasty on one occasion connected some fortunate event with the auspicious crowing of a pheasant.† Burden-carrying coolies of the lowest stratum of Chinese society fan themselves as they hurry along the streets weighed down by their back-breaking loads. Little boys are engaged to fan the workmen whose business is carried on in the hot shops of a crowded Chinese city. The very soldiers in the ranks fan themselves on parade; and among the insignia carried in the procession of every mandarin above a certain rank there is to be

* More commonly known as Wu Ting, 1324-1265 B. C.

* Ch'ang-an, now Hsi-an Fu, the capital of the province of Shensi.

† This story is told by Ts'ui Pao, in his *Ku-chin-chu*, or "Antiquarian Researches."

found a huge wooden fan more resembling a banner than anything else. And this brings us to a rather curious phase of Chinese etiquette. A Chinaman on horseback or in a sedan-chair, meeting an equal of his acquaintance on foot, must forthwith dismount, be it only to make a passing bow. It is a serious breach of politeness to remain sitting while the person to whom you are addressing yourself stands. And, similarly, two friends meeting in chairs should, strictly speaking, both dismount to salute. But to avoid the obvious inconvenience of perpetually stopping and dismounting, in perhaps a crowded thoroughfare, at the appearance of every friend, it has been arranged that the occupant, say of the chair, may hold his fan up so as to screen his face from view, and the two pass without further ceremony, as if, in fact, they had never met. And such is the use to which, apart from their emblematical signification, the above-mentioned wooden fans would be put should the almost impossible contingency arise of two mandarins of equal rank meeting face to face in the street. The servants of each would hasten to interpose these great fans between the passing chairs of their respective masters, who, by the aid of this pleasant fiction, would be held not to have become aware of each other's presence. A subordinate would turn up a side street and yield the road to his superior officer.

Formerly there was a certain kind of fan specially used as a screen to "separate the sun, screen off the wind, and obstruct the dust," just as well-to-do Chinamen now use the ordinary fan to save their half-shaven heads from the scorching summer rays while they stroll along or hurry by on business or pleasure bent. The common cooly has his wide mushroom-shaped hat, and the official rides in a sedan-chair with his red umbrella carried, like the wooden fan, in procession before him; but the middle-class Chinaman, who may be unwilling to throw away money in chair hire, trusts to his fan alone. As a matter of fact, from the narrowness of the streets in most Chinese cities, and the matting with which these streets are in many cases roofed over, sufficient shade is afforded to enable persons to move freely about without further defense against the sun; and for a walk across country the inevitable umbrella would of course be called into play—no longer, however, the characteristic model of antiquity, with clumsy handle and coarse oil-cloth top, but some cheap importation in European style, the convenience of which in point of portability has long since been recognized by the Chinese. In such a city as Canton two open umbrellas would more than fill the narrow roadway, and the risk of constant collision would be great; consequently, umbrellas are only to be seen on

wet days, when the ordinary crowd is at a minimum. Even in Peking, where some of the streets are as wide as Regent Street, the convenience of the fan recommends it as a sunshade in preference to the more unwieldy umbrella.

The fan plays no inconsiderable rôle in Chinese decorative art. Besides being the vehicle of both poetry and painting, it is itself often introduced into designs of all kinds. Mullioned windows are not unusually made in the shape of the top part of a folding fan spread out, that is, the paper or silk part without the ribs; and the full outline is often used to contain pictures or verses painted or inscribed upon walls, as if an open fan had simply been nailed over the spot. History indeed has recorded the case of one painter, Wang Yüan-chün, who so excelled in this particular line that people, like the birds pecking at the grapes of Apelles, would often try to take down and examine more closely some of these beautiful specimens of wall-painting, which appeared to be really fans hung up by a thread or attached to a nail. It has been mentioned above that, with the more refined of the Chinese, fans, including both the "screen" and the "folding" varieties, are almost invariably painted on one side and left blank on the other for the insertion of some appropriate verses, which may be either original or borrowed; from which it will be seen that fans occupy to some extent in China the position of albums with us. To give any idea of the quaint designs in figure and landscape painting, the marvelous birds, beasts, and insects—especially butterflies—which are to be found on the more highly finished Chinese screens, is next to impossible without reproducing the originals; but a few words on the versification just alluded to, and on the fan language in general, may not be uninteresting to some. There is, however, in the long list of fan-painting celebrities the name of one single artist, the nature of whose works is expressed by a term with which they have ever been associated in history. That term is "ten thousand *li*," or a distance of over three thousand English miles. The painter in question was named Wang Fei; and the extent of a landscape he was able to produce on the surface of a mere ordinary fan was said to be limited only by the hyperbolic range of ten thousand *li*.

The fan is metaphorically known in the Chinese language as the "Phoenix Tail" or the "Jay's Wing," terms which point to what were possibly the archetypes of all fans, namely, the wings and tails of birds, from which has been developed the modern feather fan. The folding fan, by the way, is said by one authority * not to

* The *Ch'ien-ch'ò-lei-shu*, an encyclopædia published in 1632.

be a Chinese invention at all, but to have been introduced into China by the Koreans, who sent a quantity of them to the Emperor Yung Lê of the Ming dynasty, among the other articles offered as tribute by the vassal state. The Emperor is further stated to have been so pleased with the novelty that orders were issued for their imitation by Chinese workmen. A fan is also alluded to in figurative language as a "strike the butterfly," or a "chase of flies," as a "like the moon," or a "call the wind," and as a "screen the face," a name which should be taken in conjunction with the point of etiquette previously mentioned. It is called a "change the season," from its power of cooling the person fanned. This power has been enlarged upon in an ode to a fan, written by a poet named Poh Chü-I, of which the following are specimen lines :

"With thee, hot suns shall strike in vain the snow ;
By thy aid gentle gales perennial blow ;
Thou mov'st an autumn breeze 'neath summer
skies ;
Cease, and the round moon in my bosom lies."

From the last line of this effusion, which, as a

translation, aims only at literal fidelity to the original, it is clear that the particular kind of fan here alluded to must be the round screen fan, which Chinese poets never tire of comparing with the full moon, and which, when not in use, is often laid "in the bosom," between the folds of the flowing outer robe. As to inscriptions upon fans, they vary with every variety of human thought and feeling. The more usual kind treats in stilted language, pregnant with classical quotation and obscure historical allusion, of some one of the ever-changing aspects of nature. Others again are didactic ; and some are literary *tours de force*, occasionally of a not very high order. The most celebrated of the latter class has been acknowledged by universal consent to be a couplet consisting of only eight characters, written at the eight corners of an octagon fan belonging to the Emperor Chien Wên, of the Liang dynasty, and said to have been the composition of the monarch himself. The peculiarity of this couplet is that the reader may begin at any one of the eight characters, and, by reading round the way of the sun, find a couplet of perfect sense and perfectly rhymed.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE BAYADÈRE.

NEAR strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice-trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband ;
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride !
Nude to the loins, superb, and leopard-eyed,
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand :
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexible torso bends, her white feet glide !
The dull Kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And, mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim, drowsy cobra on her arm !

F. S. SALTUS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IMITATION IN ART.

WE gave last month, in our review of Hamerton's "Life of Turner," some extracts from that work illustrating the theory of art entertained by the author. The dogma that art is not imitation is far from being new. It has been asserted by many writers upon art, by whom it is looked upon as a cardinal principle. But confusion has arisen from the different meanings attached to the word. Ruskin denounces what he calls "deceptive imitation" as a very inferior art, meaning by the phrase the painting of objects in so realistic a manner that one is deceived for a moment into the belief that he is looking upon real things. This sort of imitation, if made the sole purpose of a picture, is certainly paltry enough, but it is commonly associated with a pleasing scheme of color, or the objects have beautiful forms and are arranged in agreeable or striking contrasts. But a great deal of what Ruskin dwells upon as indispensable in worthy painting is what is commonly spoken of as imitation. Sometimes the word is employed to describe mere servile copying, in other instances it is used to imply any form of adequate reproduction. Every instructed person knows that an artist must not attempt in painting foliage to copy minutely every leaf and twig, as by doing this he does not get the effect of foliage at all, but must so paint his trees that they *express* foliage, become as wholes vivid and life-like portraits. This life-likeness is what people ordinarily call imitation, and, when critics restrict the term to a much narrower meaning, these good folk are not a little perplexed. Ruskin is at pains to explain that drawing the outlines of the bough of a tree is giving the *form* of a bough, and not imitating a bough. This is clearly true, but it is a distinction that people who listen to utterances about art not being imitation have not in mind.

It is not clear that Hamerton restricts the meaning of the word as Ruskin does. He says that art becomes art by ceasing to be imitation; but at one time he seems to mean that a painting is not imitation if it exhibits color arrangement, combinations of light and shade, groupings and contrasts of modified forms, and *feeling*—which is expressed by emphasis and accent, by selecting and rejecting; while elsewhere he implies that painting ceases to be imitation and rises to art by being something different from nature, by being solely a product of the paint-

er's imagination, springing, as it were, from his own consciousness. That imagination must enter into a picture to make it at all great or worthy art, is eminently true, but how is this imagination to act? By purposely avoiding fidelity, or by seizing with all the force and spring of the mind upon those things that will make the work captivatingly faithful? By creating hues and forms—if that be possible—or by penetrating the secret of color and the significance of form as revealed in nature? Arrangement, combination, modification, selection and rejection, emphasis and feeling—these things we all comprehend, and these things are possible with great reverence for truth, and are not foreign to the usual interpretation of imitation.

It is said that a great painter does not paint nature as it is, but as he sees it. A little reflection will show the logical absurdity of this dogma. One who paints nature as he sees it paints it as it is, so far as he can realize it; if he does not see it as it is, his vision is abnormal, and assuredly this unfits him for the vocation. If he consciously paints it as it is not, painting it neither as it is nor as he sees it, what have we, then, but an artist substituting a fancy, a notion, a perverse and intentional fallacy for the verities of creation? Such notions might in some instances be good, but have they any just reason for their being, and could they be more glorious than great Nature? And then, just as sure as we admit the principle that an artist may paint his own conceptions as nature, we shall open the door for every conceivable outcome of vanity, foolishness, and grotesque fancy—such as would soon cast art into a pit of darkness and delirium. An artist should address and awaken the imagination, but, in the words of Ruskin, he must also rightly "*guide the imagination, and there is no safe guidance but that of simple concurrence with fact.*" Let us be understood. In a painting called "Modern Italy," Turner brings together in a poetical combination all the beautiful and characteristic features of that marvelous land, and obviously in a picture of this nature there is great scope for imagination. But is it necessary to assert that the scene, although a creation, must reflect faithfully not only the distinguishing features of Italy, but land and atmosphere and cloud as displayed by nature? This is a form of imagination in art that everybody can understand, and which carries delight to everybody's heart. There may be in such a picture all the exaggeration and emphasis the painter

pleases, provided he does not convey the notion of such exaggeration to the spectator, for the moment we recognize exaggeration in a painting as such, our pleasure is gone. Within judicious bounds emphasis is not exaggeration, but exaltation—and this lifts up the soul, while the other only produces resentment and disgust.

It is constantly assumed by Mr. Hamerton that imaginative art is something that only cultivated people can apprehend, others having a liking merely for dexterous imitation. Now, in fact, imagination and sentiment are distinctly the things that the general public admire. The most popular pictures ever produced in America were Cole's "Voyage of Life." It is the human sentiment in Landseer's animal pictures that have made his stories on canvas so widely liked. The only paintings that can be engraved with profit are those which have some tender or affecting story, or which delineate forms of ideal beauty. A painting distinguished for mere technical dexterity never finds favor with the great public through the medium of engraving—just as a book never becomes popular because of its delicate or finished style, but for reason of its power to excite human emotion. That imaginative artists, if at the same time intelligible, are in favor with the public, we see in the wide fame of Doré. Here is an artist that, in black-and-white at least, meets all the theoretical requirements of Mr. Hamerton. He has immense fecundity, boundless resources, and affluent imagination; he is utterly regardless of nature or truth, securing his effects by the most audacious exaggeration—and yet, while the public delight in his work, it is quite the fashion among artists and critics to sneer at it. His exuberant imagination leads him to extravagance, to theatrical sensation, to strained and untruthful delineations, to endless violence to the simplicity and truth of nature. And these things, which, if Mr. Hamerton is right, ought to be virtues, are things which the better informed sum up against him as sins. They are of a character, let us say, which in the constitution of the human mind are sure to mark all affluent and over-teeming minds. The susceptible and uncritical public find pleasure in these manifestations of power, but acute and cultured people prefer the modest beauty of nature. Great artists, according to Mr. Hamerton, do not paint what *is*, but what is *not*. Doré, then, is a very great artist; the public is right and the studios are wrong.

Bouguereau is another artist in whom we see the operation of Mr. Hamerton's theory. It has become quite the fashion recently to sneer at this painter because his flesh-tints are so smooth, so merely pretty

and refined, so devoid of robust vigor and vivid truth. Obviously the critics are all wrong. It is not truth that is wanted. Bouguereau's imagination is on the side of sweet tints, of ideal grace and delicacy; he paints nude figures through a haze of tender beauty. What right have any of us to complain, however lacking in virile force his work may be? We have to do with the artist's conception of flesh, not the flesh that is. Only recently one of the best art-critics in New York stormed at a painting of Italian scenery in the Academy because it was false to "any conceivable nature." Why, according to the theories of the hour, should it be true to "any conceivable nature"? "Conceivable nature," or the critic's idea of nature, or the public's idea of nature, are simply impertinences. An artist is permitted to paint nature as he sees or pretends that he sees it—what it is *not* rather than what it *is*. The Italian scene gives us the artist's notion of color, his ideal of beauty, his conception of Italian landscape, and all the critic has to do is to humbly accept it and give thanks.

Perhaps some of our readers think that Sanford Gifford's pictures vindicate the Hamerton theory, for they are very beautiful, and yet are bathed in yellow hues that no eye ever detects in nature. But do we not admire these paintings in *despite* and not because of the false hues in which they are enveloped? Are not his excessive yellows a detriment? If the artist expressed the same tenderness and poetic beauty in hues that affected the imagination as not only lovely but true, would not our pleasure be greatly enhanced? Kensett's exquisite coast-scenes have a similar tender charm, but in tones that every one recognizes. We look primarily for that which is beautiful, and are willing to surrender some things to gain this end; but if we secure it with a confiding sense of its fidelity, our pleasure is all the greater.

It is obvious, we think, that instead of a painter inventing a nature of his own, trying to see things in lights and under aspects different from the way other people see them, his real mission is to passionately study nature, to penetrate it, to take possession of it, to enter into its subtleties, to master its mysteries, to see it with the heart and soul as well as with the eye, in order that he may reproduce it intense, powerful, virile, glorious! He may select and group, eliminate and contrast, bring together and arrange, copy closely or indulge in dreams, emphasize and exalt within just limits—he may do all these things, provided he gives us the essential quality of nature—paints for us a picture and not a puzzle.

REALISM.

At the moment when imagination in art is greatly urged we find realism in literature reasserting itself under the leadership of a new apostle. The battle once fought between romanticism and classicism has now its parallel in a contest between realism and idealism, Emile Zola being the name under which the assailing hosts are marshaled. So far as "*L'Assommoir*" goes, we suspect that Zola has found more readers than converts, for people who may be disposed to accept realism as the true basis of art will not generally assent to its necessary association with the revolting. Even photography has the privilege of selecting its subject and its point of view.

While the realists, on the one hand, are asserting certain principles as the true foundation of art, and the idealists are opposing them with counter-theories, it may be asked whether it is true that any work of art or literature depends for its value or its interest upon the fact, pure and simple, that it is realistic or imaginative. Would realism alone, the mere fact that men and things are delineated without coloring or idealism, really entertain or control us? We, for our part, think not. We may be sure that a realist who like Zola gets a hundred thousand readers, exhibits in his work something more than mere realism, some power of delineation which lifts realism to a great force, some potent touch which asserts command and influence over men. Such a writer employs his imagination no less than an idealist; for the power to look into facts and see them as they are, to detect the exact significance of little things as well as great, to penetrate surfaces and discover inward tendencies, is a product not only of immense alertness, but of an imagination capable of seeing in the slight detail the fruition of which it is the seed. Dickens's power of observation amounted to genius; and we may rest assured that it is only when one possesses a power of observation amounting to genius that he can make realism a force in either art or literature.

In the midst of the talk about the high character of imaginative work we can not forget that a great deal of that which usurps this high name is wretched and feeble sentimentalism, the product of mere mental haziness and silly dreaming, without a tithe of the true imaginative force that goes into every piece of thoroughly good realistic work. Pretty much the easiest thing in the world is to dream and build castles in the air, the feeblest intellects having often an unconquerable tendency in this direction. The sickly sentimentalism that goes into so much poetry, sugars over so many pages of prose, and re-

veals its inanity in so many picture galleries, would be enough to make robust realism seem the highest form of art, did we not know that imagination has its powerful as well as its consumptive side. The real intellectual deficiency with people generally is inability to see the things that lie about them, to detect their beauty, their significance, or their underlying characteristics. Half the time authors and artists are not realists because they can not grasp all the facts. It is easier to paint a bit of sentimental animal life after Landseer than a piece of robust characterization after Rosa Bonheur, or to produce a novel like one of Bulwer's early romantic effusions than one like Thackeray's "*Newcomes*." But the whole thing depends upon the amount of intellectual force which the author puts into his work, and not upon anything else. One author's vigorous realism will take possession of us, another man's ideal scenes will have ineffable charm. They are nothing but different sides of force. One would be apt to weary of a persistence of one kind of force, and hence contrast itself is a source of pleasure.

If we are right in this notion, many of the current divisions of intellectual performance are artificial and arbitrary. In every piece of work in which there are mastership and insight there dwells imagination, whether it is an exact delineation of real life or an idyl, whether the vigorous and virile portrait of a tree or the dream of a sunset, a rugged picture of men and women in homely real life, or an historic composition. Imagination is not manifest in subject or methods, but in force and quality; the figure of a Venus or a Psyche may not have it, and that of a simple flower-girl may. It is just as much the endowment of the man of science as the poet, and is just as actively at work in the practical things of life as in fables and fictions. The realists do not abandon it because they treat things realistically, and the idealists have not exclusive possession because they throw a veil over their themes. It is in everything in which the mind acts powerfully; in nothing in which it acts feebly.

"L'ASSOMMOIR" AND ITS MORAL.

WE have referred to Zola's "*L'Assommoir*" as an example of literary realism. While the unpromising pictures which it presents are revolting to the taste, in the domain of morals the book is simply appalling. Not that it is an immoral book for all classes of readers. It is impossible for any one to read it without sickening, without a shudder; but a book is not necessarily immoral because we sicken and shudder at it. There are few books so utterly

unfit for young people as this ; no fresh, innocent mind could peruse it without injury, without gaining a knowledge of vice that must bruise and stain it. But to mature people who know the world, and are strong enough to look upon its darker pictures, the story conveys a terrible moral, for it reveals conditions of things that *must* be remedied if civilization in cities is not to come to utter wreck. The story in the ordinary sense is not a story at all ; that is, there are no complications and no contrasts of life ; there is no plot, and no *dénouement* other than that of degradation and death. It is simply the history of the downfall of a family—a picture of life as it exists in the slums of Paris, with all its wretched conditions. It is really the most effective temperance story ever written—a temperance story which, without preaching, without moralizing, without exaggeration or false coloring, enforces its terrible lessons with intense effect by simply uncovering the facts, and leaving the reader to make his own deductions. And what makes the story peculiarly terrible is that the man and woman whose history is related should not have fallen, and would not had there been anywhere a helpful hand or word at the right moment.

The book opens with the woman Gervaise living with a man to whom she is not married. This wrongful connection soon terminates, and Gervaise afterward marries an honest, steady tinsmith, Coupeau by name. Their early married years are almost idyllic. They are affectionate, faithful, sober, industrious, frugal, ambitious for better things. All goes prosperously with them, and five hundred francs are saved from their earnings and put away. But an accident happens to the tinsmith by which he is seriously injured, and the wife, in the abundance of her affection, will not permit him to be sent to a hospital. She nurses him at home, and now the cherished savings (with which she had dreamed of purchasing a shop, and so advancing their condition) are gradually consumed in the long illness that ensues. It is during the husband's convalescence that evil first insinuates itself. He can not work, and to fill up his leisure visits the wine-houses. Then is planted the seed of the 'upas-tree that is to destroy them. The decline is very gradual. There are temporary reforms, followed by inevitable relapses ; there are heroic struggles on the part of the wife, but only that in the end she too must fall. The victims are environed, and forced on by a fate that is relentless. Without original tendency to vice, without bad inclinations or perverted appetites, with primarily every disposition and every reason for right doing, they yet sink into a degradation the deepest and most appalling one can conceive of, all because temptation awaits

them at every turn, because circumstances maliciously thwart them, because at every hand lie the means to corrupt, but nowhere the means to save. It is all pitiless and pitiful. Most decidedly the book should be kept from young people, and it should be read by no one merely as recreation. Only a brutalized taste could be entertained by the horrible scenes which the author mercilessly depicts. But men of conscience everywhere ought to read it, not as idle fiction, but as a terrible indictment of our civilization. Philosophers and philanthropists really have no right to shirk it ; priests, and ministers, and statesmen, should feel compelled to read it. It is a piece of social dissection that should be studied and pondered over by all discreet and wise men. This duty can not be rightfully evaded because the misery and the crimes depicted are Parisian. In all particulars but names and place the story is a counterpart of scenes that offend high Heaven in every great city in the world, where their existence daily arraigns the justice and humanity of man.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

WE have been furnished by General Dabney H. Maury, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, with some interesting reminiscences of General Richard Taylor, whose stirring and outspoken "Destruction and Reconstruction" is the most widely read book of the day, and whose death, coming immediately upon the publication of the volume, gives so sad and strange an interest to its vivid pages.

The only son of President Zachary Taylor, General Dick Taylor inherited many of his father's best qualities, while he surpassed all of his name in mental quickness and culture. His restless, active nature craved constant intellectual occupation, and his whole life was passed in acquiring from books and from conversation with clever people of all Christendom the vast stores of facts and thoughts which his tenacious memory held garnered and ready for instant use, and which have now in "Destruction and Reconstruction" been bestowed upon the public. Those who were familiar with his original, self-reliant style and wonderful vigor of thought and expression, find in the caustic witticisms which have flowed from his pen the easy transfer of what flowed from his lips in his every-day walk and conversation. He writes just as he talked. The abounding metaphor, often strong rather than refined ; the vivid pen-pictures of men and of incidents of an eventful life ; the brilliant and unexpected flashes of thought clothed in wonderful modes of expression which abound in every page—insure this book a permanent place in the literature of the day.

For more than thirty years I was intimate with General Richard Taylor. In 1848 we went together to the White Sulphur Springs. His father was then President, and he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. A coterie of very pleasant gentlemen arrived with us at the Springs—among them were Mr. J. B—— and C. E——, of Baltimore, Colonel A. V——, of New York, and several others, all men of travel and culture. He and I were invalids of the recent Mexican war, from wounds or disease. None of our party engaged in the gaiety of the Springs, but we claved to each other all through the season, and found our chief pleasure in conversation with each other. Even then Taylor was self-reliant and brilliant in conversation; all he said was terse, and illustrated by vivid and classical metaphor. Keen sarcasm and ready wit abounded in his talk, and in a circle of gentlemen educated for many years in the highest social associations of this country he was pronounced by all of them the most brilliant young man they had ever met.

From that day to this I have enjoyed the pleasure of frequent associations with him; we have traveled together; we served throughout the war between the States; and at its close we mourned together over the grave of the Southern Confederacy, and in the last year and in the very last days of the nation we had fought to establish we were closely allied in upholding her existence, and in decently ending her life. And we were of the very last at her tomb; and of all assembled by those obsequies at Meridian, in that gloomy month of May, Taylor and Forrest alone were unappalled, and maintained a serene front.

Soon after the close of our war, as he relates in his book, Taylor went up to Washington to endeavor to procure some amelioration of the cruel incarceration of President Davis, who was his brother-in-law and his warm friend. It was a bold thing to do; few of us would risk ourselves in Washington then.

But President Johnson soon became placable. Taylor's original and positive views impressed him favorably, and pleasant relations sprang up between them.

One day he called on the President, who said to him gravely:

"General, a gentleman came to see me to-day to have you arrested."

"O Mr. President! why does he wish you to do that?"

"He says you tried to hang him in Louisiana for being a Union man during the war."

"Mr. President, he has lied to you, sir."

"Why, General, did you not hang Union men in Louisiana?"

"Oh, yes, I hanged many Union men in Louisiana who were spies and traitors to our cause and in our army; but I never tried to hang one that I did not do it, and so your complainant must have lied to you!"

Soon after this President Johnson released Mr. Davis from the casemate in Fortress Monroe, and gave General Taylor a pass to visit him.

Being in England several years ago, as a President's son he was the guest of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. And no American who has ever been in England received more marked personal courtesy from the English nobility than he. His military prestige as a successful Confederate commander added to the claims of his birth, and both were enhanced by his audacious wit, which feared not "king nor kaiser," all making him the most notable guest of London that year.

Being invited to a lunch of the Fishmongers' Company, he there heard some sharp criticisms of Virginia because of her slowness in paying her debt. Taylor was by descent entirely a Virginian, and was very proud of his ancestry, and he promptly arose to repel these imputations, and his remarks, full of strong sense and justice, so impressed the audience that after the banquet was over he was waited upon with a request to meet and confer with a committee of the principal holders of Virginia bonds in London as to the best plan of compromise of their claims, and finally was empowered to submit to the government of Virginia a proposition from the holders of ten million dollars of the Virginia bonds, not very different from that recently accepted by that State. Had his counsels prevailed, much trouble and scandal to Virginia would have been averted. He left Richmond chagrined and despondent as to the result of the efforts of those who were in favor of maintaining the credit of the State.

It is related of him that during the Derby races the Prince of Wales took him to his own (the Prince's) stand, and as they were ascending the stair the Duke of Edinburgh came hastily up and said:

"O Wales! do you know Forrester is booked to win?"

"Oh, yes," said the Prince, "the General and I have just been to the betting-stand and laid fifty guineas each on him."

Turning to Taylor, the Duke said:

"Now, won't you please go to the stand and lay fifty guineas for me on him?"

"Pardon me, your Highness," said Taylor; "the stand is quite as near to you as to me."

"I am so glad you told Edinburgh that," said the Prince. "What a deal of cheek he has to be asking my guest to lay his bets for him!"

Taylor had a sincere respect and liking for the Prince, and a hearty contempt for the Duke of Edinburgh, whom he snubbed on more than one occasion. Apart from the personal character of the Duke, he was only second son of a Queen, while Taylor was the only son of a real President of the United States.

After the war General Taylor was one of the first to take an active interest in the important work of collecting and preserving the records of the Southern Confederacy. Rarely has a conquered nation recorded its own history. We of the Southern Confederacy stand almost alone in having rescued for our posterity the vindication of our cause and the glories of our struggle to uphold it. And that we have done so is largely due to him.

Of all the men I have ever known, General Taylor was the most versatile in his information. He seemed to have read and studied everything affecting the progress and the history of mankind, and to remember all he had read. He was accustomed to express his views in the very language reproduced in his book. For several years after the war we were near neighbors in New Orleans, and were sitting one evening on the veranda of the old mansion of the Bringier family, discussing the inefficiency of the education of the officers of the United States Army as conducted at West Point. He was familiar with that school and its graduates. In his terse, vivid way he stated the defects of the system, and concluded thus:

"If you will take a boy at sixteen years of age from his mother's apron-string, shut him up in West Point four years, then send him to a frontier post, where he does little but play seven-up and drink whisky at the sutler's store, by the time he will have reached forty-five years he will furnish the most complete illustration of suppressed mental development of which human nature is capable."

Not until within a few years past did he occupy himself in writing for the magazines. It seems as if he had only lately bethought him of his power with the pen. He took great interest in the recent movement for organizing the volunteer or State troops on an efficient basis. Two months ago he told me he had written an article on that subject, in which he advocates the establishment of camps of instruction of regular troops in the several States at such times and places as the Governors thereof may indicate; so that the volunteer soldiers of the States may be gathered about them for drill and tactical instruction, and have fall manoeuvres like those which have built up the defensive volunteer army of England. It is a national misfortune that a man of his extraordinary gifts and opportunities should not have accomplished more for his country. But he was too self-assertive, too intractable to work in the traces of a party, and it was only during the war that his capacities found their scope, when every man was put upon his mettle. As a soldier he was aggressive always, and incessantly active.

His battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill afford the only instance of a Confederate victory which was followed up by the victorious army. Having beaten Banks and driven him from the field at Mansfield, Taylor pursued him twenty-three miles to Pleasant Hill, and, had not his operations been arrested, in all probability he would have destroyed Banks's army.

If good health and long life had been granted him, he would have done well for his country. The opportunity seemed just before him.

He was of small stature and slight figure, and of late years his health had not been robust. But his gleaming black eyes, looking out from under deep-set, grizzled eyebrows; his strongly marked head, close-trimmed hair, till lately jet black; his expressive, sallow face, with a great rolling mustache over the flexible mouth—assured one of the self-reliance which expressed itself in every line of his countenance, and asserted itself in every assemblage of men.

In his domestic relations he was singularly happy. His own family are distinguished for their cordial, kindly manners, which, simple and unassuming, have for generations made them in every circle they have graced the objects of sincere respect and warm affection. By his marriage he became allied to one of the best-known creole families of Louisiana. Not only are the men of the Bringier family noted in that State, but Mrs. Taylor, with her mother, sisters, and daughters, were elegant examples of the most graceful type of Louisiana women—the creoles.

He was true and devoted to his family, and free and affectionate in his intercourse with them. To his friends he was as demonstrative as to his enemies. All of our long intercourse was never marred by an unkind word. And, when in the dark hours of the gloomy years of our conquest and subjugation I was most in need of substantial friendship, I gratefully remember him as among the first and the freest to offer it.

His sons all died during the war. His gentle, graceful, lovely wife died several years ago. He now leaves three young daughters, fatherless and motherless.

Books of the Day.

MINUTE, attentive, painstaking, and accurate observation of natural phenomena has long since become an essential part of the scientific method, but the loving, sympathetic study of nature for its own sake is still rare enough to lend a peculiar fascination to such books as "*Wild Life in a Southern County*." * Though dealing with the same objects, and inspired by an equal enthusiasm, the aims

and the attitude of the genuine scientific observer are totally different from those of such observers as White of Selborne, Izaak Walton, John Burroughs, and the author of the present work. The former observes and records and compares and verifies, not primarily because he enjoys such employment, but because of the results to which it may lead; while the latter, though not wholly indifferent to the scientific aspects of their inquiries and observations, pursue them mainly from pure delight in the occupation itself. From a certain point of view, nothing could

* *Wild Life in a Southern County*. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

be more interesting than Mr. Darwin's careful, exact, and long-continued observations upon the habits and appearances of pigeons and insectivorous plants; but in reading his graphic descriptions of them no one is left in doubt that his interest in them and his motive in prosecuting them lie solely in the evidence which they may furnish regarding the validity or otherwise of certain natural laws. It is equally evident, on the other hand, that if it could have been unmistakably demonstrated to White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton that their minutest studies could lead to no practical or useful result, they would not thereby have been deterred in the slightest degree from prosecuting them—their enjoyment being derived not from any possible result to which the study might lead, but from the study itself. The difference between the two classes of observers is precisely that which distinguishes the man who examines a mountain-range with an eye to constructing a practicable highway across it from the man who contemplates it as the most impressive feature of a varied and beautiful landscape. The observations of the former may be of far greater importance to us, but it is the latter whose descriptions charm and delight us.

The author of "Wild Life in a Southern County" is a sort of compromise between White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton—that is, he combines the special lore and aptitudes of the sportsman with the more disinterested and picturesque enthusiasm of the pure lover of nature and of all life, animate and inanimate, for its own sake. More nearly than he resembles either of these, however, he resembles our own John Burroughs, especially in what we may call his literary method. His observations are as acute and his love of nature as genuine, doubtless, as that of either of his predecessors that have been mentioned, but his record lacks that *naïve* simplicity which gives such a unique and piquant flavor to their writings, and which causes the reader to feel quite as much interest in the personality which they reveal so clearly as in the things or experiences which they record. "Wild Life in a Southern County" is written with characteristic modern reticence and reserve; and, though there is no taint of affectation and no lack of heartiness and enthusiasm, the author's delight in his observations is almost too conscious and intentional. The author is a keen observer and a most painstaking recorder of his observations, but, with all his careless ease and apparent absorption in the matters of the moment, his attention is never wholly diverted from possible literary effects.

Yet it would hardly be possible to bring the sights and sounds, the employments and pleasures—the sentiment, so to call it—of the country more vividly and interestingly before us than is done in the book under notice. The reader may obtain from it, indeed, a far more lively and picturesque idea of country-life and the attractions which it offers than he would be likely to obtain from personal experience. Where the author would be fairly bewildered with the number of things offering themselves to an

alert observation, the ordinary observer would be entirely unaware of anything demanding attention, and, where such a one as the latter would be oppressed with a sense of the dullness and stagnation of things, the author would find a text and material for whole chapters, and chapters of the keenest and most varied interest. Those portions of the author's work which are best done, and in which, we imagine, he himself felt the greatest interest, are those in which he describes the haunts and habits of birds and wild animals; but he is equally vigilant to note the form and motion of a cloud, the light-effects upon hills and downs, the poetic charm of remote distances, the natural music of winds and streams, the characteristic aspects of the seasons and of day and night, the peculiarities of flowers and fruit, the conformation of the country, the effect upon the animal life of the neighborhood of gardens and orchards, hedges, copse, and forest, brook and mere, the quaint features of local customs, and the survival of superstitions among the people. Nothing escapes his vigilant and sympathetic observation, and nothing is too apparently trivial or commonplace to receive his patient attention.

The peculiar charm of the book eludes definition or exact analysis, and can be indicated only by quotation. We shall reproduce, therefore, a few passages, taken almost at random—premising, however, that while these may illustrate the quality, they can convey but an imperfect idea of the variety and unlabored opulence of the work. Here is a passage on the character of bird-life, taken from the first chapter:

The impression left after watching the motions of birds is that of extreme mobility—a life of perpetual impulse checked only by fear. With one or two exceptions, they do not appear to have the least idea of saving labor by clearing one spot of ground of food before flying farther; they just hastily snatch a morsel and off again; or, in a tree, peer anxiously into every crack and crevice on one bough, and away to another tree a hundred yards distant, leaving fifty boughs behind without examination. Starlings literally race over the earth where they are feeding, jealous of each other lest one should be first, and so they leave a track all around not so much as looked at. Then, having run a little way, they rise and fly to another part of the field. Each starling seems full of envy and emulation—eager to outstrip his fellow in the race for tidbits; and so they all miss much of what they otherwise might find. Their life is so gregarious that it resembles that of men in cities; watching one another with feverish anxiety—pushing and bustling. Larks are much calmer, and always appear placid even in their restlessness, and do not jostle their neighbors.—(Page 5.)

In the same chapter there is a curiously interesting description of certain habits of ants, from which we shall reproduce a paragraph or two:

If we look closely into the grass here on the slope of the fosse, it is animated by a busy throng of insects rushing in hot haste to and fro. They must find it a labor and a toil to make progress through the green forest of grass-blade and moss and heaths and thick thyme-bunches, overtopping them as cedars, but cedars all strewn in confusion, crossing

and interlacing, with no path through the jungle. Watch this ant traveling patiently onward, and mark the distance traversed by the milestone of a tall ben-net. First up on a dry, white stalk of grass lingering from last autumn; then down on to a thistle-leaf, round it, and along a bent blade leading beneath into the intricacy and darkness at the roots. Presently, after a prolonged absence, up again on a dead fiber of grass, brown and withered, torn up by the sheep, but not eaten; this lies like a bridge across a yawning chasm—the mark or indentation left by the hoof of a horse scrambling up when the turf was wet and soft. Half-way across, the weight of the ant overbalances it, slight as that weight is, and down it goes into the cavity; undaunted, after getting clear, the insect begins to climb up the precipitous edge, and again plunges into the wood. Coming to a broader leaf, which promises an open space, it is found to be hairy, and therefore impassable except with infinite trouble; so the wayfarer endeavors to pass underneath, but has in the end to work round it. Then a breadth of moss intervenes, which is worse than the vast prickly hedges with which savage kings fence their cities to the explorer, who can get no certain footing on it, but falls through and climbs up again twenty times, and burrows a way somehow in the shady depths below.

Next a bunch of thyme crosses the path; and here for a lengthened period the ant goes utterly out of sight, lost in the interior, slowly groping round about within, and finally emerging in a glade where your walking-stick, thrown carelessly on the ground, bends back the grass, and so throws open a lane to the traveler. In a straight line the distance thus traversed may be ten or twelve inches; certainly in getting over it the insect has covered not less than three times as much, probably more—now up, now down, backward and sideways, searching out a passage.

As this process goes on from morn till night through the long summer's day, some faint idea may be obtained of the journeys thus performed against difficulties and obstacles before which the task of crossing Africa from sea to sea is a trifle. How, for instance, does the ant manage to keep a tolerably correct course, steering straight despite the turns and labyrinthine involutions of the path? It is never possible to see far in front—half the time not twice its own length; often and often it is necessary to retrace the trail and strike out a fresh one—a step that would confuse most persons, even in an English wood with which they were unacquainted. Yet by some power of observation, perhaps superior in this respect to the abilities of greater creatures, the tiny thing guides its footsteps without faltering down yonder to the nest in the hollow on the bank of the plowed field. I say by observation, and the exercise of faculties resembling those of the mind, because I have many times tried the supposed unerring instinct of the ant, and found it fail; therefore it must possess a power of correcting error, which is the prerogative of reason.—(Page 10.)

Here is a fine description of the blackbird's song:

On a warm June day, when the hedges are covered with roses and the air is sweet with the odor of mown grass, it is pleasant to listen to the blackbirds in the oaks pouring forth their rich liquid notes. There is no note so sweet and deep and melodious as that of the blackbird to be heard in our fields; it is even richer than the nightingale's, though not so varied. Just before noonday—between eleven and twelve—when the heat increases, he leaves the low, thick bushes and moist ditches and mounts up into

an oak-tree, where, on a branch, he sits and sings. Then another at a distance takes up the burden, till by and by, as you listen, partly hidden in a gateway, four or five are thus engaged in the trees of a single meadow. He sings in a quiet, leisurely way, as a great artist should—there is no haste, no notes thickening on notes in swift crescendo. His voice, so to speak, drops from him without an effort, and is so clear that it may be heard at a long distance. It is not a set song; perhaps, in strict language, it is hardly a song at all, but rather a succession of detached notes with intervals between.—(Page 147.)

Later on there is a briefer reference to the more famous nightingale's song:

The nightingale shows no timidity while all is still, but sings on the bough in full sight, hardly three yards away, so that you can see the throat swell as the notes are poured forth—now in intricate trills, now a low sweet call, then a liquid "jug-jug-jug!" To me it sounds richer in the morning. Sunlight, flowers, and the rustle of green leaves seem the natural accompaniment, and the distant chorus of other birds affords a contrast and relief—an orchestra filling up the pauses and supporting the solo singer.—(Page 204.)

The voices of nature, however, are not heard alone in the songs and cries of birds. Multitudinous, indefinite, untraceable, strange sounds are borne to the attentive ear in woods, in fields, in the air, in daytime or night-time. The silence of nature is but a relative silence, and the profoundest quiet, especially in the country, is but the background, as it were, for a faint but unceasing chorus of noises.

The trees as the wind rises find their voices, and the wood is full of strange tongues. From each green thing touched by its fingers the breeze draws a different note: the bennets on the hillside go "sish, sish"; the oak in the copse roars and groans; in the firs there is a deep sighing; the aspen rustles. In winter the bare branches sing a shrill "sir-r-r."—(Page 205.)

Here are two examples of the author's minute observation of domestic animals, though wild life mainly attracts his attention:

Even among cows there are some rudiments of government. Those who tend them say that each cow in a herd has her master (or rather mistress), whom she is obliged to yield precedence to, as in passing through a gateway. If she show any symptoms of rebellion, the other attacks her with her horns until she flies. A strange cow turned in among a herd is at once attacked and beaten till she gets her proper place—finds her level—when she is left in peace. The two cows, however, when they have ascertained which is the strongest, become good friends, and frequently lick each other with their rough tongues, which seems to give them much satisfaction.

Dogs running carelessly along beside the road frequently go sideways, one shoulder somewhat in front of the other, which gives the animal the appearance of being ever on the point of altering his course. The larger axis of the body is not parallel to the course he is following. Is this adopted for ease? Because, the moment the dog hears his master's whistle and rushes forward hastily, the sidelong attitude disappears.—(Page 295.)

The only other passage we shall quote is one exemplifying the author's skill in linking objects of inanimate nature with human sympathies and the life of man :

How many a man's life has centered about the wagon ! As a child, he rides in it as a treat to the hay-field with his father ; as a lad, he walks beside the leader, and gets his first ideas of the great world when they visit the market-town ; as a man, he takes command and pilots the ship for many a long, long year. When he marries, the wagon, lent for his own use, brings home his furniture. After a while his own children go for a ride in it, and play in it when stationary in the shed. In the painful ending, the wagon carries the weak-kneed old man in pity to and from the old town for his weekly store of goods, or mayhap for his weekly dole of that staff of life his aged teeth can hardly grind. And many a plain coffin has the old wagon carried to the distant churchyard on the side of the hill. It is a cold spot, as life, too, was cold and hard ; yet in the spring the daisies will come, and the thrushes will sing on the bough !

Built at first of seasoned wood, kept out of the weather under cover, and taken care of, the wagon lasts a lifetime. Many times repaired, the old ship outlasts its owner ; his name on it is painted out. But that step is not taken for years ; there seems to be a superstitious dislike to obliterating the old name, as if the dead would resent it, and there it often remains until it becomes illegible. Sometimes the second owner, too, goes, and the name fresh painted is that of the third. When at last it becomes too shaky for farm-use, it is perhaps bought by some poor working haulier, who has a hole cut in the bottom, with movable cover, and uses it to bring down flints from the hills to mend the roads. But if any of the old folk live, they will not sell the ancient vessel. It stands behind the rickyard, under the elms, till the rain rots the upper work, and it is then broken up, and the axle-tree becomes the top bar of a stile.—(Page 106.)

The foregoing excerpts, it should be observed, are but inadequate specimens of the varied topics and interest of the book. As many more of equal attractiveness might be selected by simply turning over a score of consecutive pages.

ANOTHER book, in which the love of Nature purely and simply for its own sake is the dominant sentiment, is "Ocean Wonders,"* by William E. Damon. Its aim is twofold : first, to furnish a companion for the seaside, with precise and reliable information in regard to the living objects of our own seacoast, and, incidentally, of other marine animals, either suitable for the aquarium or of sufficient intrinsic interest to deserve notice in any general work of marine zoölogy ; second, to give careful and practical instruction as to *where* and *how* many of these creatures may be procured and preserved in parlor and public aquaria. The author has long been known as an enthusiastic student of marine zoölogy,

and as the possessor of one of the most extensive and valuable private aquaria in the country ; and it is to those who may wish to follow his example, in however modest a way, that his book will prove most helpful. "Of books upon aquaria," he says, "particularly of English reprints, there has been a large number given to the American public. Many of them are valuable and interesting in their way, but they are generally deficient in that sort of information which the amateur *most needs*, namely, direct and comprehensible instruction 'how to keep an aquarium.' Some of the attempts to do this are altogether *misleading* and *impracticable*, while others are not adapted to the exigencies of our climate. Some of the most learned and scientific writers, both American and foreign, fail lamentably on this important point. It is not so easy as it appears at the first glance to assure success in establishing a private aquarium. Whatever value this volume possesses is due to the fact that I give no second-hand directions, but the results and deductions of my own dearly-bought personal experience, attained at a considerable outlay, not only of time and trouble, but also of money, in obtaining many rare and scarce specimens of marine life, and in experiments to ascertain the kind of animals which would survive captivity. In the latter, I hope my directions or hints will materially diminish the amount of expenditure for such amateurs as may peruse this book."

No fault, certainly, can be found with Mr. Damon's directions on the score of a lack of practicality. He points out the difficulties in the way of constructing a satisfactory "tank" at home ; tells where they can be found ready made, and what kind to select ; how to test and arrange ; what plants are most desirable, and what treatment they require ; what animals look best and thrive best in an aquarium, and how to deal with them under different circumstances. He is no friend to aquaria which are gotten up merely as curious items of furniture ; but, presupposing that the desire for an aquarium implies a taste for natural history, tells how and where the different species of plants and animals that are to stock it may be found and caught, and points out the interesting features of such other plants and animals as are likely to be encountered in the course of such researches. His description of the structure and habits of marine animals, both in the aquarium and in their natural habitats, are particularly vivid and interesting ; and the accounts of the living coral, of sea-anemones, of the devil-fish and its congeners, of the sea-horse and other curious denizens of the sea, of mollusks, barnacles, star-fishes, medusæ, jelly-fishes, sponges, etc., are the most satisfactory—the most *realistic*, so to speak—that we have found in any work which, like the present, aims to be exact and authentic without being technical.

* Ocean Wonders: A Companion for the Seaside. Freely illustrated from Living Objects. By William E. Damon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 229.

IN one of her numerous letters the Baroness Bunsen says : "I am reading 'The Life of Columbus,' by Washington Irving, a book in the style of a book-maker, full of words, and with a great pretension to

the communication of new information drawn from manuscript documents, which, however, as far as I have proceeded, I do not detect." The same criticism may be applied, and with much greater accuracy, to her own "Life and Letters,"* as compiled by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, which is a book in the style of a bookmaker, full of words, and with great pretension to an interest which the reader does not detect from beginning to end. It is neither satire nor exaggeration, but a simple statement of fact, to say that considerably more than half the contents of these bulky volumes consists of a record of the births of children and of a fond mother's delights and anxieties in their behalf—things which, however significant in actual life, can hardly be thought to form a legitimate subject for literature. Every one knows that the Bunsens, particularly while in Rome, enjoyed intimate social intercourse with the most teeming, the most versatile, and the most cultivated minds of the age; but one would never infer either this, or that Madame Bunsen herself was a richly-endowed and highly-trained woman from her letters as here reproduced. Most of them were written to her mother, husband, and sons, and deal properly enough with those minutiae of family and domestic life which are, of course, infinitely more interesting to such correspondents than any possible displays of acquirements or ideas; but the very qualities which made them so satisfactory in this regard should have excluded by far the larger number of them from a book. No doubt it is essential to faithful portraiture in a biography that the mind of the person dealt with should be shown in *deshabille* as well as in full dress, so to speak; but we pitch the key-note of any character except the most commonplace entirely too low when we harp too constantly and too long upon those petty details of life, many of which are of necessity purely routine and perfunctory, and do not even subserve the purpose of illustrating character. The truth is that Mr. Hare had a subject and materials for a very charming and edifying volume of perhaps two hundred pages, and by expanding it to more than a thousand pages he has diluted the interest to such a degree that his book is one of the hardest to read—not merely to skim through, but to *read*—that we have recently encountered.

This is all the more to be regretted because the Baroness Bunsen's character and life were of a kind which richly deserved commemoration. Carefully trained under the immediate eye of a mother who was herself remarkable for her intellectual, moral, and social qualities, she was exactly adapted both by nature and attainments to become the wife and companion of such a man as Bunsen at the outset of such a career; and the mutual and undying affection which bound them together in a tie of peculiar closeness was rightly accounted the happiest possession of two lives which were happy and fortunate far beyond the common lot of man. Placed in positions

especially adapted to impair the wholesome simplicity of domestic life and intellectual pursuits, Madame Bunsen, not less than Bunsen himself, passed unscathed through the brilliant frivolities of courts, the favor of princes, the flatteries of the great, and the adulations of the foolish. Family, friends, all refining, elevating, and ennobling knowledge, religion of a most catholic and humanitarian type—these were the center of a life which was never swerved from its orbit by any of the vicissitudes of a destiny which was as brilliant and disturbing as it was unexpected. There is no taint of affectation or insincerity in the delight with which she turns to her children and domestic life from the exhausting but seductive dissipations of court society; and there is something eminently touching and characteristic in the self-abnegating sense of duty with which, as a widowed woman of seventy, hardly released as yet from the cares of her own numerous family of children, she turns from the cordial welcomes which awaited her in every capital of Europe, and buries herself in a dull German town in order to devote her remaining years to the orphaned children of her daughter.

Merely to contemplate such a life and character is a rare and high privilege, and to portray them adequately would furnish worthy employment to any pen. Unfortunately, Mr. Hare's very anxiety to do full justice to his subject has defeated the principal object which he had in view; and, in spite of the copious abundance of his teeming volumes, the best illustration of Baroness Bunsen's real quality and powers will still be found in those delightful "Memoirs of Bunsen," which she prepared in reluctant compliance with her husband's dying request.

No previous volume of the series of "English Men of Letters" has dealt with such comparatively fresh material as Mr. Minto's "Daniel Defoe,"* and yet none have been quite so dull and commonplace in the reading. Mr. Minto justly remarks at the beginning of his book that the life of a man of letters is not, as a rule, eventful; but Defoe, as he claims, is an exception to this rule: "Defoe was a man of action as well as a man of letters. The writing of the books which have given him immortality was little more than an accident in his career, a comparatively trifling and casual item in the total expenditure of his many-sided energy. He was nearly sixty when he wrote 'Robinson Crusoe.' Before that event he had been a rebel, a merchant, a manufacturer, a writer of popular satires in verse, a bankrupt; had acted as secretary to a public commission, been employed in secret services by five successive Administrations, written innumerable pamphlets, and edited more than one newspaper. He had led, in fact, as adventurous a life as any of his own heroes, and had met quickly succeeding difficulties with equally ready and fertile ingenuity." All this seems to promise a lively

* The Life and Letters of Frances Baroness Bunsen. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons. Two volumes. 12mo, pp. 516, 486.

* Daniel Defoe. By William Minto. English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 167.

and exciting record, full of adventure and incident and striking contrasts; but the truth is that, while we know in a general way that Defoe's career was thus varied and adventurous, we know nothing whatever about the particulars, and must be content with the vague hints and surmises that can be gleaned from his own works and those of his contemporaries. Even these, however, occupy but a small part of the attention of Mr. Minto, whose chief anxiety seems to be not so much to interpret Defoe's life and define his qualities as a writer as to *expose* the real character of a man whose works have caused him to be too highly thought of. People who know little about the matter have inferred that, because Defoe wrote the most fascinating of books for children, he was himself simple, childlike, frank, open, and unsuspecting; but Mr. Minto points out and demonstrates that this inference is quite the opposite of the truth—that the only childlike feature of Defoe's character was that "he took a child's delight in beating with their own weapons the most astute intriguers in the most intriguing period of English history." Here is Mr. Minto's rather picturesque summary of Defoe's real character: "He was a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. . . . Defoe was a wonderful mixture of knave and patriot. Sometimes pure knave seems to be uppermost, sometimes pure patriot; but the mixture is so complex, and the energy of the man so restless, that it almost passes human skill to unravel the two elements." The rest of the book is little more than an expansion, demonstration, and illustration of this text; and the reader will be apt to feel that the author is bestowing rather more than the due proportion of his energy upon detecting and showing up the many inconsistencies and delinquencies of Defoe's professions and conduct.

The critical portion of Mr. Minto's work is hardly more satisfactory than the biographical. As a whole, it is a characteristic specimen of what the London "Spectator" sarcastically calls "the higher criticism"—a curious mixture of luminous suggestion and acute insight with mystical sentiment and pedantic dogma. There are passages in Mr. Minto's commentary upon "Robinson Crusoe" which are simply amazing for their poverty of meaning and studied sententiousness of expression, yet we think that in the following paragraph he has disclosed the real secret of the immortal charm of that inimitable story:

The germ of "Robinson Crusoe," the actual experience of Alexander Selkirk, went floating about for several years, and more than one artist dallied with it till it finally settled and took root in the mind of the one man of his generation most capable of giving it a home and working out its artistic possibilities. Defoe was the only man of letters in his time who might have been thrown on a desert island without finding himself at a loss what to do. The art required for developing the position in imagination was not of a complicated kind, and yet it is one of the rarest of gifts. Something more was wanted than simply conceiving what a man in such a situation would probably feel and probably do. Above

all, it was necessary that his perplexities should be unexpected, and his expedients for meeting them unexpected; yet both perplexities and expedients so real and lifelike that, when we were told them, we should wonder we had not thought of them before. One gift was indispensable for this, however many might be accessory, the genius of circumstantial invention—not a very exalted order of genius, perhaps, but quite as rare as any other intellectual prodigy.—(Page 138.)

The author's interpretive criticism is not always so lucid and suggestive as this, and the long analytical accounts of Defoe's numberless pamphlets and journalistic enterprises, which constitute the bulk of the work, are undeniably tedious.

WELLNIGH every other department of historical and scientific study has already been covered by handbooks, or primers, or treatises of a popular character, designed to serve as a *vade mecum* for general readers; and now the results of research in the field of prehistoric archaeology have been summarized and skillfully outlined in "The Dawn of History," a compact little volume, edited by C. F. Keary, M. A., of the British Museum, and written by himself, his brother H. M. Keary, and his sister, the lately deceased Anne Keary, whose promise as a novelist was very marked.* The book is intended to serve as an introduction and guide to prehistoric study, and its aim, as defined by the editor, is "to put the reader in possession of—1. The general results up to this time attained, the chief additions which prehistoric science has made to the sum of our knowledge, even if this knowledge can be given only in rough outline; 2. The method or mechanism of the science, the way in which it pieces together its acquisitions, and argues upon the facts it has ascertained; and, 3. To put this information in a form which might be attractive and suitable to the general reader. The various labors of a crowd of specialists are needed to give completeness to our knowledge of primitive man, and it is scarcely necessary to say that there are a hundred questions which in such a short book as this have been left untouched. The intention has been to present those features which can best be combined to form a continuous panorama, and also to avoid, as far as possible, the subjects most under controversy."

As to the need for such a work, there can be no doubt that the investigations and discoveries made in recent years by philologists and archaeologists throw such light upon the primitive condition of man and the earlier stages of his development that the field of what may properly be called history has been extended back far beyond those legends, folk-tales, and monumental records which it has hitherto been customary to accept as the starting-point. The revelations made by comparative philology and the

* The Dawn of History: an Introduction to Prehistoric Study. Edited by C. F. Keary, M. A., of the British Museum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 240.

series of prehistoric remains that have been disinterred from bone-caves and alluvial deposits in various parts of Europe are quite as precise and certainly as authentic as those deduced from the primitive myths and legends, and one may now speak with as much confidence and with nearly as much detail of the Aryan migrations into Europe and of the ages of Stone and Bronze as of the origin and early fortunes of the first settlers of Rome, or of that strange civilization which arose and culminated in Egypt while all the rest of the world—except, perhaps, China—was groping amid the devious and obscure ways of primeval barbarism. In other words, the real beginnings of what may legitimately be called history have been carried back to a much earlier period than that commonly accepted, and a knowledge of these first traceable stages in the progress of mankind has now become quite as necessary as was formerly that of the monumental records of Egypt and Assyria, of the mythology of Greece, and the legends of Rome. In compiling this first popular summary of the results achieved by that latest born of the sciences, prehistoric archaeology, the authors of "The Dawn of History" have produced a work which if it does not supply an already recognized want, only needs to be known to be accepted as a very valuable addition to the resources of the general reader, who is glad to get the results of research, but will not take the trouble to follow the processes by which those results have been achieved.

The scope and method of the treatise can be indicated as well as in any other way by reproducing the titles of the several chapters—which are as follows: "The Earliest Traces of Man," "The Second Stone Age," "The Growth of Language," "Families of Language," "The Nations of the Old World," "Early Social Life," "The Village Community," "Religion," "Aryan Religions," "The Other World," "Mythologies and Folk Tales," "Picture Writing," "Phonetic Writing," "Summary and Conclusion." For the benefit of those readers who may become sufficiently interested in the study to desire to continue their inquiries, lists are given of the chief authorities consulted on the subject of each chapter, with some notes upon questions of peculiar interest.

It ought to be somewhat flattering to our national self-esteem that the first formal and detailed biography of Thiers, though written by a Frenchman, has not only been first published in America, but is quite evidently written with a view to its probable American readers.* M. François Le Goff thinks that we in America have no exact idea of France, and that Thiers in particular has been both misunderstood and misrepresented by those among us who are accepted as teachers. He has accordingly set

himself to correct the misconceptions and remove the misapprehensions which he believes us to entertain regarding the subject of his biography, and at the same time to give us true views concerning certain important passages in recent French history. Thiers was for many years the center around which were grouped the most significant of those problems, passions, and interests which have agitated the society and politics of his native country; and, to quote the author's words, "the light which he emits will flash upon them, and will aid us to see clearly into this 'visible darkness.'" Mr. Stanton's version of M. Le Goff's work is something more than a translation, he having selected and arranged "from the author's large mass of manuscript" such portions as he thought most likely to prove interesting to American readers. He has also, "either by clauses in the body of the page or by notes at the bottom, endeavored to explain references to French politics and customs, and to fairly identify the different characters mentioned"; and in a few instances has inserted an anecdote or letter or added a paragraph where these would aid in elucidating the author's meaning. The book as a whole is interesting and instructive, and will assist the American reader in understanding the recent and contemporary politics of Europe. Besides the letter-press, the volume contains a curiously expressive portrait of Thiers, a picture of his Paris *hôtel*, and a facsimile of his handwriting.

. . . . For the education of the people in sound ideas of art, the successive editions of M. Charles Blanc's "Grammar of Painting and Engraving" could hardly appear too rapidly; and we are pleased to receive a new one with the imprint of a Western house.* It is to be regretted, indeed, that the translator has thought it necessary to detach from the rest a portion only of M. Blanc's work, which in its entirety treats of all the arts of design, and in such a manner that each part, however distinct in subject, throws light upon and receives light from the rest; but there can be no doubt that this is one of the many cases in which half a loaf is better than no bread, and, in spite of its fragmentary state, we know of no other work which can quite take its place in the hands of those who, without any artistic training, desire to acquire clear ideas concerning the elementary principles of art. "Histories of art, in all its varied forms of development, histories of all the schools that have sprung up in ancient and modern times, are numerous, as are treatises upon the different branches of the plastic arts; but what we especially need," says the translator, "is the A B C of art, and that, it is believed, we must learn, not from its history or philosophy, but from its grammar." Such a grammar M. Blanc has constructed with incomparable skill in a book which is happily described as "not voluminous enough to alarm, plain and lucid

* The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers. By François Le Goff. Translated from the Unpublished Manuscript by Theodore Stanton, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 353.

* The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*, by Kate Newell Doggett. Third edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 8vo, pp. 330.

enough to instruct, sufficiently elevated in style to entertain." The present edition of the work is issued in excellent style, and contains the original illustrations.

... A better example of the futility for practical purposes of such books could hardly be cited than is afforded by the little treatise on "Dress" which Mrs. Oliphant has contributed to the "Art at Home Series."* It contains some pleasant writing, of course, and will amuse the reader with its clever *tu quoque* hits at that portion of the male sex which, in assumed superiority but real subservience to the decrees of fashion, presumes to pass judgment upon the "absurdities" and "frivolities" of women; but, when it comes to offering practical advice upon the matter, Mrs. Oliphant simply confesses her inability to meet the requirements of the situation. Indeed, she admits, as unqualifiedly as any votary of fashion could desire, not only the hopelessness but the undesirability of repudiating the decrees of the milliners and dressmakers who constitute the *deus ex machina* and inspire the oracles of the ostensible goddess. She thinks that, on the whole, more is gained by conformity than by resistance; and she advises those of her sex who are disposed to be schismatic to content themselves with securing from their inexorable law-givers some slight modifications and concessions in favor of individual tastes and necessities. Fortunately, the author has not confined herself to exhortation, exposition, and advice, and a considerable portion of her treatise is devoted to the historical aspects of the subject. Here she is most at ease and most effective, and we know of no equally concise account of the curious mutations and transformations of costume which is at once so instructive and so entertaining.

... Perhaps the most successful attempt that has been made to render the old legendary stories of ancient Greece intelligible and interesting to children is that of Niebuhr, the eminent historian, in his "Greek Hero Stories."† They were written in 1822 for the amusement and instruction of his little four-year-old son, and since they became accessible to the public have been numbered among the classics of German nursery literature. They comprise a version of the voyage of the Argonauts, of the stories of Hercules, and of the Herakleidae and Orestes, and very happily solve the difficulty of being faithful to the original while perfectly comprehensible to the childish mind. They differ from Mr. Church's excellent "Stories from Homer" in being designed for a more youthful audience, and consequently in a less minute attention to details. The translation retains much of the spirit, animation, and charming simplicity which have been praised in the original, and

Mr. Hoppin's illustrations are of exactly the kind to gratify the childish fancy for vigorous pictorial representation of striking persons and incidents.

... "The Natural Resources of the United States,"* by J. Harris Patton, treats of the physical conformation of the country; of the coasts and navigable streams, and the facilities which they afford for domestic and foreign commerce; of the climate and rainfall; of the soil and its productions; of coal, petroleum, and the various metals, together with the methods of mining them; of the mineral springs and health-resorts; of forests and fruit-trees; of game and the fur-bearing animals; and of the resources of fresh waters and of the sea. Many facts and statistics which usually have to be searched for through numerous volumes, and not always successfully, are here arranged in an order which renders them easily accessible, and which makes them much more suggestive than when they stand by themselves. The book is not designed primarily as a text-book, the information given being assumed to be interesting to every citizen; but, with a view to its possible use in schools, several pages of analytical questions have been added.

... As a companion volume to his "Great German Composers," which has proved one of the most acceptable issues in the "Handy-Volume Series," Mr. George T. Ferris has written a compact little monograph on "The Great Italian and French Composers,"† containing sketches of Palestrina, of Piccini, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, of Rossini, of Donizetti and Bellini, of Verdi, of Cherubini and his predecessors, of Méhul, Spontini, and Halévy, of Boïeldieu and Auber, of Meyerbeer, and finally of Gounod, to whom is assigned "the very first rank among contemporary composers." The sketches are preëminently popular both in aim and method of treatment—that is, they are addressed rather to the general music-loving public than to the critic or scholar—and the customary biographical details are enlivened and embroidered, as it were, with characteristic personal anecdotes, with picturesque descriptions of striking incidents in the careers of the principal composers, and with graphic details designed to illustrate the prevailing character of the period in which they severally lived. It would be a mistake, however, to regard the little book as merely a collection of personal sketches. The critical and interpretive comments, if necessarily brief, are acute and discriminating, showing breadth of sympathy as well as comprehensiveness of knowledge; and the reader will find here a vivid and, for practical purposes, an adequate account of one of the greatest and most prolific schools of music the world has known.

* Art at Home Series. Dress. By Mrs. Oliphant. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 103.

† Greek Hero Stories. By Barthold G. Niebuhr. Translated by B. Hoppin. Illustrated by A. Hoppin. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, pp. 120.

* Primer of the Natural Resources of the United States. By J. Harris Patton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 115.

† The Great Italian and French Composers. By George T. Ferris. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series, No. 28. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 248.



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